

BANDON RECORDER.

OLD TIME COOKERY.

Curious Recipes That Were in Use in the Fifteenth Century.

An old volume, the "Kokke Boke of Cookery, for a Frynche Houssolde or any other Estately Houssolde," written about the year 1467, contains many rare and curious recipes in use in those days not only for ordinary dishes, but those to be eaten on fast and fish days. It is curious in reading this cookery book to find that there are the same birds, beasts and fishes, the same courses and sometimes the same names to dishes as in a modern one, but, although the names are often the same, the ingredients and the preparation are very different. For instance, their "blanche mange" was composed of lamprey or other fish, and their custards contained fresh pork minced small.

Here is one recipe from the book: "To make mayn take and boll cows' cream and when it is boyled set it aside and let it cool. Then take cow curds and press out the whey; then bruise them in a mortar and cast them in the pot to the cream and boll together. Put thereto sugar, honey and may butter, color it up with saffron and in the setting down put in yolks of eggs well beaten and draw the strain and let the potage be standing; then arrange it in dishes and plant therein flowers of violets and serve it."

Some of the recipes in this quaint old book were intended specially for a "lord's" table. For instance, a pike was to be served whole to "a lord," but cut in pieces for the "commonalty." Cabbages were to be thickened with grated bread for ordinary people, but served with yolks of eggs for a "lord." The dishes at this time used to be either gold or silver for great occasions and wooden trenchers and platters for ordinary use. It was not till the time of Queen Elizabeth that plates of metal and of earthenware began to be generally used instead of wood.

WILLS IN ENGLAND.

Interesting Documents That Are on File in Somerset House.

In the heart of London, facing on one side the famous thoroughfare known as the Strand and on the other looking on the Thames, will be found Somerset House, once a private palace, but now devoted to various departments of the inland revenue of Great Britain.

Perhaps the most interesting government department in Somerset House is that devoted to the filing of wills, and, as might be supposed, the collection is immense, varied and extraordinary, ranging from the will of Shakespeare himself (containing practically the only known autograph of the world renowned poet) right down to mere curiosities in wills, such as those carved on the lid of a desk or contained within secret cabinets or escutcheons.

Here for 25 cents one may inspect the will of any British person. There are wills leaving immense sums to cats and dogs; wills written in human blood. But the most interesting one is quite a romantic history.

It is the will of a British official who died in Cairo of the plague. Before his death he took care to prepare his will upon parchment procured from the skin of a freshly killed goat, but as he handled this skin himself it was thought later on that the will might have the power of transmitting the dreadful plague from which its writer died. Accordingly, after having been passed from hand to hand with some what disastrous results in the way of plague and death, the will was put into a bottle of spirits. Arrived at Somerset House, the will was read to the next of kin and deposited among the archives of the department.—Kansas City Independent.

Way to Avoid Annoyance.

"I understand," he said, "that we are reported to be engaged."

"I believe some one has taken the liberty of starting such a rumor," she replied.

"Well, don't you think it would be easier to make the rumor true than to go to the trouble and annoyance of denying it?" he suggested.

"Perhaps you are right," she admitted. "Such denials are always ineffective in addition to being more or less distressing."—Chicago Post.

A Modest Defton.

Like the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface. He was at once beset by interviewers, says the author of "Out of the Past," who asked the usual questions.

"What was the thing which most impressed you in America?" was one of these. Without a moment's hesitation Dean Stanley replied:

"My own ignorance."

A Royal Compliment.

Mrs. de Nemours, archbishop of Toulouse, when preaching one day in the private chapel of Louis XIV. laid the thread of his discourse, so that he had to remain silent for some time. The king came to his lordship's relief with this graceful remark: "I am very glad, my lord, that you are giving me a little time to digest all the good things contained in the former part of your sermon."

How She Took It.

Harry—Here is a conundrum: When is two an odd and lucky number? Celia—You know I never can guess conundrums. Harry—When two are made one. Celia—Oh, Harry! This is so simple!—Town Topics.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumpantly.—Drummond.

Different Meanings.

"Arrah, you're lookin' very sad," said Pat O'Hollan, addressing his friend Denis the other day.

"O! feel sad," responded Denis. "O! feel my mother-in-law! O! tell you it's hard to lose your mother-in-law."

"Hard," exclaimed Pat. "O! gorry, it's almost impossible!"

