BANDON RECORDER.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

It Required Courage to Make the Sacrifice She Did.

A girl stood one day in the waiting room of an office in London. She had come in answer to an advertisement to apply for a secretary's post and was awaiting her inspection. She needed the position, and she waited anxiously.

Presently she was called into the office, and the interview was satisfactory, but she was asked to wait, as there was another applicant to be interviewed. She went into an adjoining room, and through the open door she saw a small, pale woman, nervously answering the questions put to her, and could hear the pitiful story of her husband's death, the small children dependent upon her and her need of work. The woman was told, however, that her services could not be accepted, as another person had already applied and had just received a promise of the position.

The girl listening in the next room had hardly understood what was going on, but at this point her heart bounded with joy as she realized that she was the accepted person. The next moment she saw despair written on the face of the widow and perceived suddenly what this failure meant to her. "I can't do it; I can't take it from her," she murmured. And without stopping a moment to consider she walked quickly back to the other room and said quietly to the employer: "I wish to tell you that on consideration I find the position you offer would not suit me. Good morning." And she left the office without another word.

OIL PIPE LINES.

Ingenious Device by Which the Long Tubes Are Cleaned.

The long pipes that carry crude petroleum from the oil wells to the refineries many miles distant are cleaned by an ingenious device. A writer in the Omaha Daily Bee describes it:

As the oil flows through these underground conduits some of the paraffin in the fluid incrusts the sides of the pipes and proves a serious hindrance to the free passage of the current of oil.

The device that is used to remedy this evil is a knife about two feet in length, with a sharp edge, constructed like the thread of a screw; indeed, the knife resembles a huge headless screw. It is, of course, slightly smaller than the pipe through which it is to pass.

When the thickness of the crust of paraffin renders a cleansing necessary this instrument is inserted in the pipe at the oil fields. The pressure of the stream of oil drives it forward, revolving rapidly as it hurries along and scraping the channel clean.

It turns and twists and cleanses in this manner throughout its whole journey and finally drops from the pipe in the midst of the vast stream of petroleum that empties into the receiving tanks. Its edges are duller than when it set out on its journey, but otherwise it is in perfect condition. It is at once shipped back to the oil wells, where it is sharpened and laid away until its services are again needed.

Mark Twain's Luck.

Mark Twain at one time in his early career was a characteristically impecunious reporter. One day he had a note to meet, but labored under a total lack of funds. Half distracted, he was rushing around San Francisco in a feverish hunt for enough cash to tide him over the trying time. He rushed a little too quickly, however, for as he was turning a corner he collided with a little man and overthrew him. The victim regained his feet and yelled, "You do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week." "My dear sir," said the apologetic humorist, "do it by all means. If I can get through till then without breaking I'm safe." The originality of this reply struck the stranger, who, after some talk, handed Mark a check for the necessary amount.—Chicago Chronicle.

Modeling In Clay.

Love has been the mainspring of a good many actions, and it seems that it may claim to be the first cause of artistic modeling from life. The daughter of Dibutades the Corinthian, being on the eve of separation from her lover, who was going on a distant journey, traced his profile by his shadow on the wall. Her father filled up the outline with clay, which he afterward baked, and thus produced a figure of the young man. This was about 987 B. C., and before then the art of modeling was unknown.

The Sharpest Instrument.

"That is the sharpest instrument in the world, O Ibrahim, is it not?" said a friend who watched that renowned armorer polish a Damascus blade.

"There is one sharper," was the response.

"What is it?"

"It is a woman's tongue," said the steel smith, "and could its acuteness be imparted to any metal the infidels would have been driven from the earth long ere this."

"It is true, Allah be praised!" piously responded the friend.

Not Certain.

"I suppose that picture is one of your choicest works of art?"

"I don't know for sure," answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, mother and the girls have ideas of their own and they won't let me keep the price tags on 'em."—Washington Star.

Same Then as Now.

Mrs. Bacon—I see that pins have been found among the Egyptian mummies and in the prehistoric caves of Switzerland. Mr. Bacon—Oh, yes; I suppose the fellows in other ages had as much trouble getting buttons sewed on as we do.—Yonkers Statesman.

Suggesting an Improvement.

The owner of the new apartment house was exhibiting it to his brother-in-law, who was an architect.

