

BANDON RECORDER.

DEVOTED WAGTAILS.

These Birds Mate For Life and Are Extremely Affectionate.

The wagtail frequently migrates from one part of the country to another and sometimes congregates in flocks, but he pairs for life, and the same pair always reappear, sometimes when they are least expected and all the more welcome from their occasional absence, on their favorite lawn. Their devotion to one another is extreme, as a scene I witnessed some forty years ago, but which is as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it yesterday, will show.

A wagtail had been killed, probably by a stone, and was lying dead in the middle of the circular drive in front of the Down House, Blanford. The survivor seemed beside himself with grief. Like Eve in "Paradise," he "knew not what death was," or at most, the reality was only gradually breaking in upon him. He kept running up to the body with loud and plaintive calls notes. He called, but there was no response. He expressed the body, sought hold of it with his bill, he coaxed it to move and drew it after him for a yard or two. He even tried to rise with it in the air. Then, like one distraught, he dashed away to the edge of the gravel drive and then as quickly dashed back again, to go through the same mournful process. Sometimes he would fly right off the eye could follow him, as though he could hear the sight no longer, but without stopping to rest he hurried back in straighter and quicker flight, unable to tear himself away or as if he hoped that something might have happened in his absence. This long drawn tragedy, this abandonment of grief, I watched from the window throughout the afternoon till darkness came on. Next morning the body had disappeared, and I saw the survivor no more.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Self conceit is self deceit. Only the weak have time to worry. Meditation is the mold of character. All great deeds have been born of dreams. A man's size does not depend on his situation. There never was greatness without gratitude. Benevolence for business only breeds malevolence. A light heart makes a light house in a dark world. Life is the fruit of the past and the seed of the future. Put out the lamp of works and you lose the light of faith. It is the truths we do and not the ones we indorse that save us. People who are always trying to be some one else succeed in being nobody at all.—Chicago Tribune.

Rousseau's Affection.

Rousseau lived long on his fifth floor in Paris, forgotten by the world which he affected to despise and from affection really shunned, when an accident happened to him in one of his solitary walks. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de Fargau, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way was pushed down by a large Danish dog running before the horses. M. de Fargau immediately stopped his coach and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down, but when he saw it was the author of "Emile," he renewed his apologies and attentions. The next day he sent to ask after Rousseau. "Tell your master to chain up his dog," was the only answer.

A Bishop's Comment.

Bishop W. A. Candler was once advocating a more liberal bowing of the purse strings and told his audience that several years before he sent an article to a paper, in which he said, "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor, consciously or unconsciously, perpetrated a little joke, for when the article appeared it read, "We pray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

Benefits Reversed.

French and German had proved too hard, but Algebron took up the study of Italian with high hopes. "How are you and your Italian teacher getting on?" asked one of Algebron's friends when the study had proceeded for three months. "Aw-aw, I'm just about where I was," said Algebron ambiguously, "but my teacher, if you know, he's speaking English much better than he was when we began."

War.

"Taking my life in my hands, I advanced into the very midst of the cannon until both my arms were shot off." "And then?" "Sir, I took my life in my teeth and pressed on!" exclaimed the old veteran or invincible, with glowing eyes.—Puck.

It Worried Him.

"That land," said the old nephew, "is valued at \$800 a front foot." "Thunder!" exclaimed the old farmer, hastily moving back on to the sidewalk. "An' I stood on it most five minutes! Do you reckon they'll charge me rent?"—Chicago Post.

An Unexpected Delay.

Mrs. Lakeside—She married in haste. Mrs. La Salle—And repented at leisure? Mrs. Lakeside—It seems so. She was fully a year in getting her divorce.—Smart Set.

Rather Veal.

"What I would like," said the very young author, whose first story had just been accepted, "is that the binding of the book should be in keeping with the story. Do you grasp my meaning?" "Oh, yes," replied the intelligent and accommodating publisher. "I'll have it done in half calf."—Chicago Record-Herald.

