

BANDON RECORDER.

"AS BOLD AS A LION."

Rather Say Bold as a Partridge If You Would Be Exact.

The only explanation of the adage, "As bold as a lion," is that the lion's magnificent muscular body, his noble head, great mane, the fact that he is a wild beast and still more probably his deep throaty roar that sounds so extraordinarily bold have made him feared for generations. But the lion belongs to the family of cats and is not bold. To those who know best he is not brave even in the hour of danger. The lioness, who is smaller, less terrible to look upon and is without a mane, is brave in defense of her young, but she, too, is not bold. She is merely bolder than the lion. In comparison with any animal that can face danger and fight "fair" the lion is a coward. To prove it let us see for a moment how it is that the lion chooses to hunt his prey.

The lion does not hunt. In the reefs and grasses near some pool in the jungle he lies hidden where he knows that other animals will go to drink. Cat-like, he leaps upon his victim, striking it with his powerful paws. Then his great jaws break the neck of the unfortunate creature he has taken by surprise, and the lion boldly carries off the carcass to devour it where he will. The folk who live on the outskirts of jungles in the lion's country sometimes lose their sheep and goats when a hungry lion can muster courage to go near a human habitation in that search for food. He goes at night and stealthily. Who knows but that his heart goes pit-a-pat and his big limbs tremble at every sudden noise? The natives of India and of Africa know, however, that they can frighten away a thieving lion by fire and torches. If cornered and forced to fight he will do battle bravely, but he doesn't seek an open fight, and any traveler will tell you that as a rule the lion of beasts is bold on sight of a man.

To be as bold as a partridge—as brave, unselfish, daring, heroic, as a partridge—is something one might be proud to boast. No lion defends its young with the courage of a partridge. The lioness at bay will turn in defense of her cubs, will fight the enemy, will spring at him furiously; the partridge will leave its little ones quite unprotected in the nest, or wherever they may be in hiding and will offer herself to spare them. It is not the unthinking heroism of excitement. The bird knows what she is doing and the danger. She schemes to attract attention to herself, but she manages to lead the dogs on, and she escapes. We at least have never heard anything in the life history of the partridge so sad as that the mother bird has been taken at that supreme moment. Under the very nose of the dogs she will flutter and flap, with drooping wings, to decoy them into the belief that she is lamed and cannot fly.—New York Mail.

The King and the Preacher.
Dr. South on one occasion after preaching before Charles II, who, by the way, did not care any more than the humblest dissenter to listen to a read sermon, was twitted by the king of having read from a manuscript. "How is it, Dr. South," said his majesty, "that you, who are so famous for preaching without book, should read your sermon when you preach before me?" "May I answer your majesty with another question?" replied the witty doctor. "How is it that your majesty always reads your speeches to your faithful commons?" "Odds fish, doctor," said Charles, "because I have asked them for money so often that by this time I am ashamed to look them in the face." Dr. South, it must be admitted, had fairly laid himself open to the retort.

He Kept His Seat.
The newsighted man, comfortably ensconced in the corner of the car, looked up at the woman who was holding a large bundle in one hand while she clung to the strap with the other. "Madam," said he, a wave of sudden generosity sweeping over him, "I make it a rule never to give my seat up to any woman, but I will be glad to help you. Let me hold your bundle for you."
"Oh, thank you, sir," replied the fair passenger; "I hope you know how."

Whereupon she deposited a gurgling six-month-old infant in his lap, to the undisputed joy of the rest of the strap holders.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Monopolies in Old England.
Monopolies were quite common in England long before the days of the Stuarts, while it was under a Stuart, James I., that an act was passed declaring void all monopolies for the sole buying, selling or making of goods excepting patents for fourteen years for any new process or new manufacture. This indeed was the first step toward free trade. The Tudors were really the great creators of monopolies, and Elizabeth was the greatest developer of them.—All the Year Round.

Plata Enough.
"What was the trouble?"
"He couldn't swim."
"What has that to do with his failure?"
"He got into a company where the stock was \$2 water."—Automobile.

