

BANDON RECORDER.

HUNTING FOR TALISMANS.

An American's Odd Expedition to an East Indian Temple.

When the late Professor Somerville of the University of Pennsylvania, the learned collector of gems, charms and mascots, had set his mind on some curious hunt of in one of his meetings with orientals, nothing could bar his way. Were it in the center of the desert of Sahara or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalaya mountains, he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found, purchased and placed on exhibition at the university museum.

American gold was Professor Somerville's magnet wherever he went. He thus described its effect on one of his expeditions:

"On one occasion we desired to visit the famous Dilwarra temples in India, and for that purpose engaged two Jirrikahs and a number of natives to draw them, about twelve in all. The temples, as you know, are set in a magnificent grove of mango trees on a mountain top and surrounded by great hills. With a fair measure of fact and money I hoped to secure from the people of the vicinity some of their odd talismans and rings. I said to the chief rickshaw man: 'Now, Lala, what will you do for me if I double your pay? I want to make this journey in half time, and you accomplish it you shall be doubly paid.'

"He went to his helpers at once and informed them that I was a prince. We started out under the contract. He ran ahead of the convey, raising both hands in the air and crying to the astounded people: 'Here comes a prince. Down with you. Here comes a prince. And during the entire twelve miles ride I was treated to the un-American experience of seeing the people cover their faces and drop abjectly to the ground in obeisance and salutation, only daring to look at me through their parted fingers. But my amusement at this being treated as a prince was nothing to the gratification I experienced in securing from this people—who did not dare to refuse so august a personage as I—some of the most interesting and well-kept talismans that I have in my collection.'—Booklovers' Magazine.

A NATURAL WONDER.

Ringed Rocks That Sound Like a Bell When Struck.

With all manner of legends clustering around their history and various reasons given by geologists for their peculiar ringed rocks, two miles north of Pottsville, Pa., are the great natural wonders of Montgomery county. Although these rocks and boulders are scattered over a large extent of territory, there is one place, covering over two acres, where they lie so closely together as to suggest that that particular spot was the center of a volcanic disturbance that rent the earth and piled the rocks as they are today. It is the general opinion that the spot was once the crater of a volcano.

A rich, bell-like tone, produced by striking some of the stones with a hammer, explains in part why the name of "ringed rocks" was given them. Visitors carried off some of the smaller stones of unusual musical quality, but this practice has been stopped. Located some distance away from the main deposit of rocks are grotesque formations like the Haystack rock, looking like a petrified haystack, but bent from top to bottom by a convulsion of nature which probably also made it a "leaning tower." In the Bullfrog rock a company of soldiers could stand, the Umbrella rock could shelter twenty or thirty, and the Stone House and Cave, rising thirty feet in height and covering half an acre of ground, suggests some of the wonders of the Yosemite.

A cave under the rocks was penetrated several years ago by Dr. W. B. Shaner and J. S. Bahr, who upon throwing a stone into an opening could hear it reverberating for a great distance and then fall into a body of water. This is surrounded by many legends. One is that robbers made it their rendezvous and it carried all their plunder, defying pursuers to follow. Because of the danger of accidents to venturesome boys the entrance to the cave has been closed.—New York Telegram.

THE WILLOW TREE.

John Parke Custis Planted the First One in This Country.

When the south sea bubble in England collapsed one of the speculators went to Smyrna to repair his fortune. He was a friend of Alexander Pope and sent him a box of figs in which had been placed a twig of a tree. Pope planted the twig on his grounds on the shore of the Thames, not knowing what tree it was and what it would be. In 1755, when the tree was over fifty years old, one of the young British officers who came to Boston with the British army brought a twig from the tree, which he intended to plant on his lands after the rebellion had been crushed. John Parke Custis, son of Mrs. Washington, going on errands to the British camp under a flag of truce, became acquainted with the owner of the willow twig, which was draped in tiled silk, and obtained it from him, which he planted near his home at Abington, Va., where it became the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

When Tea Was New.

"I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drunk," wrote the Immortal Pepys, who felt it duty bound to sample every new thing that came along. And about the same time another Englishman was extolling the new importation in the following terms: "It enacts the brain of heavy damps. Prevents the dropsic. Consumes Rawness. Vanquishes superfluous sleep. Purgeth humors and hot liver. Strengthens the use of due benevolence."

Making a Sure Thing of It.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."