POLLY LARKIN

This is an age of advertising, and men in the business world vie with each other to excel in this art that brings purchasers flocking to their doors to get the bargains held out as a bait to trap customers. One of the biggest firms in San Francisco has advertised that they will deliver goods free to purchasers within a radius of one hundred miles from the city. They know it is an injustice to the merchants of the interior towns by tempting their citizens to come to San Francisco or order by mail or telephone what they desire, and furthermore, they realize that if the practice of sending to the city for everything they need in their line was much indulged in it would compel many a merchant who is barely making his living to close his doors. Little does it matter, however, as long as the dollars roll into the big department stores. Never will a dollar of that money go back to the town to be put again into circulation and help build up the locality and make improvements that are naturally the pride of every progressive citizen. Some few will doubtless do their purchasing in San Francisco while others will not allow themselves to be blinded to the injury that will result to their town if this practice is indulged in to any extent. Polly has referred before to the subject—the injustice to home merchants by purchasing articles in San Francisco that could be bought at home just as good and the same, or at least a slight difference in price as to make it no object to go elsewhere, so I will refrain from continuing this subject, which is on the same lines.

In another big department store the spirit of advertising has taken possession of the firm to the extent that it has resorted to a unique way of attracting the attention of lady purchasers. The upper floor has been converted into the easiest resting place imaginable, with divans, easy chairs, etc. In fact, the whole floor with its attractive furnishings is a work of art. Here pretty girls attired in fetching little costumes wait upon the ladies, who, tired of shopping and wishing to rest a moment take the elevator to this cozy retreat, and by paying the modest sum of ten cents are furnished with a cup of delicious tea or coffee and cakes, or ice cream and cake. When they have finished their light repast they are privileged to take the cup and saucer or the plate home with them as a souvenir of the store. Nearly everyone avails themselves of the permission of the firm, and using the paper napkin to dry the cup or ice cream plate carries them away. It has become popular and a great many ladies find it restful and quiet and go there instead of to a restaurant or to their homes. Another thing about it is that the customers to this store, who avail themselves of the opportunity to refresh themselves with a cup of tea or something to eat, do not go home completely fagged out, they are apt to get it if they do not take the time to get their lunch, which they are nearly sure to do if they had to go to a restaurant for it.

Then there is another firm who advertises that an automobile would be in readiness to bring customers to their store and take them home again after they had finished their shopping. They had only to telephone to the firm what hour they would be ready to start and a chauffeur was right on hand with a bright and shining automobile to carry them to their destination and return them to their homes. I don't think they did the rushing business they had expected by their generous offer to the public.

I am in sympathy with the Hillside Club of North Berkeley, which intends from now on to use vigorous measures to reform building practices in Berkeley and prevent the erection of inartistic houses of all descriptions in that vicinity. A number of offenders against good taste have been marked for conference with delegates from the Hillside Club in the hope that they can be induced to change poor and unattractive plans of houses for better ones. The members propose to keep up the agitation both publicly and privately, and a strong effort will be made to have local legislation enacted to cover the points of contention. The Hillside Club has issued a circular describing at length the ideals of the organization respecting artistic homes and picturesque streets and have distributed it throughout the community. They have taken another step in the right direction, and for the benefit of prospective home-builders a library of architecture, landscape gardening and other subjects akin to it has been installed in the Hillside schoolhouse and will be placed at the disposal of all who wish to design or build attractive residences. Another thing the club is particularly interested in is the building of homes close together in this vicinity and are strongly opposed to erecting more than one house on the same building site. They do not wish the general effect of a block of homes spotted in this manner or by ugly or inartistic dwellings.

This is a step in the right direction, and if such a club was organized in every city and town in the State it would meet with the approbation of every progressive citizen who wishes to see his or her town a model of artistic and attractive homes in place of unsightly and ugly residences which instead of helping to make the town beautiful simply marr the effect. A

young lady in speaking on this subject of attractive homes, said: "Oh, it's not so much the place as the name that makes the home attractive now-a-days. You can take a rough shingled shanty, which would be called a 'shack' in most places, and if you term it a 'bungalow' every one of your acquaintances will express an opinion that will ring with adjectives in its favor; but make the mistake and call it a 'shack,' which truthfully speaking is all it amounts to, and its doom is sealed. It has lost the romantic side of looking at it. The 'bungalow' is all right, it is suggestive of something out of the ordinary."