The Paternal Idea.
Miss Roxley I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poorman. Mr. Roxley—Huh! You didn't lose your heart. You must have lost your head.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Spare Others.
"You talk an awful lot about yourself, Catherine."
"Well, it keeps me from talking about other people."—Detroit Free Press.

"Mirth Is God's medicine," said Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A Hard Foot.
An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly, "What was it?" "A foul—only a foul." "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a nuke!"

POLLY LARKIN

The fashion notes in one of our leading papers said, the other day, that hoop skirts and billows and billows of crinoline were to be used until the fair sex, if they were at all up-to-date in their ideas of dressing, would resemble a "full-fledged" balloon. The edict almost caused a panic among the ladies as they thought of the narrow street cars they must enter every time they wanted to go down town. Even now the conductors and other passengers who are not compelled by custom to wear skirts, occasionally, mumble under their breath something about trains, and the remarks have nothing to do with railroad trains. However, if they were taken to task for their discourteous remarks they might truthfully say, "I am merely referring to 'train' accidents, madam." These trains, pretty and graceful in the household or at receptions or fetes, are abundant on the street. It is almost an impossibility to hold them up constantly. The wearer is compelled to drop them occasionally to ease her cramped hand, and meanwhile they are sweeping the streets and gathering germs of disease enough to fill a hospital with victims. Women should rise in their might and wren upon Dame Fashion's edict for street costumes with trains until she would not dare send out a model of that description. An entirely new set of patterns would be sent abroad and they would be adopted all over the land. Not only comfort, but health, demands this change in street costumes. However, Polly has not the least idea this plan will ever be adopted. There is a reason, too, that has to be taken into consideration. Many persons have not the wherewithal to purchase two costumes, and the short street costume is not appropriate for anything but street wear, hence the dress with the trailing skirts, made of good material, can be lightened up with a little lace and dainty bright ribbons and change the whole appearance into a fetching little costume for evening wear. All of these things must be thought of by those who are blessed only with a modest little income and whose every dollar must be made the most of. The woman wearing a jaunty little street costume with no trains to bother her shows the comfort, freedom and enjoyment in her face as she trips along free from the encumbrance of an abominable style.

But I have strayed from the subject of crinolines and hoop-skirts, which, as I said before, a writer in one of our leading daily San Francisco papers stated a few days since would hold full sway in fashion's realm. Now comes a later report from another modiste who has just returned from a visit to "Paris," the hub of the wheel of fashion. She says positively there will be no hoop-skirts and very little or none of the crinoline worn this year. So the fair sex can rest easy on that particular and very objectionable fad. This same modiste states that the style of the sleeves has changed from the droop or pouch effect at the waist to what is known as the old "mutton leg" sleeves. This will give the wearer an opportunity to fashion the pretty dainty lace effects of the undersleeves that fall with a pretty frill of lace over the hands and which is always dressy and becoming.

This same dressmaker states that there will be plenty of fullness in the new gowns, yet there will not be the slightest suggestion of crinoline, for they will be weighed so that they will cling closely to the figure. Fine cotton and woolen novelties which were so much in favor last year for Easter costumes will still be worn, and the show-windows in the big San Francisco dry goods houses prove this assertion, for they are showing beautiful costumes in all of the new colors and designs, many of them with a silky sheen and luster that only carries out the general impression that this is to be a silk season. Silks in all of the different weaves and designs are shown, and they range from the narrow striped and tiny checked summer silks worn last season to the new flecked and other novelties. They are very pretty and will make stylish little costumes.

I noticed a window filled with some of the late novelties in ribbons the other day. One of the styles shows a wide ribbon with dainty border on each side while down the center on a white or delicate background is thrown a garland of pink roses or other dainty flowers. Other ribbons show the pattern in Persian effect. Ribbons galore will be used this season and will form one of the necessary adjuncts to the pretty summer girl's wardrobe.

