

BANDON RECORDER.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

There are twenty-three football teams in the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut. Among the New York bricklayers the lowest wage is \$20.20 a week, and the highest is over \$50. Some of the redwood trees in California are said to be 350 feet high and 150 feet in circumference. The language of the republic of Haiti is French, while the language of the republic of Santo Domingo, on the island of Haiti, is Spanish. Mr. Saunders of the Dominion experimental farms believes an apple tree suitable to the conditions of the northwest has been discovered. In Australia the output of fruit has been enormous, causing heavy losses to growers in consequence of the glutted condition of the local markets. The United States consul in Edinburgh records the fact that Canadian apple imports are gaining a very strong position in the Scotch markets. The per capita value of England's foreign commerce last year was \$35.50; that of Germany, \$47.00; France, \$43; Austria, \$17, while that of Belgium was \$120. That coral reefs are made up entirely of the skeletons of animals and algae is proved by borings to a depth of more than 1,000 feet in the Pacific island of Funafuti. India has a Christian Endeavor paper called Mashil Karigar, which is published in Urdu and Hindi and devoted to the interests of Christian Endeavor in the United Provinces. The playing of golf on Sundays is practiced to such an extent that in a certain parish in England, it is said, the hour of services has been changed to suit the convenience of players. The penny in the slot machine is not by any means a modern invention. In the old Egyptian temples devices of this kind were employed for automatically dispensing the purifying water. At Braintree, in Essex, England, a farmer has killed a bush and a half of dead rats and given them to his pigs. He says that mixed with bran and oats they are better than mutton broth. In investigating the cause of the sudden cutting off of the power of a street car at New London, Conn., it was found that a woman's veil had become so entangled about the trolley wheel as to completely insulate it from the wire. An interesting addition has been made to the collection in the museum of the Maine fish and game department in the shape of a finely mounted head of a spike horn deer. The head is interesting because there is but one horn, and that in the velvet. On the Peabody estate, in North Tarrytown, N. Y., a clay deposit has been found worth, it is declared, millions of dollars. The land was in the market for years at \$40,000, with no purchaser. The discovery was made by a civil engineer who was surveying the land. An oak on the farm owned by George Brown in the town of Preston, Conn., standing on the banks of Broad brook, measures one foot from the ground twenty-three feet around, and it will measure more in other places. It is some eighteen feet before you come to the limbs. The piercing of the first Hudson river tunnel was completed in March. The second tunnel, which is parallel to the first, will proceed more rapidly. It is smaller in diameter, passes only through silt and has a shield 70 per cent more powerful. It has advanced at a rate of nearly thirty feet a day. Readfield, Me., boasts of a younger six years old who has never learned to read who will tell you, if you ask him, by the shape and the position on the map, the names of the counties of Maine and in the same way all the states in the Union and their capitals and also all the countries of the old world. A military writer in a London paper says that he was in Vladivostok a few years ago, where there were many Russian soldiers stationed, and has had a chance to carefully study the Japanese soldiers in their home empire, and he says for physique, general bearing and smartness the Russians compare poorly with the Japanese. One of the oldest printing presses in existence was built at Boston in 1742 by Thomas Draper. It was the first press ever used in New Hampshire. At that time it was owned by Daniel Fowler, but afterward came into the possession of John Melcher, the first state printer. It is now owned by a firm of press builders in New Jersey who keep it as a curiosity. In 1845, the earliest year for which exact figures are obtainable, our exports were valued at \$106,040,111, and our imports were \$115,184,322. Our exports passed the \$300,000,000 mark in 1853, the \$500,000,000 in 1860 and did not exceed \$400,000,000 until 1871. During all the years from 1845 to 1870 our imports exceeded our exports in value, except four—1846, 1847, 1848 and 1849. We now frequently export goods of as much value in a single month as were exported in the year 1845. Sir John Primrose at a recent banquet at Glasgow made reference to a new process for obtaining a complete combustion of coal. He said that the burning of the coal takes place in a chamber surrounded by a water jacket separated from the boiler and that only the gaseous products of combustion are used for heating the boiler. According to this new process, a steamer would require less than one-half of the room now used for the boilers in order to generate the same amount of power, and the weight of the heating apparatus would also be diminished more than one-half. Proceed to It. Doso—I thought you were going to quit all your bad habits? Don't—I did, but nobody rebuked me, and I had to begin again so people would know me. An Insomniac. Miss Trill—I hope to hear big birds sing. Jan—I'm right tonight—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