I have in mind one of the most prosperous and progressive towns in the State, yet for years the citizens were blind to the fact that the houses being erected were so ugly and unattractive that their appearance was the subject of uncomplimentary remarks by visitors to the town. For years their architects never figured on anything but the plainest square houses, and they were as ugly as anything you could imagine. Things progressed in this way until a young architect with thoroughly up-to-date ideas moved into the town. Then they suddenly waked up to the fact that they had been in a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, and while they slumbered on in the event tenor of their way the rest of the State had passed them and had beautiful cities and towns with their attractive architecture and wide-awake and progressive spirit.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Luxurious Life of a Dog. Mascotto, the dog belonging to Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, who will make a tour of the large American cities next fall, is the only canine that has ever been known to occupy a first-class cabin on an ocean liner. Ysaye is now appearing in Russia, and fearing to take his pet with him, decided to ship him to Robert E. Johnston, his American manager. Consequently he called on the steamship officials and asked if they would grant Mascotto first-class apartments aboard one of their ships. They consented to do this. Ysaye then hired a Negro valet for his dog. Both sailed for America from Havre, Mascotto occupying a luxurious cabin, while his valet must be content with second class lodging. Mascotto's food will be specially prepared.

Roman Alphabet in Chinese Schools. An important step in the progress of Japan is apparently about to be taken in the compulsory teaching of the Roman alphabet, as well as a Romanized Japanese alphabet, in the government primary schools. This work has been done to some extent already in the universities, but, if this proposal of the education department be adopted, the Romanization of the Japanese language is not far distant, for the next generation of all classes will be familiar with the Latin alphabet. It is difficult to realize all that this will mean to the nation. It will simplify political and commercial relations, and will render western thought and literature accessible to the bulk of the people.

Egyptian Relics Made in America. The sacred scarab, little Egyptian charms, are manufactured by a Connecticut firm. They are carved and chipped by machinery, colored in bulk made to simulate age, and shipped in casks to the Moslem dealers at Cairo. The Arabian guides are the chief buyers, many of them being adepts at "salting" the sands at the base of the pyramids or about the sacred temples, where they artfully discover these scarab relics before the very eyes of the Yankee tourist, and sell him for an American dollar an article manufactured at a cost of less than a cent perhaps within a stone's throw of his own home.

Ancient Bakers' Shovel. According to a London authority, a bakers' shovel, such as is still in use for putting bread into the oven, was discovered at the bottom of a recently excavated Roman well in the Saalburg. Similar instruments are represented on Roman frescoes, but this is the first one that has been found. It is of beechwood and is made in one piece. A silver coin of Antoninus Pius, a bronze coin of the Empress Faustina and a well-preserved leather shoe were among the further contents of the well.

Revenge of Baseball Men. Because they have been prohibited the use of a new baseball ground, which they had just completed at a cost of \$300, much toil and more worry, the Gilberton baseball nine of Pennsylvania and its supporters threaten to boycott future church socials and entertainments in that town. The "fans" suspect the religious people of being at the bottom of the trouble because of Sunday baseball.

New Theory of the Martian "Canals." A new theory of the Martian "canals" is that Mars has a solid crust and an elastic nucleus of a higher temperature. The crust in cooling necessarily contracted, and the pressure upon the mass within caused fissures to be formed in the surface.

Instead of offering a reward, Carnegie could get plenty of heroes by advertising for men to work at it at the rate of about \$2 per day.

Fools and children should not be blamed for telling the truth. They do not know any better.

Nature is a safe guide, for the man who doesn't know enough to come in when it rains generally needs a bath.

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT.

He Was Born in Palestine and Was Beheaded in 302.

St. George, the patron saint of England, was born at Lydda, but brought up in Cappadocia. He was a tribune in the reign of Diocletian and, being a man of great courage, was a favorite but as he complained to the emperor of his severities toward the Christians and argued in their defense he was put in prison and beheaded April 23, 302. St. Jerome mentions him in one of his "Martyrologies," and in the following century there were many churches named to his honor. In regard to his connection with England, Ashmole, in his "History of the Order of the Garter," says that King Arthur the Christian hero ever evil, which John the Evangelist beheld under the image of the dragon. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," asserts that the patron saint of England was George of Cappadocia, the turbulent Arian bishop of Alexandria, but the character of this assertion has been fully disproved by Papebroch, Milner and others.—Exchange.