The 29th of February was a memorable day in the annals of the University of California, for over a thousand of the students carried out a custom inaugurated eight years ago and donned workmen's attire and for more than eight hours they plied the shovel and the hoe, the pick and the iron rollers, and with the aid of twenty-two wheelbarrows, by the end of the day's work had laid more than half a mile of well-graded walks about the campus. The amount of work they had accomplished would have cost over \$2000 as ordinary labor is measured. This army of students left their work long enough to partake of a good substantial lunch provided by the girl students and outside donors. It is safe to say that they had ravenous appetites with them after their hard outdoor work. They had plenty of fun along with the work

and played many a prank on their fellow-students, but there were no shivers in their bony crowd of university boys and girls now and again they made the welkin ring with their college yells, etc., only served to renew their enthusiasm and they worked with even greater zeal. Meanwhile they were surrounded by the girl students and their lady friends who watched them in their manly toil with the road implements. "Knights of the road," one young lady termed them. The boys knew, however, they were under the fire of a whole battery of blue, gray, black and brown eyes, and not only that, but the young ladies carried scores of cameras and were taking pictures galore. Some one remarked that they did not dare shirk for fear one of the innocent looking little snapshots would register it and it would be held up against them. At any rate it was a day long to be remembered and they have left the improvements in the campus to perpetuate their work of February 9, 1904.

Did you ever think how necessary it was to depend on yourself and not on some one else if you wanted to make a success in life? The minute you waver and let doubts and fears enter your heart, that instant you are losing ground, for the doubts and fears can darken the whole horizon of your hopes and draw its curtain of dim foreboding over what you desire to accomplish. You might just as well give up your undertaking for the time being, for even if you succeed eventually it will be in a half-hearted way that does not bring the joy of triumphing over difficulties. You can pierce the gloom, if you will, and a bright, hopeful nature with a determination to succeed will scatter all the little demons of foreboding and ill-will. When you learn to look on the bright side and cease to worry, you have gained a victory over one of the worst phases of a dissatisfied life. You will no longer listen to the idle prattle of ill-luck. Luck does not figure in your existence at all. You want to bring your own good common sense to the front, and put worry and doubts and fears in the background.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Conscience Fund.

Most of our dictionaries define conscience money as payment of income tax previously evaded, says the London Chronicle, but this definition is too restricted, as is proved by the £20 conscience money received by the South-eastern and Chatham Railway Company. The earliest use of the word, according to the New English Dictionary, was in 1887, but Home, in his "Table Book," under the title "Effect of Conscience," tells of a man who sent £290 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on March 30, 1789. The sum was inclosed with a note which implored the Chancellor "as an honest man" to apply the money so that "the nation may not suffer by its having been detained from the public treasury, and thus give ease of conscience to an honest man."

Noun vs. Adjective.

The current debasement of the language, of which mention was made recently by a correspondent, needs to be stated by occasional protests, says the London Chronicle. The new education committees are being called in many quarters "educational" committees. This false refinement reminds one of the common inscription, "monumental mason," which should be "monument mason." It is not the artificer who is monumental. Compare "numerical printer" for "number printer." People fear to use a noun as an adjective, or wrongly prefer the adjective as more elegant. "War Office and India Office" are correct expressions, better than "military" or "Indian office," while "colonial office" is not quite so good as "colonies' office" would be.

Rat Had Delirium Tremens

It is related that a Sanilac county, Mich., farmer who had been missing apples from his cellar made a startling discovery of the thief. While crawling under the barn after a hen's nest containing a fortune in eggs the farmer came on a small pool of liquid, beside which lay the dead body of a large rat. On investigation the farmer discovered that the pool contained the missing apples. The rat, it was found, had died of acute alcoholism. After stealing the apples the rat had dropped them in the spring under the barn. As they decomposed they formed strong cider. The rat drank the cider and died, so it is alleged, of delirium tremens.

Molten Wood.

Molten wood is a new invention. By means of high distillation and high pressure the escape of developing gases is prevented, thereby reducing the wood to a molten condition. Which cool the mass assumes the character of coal. This new body is hard, but can be shaped and nicely polished. It is impervious to water and acids.

Fully 9,000,000 Indian subjects are now more or less acquainted with the English language. The language most spoken in India is Hindustani, by 82,000,000 people. Bengal is the tongue of 39,000,000.

If you have a telegraph booth or any other old thing on hand the very sight of it will inspire your friends to fairly ache to exercise it.