POLLY LARKIN

"Polly, why is it that so many people when they are in company cannot act naturally?" asked a little friend the other day. "Now, take me, for instance. I give myself the credit of being as sensible and clever as the majority of girls one meets in every day life. Not brilliant by any manner of means, still I am not what you would call stupid. Yet, when I go into company, I lose my personality entirely and am nothing but a simpering, giddy girl, giggling at everything and don't advance a single thought that is worth remembering. I am constantly dreading having to cross the floor alone. The evening passes in a whirl of excitement, and when I get home I begin to recall this thing and that thing I have been guilty of until I am perfectly miserable and disgusted with myself and I fairly dread going out on an evening. Even my hands and feet are in the way and I invariably get tangled up in my trailing dress. My awkwardness is simply horrible and I imagine everyone is feeling sorry for me or commenting on my stupid blindness. I look about me and see some one of my own age and note how self-possessed they seem. How perfectly at home with every subject they seem to be as they comment freely and naturally with acquaintances and strangers alike. No one knows how I envy them; how I resolve to pattern after them; and how my good resolves take flight the moment I enter a room filled with guests. The excitement seems to intoxicate me and at once I become flippant, if you will excuse the expression, or, as the girls term it, giddy. Away go my common sense ideas and I am painfully conscious of my shortcomings. I long to get in a corner and watch the people around me as they move and pass in panoramic view. Here they are, now they are gone. I study the sea of faces with intense interest and I am happy. The same confession must be made when it comes to the simple little evening entertainments at the homes of my friends. Although at the latter places I can get off quietly into a nook or corner with some friend who is equally as miserable as myself when in company and together we have a fairly good time. I never go out to spend an evening but what I pass hours in dreading the ordeal. Now, what is the matter with me, Polly, and what is the remedy you would advise for this unpleasant state of affairs?" Easy enough answered, little friend. You are a sensitive, shy little body and unfortunately very self-conscious. You imagine everybody's eyes are on you, every word you utter is observed, and every move you make you feel sounds as clear and loud as a clarion note, when in reality you are speaking in so low a tone that your companion has to be on the alert to catch the words. The remedy is—don't think about yourself. Forget you are existing, or in other words, try and make it agreeable for some one else who you perhaps have seen suffering keenly from the same malady that affects you, my dear. I heard a lady reprove her daughter not long since for this timidity, and it struck me as being almost cruel, still it had the desired effect. All evening long this young girl had suffered, no one knows how keenly unless they are of the same timid, shrinking nature. There was a buzz of many voices and merrily of rippling laughter that rang out periodically, yet it was only a conglomeration of confusing sounds to the poor girl, who met her mother's disapproving glance every now and then, and who constantly dragged her out of the corner she had taken refuge in. The poor girl tried to appear cheerful and as though she was enjoying herself, but it was a dismal failure. I happened to be present the next morning when the mother reproved her daughter for what she termed her awkward behavior of the night before. "I was simply ashamed of you last night, Margaret," she said to the girl, who had been nervously herself up all morning to meet this trying ordeal that she knew must come. "Do you think yourself of so much importance," she said coldly and sarcastically as well, "that the gaze of everybody in the room is being directed to you? If you were a great beauty, or if you were brilliant in conversation, or so graceful or willowy in your movements that one's gaze would naturally be riveted on you, then you might have reason to believe that you were of any more consequence than the rest of the young people who attend these parties and who are sensible enough to know that they are not of enough importance to attract the attention of anybody in the room unless they make an effort to do so. You have made a grievous blunder, and I trust you will never be guilty again of making so unfavorable an appearance as you did last night." "Oh, mother," gasped the poor girl, turning white and red by turns, "you know I never thought of appearing in that light. You make me so ashamed, but I cannot help feeling perfectly wretched when I am out in company. I would much rather stay at home with a good book and let the other girls go in my place. You make me so ashamed of myself. I know I create a very bad impression, but I cannot help it." "You can help it, however," replied her mother, "and what is more, you will just as soon as you lose the impression that you are so important that you are the center of attraction, enjoy yourself as much as the other girls." The mother, in speaking of the matter

