

BANDON RECORDER.

THE SICILIAN.

His Life Is Hedged About by a Series of Aboard Superstitions.

People of Sicily are vastly superstitious. The Sicilian believes, to give a few examples, in the existence of a double-headed lizard which condescends to take in its mouth the winning numbers of the lottery. He believes it is unlucky to marry or begin a journey on a Tuesday or a Friday. He believes in the power of malicious and of the evil eye and attempts to defend himself against them by wearing amulets, such as the corno, a coral imitation of the horn of the goat; by spitting three times on the ground while pronouncing a magic formula or by certain altitudes by invoking the name of Virgil, who somehow acquired during the middle ages a bizarre reputation as a magician. He believes in sorcerers, of whom a goodly number practice professionally on his island, selling to him among other wondrous working charms grotesque colored images of St. Paul to be attached to barren fruit trees and barrels in which wine has soured. He believes that a person born on a Friday is able to predict the future and that a person born on June 29 (the day of St. Peter, who was unharmed by the viper which encircled his hands) is able to do both these things and to charm serpents besides.

SORRY SHE SPOKE.

The Mistake That Was Made by a New York Milliner.

One of the richest and most prominent society women in New York caught an unexpected glimpse of the reverse side of a Fifth avenue tradeswoman's manners the other day. The society woman in question is very quiet and unostentatious in her dress, and it is only the appointment of her equipage that betrays the fact that she is wealthy. She stopped her carriage outside the establishment of a fashionable milliner, entered and addressed the proprietress.

"I see you have in your window a sign, 'Apprentice Wanted,'" she began. The milliner eyed her contemptuously from the doorway of her modest home to the tip of her common sense shoe.

"You would not do at all," she said. "I want a ladylike person who can wait on customers."

"I wished to place one of my maids with some one from whom she could learn millinery while I am abroad," continued the visitor quietly, "but I'm afraid you would not do."

As the footman opened the carriage door for his mistress the horror-stricken milliner recoiled into the doorway of one of the "first families" of New York. —New York Press.

CROWS AND ROOKS.

There Are Many Points of Difference Between These Birds.

Scientifically curious is the generic title of the bird family which includes crows, rooks, ravens and jacksaws.

A main distinction between crows and rooks is that black and gray crows, which are found always in pairs, are migrants, retreating southward with the advance of winter, while rooks are gregarious and remain where they have been in the habit of nesting. Crows, too, are carrion eaters, while rooks, though fond of grubs and worms, will not touch dead things unless driven to do so by hunger.

The most obvious individual points of difference between the two are the absence of feathers from the face of the adult rook, giving it a vulture-like look, to which its characteristics other wise hardly entitle it, and the fact that its feathers are of a rich purple black, almost iridescent, while the plumage of the black crow is in shading somewhat like a laddily polished boot and possesses but little lustre.

Woolen Shoes in Holland.

"The woolen shoe," said a native of Holland, "is worn almost exclusively by the peasant classes, and they find them more comfortable than the leather shoes that are worn in America. The foot is clad in a heavy woolen stocking and then slipped into the shoe without fastening. They never fall off because the people are used to wearing them. They would not exchange, because any other kind would not be comfortable. The shoes are of elm wood and cost from 10 to 15 cents of American money. Two pairs will last a year."

Animal Criminals.

As a species of hardened criminals among placid herbivorous animals none is worse than the bison, or American buffalo. Toward man and beast and even among themselves these vicious, vindictive and agile brutes, whose half brothers on the other continents do not fear even the terrific onslaughts of lions and tigers, are in a state of almost continual warfare. They are among the worst of rogues ever seen in a zoo. —McClure's Magazine.

A Raisher of Pickles.

"Anything I can do for you, madam?" asked the clerk in the seed store. "Yes," answered the sweet thing, tapping the counter with a tapering finger. "I wish to ascertain if bottled pickle seeds will grow as well as those of the bulk variety?" —Indiana Post Sun.

Beginning Afters.