"I had it built according to my own ideas," he said, "and it's built for keeps. An earthquake wouldn't have any effect on it."

"That's a pity," said the brother-in-law. "An earthquake might improve it."—Chicago Tribune.

POLLY LARKIN

Edison says that we eat too much, and boasts that he lives on a pound of food a day. He eats his regular three meals, but just enough each time to nourish his body. His menu consists of meat, eggs and vegetables—the plainest of diets—with no pastries and rich confections and no salads reeking in rich mayonnaise, and he does not deviate from this established rule of diet he has marked out for himself. Tastes differ, and while the above pound of food per day might suit Edison, the majority of people would cry out for a greater allowance. One of the smallest men, leaving out the dwarfs, that I have ever known, was one of the biggest eaters in the town. He was painfully thin and as energetic and lively as a cricket. He was a minister, and when he stood up in the pulpit no one would dream that this frail-looking little man thought almost, if not more, of what he was to have to eat than he did about the lengthy discourse he was delivering, still the sermon showed a thorough and careful pruning down before he was ready to deliver it to his congregation. Instead of being stupid from his over-indulgence in eating he was wide-awake and at times soared in his eloquence, his voice ringing out loud and clear while his congregation listened attentively and with evident enjoyment to the little minister.

A member of his congregation invited him to dinner one day, and knowing his fondness for the good things in the eating line the hostess suggested that he tell her which were his favorite dishes. "Well, to keep up the reputation of the Methodist church, I modestly state that yellow-legged chickens are a great weakness of mine, and I am very fond of fresh ranch eggs." "How many eggs can you eat?" asked his would-be hostess. "Don't ask me to sit down to less than a dozen," he replied. It was said in jest, still there was "more truth than poetry" in his suggestion. He told her just exactly what he wanted, and the hostess, never believing he was in earnest, in a spirit of fun and having plenty of eggs, cooked the dozen. The following is what he ate: Nearly a whole chicken with quantities of rich dressing and gravy, two slices of ham and ten eggs, eight hot biscuit and butter, four ears of corn, a quantity of mashed potatoes, two sweet potatoes as well, stewed tomatoes, two cups of coffee, cheese; he was helped twice to lemon and custard pie, preserves and pickles galore. "My goodness," said the little lady after he had gone, "I'm glad he's not a boarder of mine, for I would have to go through bankruptcy inside of a month. He would eat me out of house and home." It partook so much of the nature of gormandizing that I never cared to hear the little minister again. Just as I would get interested in his sermon a vision of that dinner, enough for a family which was devoured by him, would come into my mind, and I could not beguile myself into thinking he had a saintly look as he delivered his sermon, the eloquent phrases coming with no effort, for he never was at a loss for a word, and instead of being dull and stupid, as one would have supposed he would be after his overhearty meal, he was wide-awake and active as any one could be.

A little German lady threw up her fat little hands in dismay when she heard of Edison eating but one pound of food a day. "Poor man," she exclaimed, "can't he afford it, or what is the matter? I feel sorry for him. I eat six times a day and sometimes between meals if I get hungry. I get up every morning at half-past 5 o'clock and I have coffee and rolls with my husband. At 7 o'clock the children get up and I eat with them. My husband runs over from the store for a bite, too. Then we have mush and cream, fried eggs, toast and coffee. At 10 o'clock I get hungry again, and I have some coffee-cake and coffee. At noon we have meat and vegetables and pie or pudding and coffee. The children are growing and must have something hearty, you know. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a neighbor always drops in, and of course I serve cake and coffee. Then comes our heartiest meal at 6 o'clock, and we take a long time at the table. My husband won't let any one hurry then. We eat again at bedtime. Maybe bread and cheese and beer, sometimes coffee.