BRITISH GREAT SEAL

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THIS SOVEREIGNTY. When the great seal of the British Empire was found in a garden, 1869, as a young man had broken to pieces the Hoop of London. It seems almost ludicrously impossible that the great seal of England should have ever been made to serve the humble purpose of a frying pan, and yet this is only one of many equally strange episodes in the romantic story of the seal which is the "specific emblem of British sovereignty." Lord Chancellor Eldon was so fearful that the seal would be lost or stolen while in his custody that he never went to sleep without first satisfying himself that it was safe in his bedroom. One night—it was in the year 1812—he was roused from his slumbers by cries of "Fire!" Jumping out of bed he snatched up the great seal and, rushing into the garden, buried it deep in the middle of a flower bed. His house might be burned to the ground, but at least he would not prove unworthy of the great trust which had been reposed in him. Next morning, however—so exciting had been the experiences of the night—he had completely forgotten in what part of the world the seal of his sovereignty had been hidden, and it was only after his entire household had hunted for hours that it was at last run to earth. "You never saw anything so ridiculous," he wrote later, "as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of sticks until we found it." Once at least the great seal has been at the bottom of the Thames and would be there today but for a lucky accident. It was in 1688, when the second James was fleeing from England and the Prince of Orange to France, in company with Sir Edward Hales. He had intended to take the great seal with him, but as he was being rowed from Lambeth to Vauxhall, where horses were awaiting him, another and better idea occurred to him. He would take the seal in a tin can that would place it once for all out of reach of his enemy. So overboard the seal went, and for some weeks it lay there until by a curious chance it was picked up in a fisherman's net and restored to the proper custodians. The ludicrous frying pan adventure befell it when in the custody of Lord Brougham. The chancellor had gone to Scotland for a short holiday—seeing he could not take the seal on the Rhine trip he longed for without putting it in commission at great cost to himself—and he was a guest of the dowager Duchess of Bedford at Rothiemurcus, where he kept his precious charge in his bedroom. One day the young ladies of the house party took the seal from the bedroom and hid it. Brougham was desperate when he discovered his loss and did not recover his peace of mind until the pretty thieves promised to lead him to it if he would consent to be blindfolded. With his eyes bandaged he was conducted to the drawing room, and there he discovered the seal hidden in a tea chest. So overjoyed was he at its recovery that he consented to the young ladies' suggestion that they should adjourn to the kitchen and celebrate the event by making pancakes in the seal, and thus, amid much laughter, the greatest emblem of sovereignty in the whole world was actually used as a pan in which to fry pancakes. The seal, it should perhaps be mentioned, consists of two silver disks hinged together, so that when they are closed they form a mold, into which the wax, green, red or yellow, as the case may be, is poured. This it would be almost all a bad substitute for the common or kitchen frying pan. Many a time has the great seal been taken to the house of lords and broken to pieces at the bar by the hammer of a sturdy blacksmith, amid the frantic cheering of onlooking members. This was the fate of the seal which fell into the hands of the parliamentary army on the capitulation of Oxford in 1646. Three years later the old parliamentary seal, which represented Charles enthroned on one side and riding on horseback on the other, was similarly destroyed to make way for the new seal with its view of the house of commons in place of the deposed sovereign. Richard Cromwell's seal was broken by the hammer in 1659, and in the following year the great seal of the commonwealth itself was destroyed in the same way. Once the seal was lost, by Charles II. in his flight from the fatal field of Worcester, and once it was stolen by burglars from Lord Thurlow's house in Great Ormond street, but it was replaced by a replica in the wonderfully short time of thirty-six hours. The seal that was in use when George IV. died was divided between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, King William IV. represented one side to each chamber, mounted in a magnificent sash, and a similar present was made in later years to Lords Chelmsford and Campbell and to Lords Selborne and Cairnes. Of the hundreds of seals and purses in which the seal is supposed to be kept—exquisite specimens of art needlework in white and gold—so many fell to the lot of Lord Thurlow as perquisites that his good lady was able to make several sumptuous counterpanes and bed hangings from them.—Pearson's Weekly.