Mr. Vexall (angrily) "I hate a woman who always contradicts everything a man says. If I don't I'm an idiot. Mrs. Vexall (sweetly) "Well, dear, I'll turn over a new leaf and commence right now by not contradicting you."

A Hair Restorer.

"You promised me," she said coldly, "to return the lock of hair I gave you and—"

"Gee whizz!" he interrupted. "Do you take me for a hair restorer?" —Exchange.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy. —Schopenhauer.

A wise philosopher gives us this advice: "Tell the truth to at least three men—your doctor, your lawyer and your banker."

POLLY LARKIN

There are ways and ways of advertising, and every successful firm has realized long ago the value of the different forms of making known to the public their various stocks of goods, etc. One man will not have anything but fence advertisements, and he will pay a good price to anyone who will bring a catchy ad, that will attract the attention of passers-by. Another man will spend all of his spare time writing up newspaper ads, and believes there is no other way to obtain the good results that every advertiser is seeking. The latter is right, too, for even if the men of the household do not read the ads, announcing the many bargains their wives and grown up daughters do. Some women watch eagerly for the bargain ads, and the war situation and other events of the day hold no interest for them until they have run their eye over the advertisements in the paper and found where the biggest bargain sales were announced, and then some very little lady rises up and says, "Why, do you really believe that newspaper advertising pays?" They know it is a foolish question when they ask it, for some of them would as soon think of going without their cup of delicious coffee for breakfast as to deprive themselves of the pleasure of their morning ad-reading. I heard a lady remark the other day, "I never did care much for reading, and if it were not for the advertisements I would never open a paper."

A gentleman engaged in the dry goods business in one of our prosperous inland towns grumbled at his newspaper advertising bill, claiming that no one read them and that it didn't pay well enough for the money invested. "Very well," said the shrewd newspaper man, who hadn't a doubt in his own mind as to the efficacy of the well written advertisement. "Now I have a proposition to make you, and if it brings no results I will print your advertisement free for a whole year. You are to get a lot of trinkets—say paper dolls for the girls, a toy cannon or spinning tops for the boys. Away down in the corner of your ad I will print in small type, 'The boy or girl bringing this ad, to Mr. B.'—store on Saturday will receive a gift." "I'll warrant you'll have to have a man just to attend to the demands of the wee folks." The dry goods merchant agreed to this and laid in a stock of trifles that would delight the hearts of boys and girls, although he was convinced in his own mind that he would have had time getting rid of the boxes of gifts he had purchased for the experiment. The shrewd newspaper man printed a number of extra papers, believing that there would be a run on his office. Saturday morning came, and when the proprietor of the store appeared there were several boys and girls who believed in "first come first served," waiting for him at the door. Every one of them had the advertisement cut out or the whole paper with the ad marked. By noon the boys and girls were in line entering in orderly fashion to get the gifts. Only one or two failed to show the advertisement as requested and there was a good excuse coming from the omission. "The newspaper office didn't have any more, Mr. B.," and on this plea they got their gifts. Before half the afternoon had waned the firm had to announce that the supply had given out and that there were no more presents for that Saturday. A number of the little folks went away feeling abused to think they had been left out. "I acknowledge I was wrong," said the merchant to the wide-awake newspaper man. "I did the biggest day's work I have ever done in the store. Not only the children came, but their mothers as well, and nearly every one bought something before they went out. Count me down as one of your biggest advertisers from now on. I confess that you have thoroughly converted me into being a very strong believer in the benefit of printer's ink rightily used."