In spite of all the coffee-drinking that would make some people nervous wrecks and keep them awake half the night, she is a well, strong woman, always merry and in for a good time. None of the family are ever sick. In fact they don't know what it is to call in a doctor. They are always singing, whistling and laughing about the house. You never hear an unkind or an impatient word from any member of the household. She looks ten years younger than people of her age who are always doctoring, telling of their aches and pains, keeping themselves on a diet which they don't enjoy and which does not do them much good judging from their thin and dissatisfied looking faces. The doctors could not hold to their theory that coffee is to be shunned or at least only taken moderately and once a day at that, unless a small black is indulged in at dinner time, if they took this coffee-drinking family as an example. "I expect to live to be 100 years old," says this little German woman, for I never worry over things that cannot be helped. I don't borrow trouble and I don't talk about my neighbors if I haven't got something pleasant to say. So many of you American ladies worry, worry all the time. You get wrinkles in your face and then you go to a beauty doctor to try and have them rubbed out. You pay lots of money and still the wrinkles come, and it's because you get nervous and worry about little things that we laugh about or won't take the trouble to notice. The best way to keep your face free of wrinkles is not to worry, not to go tearing along through life like you had to live all your days in a short time and that you must do so much to make a good showing. I don't think we were put here to wear our lives out rushing all the time. The world was made beautiful for us to enjoy, and it is all wrong when we don't take time to enjoy it. We take our basket of good things to eat and drink, invite our neighbors's children to join us, and nearly every Sunday when it's pleasant we picnic in the woods. We take off our hats and lay down under the trees and we sing and laugh, eat and all the time we are enjoying and breathing the pure country air. The trouble is you Americans don't know how to enjoy life. You live too fast. No wonder the machinery in your bodies gives out sooner than it does with us and leaves you people all nerves, which tell in criss-cros lines all over your face and take away the happy, restful look. I would rather live like we do, take life a little easy and have less, for after all you cannot take anything out of this life with you. You may have more money to leave than we do, but what does that profit you? it only leaves more for other people to fight over."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Old Watches That Keep Time.

A unique collection of clocks and watches is owned by E. J. Marsh, of Boone, Ia. A number of these, says the Jewelers' Circular-Weekly, date back for centuries and are interesting and curious relics. One of the watches is dated 1638. Marsh, in order to be sure of the date, wrote to a society in New York having for its object the collection of data of this kind. The number of the watch was given. The society looked up the watch and found that it was made in 1538. The watch has gold works and a silver case. The works are diamond set. The watch keeps perfect time and has been running since it was made. Another of the watches in the collection was made in 1685 and bears the trademark, "Gray's, Bond street, 1685." This watch has peculiar works and has worn out the second case. It also has been keeping good time since it came into the possession of Marsh. Among the old clocks one bearing the date 1687 is perhaps the most interesting. The clock has been in the possession of Marsh for over twenty-one years. The woman who gave it to him stated that her great-grandfather had owned the same clock. Marsh has two in his store at the present time over eighty years old. One these at present for repairs is over 200 years old and belongs to the A. P. Williams family in the Fifth Ward. Another one there for repairs, which is over eighty-five years old, belongs to a Mrs. Griffith. Both of these clocks have wooden works.

Bake Clay For Food.

Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay archipelago as well. The testimony of many travelers in the Orient is that the yellow races are especially addicted to the practice. In Java and Sumatra the clay used undergoes a preliminary preparation for consumption, being mixed with water, reduced to a paste, and the sand and other hard substances removed. The clay is then formed into small cakes or tablets about as thick as a lead pencil and baked in an iron saucepan. When the tablet emerges from this process it resembles a piece of dried pork. Javanese frequently eat small figures roughly molded from clay, which resembles the animals turned out in our pastry shops.

Making Chinaware Ancient.

The Hongkong Daily Press says: "The European seeker after curios here is a source of revenue to many an unscrupulous native vender. The method whereby the appearance of century-old china is simulated is to kill a dog and place the new, comparatively valueless porcelain in its inside, afterwards burying it in the earth. At the end of a year the ware is transforced into a choice specimen of veritable antique."

Where The Maidens Woo.

Not everywhere do the boys do the wooing. Among the gypsies of Moravia, for instance, none will dare presume to court a maiden until she has notified the young man of her choice her readiness. This she does by using a cake as a love letter, baking therein a coin, and throwing it within his tent door at night when he is alone.

What a woman likes about having an account at the grocer's is that if he should forget to charge her for something she gets it wouldn't be her fault.

Most every man thinks he is smart enough to tackle any job till he runs up against the problem of grading the front lawn so all the rain wont run into the cellar.

It's worth thinking about that a man's dream of an ideal state never gets nearer to a woman than a boat, a pipe and a fishline.

There's no use to try to save money by stopping drinking because of the smoking it makes you do.

MYSTICAL NUMBER NINE.