ARTIST AND ARTISAN.

What It Is That Measures the Difference Between Them. "My son is going to be an artist," said a proud father. "He does not need to study a lot of scientific rubbish." Perhaps this father does not know that what he calls "scientific rubbish" measures the difference between the artisan and an artist, the difference between mediocrity and excellence. It was what this man called "scientific rubbish" which made the difference between the works of Michael Angelo and those of a hundred other artists of his day who have gone into oblivion. It was this "scientific rubbish"—studying anatomy for a dozen years—that gave immortality to the statues of Moses and David and to his paintings "The Last Judgment" and "The Story of Creation." Many an artist of real ability has failed to produce any great work of art because of his ignorance of just such "scientific rubbish." Of what good is an artistic temperament or genius to the sculptor who does not know the origin, the insertion and the contour of the various muscles, who is not thoroughly familiar with the human anatomy? Michael Angelo thought it worth while to spend a great deal of time upon the anatomy of a horse and upon abstruse mathematics.—Success.

Years Didn't Count. Napoleon in the course of his Italian campaign took a Hungarian battalion prisoner. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting by rail and described attacks on the flank and the lines of communication, etc., concluding by saying that he fought in the army of Maria Theresa. "You must be old," said Napoleon. "Yes, I am either sixty or seventy," was the reply. "Why, colonel," remarked the Corsican, "you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years a little more closely." "General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses, but for my years I know that nobody will want to steal them and that I shall never lose one of them."

How Do You Approach a Difficulty? It makes great difference how you approach a difficulty. Obstacles are like wild animals. They are cowardly, and they will bluff you if they can. If they see you are afraid of them, if you stand and hesitate, if you take your eye from them, they are liable to spring upon you, but if you do not flinch, if you look them squarely in the eye, they will slink out of sight. So difficulties flee before absolute fearlessness, though they are very real and formidable to the timid and hesitating and grow larger and larger and more formidable with vacillating contemplation.—Orison Sweet Marden in Success.

Chaucer's Face in a Stone. In the geological branch of the British museum the visitor is shown a wonderful specimen of natural imitation in a small "ribbon jasper." This stone, the material of which is not unlike that of other banded agates, has upon its surface a perfect miniature portrait of the poet Chaucer. Every detail is startlingly correct. There are the white face, the pointing lips, the broad, low forehead and even the whites of the slightly upturned eyes. The attendant says that it is utterly impossible to convince even some of the educated visitors that it is not an artificial production.

Rhymes For Timbuktu. Timbuktu is chiefly interesting as the subject of verses submitted for a prize offered many years ago by Punch for rhymes to that curious name. One of the verses was: If I were a cassowary, I would eat a missionary. Skin and bones and hymn book too. Another, with a more perfect rhyme, ran thus: As I was hunting on the plains, I met the plains of Timbuktu. A buck was all I got for my pains, And he was a slim buck too.

An Evasion. "But," said the absolutely bald old party, "can I be assured that this horse is quite gentle?" "My dear sir," replied the horse "kyp" earnestly, "he wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Proud of His Title. "What makes Brown so haughty these days?" "Why, his secret benevolent association has elected him to an office that has a title seven feet longer than any title there is in Smith's secret society."

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Foraging in Georgia.

In Washington they often recall the good old days when Hoke Smith was secretary of the interior and filled every place he had to fill with a Georgian. They say that you couldn't throw a stick in the department without hitting a Georgian man. One day, they relate, the late Senator Voorhees, who had been vainly trying to get a place for an Indiana man, came down the corridor as Secretary Smith came up. The senator was whistling "Marching Through Georgia" in a discolorated way. That tune was not pleasing to Hoke Smith's sensitive Georgia ears, and he looked at Voorhees in a reproachful way. "What are you whistling that for?" asked Hoke, and his tone was far beyond whistling with reproach. "I just can't help it," exclaimed Senator Voorhees. "Whenever I feel as if I were marching through Georgia." That day Voorhees' Indiana friend was appointed.