Last winter, just before the holidays, one of the San Francisco dry goods merchants advertised that Santa Claus would be at their stores in the afternoons and for every child coming with its parents he would give a box of candy. That store was swarmed with the little folks. They had to enter the store in line and they blocked the sidewalk. "Please name," said one dirty-faced, ragged little girl to Polly, "won't you be my mother? I want to go in and see Santa Claus, and you can't go in unless you have your mother along; my mother is dead." I was dubious about adopting the little waif until she told me her mother had been taken away. That decided me, however, and I took her by her dirty little hand that looked as if it had not been acquainted with soap and water for many a long day and lobbied marched past the sentinel at the door. He had heard the request and smiled as we wended our way with the throng to see Santa Claus with his merry old face. When I got back to the sidewalk with my charge I found I had gotten myself into a world of trouble, for there stood a howling young mob of little urchins, boys and girls, pushing and scrambling to get to me and asking with almost one voice, "Won't you be my mother?" "I just want to see Santa Claus," "I'll be good, lady," "I won't make you no trouble," "Don't you take him, lady; he's been in five times already and has had five boxes of candy." And with numerous other pleas ringing in my ears from the throng of poor and ill-clad children that crowded around the door, I made my escape, but not before a big burly policeman had made his appearance

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

Odd Notions Concerning the Process When It Was New.

Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of daguerreotype galleries when they were first opened in this country. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made. "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look long enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it. The sun burns it in if you keep still." Another made it all very plain by stating, "The plate is a looking glass, and when you sit in front of it your shadow sticks on the plate."

How it came about was never known, but the impression became general that the sitter must not wink. No operator of intelligence ever told the sitter not to wink, for the effort to refrain would have given the eye an unnatural expression. We found it a duty to tell the sitter to wink as usual; that natural winking did not affect the picture. Even then it was not always understood. One old lady jumped out of the chair before a sitting was half over, raising both hands and exclaiming: "Stop it, stop it! I winked!"

Another remarkable fact was that general failure acknowledged their own likeness. "All good but mine," was the common dejection. A nice couple after examining their pictures came to this conclusion, "Marla, yours is perfect, but ths does not look like me." But the old lady answered, "Jeems, yours is as natural as life, but mine is a failure." After a longer consultation the old gentleman said, "We must know each other better than we know ourselves." At one time Daniel Webster sat for a daguerreotype. The finished picture was held before him. Turning away, he said: "I am not to judge of my own looks. It is for you to judge, and I you must decide whether the work is worthy of your reputation." —A. Bogardus in Century.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

A Gladstone Anecdote.

The sarcastic cheer is very common, and I recall one fatal example of its use. Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures, an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Hear, hear!" ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs. For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honest tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh to decorate it—with an idea." —Henry Norman in Century.

Carried His Samples.

During a recent meeting of the Louisville presbytery Delegate Hawthorne of Princeton, says the New York Tribune, told this story of pioneer days and vouched for its accuracy: One of the circuit riders in his part of the state was extremely fond of pepper sauce, and as he could seldom find any strong enough at places where he stopped he always carried a bottle with him. He happened to be at a hotel one night, though he usually stopped at the

home of a friend. A man sat across the table from him and, seeing the sauce, asked if the minister would share it with him. The request was granted, and the stranger poured out a liberal allowance of the sauce into his soup.

At the first swallow he made a very face and blurted out, "Minister, do you preach eternal rest?"

"Yes, brother," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you are the first preacher I ever saw who carried samples," was the answer.

MISTAKES IN LIFE.

Brooding Over Them Is Useless and Unprofitable Work.

One of the most unprofitable ways of spending time is the practice, to which many persons are addicted, of brooding over the mistakes one has made in some mysterious, inexplicable way, he has no patience with himself, and as it is painful and humiliating to dwell long upon one's own follies it is fortunate if he does not implicate others—friends and relatives—in his disappointments. Perhaps, as education has never been free from mistakes—mistakes indeed of every kind—he imputes the blame to his early training, in which habits of thoroughness and accuracy or, again, of sagacity and independence of thought may not have been implanted. Perhaps a calling was chosen for him by his parents without regard to his peculiar talents or tastes and preferences, or if he was allowed to choose for himself it was when his judgment was immature and unfit for the responsibility. The result was that the square man got into the round hole or the triangular man got into the square hole or the round man squeezed himself into the triangular hole. —Success.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Americans in Korea.