It Is a Trinity of Trinities and Is Indicative of Perfection.

Nine is a trinity of trinities and indicates perfection or completion. There are nine earths, nine heavens, nine gods, nine muses, nine worthies, nine crosses, nine points of the law, nine rivers of hell, nine orders of angels and nine circles of rank in Clines society. Milton, in "Paradise Lost," says: "The gates of hell are thrice threefold—three folds are brass, three folds iron and three folds adamantine rock. They had nine folds, nine plates and nine linings." When the angels were cast out of heaven "nine days they fell."

A cat has nine lives. There are nine crowns in heraldry. Possession is nine points of the law. The whip for punishing evil doers had nine tails, the superstition being that a flogging by a trinity of trinities would be sacred and more efficacious. In order to see the fairies, mortals are directed to put nine grains of wheat on a four leaf clover. The hydra had nine heads. Leases were formerly granted for 999 years. Even now they run for ninety-nine years, the dual of a trinity of trinities. To see nine magpies is most unlucky, as the old Scotch rhyme goes:

One's a sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth,
Five's a christening, six a dearth,
Seven's heaven, eight is hell,
And nine's the devil his ane sel'.

If a servant finds nine green peas in a pea pod she may lay it on the lintel of the kitchen floor, and the first man that enters is to be her cavalier. When the loving cup goes round it is the custom to drink a three times three toast to the one most highly honored or tenderly loved. As the weird sisters in "Macbeth" danced round the caldron they sang, "Thrice to thine and thrice to mine and thrice again to make up nine," and then declared "the charm would up." The nine of diamonds was considered the curse of Scotland.

A TOBACCO LEGEND.

The Story of the Way In Which Man Obtained the Weed.

An ethnologist tells an interesting story as to how tobacco was first obtained by man, according to the traditions of the Menominee Indians:

"One day the god hero, Manabozo, was on a journey, when he perceived a delightful odor. It seemed to come from a crevice in the cliffs high up on a mountain side. On going closer he found a tavern which was occupied by a giant. In fact, the giant was the tenant of the mountain, and from the mouth of the cave a passage led down into the very center of the hill, where there was a large chamber. Around the chamber were stacked great quantities of bags filled with curious dried leaves. From the leaves proceeded the delicious fragrance.

"These leaves were tobacco. Once a year, the giant explained, all of the spirits came to the mountain for the purpose of smoking this exquisite weed. But it was not possible to give any of it away," said the ethnologist. "Nevertheless Manabozo watched for an opporunity and, snatching up one of the bags, fled, closely pursued by the giant. The thief leaped from peak to peak, but the giant followed so fast as to finally overtake him. So Manabozo turned upon him and, upbraiding him for his stinginess, transformed him into a grasshopper.

"That is the reason why the grasshopper is always chewing tobacco. Manabozo took the bagful of leaves and distributed them among his friends, the ancestors of the Indians of today. Since then they have had the use and enjoyment of the plant."

ANT PECULIARITIES.

Each Species Has a Distinct Odor Discernible by Other Ants.

Each ant species appears to have its distinctive odor, discernible by other ants. Within each species there are also differences of odor dependent on the age of the colony and the age of the queen from whose egg its inmates are produced. The ant's organs of smell are its antennae, and the antennae consist, as it were, of a series of noses, each of which has a special task. One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy. Another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies. The third serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may retrace its steps along its own path. Another rose smells the ant larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy. Thus if an ant be left with only the four noses it will live peaceably with alien ants, but while it has its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death. If ants make one another's acquaintance before they are twelve hours old they will thereafter live amicably together, though of different species or subfamilies. But in three days after hatching their criterion of correct ant odor is established, and they refuse to affiliate with ants whose odor is not in accord with their standard.

How Bacon Settled Him.

A story that is told of Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best known theologians in New England in the latter half of the nineteenth century, illustrates the absurdity of a popular kind of argument. Dr. Bacon was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition.

"Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."—Harper's Weekly.

His Grievance.

"Uncle Ephraim, you are looking much better. You found something that cured your rheumatism, did you?"

"Yes, suh. But it cured me too quick, suh. I didn't get no use out on dem two dollah an' a half crutches I bought week befo' last."—Chicago Tribune.

Some of the men and women who are doing the kindest deeds are those who have sorrows that are fathomless.—Schoolmaster.