POLLY LARKIN

Speak well of your town. You owe it to the place you call home to speak of it only in the most favorable terms. If you call it a dead town, a miserable place to live in, speak of its unhealthy condition, etc., you cannot expect outsiders to have anything pleasant to say in regard to it, and if they make complimentary remarks about it, don't be offended, for remember that you have invited it by speaking disparagingly of it yourself. The subject was called to mind recently by hearing two ladies from the same place conversing in regard to their home town. It showed the different natures of the women. One looked on the bright and happy side of life. She looked through rose glasses. The other one would have been dissatisfied any place on earth. The sun would be too bright, the people all wrong, the flowers would drop their leaves, making a litter, and the merry voices of children would jar upon her ears making a din of discordant sounds instead of the sweetest music in the world to those who love the little folk, always seeing the world and those in it through dark, murky glasses. The former was an enthusiastic advocate of her town and couldn't say enough in its praise. "There is not a day," she said, "that I am not thankful that I live in B—, and I am so sorry for you people who must live in San Francisco with all its surging masses of people moving restlessly to and fro, everybody in a hurry, and the rumble of street cars, and the whirl of automobiles, the shouting of drivers, etc. Why, the noise is deafening and the rush and confusion overwhelming. I long for the quiet of our own prosperous town, where people, although busy, yet take time to live and get the enjoyment out of life everyone should have as their rightful inheritance."

"I look at the uncleanly, hot and dusty streets of San Francisco on a warm day and cannot help but compare them with our own patent stone sidewalks shaded by locusts that are white with fragrant blossoms. I look at the yards radiating with roses and other beautiful flowers, and this quotation comes to mind: 'Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.' A great wave of thankfulness sweeps over me and I am glad my lines have been cast in such a pleasant place. Everybody is your friend, and it is a pleasant work with this one, a little heart to heart talk with that one. If you are in trouble they gather around you and help you to bear the trouble in your own quiet and sympathetic way. You are far from the maddening crowd that throngs your cities and who are bound to grow more or less hardened by being thrown in contact with poverty-stricken people living from day to day on scant rations, unfortunates suffering from diseases and accidents that have left them hopeless cripples. The mendicants stand with outstretched hand pleading for aid for sweet charity's sake, but you have learned to pass them by without bestowing a second look upon them. There was a time when every mendicant on the street appealed to me, and many were the nickels and dimes I dropped into their outstretched palms, turning away with a satisfied feeling that I had aided in my small way the afflicted, the poor and needy. One day a friend enlightened me. I had just dropped my carfare into the outstretched hand of an old crippled gray-haired man, refusing the proffered pencil just as nine out of ten persons do with these street beggars. I had to walk home, a distance of some fifteen blocks and I carried a number of packages, still I was light-hearted from a consciousness of having done what I could to aid this gray-haired, stoop-shouldered old man, who had long since passed his three-score and ten years, and although fast descending the down slope of the hill of life must needs stand with a suppliant hand outstretched and quivering, feeble voice begging for alms. My friend smiled and then remarked, 'I see you are still a novice, but you will get over this habit of dropping a nickel into every outstretched palm when you have lived here as long as I have. I used to do just as you are doing. I couldn't pass them by. That old man you have just given your car fare to is worth a cool twenty thousand dollars. He could buy you out many times over. His kindly, sanctimonious old face appealed to me, too, and he received many a coin from me until I became enlightened. I have been faken in so many times that the worthy have to suffer, for I will not aid street beggars.' All of this annoyance and hosts of other things glittering with allurement, suggestive of pleasure, which all turn out to be as cheap as tinsel, all for show and no depth, no genuine ring of sincerity to it.

"Our little town is prosperous, its citizens are wide-awake, progressive people who can be depended upon. The sanitary conditions are perfect. We have the best of schools; we are a church-going people; it is a little Eden—a land of sunshine and flowers. We are contented and happy, but yet are progressive. We are not willing to stand still, and we keep up with the times and the doings of the outside world." She made a pleasant picture of her home town and made you feel that you would like to visit it.

The other lady, on the contrary, gave you such an unpleasant picture that you had no desire to visit her town.

Testing Wine by Telephone.

Wine testing by telephone is the latest contrivance of a Paris inventor. Unscrupulous vendors will not bless M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the laboratory of researches of the Paris Faculty of Sciences. He has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle on which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids, notably of wine and water. The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other the same quantity of wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The telephone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison, no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the tell-tale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested, the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone, which has been "speaking" all this time, lapses into silence. The hand has then been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then looked up in a chart which the ingenious and pain-taking inventor has drawn up, and corresponding to it is found indicated the exact proportion of water contained in the quantity of wine.