Always be sure to pay the check when the other fellow invites you to "partake." He will invite you again.

Matches made in heaven don't always strike and light the right way here on earth.

Do you ever feel all run down and can't wind yourself up?

MAKING WAX FORMS

SHOW FIGURES FOR SHOPEEKERS ARE COSTLY AFFAIRS.

Who Was the Heady One Gilded, Gilded and Plighted—The Speedy Gilded Best, as a Rule, are Made of Paper Models in imitation of Wax.

"Wax forms, or dummies," said the dealer, "have iron feet. Why have they iron feet? To weight them down, so that they will stand erect."

He stood in his workshop, a room as big as a concert hall. All around him helpers were making legs, heads, hands, trunks, feet. Floods of clear light from the glazed roof fell upon heaps of limbs, upon rows of heads, upon moulds of bodies. The place had a ghoulish look. It resembled the scene of a massacre.

"The art of making show figures," said the dealer, "has improved." He took up in his hand the head of a young girl. The red lips smiled, revealing white teeth; the brown hair curled gracefully; the eyes were bright; there was a dimple in the cheek.

"A head like this," he said, "is worth \$15. Heads range in price from \$7 to \$50. They are made of wax; they are hollow; the eyes are of glass, and the hair is human hair. I'll tell you how they are made.

"Wax—a great quantity of it—is boiled in a big kettle until it has the consistency of water. It is then poured into a row of hollow moulds, the moulds of heads, that stand waiting it. The moulds are hung up and shaken about. This process causes the wax to cool and to adhere in a crust to the mould's inside. The agitation is kept up until the crust of wax has reached the thickness that the operator requires, whereupon the hot wax, the surplus, is poured back into the kettle. About the mould, which is made in two halves, a jacket is placed, and the contrivance is put away to dry.

"When the drying is complete the mould is taken off, and a man goes over the wax head with a sharp instrument, clearing out the nostrils and ears and smoothing away the lines created here and there by the junction of the mould's halves. He also inserts, with a deft movement, glass eyes in the empty eye sockets.

"Now the head passes to a girl, a girl with a strange sort of needle, the eye of which is open, or split, at the top. The girl first puts on the eye-brows. She threads the needle with a hair, runs it through the wax and, withdrawing it, leaves the hair behind, for the needle's eye, that is open at the top, makes it inevitable for the hair to stay where it is put. The girl works with great rapidity. In a few minutes she has the head adorned with a pair of long and shaggy eyebrows.

"Next she puts on the hair. For this work she uses the same sort of needle, the hair being in every case human. The girl first puts on the eye-brows. She threads the needle with a hair, runs it through the wax and, withdrawing it, leaves the hair behind, for the needle's eye, that is open at the top, makes it inevitable for the hair to stay where it is put. The girl works with great rapidity. In a few minutes she has the head adorned with a pair of long and shaggy eyebrows.

"This man cleans it first with kerosene. Then he paints it all over a pleasant and inviting flesh color. He tints the cheeks, the ears and the nose with carmine, and he paints the lips with rouge. A girl, a professional hairdresser, now takes the head in hand, curls the hair and dresses it fashionably and applies a coat of French powder to the face. The head is now finished.

"Hands and feet are made, as a rule, of papier mache, enameled and painted a flesh color, so that they look like the best wax. Hands, feet, bodies, legs and arms are made in hollow moulds. The dealer led the way to the back of the shop.

"Here," he said, "are some men making forms of papier mache now. Watch them."

The workmen had moulds of various sizes and shapes before them—one the mold of a hand, another that of a foot, a third that of a whole figure from the neck down to the ankles.

These moulds were in halves. The papier mache that was to fill them looked in its dry state like blotting paper. Wet it resembled gray pulp. With this gray pulp the workmen lined the moulds' interiors well, seeing to it that every cranny and nook got its thick lining. When the moulds were filled—some were in numerous pieces—they were joined together, covered with their jackets and put away to dry.

The artists cannot protect, cannot copyright, their work in any way. Hence they are constantly being preyed upon by imitators and thieves. A dealer, for instance, will order an original head of a woman from a noted maker of show figures. He will turn out a masterpiece. The dealer will make a mold of it and sell duplicates of the head broadcast.