POLLY LARKIN

I often think how much we are like an abused violin. What a tension we are on, at least the most of us. In fact, no one is exempt from this fault until they have learned to master themselves, obtain complete control of their mind and the will-power that quivers and rebels from the demand made by our over-wrought nerves. The would-be musician turns the key to his violin strings a little more in his effort to bring forth the harmony he craves. Just so much will the strings, only awaiting the touch of the master-hand and need not be over-wrought nerves and need not be surprised when there is a lack of harmony resulting from our efforts. We are smarting under some injustice or fancied wrong and can only find minor chords, and they are out of tune. Around go the little keys again and the tension is fearful. We lose those who are nearest and dearest to us, and we play on the strings that bring tears and anguish, regrets and hopelessness until they are worn out. On we go through life tuning up the musical strings of our frail bodies, but not in the right way, and there will come a day when, like the old violin without strings, we are ready to be laid away.

Every ennobling thought, every just endeavor to better ourselves and lift us out of the common-place; every effort we make to better ourselves mentally, morally and physically, strengthen the strings just that much, and constant practice soon leads us to forget, or at least pass over as unworthy of our notice the trivial things that a weak mind magnifies into such serious disorders, destroying not only their own peace of mind but that of others who unfortunately must live in their vicinity. Tune up every string that vibrates with happiness—every string that will help you to look on the bright side; every string tremulous under the desire to create harmony out of discord and awaken a song of joy in place of a dirge. Turn slowly and surely on the key that awakens the right kind of ambition and ennobling thoughts that help you to cultivate your will-power until you have it under control and are not prone to vacillate and turn like a weather-vane in a capricious wind. Don't allow this string to slacken too much until it loses its strength. There is another delicate key that needs attention. It vibrates with faith, hope and charity and awakens a new song in your life and keeps the heart young. We can keep all these keys in harmony and yet not make the tension so great that the strings will tremble and strain under the tension we bring to bear on them until they quiver and break, and if death is not kind and ends the struggle, it leaves us mere nervous wrecks, and then, not only for ourselves, but for those of our friends, we had better be dead than alive. Our petty ailments and vast amount of self-pity make us anything but agreeable companions.

I have seen others who have been martyrs to pain and anguish all their lives who were heroes and had more control over their frail bodies than those who had never an ache or a pain but every trial, trouble and tribulation was imaginary. In the darkest hour, when the bodies of the former were racked with agony that would have made the strongest of us quiver under, they would smile between the paroxysms and tell some cheerful story to encourage those around them. You do not have to go into the midst of the battlefields to discover the heroes, for we find them in every-day life fighting their own little battle with no excitement of martial music and the rush of brave comrades by their side to encourage them. They are fighting alone and gaining the victory with no mad rush but by inches. Brave soldiers are they, to Polly's thinking.

Campers are abroad in the land, and from now on we can look for destructive forest fires if we judge from the experience of the past few years. When you stop to think that all this destruction to timber, the loss of animal life and vegetation is simply the result of carelessness and indifference of hunters and campers, it is deplorable. Few who are out on a pleasure jaunt of this kind stop to think when they are ready to break camp that it is necessary to put out the campfire. In their hurry to load everything in the wagons, pulling up tents, etc., the campfire is the last thing to be thought of. Sparks or cinders may be carried by the wind and falling amid the dry grass and bushes, presently a lively little blaze is being fanned into existence, and in a few hours' time it is roaring up the mountain sides, tearing like a fiery furnace down into the canyons teeming with verdure and laying waste luxuriant valleys. The frightened animals and birds flying before the fire find fences and barns and frequently the homes of men who have struggled hard to make a little headway in providing a home for their families and a place where they can rest when old age has put a stop to their busy career, must stand aside after hopelessly beating

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The horse spur is said to have been used since 300 B. C.

The number of miners employed in Great Britain is 57,188.

Prussia has 2,032 associations of stenographers, with 51,291 members.

Germany's chief exports to her African colonies consist of sprigulous liquors.

The prevailing religion of Korea is a general and deep seated belief in evil spirits.

An Austrian statistician finds that the average lease of life of a medical practitioner is sixty years.

The population of Korea is 17,000,000, including 25,000 Japanese, who control the country's activities.

A Russian medical journal says Japanese physicians are almost invariably well educated and conscientious.

Edinburgh proposes holding an international exhibition in 1907 to celebrate the bicentenary of the union of Scotland and England.

More than three-fourths of the public school teachers of Utah are zealous Mormons of the strictest sect of the Latter Day Saints.

When Queen Alexandra heard how the moles were destroying crops in Wales she ordered a moleskin muff. They became the rage, and the moles are nearly exterminated.

A large number of people in the capital of Kolapur, India, on seeing a musical exhibition in 1907 prostrated themselves before it, declaring that it was moved by an invisible god.

There are over 30,000 Canadian born residents in Detroit, and, with their children, they make up about 60,000. Buffalo census shows a Canadian born population of 18,000. Cleveland 10,000 and Chicago figures up 25,000 or more.

Holland has no patent system or trade mark laws. Certificates of origin are not required there. An exception, however, is presently to be enforced with respect to importations of sugar, since Russia has not subscribed to the Brussels convention.