A Story of Lincoln. In his address under the auspices of the Men's League of the Broadway tabernacle in Mendelssohn hall, New York, recently General Daniel E. Slevin told some good stories about Lincoln, says the New York Times.

The best was about the martyr president's visit, with his youngest son, Ted, to the camp at Fredericksburg. "Among the officers and their wives who met him at that time," the general said, "was the Princess Salm-Salm, wife of a Russian prince, who was commanding a regiment in that division. She headed a party of ladies who saluted him and who accompanied his salute with kisses. This came to the knowledge of Mrs. Lincoln through the prattling of Tad, and she was much offended at me for the part she thought I took in that affair. That evening I accompanied the president and his party back to Washington, and, to the embarrassment of the president, Mrs. Lincoln treated me very cordly. He told several stories in an effort to conciliate his wife, but without effect until finally he remarked: 'Sickles, I never knew you were so pious a man.' 'Pious? You must be mistaken,' I replied. 'Yes, they tell me you're quite a piousist—more than that, a Salm-Salmist.' This broke the ice. Mrs. Lincoln laughed at the pun, and she seemed after that to forget the incident."



No Limit to the Game. Here is a "war story," attributed to the Chinese minister, Sir Chen Tung, says the New York Mail. He was being entertained in Washington recently, and the conversation turned upon the cabined expression of Russian opinion that the farther Kuropatkin gets away from Kuroki the harder it will be for Kuroki to reach him.

Sir Chen Tung, with the prudence of his race, did not so much as smile, but made the following contribution: "When I was at Phillips Andover, I went strolling one day in the fields with a young woman I admired. We encountered a very vicious bull, which undertook a flank movement. The farmer, who saw the situation, shouted: 'Fall back! Fall back!' We fell back. But the creature came on. 'Fall back! Fall back!' he cried again. 'I can't fall back any farther,' I replied. 'We have reached the limit!' 'Limit! Limit!' screamed the farmer. 'Gosh, blame your darn fool eyes! There ain't no limit to a game with a bull!'"

Trouble at Sea. Harry Lehr and John Jacob Astor visited Philadelphia recently in a motor car. They remained overnight in that city, and during the evening a number of young men called on them. Mr. Lehr was in good spirits. His conversation was amusing. The talk happened to turn to sea voyaging, and he said: "Once, crossing the Atlantic, a tremendous row arose among the sailors. They fought down in the forecabin like a pack of wild beasts. Luncheon was going on at the time, and the first officer left the table to see if he could quell the disturbance. 'He had only been gone a little while when the hubbub began to die down. Everything was quiet when he returned. The captain called across the saloon to him in approving tones: 'Things seem to be smoother now.' 'Yes,' replied the first officer, 'we have routed the sailors, sir.'—Pitts-haven Dispatch.

Heard in the Hall. "You don't know enough to stay in when it rains," derisively said the cane to the umbrella. "Look here," retorted the umbrella, "such bluffs from a mere stick like you don't go with me. My motto is 'Put up or shut up' every time."

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talking man having nothing to say.—Swift.

Cowards are many times before their death.—Shakespeare.

MECHANICAL WONDERS.

The Toys Louis XIV. Played With in His Childhood Days.

An extraordinary piece of mechanism was constructed for the amusement of Louis XIV. when a child. It consisted of a small coach drawn by two horses in which was the figure of a lady, with a footman and page behind. According to the account given by M. Canus, the constructor, this coach being placed at the extremity of a table of a determinate size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses immediately set out, moving their legs in a natural manner. When the carriage reached the edge of the table it turned on a right angle and proceeded along that edge till it arrived opposite to the place where the king was seated. It then stopped, and the page, getting down, opened the door, upon which the lady alighted, having in her hand a petition, which she presented, with a courtesy. After waiting some time she again courtesied and re-entered the carriage. The page then resumed his place, the coachman whipped up his horses, which began to move, and the footman, running after the carriage, jumped up behind it. Louis XIV. had also an automaton opera in five acts, with fresh scenes for each. It measured sixteen and a half inches in breadth, three inches four lines in height and one inch three lines in thickness for the working of the machinery.—Westminster Gazette.