NEW SHORT STORIES

English Ignorance of Indians.

An Indian who has just returned from England expresses surprise at the ignorance he found there. He went to London to take part in a wild western melodrama. He ran across a newspaper man in Philadelphia, and the latter says it was amusing to hear him describe the ignorance regarding his race that exists abroad. "An Englishman," he said, "thinks that a red man can run from 200 to 225 miles a day without effort. He thinks an Apache can overtake a deer. In fact, I read in London a short story describing how in a fifteen mile run an Apache caught a deer, choked it to death and ate its heart raw. The English believe that an Indian is so generous he would give away the clothes on his back. I was accosted by hosts of beggars in London, and they couldn't understand why I didn't hand out a half crown to each of them. They also think an Indian will endure the severest pain without flinching, out of pride. A young English girl stuck a pin in my leg at a restaurant one night and was surprised when I said 'Ouch' and swore."

How Jim Beat the Landlord.

A part of Secretary Hay's boyhood was passed in Indiana, and at a dinner party recently given he said:

"In the Indiana town of Salem there used to live a broken down old fellow named James Hart. Hart had once

"HERE IS THE DIME," SAID JIM.

been a prosperous real estate agent, but drink had ruined him utterly.

"He entered one afternoon a certain tavern, and he asked the landlord to give him a drink of whisky on trust.

"'Jim, I'm sorry,' said the landlord, 'but it's the rule here never to trust for liquor.'

"Hart turned to a farmer who was sitting by the stove.

"'Friend,' he said, 'lend me a dime, will you?'

"'Sure,' the farmer answered, and he handed over the coin readily.

"'Now let me have that whisky,' Hart said to the proprietor.

"He got the drink and swallowed it. Then he walked over to the farmer.

"'Here is the dime I owe you,' he said. 'Degraded as I am, I always make it a point to repay borrowed money before I settle my liquor bills.'"

Took the Doctor's Advice.

There was once a learned judge of eighty who never took any exercise. Not feeling very well, he consulted a physician.

"You have no business to live without taking exercise," said the physician. "You must give up your sedentary habits and walk for an hour every day."

"But it bores me so," pleaded the judge. "If I follow your advice I shall walk myself into a premature grave."

"Better die correctly than live incorrectly," snapped the physician. "I can't understand how you can have the presumption to be alive now."

"Very well, then. If you insist upon it I'll take exercise under protest," said the judge and died a couple of months later, still protesting.—London Academy.

Spanish Marksmanship.

Clerk McDowell of the national house of representatives has a son in the navy who was on the Indiana at the battle of Santiago. His station was in the crow's nest, high up on the fighting mast.

"I remember that Sunday when the battle was supposed to be on," said Major McDowell the other day. "The boy's mother was pretty nervous. I told her there was little cause for worry.

"'They don't aim their guns as high as that. The Spaniards want to hit the ships,' I said.

"'Yes,' said she, refusing to be comforted, 'but those Spaniards are such bad shots.'"

Might Be Useful.

Senator Depew was chatting not long ago with a congressman who during the civil war was twice drafted and each time furnished a substitute. The subject of airships was under discussion, and the congressman asked:

"Senator, do you believe that balloons will ever be useful in war?"

"Well, I think some persons might find them handy in case of a draft."

National and Explanational.

"Is that congressman what you would call a national figure?"

"Well," answered the village wag, "when he's in Washington he's national, but when he gets back here he's explanational."—Exchange.

Unselfish.

"Sir," she cried when he kissed her, "you forget yourself!"

"Oh, no," he said; "I got half of it myself. The other half was your share."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LINCOLN'S POETRY.

Verses That Were Brought to Light Only to Be Destroyed.

It is a sentimental habit of speech to regret the "songs never sung." Yet the dispassionate critic knows there is quite enough poetry unless it is of the very best. He has no tears for "mute, inglorious Miltons." But there is no true American who would not pay a price for a certain batch of poems probably long ago destroyed.

Gibson William Harris, who was a law student in Lincoln & Herndon's office from 1845 to 1847, has written for the Woman's Home Companion some of his recollections of Abraham Lincoln. In putting the office in order one morning he came upon two or three quires of letter paper stitched together inside a desk. He turned the leaves and found that they were covered with stanzas in Mr. Lincoln's neat running hand.