NEW SHORT STORIES

See These Days of the... Eugene Michel, a nephew of Eugene F. Debs, tells an interesting story of how Bill Nye played the part of the Socialist candidate for president while Mr. Debs waited at a South Carolina railway station for the committee which was to meet him. Mr. Nye and Mr. Debs looked very much alike, and that is what led to the mistake. Both men were to have been in the little South Carolina town on the same day. The labor leaders made great preparations for the coming of Mr. Debs, but the reception committee was not informed that Mr. Nye would enter the town on the same train. Mr. Nye, however, was aware of Mr. Debs' expected presence, and when the committee hustled him into a cab without his health suffer from the fumes," says a toxicologist. "He did begin, and his first two or three small doses gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent, disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and size their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain or excitement. On the contrary, there was a ravenous appetite, as well as a mood of joyous activity wherein he could do three men's work." "This chap, by the time he got to be thirty, was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at thirty, with his clear pink and white color, no more than twenty-three. He was as robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at forty-five or so, that being the age at which all the Styrian arsenic eaters die." The drug is a preservative, and in Styria when graves are opened bodies are found to be as fresh six or seven years after interment as on the day they were lowered into the earth.—Chicago Tribune.

MUST ENTERTAINING

How One Diamond Makes Two Each as Big as the Original. The lapidary was splitting a diamond. He leaned forward with intent brows. His tiny machine buzzed like a bee. A delicate and shining dust arose. Then suddenly everything was stilled, and the diamond, split in halves, lay in the lapidary's white, this hand, "out of one diamond," he said, "I am going to make two, and each of these two will be as big and brilliant as the original one was." As he scraped up the glittering dust he explained: "First I will make in paste an exact duplicate of each of these two halves. Then I will join to the bottom of each genuine half its artificial complement, making the junction so carefully that no one will be able to perceive it. Finally I will mount these two half false and half genuine stones. Each then will appear to be altogether genuine. Their paste foundations will not detract in any way from their brilliance. The owner of the big diamond will have two big diamonds." "The making of fake jewels," the lapidary said, "is an interesting study. Do you know what the best fake pearls are made of? They are made of fish scales—silvery and iridescent fish scales pasted on the inside of balls of glass. The fish these scales come from is called in France the ablette and in England the bleak. It is smaller than a minnow. Its scales must be picked off by hand, and only a small portion of them can be used. It takes 18,000 scales, or bleaks, to yield a pound of scales."—New York Telegram.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Cheapness of Life. The loss of the Federal Army of the Cumberland in the battles of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, as given by Clegg, was 824 killed and 3,683 wounded. So much for war in the sacrificial sixties. In the year 1880, which is the first year of systematic accident tabulation, 5,823 men, women and children were crushed, torn, mangled or burned to death on the lines of American railroads, and 26,399 others were injured in the same disasters. So much for peace, public indifference and the railroad accident fifteen years ago. Having thus made sure our footing in the later eighties, let us come in one broad step to the present; this while we have the war tables before us. Our historian, Clegg, asserts that, all things considered, the two days' fighting at Chickamauga stands unsurpassed as the hardest fought and bloodiest battle of the civil war. The Federal killed in this battle numbered 10,871, and the roster of the wounded falls but a few names short of 10,000. But in the unbelieved year ending June 30, 1902, the aggregate number of persons killed in railroad accidents was 28, and during the same period 61, 632 persons were injured.

HALF FALSE JEWELS

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WOMAN 116 YEARS OLD ASHAMED OF IT

A widow who was admitted the other day into the Buda Pesth poor-house gave her age as 116. When her birth certificate was examined it was found that she was born in 1788, her true age, therefore, being 116. When asked why she had not given the right date she replied that she was ashamed of being so old. It may be a consolation to some similarly afflicted to know that this lady, Frau Borson, has suffered from an affection of the heart for 30 years.

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