RESURRECTION PLANTS.

The Curious Rose of Jericho and the Mexican Fern Ball. The rose of Jericho is perhaps one of the most familiar of the curiosities of plant life known as resurrection plants. It is said to be imported from the valley of the river Jordan and is the resurrection plant mentioned in the Bible. The plant when received from its native home is simply a bunch of leafless and seemingly lifeless sticks or branches clustered tightly together. When placed in a glass of water, however, the branches expand, send buds unfold, and soon the green foliage starts out, and the plant grows. The Mexican resurrection plant is the fluff, fernlike variety often noticed in saucers of water in the florist's window. When it is dormant it is a shrunken, rounded ball of tightly folded leaflets, dry and dead. It is dropped in a bowl of tepid water, and soon one frondlike tip curls slowly outward, then another and another, and in a short time there is floating in the dish a beautiful metallic green plant, a great, loose, expanded rosette of fine fernlike leaves, odd and beautiful. This experiment can be repeated many times, the plant curling together tightly when dry and expanding into a new life when soaked in water.—Young People's Weekly.

Roman Forum Built on a Graveyard. Commodore Bont, the famous archaeologist of the Roman forum, has given an interesting clue to his impressions of that treasure house of Latin antiquity. According to him, it was a cemetery long before it was a forum, and the tombs were packed so close together that no trace of a pathway, however narrow, could be found. The Via Sacra was probably made over the tombs. Romulus, Signor Bont thinks, was born on a soil peopled with the dead for a thousand years before his birth, and the wolf only existed in the legends left by his ancestors.—London Globe.

Makarov's Sister's Vision. The Petit Parisien's St. Petersburg correspondent sends a sad story regarding the sister of Admiral Makarov, whose hair, although she is only fifty years old, has turned absolutely white. She told a representative of the press that she had two visions on the night of the admiral's death, when he appeared and told her of the explosion. Her name is Mme. Tabouffor. She is the widow of an officer and receives only a small pension, which Admiral Makarov used to supplement.—London Mail.

Safety Signal For Streets. In Dresden, Germany, an automatic safety signal at street car crossings that has recently been put into operation consists of a box about two feet long suspended above the center of the crossing and furnished with electric connections whereby an approaching car on arriving within a certain distance causes the word "halt" to appear in conspicuous red letters on the opposite sides of the box, thus warning of their danger all cars and pedestrians coming toward the crossing at right angles.—Exchange.

Could Not Wait. Referring to the nineteenth birthday of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts it is recalled that at one time it was currently reported that the great Duke of Wellington wanted her for a wife. When the report reached the Waterloo hero he made this comment: "I said Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts deserved to be a duchess, not that I would make her one." On hearing what the famous soldier said Miss Burdett-Coutts remarked quietly, "I think his grace should have said could instead of would."

Machine Shop Marvels. It is now possible with high speed steel to turn and machine steel at a rate up to 400 feet per minute and also to drill cast iron at twenty-five inches per minute. These are indeed remarkable speeds when it is remembered that only a comparatively short time back with the ordinary crucible steels a cutting speed of thirty feet to fifty feet per minute was more like the limit.—Page's Magazine.

Real Estate Value of a Name. Quilca House, County Cavan, where Dean Swift wrote part of his "Gulliver's Travels," had been sold in the Irish land judge's court, together with the demesne. Owing to the association with Dean Swift the house and land were sold on the basis of a rental of £111, the ordinary rental being estimated at £57.—London Mail.

His Glasses. Lushman—I'm troubled with headaches in the morning. It may be on account of my eyes. Perhaps I need stronger glasses. Dr. Shrude—No; I think you merely need weaker glasses—and fewer—at night.