There were in the past only three or four makers of show forms in America. Now there are over 200. The average workman at this business makes from \$25 to \$25 a week. The artist of great ability makes from \$40 to \$50. Show forms of the best sort are worth \$100 and more apiece. They are rented by their owners to shopkeepers more often than they are sold outright. The advantage of this method being that the shopkeeper through it is able to change his show forms often.—Philadelphia Press.

So Many Like Him.
"I see that ole Br'er Thomas is still growlin' at de world,"
"What de matter wid him now?"
"Set his mind on gettin' a dollar, an somebody give him 50 cents."—Atlanta Constitution.

Married to Death.
"Of course, doctor, German measles are never serious."
"I never met but one fatal case."
"Yes. It was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles he had mortification set in."—Philadelphia Press.

She Don't Legend.
She-You don't hear the men use the word "obey" in the wedding ceremony, do-? No; that's so. But they usually have to, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

NEW SHORT STORIES

In the "Mountings."

Professor George Lincoln Burr of Cornell, who toured New England last summer on his bicycle in order to gather facts about witchcraft, is an authority on the history of superstition and persecution, and he is also an indefatigable wheelman. Professor Burr, with his bicycle, has penetrated many primitive and secluded parts of the United States.

From these journeys he returns with little stories that are now quaint, now strange, now humorous. A story of the latter sort concerns a visit to Tennessee.

"I arrived one night at a mountaineer's cabin," said the professor, "and asked for shelter for the night. The good people were very hospitable. They gave me a comfortable bed and an excellent meal.

"While I was eating the meal my host watched me narrowly, to see that I had everything I wanted. He kept ordering his wife to fill my glass, to bring me more bread, etc. Finally, when I began to eat a piece of apple pie, he exclaimed in an indignant tone: "Jane, why don't you bring the gentleman a knife? Don't you see him here trying to eat his pie with a fork?"

An Improvement Suggested.

The late John B. Procter, the president of the civil service commission, was a student of the University of Pennsylvania in 1863 and 1864, and an old Pennsylvania man said of him recently:

"Procter was a great walker in his college days. He liked nothing better than to set out early on a frosty morning and to walk twenty-five or thirty



"FAITH, AN' I DO THAT."

miles through the country. He would start alone, as a rule, but if he fell in with a teamster, a laborer, a tramp—any one—he was well pleased. He would bring home many an odd bit of talk that he had gathered in this way. "I remember how he once met an Irishman on the road to Norristown. He and the Irishman plodded along together a matter of six or seven miles. They stopped and read each milestone, as walkers always do, and Procter said: "I think that milestones cheer a road up wonderfully, don't you?" "Faith, an' I do that," said the Irishman. "I find them a great comfort. It would be an improvement, though, if they was nearer one another, wouldn't it?"

The Law of Averages.

General James Longstreet, the last lieutenant general of the Confederate army, who died on Jan. 2, 1904, took a bride of twenty-two when he was seventy-seven years old. A Georgian who was at the Imperial when the warrior's death was announced told this story of the old general:

"One of the cheerful bystanders of Gainesville took the general to task for marrying such a young woman. Longstreet listened good humoredly, and finally the old neighbor demanded:

"General, what you got to say for yo'self?"

"I b'lieve in the law of averages," replied the general, with a twinkle in his eye. "Miss Dorch is twenty-two, an' I'm seventy-seven, so we'll average under fifty. Now, judge, that's as straight as a problem in Euclid."

Tribute to a Mother.

The late Sir John Bunnett Maple was never tired of telling his friends how much he owed to his mother. He used to say, "She was the cleverest woman I ever knew," and he often related the advice she gave him when as a boy he thought of being called to the bar.

"If ever you were to become lord chancellor," she said, "you would have reached the end of all things in that profession. You would have such and such an income and such and such a position, which are already known to you. But if you go into business there is no limit to your opportunities. The boy chose his father's business and, as he often said, never forgot his mother's advice.—Exchange.

Dressed in a Hurry.