When Men Kiss.

The sight of one woman kissing another is a common one, and opportunity frequently offers for the outsider to witness a smooch between husband and wife, lover and sweetheart, or brother and sister, but to see a man putting his lips to those of another of his own sex is far more rare. The latter performance can be observed occasionally at the depots, especially among foreigners. The other day, while watching a large party of Italians bidding their fellow-countrymen adieu at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station, writes a contributor to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, I noticed two middle-aged fellows whom I took to be brothers. As the gates were thrown open and the moxie through started jostling toward the outgoing train these men threw their arms about one another, pressed their backs, bushy mustaches together and kissed again and again. The osculations were accompanied by mutual shedding of tears and the two remained locked in one another's arms until the very last moment. As the traveling member of the twain seized his big bundles and ran after the crowd the other placed his forehead against the iron bars of the gate and blubbered like a baby.

Jefferson's Andirons.

Mrs. George Horn, residing at 41 Vienna street, Newark, N. Y., has in her possession a set of antique andirons formerly owned by Thomas Jefferson. They were purchased at a sale of a tenant, who lived at Monticello. Thomas Hills of Bridgewater, Va., came into possession of them at that time (1829) and they remained in his family until purchased by the present owner last July. The outfit consists of two brass andirons and a brass topender, and all are in a splendid state of preservation.

Relic of Washington China.

Only a saucer remains of the porcelain set presented in 1783 to Martha Washington. This is carefully preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. In the center appears the monogram of "M.," and "W.," for Martha and Washington, and about the edge is the name of every state which was then in the Union.

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COWBOYS AS FIREMEN

THE WAY THEY BATTLE WITH FLAMES ON THE PRAIRIES.

Horses and Men Plunge Through the Line of Fire to Their Stations—Cattle Must Be Sacrificed to Save Other Cattle and the Grass.

The "firemen of the plains" work with a system, each man knowing what is expected of him and bravely executing it like firemen of the city. Cowboys are the "fire fighters of the plains," and burning grass is the material consumed.

We will take, for illustration, the great Espanola or "spur" ranch in the lower Panhandle country of northwest Texas and go back a number of years, when destructive fires were more frequent than they are now. Hundreds of cowboys were employed on that ranch, living in camps widely separated, covering the unsettled counties of Dickens, Crosby, Garza and Kent.

Great and very destructive prairie fires often occurred, and systematic plans were adopted to fight successfully the devouring element, which not only involved a great loss of grass, but of stock also. One of the most successful plans was the following: It was understood among the men at the various camps that when smoke was discovered ascending from the prairie each every cowboy must saddle his horse and gallop away toward the fire straight out in a line from his camp.

This had to be done at night also, the fire then being detected by its light, and the boys would come from every direction, striking the line of fire at many different points almost at the same time. If the fire had spread much, the men from the different camps would sometimes be many miles from each other, those from the same station going in a squad together.

If it was at night the scene would be one of wild and weird grandeur—the great line of fire, the galloping horses as the cowboys approached it, some from camps on opposite sides, their forms and those of their horses standing in relief in the bright glare of the burning grass. Herds of bellowing, frightened, stampeding cattle made the scene more terrible and exciting as they ran before the pursuing, crackling, roaring flames. Above the din could be heard loud shouts of command from leaders of the assembling men.

The men were not standing still on their horses. The fire was traveling, and they were going with it until ready to begin their attack. Cattle must be sacrificed to save cattle. As soon as an animal fell four cowboys dismounted, and sharp knives and hatchets were at work, and in less time than it takes to tell the slain animal was cut in twain. The halves were split so as to be carried on the ground, and to each hoof the end of a rope was fastened, the other end being around the pommel of a cowboy's saddle. They dashed away to the line of fire, dragging the severed parts after them.

When the cowboys reached this, two men would cross through the blaze. Tom tried it, but his horse wheeled and turned away from the blaze, snorting loudly and in terror.

"Give me your end of the rope, Tom," one of the other men said. "I can go over. Black Duncan will face it." And with a great plunge he cleared the line of fire.

One of the other two also crossed, and without a moment's halt and without scorching faces they wheeled their horses and ran parallel with the fire, dragging the bloody half of the beef over it, smothering the fire out as fast as their horses could run and drag the weight. One man was then on one side of the fire and the other on the opposite, each with his rope on the foot of a beef, straddling the blaze and beating out the greater part of it.