Americans have an electric street railway in Seoul and gold mine in the north which employs fifty or sixty foreigners and 1200 Koreans, and pays into the imperial treasury an annual royalty of \$12,500. America should have a special interest in Korea, as one of our four small Asiatic wars was with Korea a generation ago. For years an American was foreign adviser to the Emperor, and I once heard an earnest Korean arguing in favor of America's assuming a protectorate over his land. But our chief contribution to Korea is neither commercial nor political, but moral and religious. There are about 150 American missionaries in the land, with 30,000 adherents. And the influence which Christianity has already exerted has been an awakening of the dead. The possible triumph of Russia hangs as a pall over all the American interests in the land. The triumph of Japan would be the guarantee of progress and civilization.

The Bullseye.

Why is the target's bullseye so called? This is one of the many instances in our language where words have gained a higher status than that with which they started and have been promoted from the slang dictionary to the dictionary of words of respectable and current use. Bullseye is found in the dictionary of "The Canting Crew" as far back as 1690 and was the vulgar word for the central ring of the target used as a mark for archers, which was colored differently from the other rings. This may have arisen from the ancient rounded shields, cut out of ox hide and strengthened with a spike or central boss for this shield or target; hence target was often used as a mark itself. When sheet glass began to be manufactured the thickened part, where the tube had been attached, was called the bullseye. Then this term was successively applied to a lens of glass, especially in a ship's side, to the lens of a lantern, to the lantern itself, and finally to the central boss of a target.

Used "Big Language."

"How some people do pose," said a big, raw-boned Westerner named Hank Custer at the Louisville Hotel. "They use great big words just to make people think they are smart. I think that the weakest of all affectations is that of using what is called 'big language' in- stead of those simple terms which at first present themselves to every person of common sense. At my home in Nebraska the other day a young lady assaulted my household by asking the loan of a 'diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.' She wanted a thimble."

Queen Alexandra owns one of the most valuable pairs of opera glasses in the world. They are of platinum thickly incrustured with diamonds, rubies and sapphires and are said to have cost the enormous sum of \$30,000.

An exchange says a Boston woman fell on the sidewalk and broke one of her legs. Ridiculous? There are no legs in Boston. Limbs are used exclusively.

A woman simply can't help having faith in a man who notices when she has on a new gown.

Husbands pay for the fine feathers that make the fine birds; bachelors admire them.

The average of suicides is lower in Ireland than in any country in the world.

A girl is always willing to admit she is fat if she doesn't weigh more than 110 pounds.

APPLES FOR BREAKFAST.

A Prescription That May Save You Many a Doctor's Fee.

The true, not the new, should be the motto of those who write or speak about the apple, the fruit longest in use by our branch of the human race. There are certain simple principles that must be given, line upon line, precept upon precept, to every fresh generation of men or rather should be given just about that time that the generation is beginning to lose its freshness and to call on the doctor for remedies. Every well to do man of good digestion and appetite tends to eat too much meat every day after his twenty-fifth birthday, and one of the values of fruit, the apple above others, is the ease with which it may be made an "antidote for breakfast" article. With baked apples and cream and good roast potatoes on the breakfast table the dish of cold or hot meat becomes subordinate even if it is not entirely abolished. Men of forty, the age when every man not a fool is supposed to have acquired the right to give medical advice, at least to himself, will relate their various wonderful discoveries and remarkable self cures just as they had given up all hope, and in general these reduce themselves to this: "I ate less meat, but I did not know it, and I took a great deal more fruit, especially apples."

Baked apples for breakfast tend to reduce the amount of meat eaten if we are inclined to eat too much and to supply the system with mineral foods and the digestive tract with acids. People who eat too much food are not to be advised to eat baked apples as a mere addition to the breakfast, and those who need a substantial meal must not let the baked apple interfere with the taking of solid food. As a rule, those who eat three meals per diem will wisely have the nicest dish of baked apples obtainable for breakfast. It is a piece of simple wisdom worth pages of ordinary medical literature. The digestion of milk is somewhat delayed by sour fruits, but pure, rich cream is not milk, and taken with a juicy baked apple what dish can be more tempting and wholesome?