John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the house, and Judge Tate of Georgia used to have adjoining rooms at the Metropolitan hotel. One night Williams was hurriedly dressing to go to a dinner. He had a hard wrestle with his collar and another with his tie. Finally he had the one buttoned and the other tied, and he threw on his coat and went into Tate's room. "Judge," said Williams, "how do I look?"

Tate surveyed Williams carefully. "Really, John," he said finally, "I think you would look much better if you would put your trousers on."

Stuck on Himself.

Kate—Charles and Bessie are very fond of each other. Bertha—Rather say they are both very fond of Charles. It is a case of two souls with but a single thought, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Waterways.

Bacon—I hear your uncle is to lecture on "Our Great Waterways." What does he know about waterways? Egbert—Why, he was in Wall street for six years.—Yonkers Statesman.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

Paul du Chailu's First Encounter With a Monster Gorilla.

In his "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa" Paul du Chailu tells of his first encounter with a gorilla.

"We saw an immense one coming straight toward us out of the woods," he wrote. "As he came he gave vent to terrible howls of rage, as much as to say, 'I am tired of being pursued and will face you.'

"It was a lone male, the kind which is always the most ferocious. This fellow made the woods resound with his roar, which is an awful sound, resembling the muttering of distant thunder. He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood when my most trusted man, Malouen, stopped me, saying in a whisper, 'Not time yet.'

"We stood in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another howl of defiance and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked!

"Not yet," whispered Malouen. "Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. His face was distorted with rage. His huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound. The skin of the forearm was drawn forward and backward rapidly, making his hair move up and down and giving a fiendish expression to his hideous face. Again he roared, a sound which shook the woods like thunder. It seemed as if I could feel the earth trembling under my feet. The beast, looking us in the eye and beating his breast, advanced again.

"Don't fire too soon," said Malouen. "If you don't kill him he will kill you." "This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge creature. Malouen only said, 'Steady!' as the gorilla came up. When he stopped Malouen said: "Now!"

"And before the beast could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle."

THE THEATER USHER.

An Incident That Raised Him in the Old Patron's Estimation.

"I have never been able to appreciate the insolent theater usher in the past," said the confirmed patron of the playhouses. "It is different now. I happened to be in a theater the other evening when a puff of smoke, which half the audience saw, made it touch and go for a few seconds whether or not the always dreaded fire panic would follow. At this point our old friend the callous usher, down the aisle from the rear he strode with a disgusted look on his face.

"Aw, sit down!" he said to the patrons. "Aw, say, sit down! What's the use? There ain't any fire!" "The bored flavor of the fellow's voice was the fear absorbed the audience needed. Had he yelled excitedly or moved his arms he might have precipitated a scramble. It was a hard faced usher's "Aw, say, sit down!" that worked the wonder. Hereafter I shan't say things out loud when the past-board locator shows me into the wrong pair of seats and chases me and my wife out again five minutes later, for I've found at last that the theater usher has his uses."—New York Globe.

SUNDAY SPORTS.

They Used to Be Fostered in England by Royalty.

Both Richard II. and Henry IV. had acted passed ordering Sunday sports, particularly the useful practice of archery. Queen Elizabeth issued licenses to conductors of such festivities, which contained directions to publish officers to overlook such games and to do their best to make them a success.

One such document authorized "John Seconton, a poor man fallen into decay and having four small children, to have and use some plays or games at or upon several Sundays within the county of Middlesex and to remain in one place not above three several Sundays—that is to say, the shooting with the broad arrow, the leaping for men, the wrestling, the throwing of the sledge, the pitching of the bar."

James I. in his "Book of Sports" encouraged Sunday games "after evening service," but "the meaner sort" were forbidden to engage in bowling. Stopped later by parliament, this was republished by Charles I. and finally suppressed by the long parliament.

Nurse and Household.