Sympathy. Mr. Critique—Yes, indeed, my house is simply full of Titians. Mrs. Non-reunche—Good gracious, ain't there no way of killing 'em?—Princeton Tiger.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

What Royalty Costs. It is not generally realized what an expensive thing it is for an important nation to support its royal family. England, for example, pays out almost \$3,000,000 a year for the maintenance of its king, queen, princes, princesses and other royal dignitaries. The king and queen alone receive \$2,350,000 annually. The Prince of Wales receives \$100,000 and the Princess \$50,000 (what the United States pays its president). The Princess Christian, Louise and Beatrice £30,000; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz receives \$15,000; the Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; and the Duke of Cambridge \$60,000. Out of the income allotted to the king and queen must be paid the cost of the royal household. This includes the salaries and incidental expenses of almost 1,000 officers and functionaries. The king and the Prince of Wales receive, in addition to their incomes, large revenues from several sources.—Harper's Weekly.

The Automobile Consumption Cure. Motor car exercise will cure consumption, says Dr. Blanchet of Lyons. He speaks from personal experience, having recovered his own health by regularly covering about a hundred miles a day in an open motor car. He avers that by this remedy the cough of tuberculous patients is gradually abolished or greatly diminished and healthy sleep and appetite produced. It is most essential that the body should be duly protected from cold. The elements of the cure are the long stay in the open air and the increased atmospheric pressure due to the rapid motion, which expands and strengthens the lungs.—London Mail.

Germany's Queer Student. A German who had been a student of chemistry at the University of Giessen for sixty-six semesters without being able to pass the examinations died there recently, aged fifty-one years. The cause of his inability to remember what he had learned was an injury of the membrane of the brain which he received in a duel. His name was Christian Busch. His death also caused comment because he had left his possessions, valued at \$25,000, to the town of Giessen. But as he had neglected to sign the document the money will go to distant relatives. He was the oldest student in Germany.

China, It Has Been Asserted, Used It Centuries Ago. It has been asserted, but never proved conclusively, that China used gas for lighting purposes centuries before its use in the western world. If this was so it was doubtless natural gas. Clayton, at the end of the seventeenth century, stored gas in bladders and played with it at times, and Lord Dundalton in 1787, in working a patent for coal tar, stored up the gas and occasionally used it for lighting up the hall of Culross abbey. It is to the genius of a Scotsman, W. Murdoch, that we owe our bright illuminant. In 1792 he was living at Redruth, Cornwall, and after experiments in gasmaking he lit up his own house, much to the astonishment of his neighbors. Called to Birmingham, he erected a large plant for lighting up the Soho works. This drew attention to the whole matter, and in 1806 London began street lighting. The Royal Society in 1808 gave Murdoch his Rumford gold medal for his invention.—London Standard.

A Unique Collection. Among the curious ways by which some persons in England make a living is the sale of cast-off garments belonging to distinguished personages, for which the curiosity loving fashionable world affords a sure and profitable market. One English lady has a collection of corsets, including articles from the wardrobes of reigning imperial and royal personages as well as objects of historical interest. Among the latter are a leather corset belonging to Charlotte Corday, the heroine of the French revolution, and a construction of whalebone and steel worn by Marie Antoinette, with an eighteen inch waist.—Toilettes.

Antiquity of Engraving. Gems were engraved at a very early period of the world's history. The very oldest specimen of this art in existence is believed to be a square signet of yellow jasper engraved in the year 1450 B. C. and now in the British museum. The engraving upon it is a fair picture of the horse of Amenophis II., and his character underneath has been deciphered as being the names and titles of that monarch. The earliest instance of an engraved precious stone is the emerald ring of Polyocrates, 746 B. C. The Bible tells us that the Judaeans high priests wore breastplates with the names of the twelve tribes engraved upon them, but notwithstanding this there is no known Hebrew engraving older than the fifth century.

Working the Crust. From my window the other day, writes a New Yorker, I witnessed the ingenuity of a beggar. He evidently had a pocket filled with crusts, and when no one was passing he threw one of them into my yard. Then he waited for a lady or gentleman who carried stick or umbrella and, trembling, appealed for the crust to be brought within his reach. The sympathy he excited was so great that he received a nickel or two from many who heard his plea.

The Other Side. "It's all very well for the minister to preach from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."