When Mr. Lincoln came in, the young man took the manuscript out of the desk again and held it up with the unnecessary and impertinent inquiry whether the poems were his.

"Where did you find it?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

He took the manuscript, rolled it up and stuffed it into his pocket. It was never seen again. The theory of the writer who tells the story is that it was taken home and put into the fire.

HER OPALS.

A Reason Why They Were Not the Cause of Her Misfortunes.

"I think Sir Walter Scott is largely responsible for the superstition as to opals," said the traveling salesman of jewelry. "Be that as it may, it is still widespread. There is a large jewelry house in one of the big cities which will not handle opals. This means a loss of thousands of dollars annually. The founder of the house put the bar on opals, and the third generation is keeping it up.

"I had an amusing experience when I was behind the counter of a house in the east. A lady came in and, handing me a breastpin set with opals, said:

"'Mr. Jones, what will you give me for these stones? They were an heirloom in my husband's family, but since they have come into my possession my husband and I have had nothing but misfortune. We have lost our residence by fire, there has been sickness in the family all the time, and he is experiencing business reverses. I must get rid of the opals, so make me an offer.'

"'Madam,' I said, 'are you sure that your troubles are due to them?'

"'Oh, perfectly sure.'

"'You cannot think of any other cause?'

"'No. Make me an offer, please.'

"'Madam,' I replied deferentially, 'I regret to inform you that those stones are imitations.'"—Birmingham News.

How Celluloid Is Made.

Celluloid, the chemical compound which bears so close a resemblance to ivory, is a mixture of collodion and camphor, invented in 1855 by Perkesine of Birmingham, whose name for a time it bore. The process of manufacture is as follows: Cigarette paper is soaked in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids until it becomes nitrocellulose. After thorough washing, to free it from the acids, this cellulose is dried, mixed with a certain quantity of camphor, and coloring matter if required, and then passed through a roller mill. It is next formed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure and afterward broken up by toothed rollers and soaked for some hours in alcohol. A further pressure and a hot rolling process finish it, and results in ivory-like sheets half an inch thick.

Truant Children's Tricks.

One of the Philadelphia truant officers was talking about malingering in school children. "It is a common thing," he said, "and I guess it will always be a common thing. For my part, when I was a boy I pretended two or three times every year that I had a headache or toothache when I hadn't and loafed about the house all day instead of going to school. I guess you and every other man did the same thing in your childhood too. Such simple malingering as that I meet with often, but now and then I meet with cases of a complicated, serious kind. Last spring a boy rubbed poison ivy over his face, poisoning himself horribly, so as to escape school for awhile. Another boy the winter before hit his foot with an ax for the same purpose, but the ax came down harder than he had intended and the boy just escaped limping for life. A little girl was laid up for a week through taking an overdose of castor oil. She confessed that she had wanted to make herself sick for a day so as to escape the examination that she knew she would fail in, but she didn't know the amount of castor oil to take, and it was only by luck that she didn't put herself to death."

As to "The."

A voluntary contributor to magazines and newspapers had a desirable article returned to him the other day because he began the opening paragraph with the definite article, "the." The editor wrote: "If we should allow all of our authors to begin with 'the' every article would so begin." There is at least one newspaper in New York which will not accept a story of any kind if it begins with "the." The editor in charge, seeing the "the" at the opening, immediately throws the story into the wastebasket.—New York Press.

A Queer Custom.

Between the mountains of India and Persia is a powerful tribe among whom an extraordinary custom prevails. Women's rights have apparently received full recognition, for the ladies of the tribe can choose their own husbands. All a single woman has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of a man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her unless he can show that he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

A Leading Question.

Parent—Has that man asked you to marry him, Julia? Daughter—Not in so many words, but it has amounted to that. Last night he asked me if my dad was as well off as they say he is.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Republic of Canada.

Twenty years ago 20 per cent of the people of Canada would have welcomed the annexation of the Dominion to the United States. Ten years ago only 10 per cent of the men who think thought seriously of such a move, and today no one ever mentions the matter at all. Twenty years ago only a few dreamers dreamed of the republic of Canada. Ten years later 10 per cent of the people were in favor of it, and today twenty out of every hundred Canadians would welcome the news that Canada had cast off the cable that moors her to the motherland and had blossomed out as a nation.