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BRIEF REVIEW.

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THE GAMBLING MANIA.

How It Flattened Itself at One Time in the French Capital.

Some of the old stories told of the gaming tables can hardly be believed nowadays, though they are related in such a cool, matter-of-fact style by writers of the time as to show that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the practice formed a part of high class social existence. Captain Gronow relates that, having been appointed to the staff of General Picton, who was then starting for Brussels (1815), he obtained \$1,000 from the army agents, "which," he continues, "I took with me to a gambling house in St. James' square, where I managed, by some wonderful accident, to win \$500." With this sum he subsequently provided his necessary outfit.

When the allies marched into Paris after the battle of Waterloo, Gronow found the Palais Royal a hotbed of gambling—"the very heart of French dissipation." "There were tables for all classes. The workman might play with 20 sous or the gentleman with 10,000 francs. The law did not prevent any class from indulging in a vice that assisted to fill the coffers of the municipality of Paris." The English visitors were not slow to participate in the play, one officer of the guards obtaining the Palais Royal till the time came for his return to the regiment.

Large fortunes were often lost at gambling in those days, the losers disappearing never more to be heard of. Lord Thonet, for instance, who had an income of \$250,000 a year, lost every cent of it at the gaming tables. Gronow, who do not remember any instance where those who spent their time in this den did not lose all they possessed."

TRAVELING IN INDIA.

One Must Hire a Native Servant or Endure Endless Trouble.

Every one who goes to India to travel or live at hotels, says the Chicago Record-Herald, must have a personal servant, a native who performs the duties of valet, waiter and errand boy and whatever else may be required of him. This is a fixed custom of the country, to resist which brings endless trouble to the traveler.

Many of the Indian hotels expect the guests to bring all their own servants, both chambermaids and waiters, and are consequently so short handed that the traveler who comes without them has usually to wait upon himself.

On the railways a native servant is quite indispensable, for travelers are required to carry their own bedding, make their own beds and furnish their own towels. The company provides a bench to sleep on similar to those in American freight coaches.

Each car has also a washroom and sometimes water. If the traveler wishes to be sure of washing his face in the morning and if he is wise he will send his servant to the station master before the train starts and ask to have the water tank filled. Then a Hindoo with a goatskin full of water will climb to the roof of the car and fill it and, having descended, will stand before the door and touch his forehead every time the traveler looks toward him till he receives a penny.

At the eating houses along the road the servant will have to raid the tables and shelves for food and bring it to the car for his master, since no waiters are provided. In addition he will hire baggage carriers and will attend to all the details of catching trains and engaging rooms.

A good servant can be hired for \$15 a month. "Pogger" "bearers," as they are called, can be engaged for \$2 or \$3 a month and expect to find themselves, but the traveler must pay railway fare for them.

THE BOOKS THEY READ.

Copper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Choppy rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini got nearly thirty years read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Lord Elphinstone had "Robinson Crusoe" bent another book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the psalms of David.

Each was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

Baxter read only the Bible and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

Wordsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.—Booklover.

Animal Curiosity.

A cow will approach a new object fascinated, but with timorous suspicion, and a horse is even more timid, seeing at a distance far awhile, ready to flee in a moment. The monkey will snout at everything that is new and deliberately examine it till, finding that he cannot eat it or mark it with his shallow memory. There is a pathos in the slenderness of animal curiosity, it is so easily satisfied. The thought, if thought be, usually ends with the first flush of surprise and the impression of safety.

Mummy Paint.

Ground up mummy makes a brown of a certain rare color that nothing else can give. It is on account of the asphaltum in the mummy that this is so. The Egyptians wrapped their dead in garments coated with asphaltum of an incomparably fine and pure quality. This asphaltum as the centuries passed impregnated the tissues of the dead themselves. It turned them into the best paint material in the world. Being exceedingly expensive, it is used only by portrait painters in depicting brown hair.

Hills to Suit Circumstances.

"Hill man will it cost me to get a divorce?" asked the man.

"That depends," replied the lawyer absently. "How much have you got?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Had Just Refused Him.

"He looks awfully blue. What's the matter with him?"

"Heart trouble," replied the girl, some what cautiously.—Chicago Post.

FLOWERS IN MEXICO.

So Plentiful That They Are Used For Great Public Decorations.