If you are twenty-eight or thirty-five, inclined to ring the doctor's bell and talk with your druggist, try this prescription. You may put sugar on the apples, but we shall not sugar coat the stirring speech, or any claim to novelty. We merely turn to your good wife or your housekeeper and ask whether she is careful to give you nice roast apples and cream and to make the breakfast meat dishes as little tempting as may be. —American Gardener.



"Yes, brother," said the minister.

A man sat across the table from him and, seeing the sauce, asked if the minister would share it with him. The request was granted, and the stranger poured out a liberal allowance of the sauce into his soup.

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"Because you are the first preacher I ever saw who carried samples," was the answer.

THE TERM "BLACKLEG."

It Probably Came From Sporting Men Who Wore Black Top Boots.

The term blackleg, which has come to mean one who systematically tries to win money by cheating in connection with races or with cards, billiards or other games of skill or chance and is used as synonymous with a swindler, a weasler, is of uncertain origin. Some authorities connect it with the black legs of a game cock, so much used by the sporting fraternity for betting purposes.

According to another and more probable view, the expression had no disgraceful sense attached to it at first, but was applied to turf and sporting men because they were often in the habit of wearing black top boots. When blackleg had thus become a current phrase for professional sporting men, it probably passed into use as applied more particularly to those who took an unfair advantage of their opportunities to cheat the unwary.

The derivation of this term was once solemnly argued before the full court of queen's bench upon a motion for a new trial for libel, but that learned tribunal was unable to decide its origin.

The Study of Nature.

I confess I have not much sympathy with the laboratory study of nature except for economical purposes. Nature under the dissecting knife and the microscope yields important secrets to the students of biology, but the unprofessional students want but little of this. I know a young woman who took a postgraduate course in biology at a noted summer school, and the one thing she learned was that certain bacilli were found only in the aqueous humor of the eyes of white mice. The world is full of curious facts like that, that have no human interest or educational value whatever. —John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Pride of Ancestry.

"We can't afford to recognize them. Their ancestors were in trade." "Weren't ours?" "Of course, but our trade ancestors are two generations further back than theirs." —Chicago Post.

Merely Going.

Smith—I woke up last night with a horrible suspicion that my new gold watch was gone. So strong was the impression that I got up to look. Brown—Well, was it gone? Smith—No, but it was going.

The Blot on Human Nature.

The recital of a man's happiness and the story of his troubles alike bore us, but if forced to choose we find more pleasure in hearing the troubles. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Polliteness and Crime.

Our language and vocabulary, with our growing slackness, are changing. We are carrying things (otherwise insupportable) with a laugh and coining phrases for the purpose. As has been said, we are still sensitive to such coarse words as "thief" and "steal," but it is vain to deny among ourselves that certain unchallenged doings of today forcibly suggest those terms. So we save our face with an indulgent gaiety not devoid of humor. We give a twist and a turn to the rapidly changing English language, and the ugly words disappear in the process.

When a conductor steals a fare we facetiously remark that he is "knocking down on the company"; when we steal a ride from the same company and conductor we laughingly refer to our success in "beating the game"; when we bribe we merely "influence" or "square things," when we are bribed we collect "assessments" or "rebates" or "commissions" or "retainers," and so on until we reach the grave definition of "cheapest graft," which would be humorous if so many people did not feel that the term applied them with a long felt wail. Now, these expressions and others like them may bear a strong resemblance to thieves' slang, but they merely reflect the language of a people unaccountably retreating to a lower moral level. —Everybody's Magazine.

Senator Carmack's Little Joke.