The relations between the people of the United States and of Canada will grow more friendly and pleasanter as the years go by because of the wholesale swapping of citizens now going on. Millions of Canadians have gone to the United States, and in the next decade millions of Americans will have crossed into Canada. We shall like each other better as we see each other more, for we North Americans are the people—all of us.—Leslie's Monthly.

Passing of the English Sailorman.

The skipper of the tramp steamer Bumping Billy was engaging a new crew. "What's your name?" he said to the foremost applicant. "Giuseppe Grinolieri," replied the man. "Eyetalian?" "Yees, sair." "Very good. Step on one side. And yours?" he went on to the next A. B. "Ivan Ikanoff." "Russian?" "Bolish, sare." "Right. Step alongside o' Yewseppy. Next man?" "Wilhelm Zwillanguzi." "German?" "Ja." "Very good. Over you go. Next?" "Manoel Ollveria. I Portuguese seaman, senhor." "Step over, then, Manniwel. Next?" "John Thompson, sir." "What?" "John Thompson, sir." "What in th-thunder—what the—what nationality?" screamed the horrified shipmaster. "English, sir," replied the man. For a full half minute the unhappy skipper stood speechless, his countenance turning from purple to orange and from orange to gray, and then, with a gurgling gasp of "English, by gum!" he tottered, staggered and fell prone upon the ground.—Liverpool Daily Post.

Passing of the Panama Hat.

"There will be no Panama hats worth mentioning worn this season," said M. B. Cross, representative of a house dealing in headgear.

"The summer of 1902 marked the climax of what might be called the Panama craze. Last season there was an immense slump in this style of hat, and this year hardly a store in the country will have them in stock. The cause of their decline in public favor is easy to understand. As long as the real and costly article was only in evidence the demand was seen, and the higher the price the bigger the demand. This led to the importation of cheap counterfeits, which so flooded the market that the Panama became common, or, rather, its imitation. Anyway, as soon as this occurred men of style and fashion discarded the once prized ornament of dress and reverted to the simpler and always better looking sort of straws. In another decade the Panama may once more become the rage."—Washington Post.

The Story Was Worth the Price.

A decidedly seedy looking individual who had called to see C. Wesley Thomas, collector of the port, was admitted to the latter's office after a long wait.

"I called in reference to Mr. Blank's account," abruptly began the visitor. "I guess you remember him. He paid $4.50 into the conscience fund about six months ago. I'm Mr. Blank's brother, and upon investigation I learn that the goods he smuggled into this country were only worth $4.40. So you see he paid the government 10 cents too much. Now, I thought that inasmuch as he was so honest and I am his brother you"—

"That's enough," interposed the amused collector. "Here's your 10 cents. That yarn is certainly worth the price."—Philadelphia Press.

Public Schools In Russia.

In Social Service are given some late statistics regarding public schools in Russia. There are 84,544 public schools in the empire, of which number 40,131 are under the jurisdiction of the minister of public education, 42,588 under the jurisdiction of the holy synod and the remainder under other departments. Of the pupils 73,167 are adults, 3,291,694 boys and 1,293,902 girls. The teachers number 172,000. The maintenance of these schools costs more than $25,000,000. The average school tax for city schools is $9.50 and for village schools $5 per pupil.

The Coldest City.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, eastern Siberia, in the empire of the czar and the Russians. It is the great commercial emporium of east Siberia and the capital of the province of Yakutsk, which in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about 400 houses of European structure standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter yoorts, or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides and windows of ice.

Valuable Piece of Land.

A piece of land seven-eighths of an inch wide by forty feet long was recently purchased in New York city, the purchaser paying $50 for it, or at the rate of $1,029,600 for a full city lot. The broker through whom it was purchased got the value of the lot. The regular commission in such cases is 1 per cent, but according to custom $25 is the smallest amount that will be accepted by a broker.

Assistance.

"Which of these books or periodicals would you recommend?" asked the woman, with a pleasant smile.

"Well, lady," answered the boy who was attending to the depot news stand, "it depends. If you want genuine first class information I'd sell you dis copy of de Sportin' News, but if you jis' wants somethin' to t'row at de Pullman porter I'd recommend dis substantial bound book by Herbert Spencer."—Washington Star.