What is the cause of the friction? Simply this: That which to the employer is an abnormal and unexpected affair to the nurse but a detail, a scene, in her daily life and work. Illness or accident invades an orderly household, routine is broken through, everything is at "sixes and sevens." The devoted wife or mother, the loving daughter, the attached servant—and such are still in existence—all are willing and eager to sacrifice sleep and rest, meals and comfort, in caring for the one whose life hangs in the balance. The nurse, nine times out of ten, is no less willing, but her self sacrifice should not be accepted—ought not to be offered by her—simply because her case is not that of the willing and unofficial helpers. When the crisis is over and death or recovery has ended the strain she does not return once more with them to the uneventful daily round and common task. A few days, a few hours perhaps, and she is in a scene similarly heartrending and appealing, where only the present needs, the immediate anxiety, are thought of and where self abnegating devotion will be equally welcome and equally expected. For the members of such afflicted family there come at last relief of suspense, rest and change. For the nurse there is but the briefest if any interval for recuperation.—Chambers' Journal.

A Man of Genius.

"Yes; he failed in art and actually admitted it, then went into business and succeeded."—Detroit Free Press.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Music For Mr. Hay.

One of the official residences in Washington is especially plagued by street organ grinders is that of Secretary Hay. Scarcely an evening passes that one of these industrious musicians (?) does not plant himself in front of the residence of the secretary of state and there disturb the quiet of the night by the shrill piping and harsh jingling which emanate from his mechanical music box.

The Italian organ grinders who come to Washington hold a traditional belief that the secretary of state is the agent of the government duly authorized for the distribution of small change among penniless musicians. For that reason the grinders have such distinctly American airs as "Yankee Doodle" in their repertory, and it is this that they will reprint out patiently until they have attracted notice.

In the recent illness of Secretary Hay it was necessary to establish a lackey on guard to "show" the musicians elsewhere, and a plentiful distribution of small change was also necessary.—Washington Post.

Russian Soldier Choira.

A French writer in describing the Russian soldier says that it is a pleasure to see a detachment of improvised musicians marching at the head of cavalry, singing with the full strength of their lungs to the accompaniment of fagots and clarinets.

Music plays an important part in the life of the Russian soldier, from the regiments of the guard and the famous Preobraschenski regiment, with their bands over a hundred strong, to the regiments on service in remotest Asia and the dreary Pamirs, with their improvised choirs.

In addition to these improvised bands each regiment has at least one "funny man," who with his caperings and jests beguiles the tedium of the march. It is said the Russian infantryman prefers to do without his instrumental music rather than his singing men. That is not surprising, considering that, with the exception of the guards and a few favored regiments, the music of the drum is the sole instrumental music he is privileged to hear.

Boys' Ideas of Breath.

An extraordinary essay on "Breath" is quoted as having been written by a schoolboy who has attended a course of lectures on physiology:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through our nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outdoors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is more dangerous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and carbonic acid got in that black hole and killed nearly every one afore morning.

"Girls kill the breath with corsets and squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't run or holler like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I'd rather be a boy, so I could run and holler and have a good big diaphragm."

Foreign Wares in China.

The Chinese peasant is no longer content to burn bean oil; he wants kerosene. In scores of humble Laos homes I saw American lamps costing 20 rupees apiece, and a magistrate proudly showed me a collection of nineteen of these shining articles. The narrow streets of Canton are brilliant with German and American chandeliers, and myriads of private houses throughout the empire are lighted by foreign lamps. The desire of the Asiatic to possess foreign lamps is equalled only by his passion for foreign clocks. The demand for clocks is insatiable. I counted twenty-seven in the private apartments of the emperor of China and my wife nineteen in the bedroom of the empress dowager, while cheaper ones tick to the delighted wonder of myriads of humbler people. The ambitious Syrian scorns the mud roof of his ancestors and will be satisfied only with the bright red tiles imported from France.—Arthur Judson Brown in Century.

A Freak of Sound Waves.

"Talking about vibrations," said an organist, "reminds me of a most peculiar fact in regard to the acoustic properties of St. James' church here in Philadelphia. Before the new organ was installed there was one spot in the rear of the church where the sound waves came together in such a manner that a person sitting there could hardly hear a sound while the organ was being played. The explanation is quite simple. It seems that at this very spot the waves vibrating from each side of the church came together at uneven intervals, forming a break in the wave series and neutralizing the sound entirely. The new