As if people the Mexicans are very fond of flowers, and every village, town and city has its place where flowers are sold, and many of the larger places have extensive flower markets. Often the flowers brought to the market are wild specimens found in the woods and the fields, but all are beautiful. In many of the smaller towns and villages the public parks and the sidewalks of the streets are used as places for the sale of flowers. Everywhere they may be bought at surprisingly low prices. So plentiful are flowers they are used for great public decorations. Sometimes whole parks and the fronts of buildings for many streets are covered with floral decorations on a feast day.

The Mexican love of flowers has been inherited from a long line of flower-loving ancestors. More than a thousand years ago the chief feature of worship among the Toltecs was the great floral offering which was made to the fair god once a year and which lasted for a whole Mexican week. During this festival one of the features was a great floral procession, which traversed the principal streets of the city to the sound of musical instruments. Every one in the procession carried flowers to lay upon the altar of the god or to place upon the steps or walls of his temple. In this procession were princes, nobles, priests and commoners. This floral festival was an expression of the love of nature for which the Toltecs were noted. Until they came into contact with the Aztecs later on in history they were purely nature worshippers, and flowers and fruits formed the chief part of their offerings. So the Mexican comes by his love of flowers honestly.

PUNS AND PROMOTIONS.

Clergymen Who Have Been Rewarded For Their Facetiousness.

Canon Melville owed his earliest promotion to a pun, says a London journal. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was David, had a living at his disposal he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The earl's reply was no less terse and Scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Perhaps the earliest instance of ecclesiastical promotion won by a pun is that of a curate named Joseph, who was promoted by Swift to take this text for a sermon preached in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, before the vicar, "Butler," the Duke of Ormond. "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him?" The Rev. Dr. Mountain, who was the son of a beggar, owed nearly every step of his successive promotions in great part to his facetiousness and won the last step of all by a single jest. When he was consulted as bishop of Durham by George II. as to the fittest person to fill the vacant archiepiscopal see of York he replied: "Sir, hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed thou wouldst say to this Mountain (dramatically striking his breast), 'Be thou removed and cast into the sea (see)!' That George II. should so understand and appreciate the joke as to accept its suggestion is perhaps the strangest part of the story.

Propos of puns, promotion and the see of York, here is a good story of a living given by an impertinent personal pun. The archbishop, Sir William Dawes, entertained his clergy at dinner shortly after the death of his wife, Mary, who appears to have been a regular Mrs. Proudie at once to his grace and to the diocese. At dinner the archbishop apologized with a sigh, for things not being in the apple pie order that prevailed when his dear, dead wife, Mary, was alive. Being himself an inveterate punster, he added, with a sad shake of his head, "She, indeed, was Mare Pacificum!" A curate who knew too well what a tartar the deceased lady was rejoined, "Aye, my lord, but she was first Mare Mortuum!" and was absolutely and immediately rewarded by the archbishop for this impertinent pun with a living of £500 a year.

Use For a Little Orphan.

Some years ago one of the charitable societies of Iowa sent a number of orphans to one of the towns of the state for distribution among childless people. The distribution aroused much interest in the village. As the orphans were being given to those who wanted to adopt children a little resident of the town ran up to her mother and said:

"Oh, mamma, I wish you would take a little orphan girl!"

"But, my dear," replied the mother, "I have you. What do I want with an orphan?"

"I know you have me," said the little girl, "but you might want to have a funeral, and you could use the little orphan girl instead of me."

Settlements by Time Payment.

It costs £5 10s. to get naturalization papers in England. The Yiddishers have founded a loan office to aid the foreign Jew in poor circumstances by advancing this sum, which is repaid, with interest, at the rate of 1s. 2d. a week. You do almost everything on the installment plan in England now, from buying a cyclopeda cheap to becoming a boy of the bulldog breed at a great reduction.

Cocooned by Mail.

One of the queerest things that ever appeared in the mails in this country was a cocoon that a Louisville (Ky.) girl received the other day. It was not wrapped up in any way, and the 32 cents in stamps and the address were placed on the bare shell. In Europe live fowls and even calves are sent by post, but in this country the postal laws discourage the sending of curios.

The Verdict.

Miss Breezy—Well, Mr. Harkaway, now that you have inspected me thoroughly, what have you to say? Mr. H.—All I can say, Miss Breezy, is: "I came, I saw, you conquered."—Brooklyn Life.

Be Excellent Memory.

Hicks—He's very charitable, isn't he? Wicks—Who? Pincher? Hicks—Yes. He says he always remembers the poor. Wicks—Well, that's all. It's a matter of memory.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Radium and Blindness.