"Senator E. W. Carmack of Tennessee is quite a wag," said a former Tennessee politician. "About twenty years ago he was a member of the county court of Maury county, Tenn., and extracted a great deal of fun from the deliberations of that staid if sometimes stupid body. One of Carmack's tricks brought the court to a temporary halt. The justice who knew as little about the constitution as a Jay bird knows about the Kern and cared less, was grinding out laws regulating everything under the sun. Justice Carmack arose and presented a resolution which recited in its preamble the uselessness of constitutions in general and the depravity of the Tennessee organic law in particular and wound up the resolve that the constitution be and the same is hereby abolished." Carmack made a brilliant and stirring speech, working the court up to a frenzy of indignation. At the close of his effort the court passed the resolution with a whoop. Nobody smiled, not even Carmack, at the time, but next day when the news was scattered broadcast the state roared in appreciation. —Birmingham News.

PRE-EMPTED BY BIRDS.

The Noddies That Own Bird Key, in the Gulf of Mexico.

Out in the gulf of Mexico sixty-five miles from Key West toward the setting sun rise half a dozen barren sand bars from the exquisite turquoise blue waters. One of these, Garden Key, is a government fort and coaling station; another is the Loggerhead key, our last outpost toward Cuba and Central America. Other islets are unattended save when the great sea turtles crawl. One alone, Bird Key, is pre-empted by the birds. It would be hard to find a more desolate or isolated region. Though the climate is warm throughout the year, it is not until May that the feathered hosts arrive from the far south at this sandy rendezvous. In the Van come the noddies, a few about the 1st of May and the rest within a few days. A week later the sooty terns pour in, and it is said that within a week of their arrival both kinds begin to lay. At the time of our coming nearly all the birds had eggs and were devoting themselves to their family cares.

To reach the buildings from the little landing place we had to pass through a tract of bushes, and here it was that I saw the first nests of the noddies. Upon the tops or in the forks of the bushes each pair had built a rather rude yet fairly substantial platform of sticks, only slightly hollowed, and upon each one sat a dark gray bird. There was something about these graceful little creatures that instantly took me by storm, a case of love at first sight. The noddy is very much like a dove—except for its webbed feet—in size, in form, in the softness of its plumage, the expression of its large dark eyes and its gentle, confiding ways. There is no wild affright as the stranger approaches. Just a shadow of fear is evident, but the birds sit quietly on their nests, hoping and trusting, and do not fly unless approached almost within arm's reach. Then they flit gently away, alighting upon a neighboring bush until the intruder has withdrawn, when they return directly to their charges. It seemed remarkable to find birds so perfectly tame. —Outing.

PITH AND POINT.

When a friend tells you of his wrongs he wants sympathy and not an argument.

Before a man's first baby is a week old he knows more than he had ever dreamed about.

Speaking of "secret sorrows," it is a good plan to keep them so, as telling only multiplies them.

When a man wants to give you advice you can't lose anything by listening, but you will make an enemy by refusing.

A man occasionally breaks even when it comes to wall paper the wife does the picking and the husband does the kicking.

Every one should have saved up enough money to take things a little easier by the time the age comes for taking a nap in a chair. —Aitchison Globe.

None Better.

Mrs. Wise—I wouldn't have bought cigars for my husband if I were you. A man doesn't like his wife to do that.

Mrs. McBride—I know it's risky unless you're very careful to get the best, but I was careful, Mrs. Wise. Were they? Mrs. McBride—Yes, I picked out the best, called "Finest made." There couldn't possibly be anything better than that, you know.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them. —George Eliot.

Married in Two Languages.

Because the bride could not understand English and the groom could not understand German County Judge G. W. Murray of Springfield, Ill., found it necessary the other day to perform a wedding in the two languages.

The couple gave their names as Louis Mandra and Miss Wylte Wetti, the former twenty-six and the latter nineteen years of age. The ceremony was first said in English, the groom giving the responses, and then in German, to which the bride made replies. —Detroit Tribune.

A Wrong Idea.

A certain officious person once blustered into the office of W. J. Henderson, the music critic, and began to tell him what was the matter with Jean de Reszke's interpretation of Wagner's "Tristan."

"In the first place," said the caller, in confident tones, "he's got the wrong idea."

Mr. Henderson looked at him a moment. "Well," he remarked, "he got his idea from Wagner. Where did you get yours?"