Radium rays will not at present furnish a cure for blindness, reports Professor Greiff of Berlin in a published account of an official investigation of the optical properties of radium. This research was largely undertaken as the result of a paper by Professor Japton of St. Petersburg, in which he claimed that there was hope for the blind of radium. According to Professor Greiff, the rays given off by a fluorescent surface excited by radium rays are so weak that they do not affect a blind eye. The actual radium rays, however, are sent out in all directions, penetrating all structures, and the effect, a sort of sea green radiance, is the same, whether the radium is held in front of the eye or at the side of the head. It has been asserted that fluorescence actually occurs in the eye and that rays of ordinary light are accordingly emitted, but this view is opposed by Professor Greiff, and the fact is cited that radium rays do not bleach the visual purple of the retina. He also states that when the function of the rods and cones, which transmit visual concepts from the retina to the nerve centers is destroyed the eye is unable to provide for the sensation of sight.—Harper's Weekly.

A Reindeer Express.

The capacity of the reindeer for team work is remarkable. His hoofs are very broad and do not penetrate the snowy crusts. His average weight is about 400 pounds. He will swiftly draw a sled carrying 900 pounds and with this load can carry thirty, fifty and even ninety miles a day. The reindeer teams now carry the mails from Kotzebue to Point Barrow, a distance of 650 miles. The most northerly post route in the world, his food is carried for the deer. At the end of his journey or at any stopping place he is turned loose and at once breaks through the snow to the white moss which serves as food. It costs nothing to feed him. As the white settlements increase in the mineral bearing parts of Alaska and in many places remote from railway and steamboat transportation, the reindeer express will be one of the most important factors in territorial life.—Dr. Sheldon Jackson in Southern Workman.

Gaelic Movement in Ireland.

The Gaelic movement has met a severe check in Ireland. John McDonagh Mahony is the justice of the peace for Caheryreen and is an enthusiastic Gaelicist. Mr. Mahony insists upon signing his name to warrants and other documents "in characters which are alleged to be those of the Irish language" and persists in the practice, although he has been authoritatively informed by the lord chancellor of Ireland that it is illegal. "The justice of Caheryreen insists that the peace for his usual one and disputes the lord chancellor's law, and there the matter rests, except that he is enjoined from sitting on the magisterial bench until he gives assurance that he will 'sign magisterial documents in English.'"

Derelicts of the Pacific.

It is a curious fact that many vessels in the Pacific abandoned by their officers and crews as in a sinking condition have drifted about the seas for months. The latest case of this kind is the ship Benjamin Sewall. She was dismantled last October in the Formosan strait, and the crew took to the boats. They swore that they saw the ship sink, but this was evidently an optical illusion, as she has been seen recently and is now one of those derelicts more dangerous to shipping than sunken reefs or passing vessels in a fog.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Who Owns the Railway?

It is estimated that only about \$5,000,000, which is approximately 5 per cent of the annual income of our railroads, goes to foreign investors. They are not far from 1,000,000 owners of railway stocks and bonds. Of the remaining 95 per cent, \$1,984,447,408, 40 per cent is divided among the owners of the stocks and bonds and 60 per cent among 1,180,315 employees. Counting the families supported by the holders of securities and employees, over 10,000,000 people share in the railroad earnings.—Success.

Insects of Arizona.

In southern Arizona the water of many rivers and most of the creeks sinks below the surface of the ground during spring and early summer, appearing again when the rains begin in July and August. The disappearance of the streams would be fatal to many of the insect tribes abounding in that country but for the fact that the insects, in the form of larvae, follow the moisture underground and emerge again, together with the creeks, later in the season.

Cocooned by Mail.

One of the queerest things that ever appeared in the mails in this country was a cocoon that a Louisville (Ky.) girl received the other day. It was not wrapped up in any way, and the 32 cents in stamps and the address were placed on the bare shell. In Europe live fowls and even calves are sent by post, but in this country the postal laws discourage the sending of curios.

The Verdict.

Miss Breezy—Well, Mr. Harkaway, now that you have inspected me thoroughly, what have you to say? Mr. H.—All I can say, Miss Breezy, is: "I came, I saw, you conquered."—Brooklyn Life.

Be Excellent Memory.

Hicks—He's very charitable, isn't he? Wicks—Who? Pincher? Hicks—Yes. He says he always remembers the poor. Wicks—Well, that's all. It's a matter of memory.