Barbados business men have offered to supply 30,000 negroes for labor in the Transvaal and to agree to deliver them at Lourenco Marques within twelve months at \$100 per head, provided the wages should be not less than \$12.50 per month, with board and lodging.

According to the European journals of science, the great storm of red dust which swept up from Africa over Europe some time ago is a good service to science in making the strata in the Alpine glaciers so that they can be studied with greater accuracy in the future.

Napoleon is an unusual, if not unprecedented, Christian name to be borne by the presiding officer of a British parliament. But Napoleon Antoine Belcourt, who has been elected speaker of the Canadian house of commons, can address meeting of court in fluent and excellent English.

Smyrna, the commercial capital of Asia, lies 300 miles south of Constantinople, is located at the far eastern end of Smyrna bay, an arm of the Mediterranean extending forty miles inland. Mountains, almost bare of foliage, tower above the city on the northern, eastern and southern sides.

To prevent the manufacture of bogus recommendations of servants in Germany every servant is obliged to carry a character book, in which necessary entries of dates and character descriptions are made by the mistress or master. The servant must then take the book to the nearest police station and have the record dated with the official stamp.

At a recent meeting of the French Society of Authors a member suggested that the adult sons and daughters of the authors ought to be received after the regular meetings and given a chance to fall in love with each other. He held that from such marriages, with a literary and character description, a superior race of authors would result. His suggestion was not adopted.

A new cavern rivaling in beauty the one at Luray, and Wier's Cave and the Cave of Fountains, at Shenandoah, Va., has been discovered in Shenandoah county, Va., near Woodstock. The discovery was made by accident. Workmen were taking limestone from a quarry at Tom Brook, and in blasting the stone the entrance to the cave was opened. As yet the cavern has only been explored for about 175 feet, but the portion that has been visited is filled with the most beautiful limestone formations and contains large chambers.

Erroneous impressions are in circulation as regards the leading horse raising states. One is impressed that Kentucky is entitled to the lead from the frequency that the horses of the Blue Grass State are eulogized. Yet there are fifteen states that surpass Kentucky in the number of their horses, while the average value in twenty-five states is higher than that of the horses of the Blue Grass State. The horses of New Jersey average \$99.28 a head and of New Mexico \$17.52, the extremes of average prices in the different states and territories.

In the destruction by fire of the emperor's palace in Seoul there vanished that wonderful hall of audience or congratulations which was unlike any other hall in the world. It is said that the Japanese in 1866 wished to remove it to Japan because of its beauty of its columns. Each of these columns was formed from the trunk of a tree. Each was over 40 feet in height and all were molded to the same exact size. No paint or varnish ever touched them. They were kept washed with clean water and then polished merely by much rubbing with soft, clean pads. They shone like metal and yet showed all the beautiful grain of the timber.

Almost impossible.

Jack—Why wouldn't she marry you? She loves you to distraction. I know it, because she told me so. George—She insisted on my proving that I am not already married, because she says there is a great deal of bigamy nowadays. Well, it is easy enough to prove that one is married, but how the dickens am I going to prove that I am not?

AR orator or author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—Emerson.

NEW SHORT STORIES

An Error in Diagnosis.

Stories of railway accidents were told at Tuxedo. General Trask, banker and author of New York, said: "A certain railway collision on one of the victims lay for a long time on his back across the ties. Finally two men picked him up, carried him to the station and placed him in the door."

"He'll be easier here," they said, "till the doctor comes."

"The doctor came a little later."

"This poor chap is done for, I'm afraid."

ANXIETY.

Effects of This Form of Mental and Physical Derangement.

In a paper read before the congress of French alienists at Grenoble Dr. Gaston Calanne pointed out that anxiety is a disturbance which is expressed by the entire being, the exciting causes are sometimes physical and sometimes psychical, and the symptoms manifested are both physical and mental. The physical symptoms comprise cold feelings and chills of the scalp and body, general lassitude, inco-ordination of voluntary movements far more apparent than real emotional coloring of speech, and vertigo, which is dependent upon vasomotor cerebral disturbances or upon digestive troubles. In the anxious states there are always circulatory troubles, such as accelerated heart beat, irregularity of the heart's action, heightened arterial tension and coldness of the extremities. Respiratory disturbances are also present.

The psychical symptoms of anxiety include various degrees of vague dread and apprehensiveness, often taking definite forms, in which case they are designated as "phobias" or "obsessions of fear," weakening the capacity of attention and of memory, and a tendency to confusion of ideas. Hallucinations of the senses are prone to occur.



CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Centenary of a Duel.

One hundred years ago the 11th of July occurred the historic duel by which Alexander Hamilton, the brilliant statesman, lost his life at the hands of the erratic, ambitious and designing Burr. One hundred years after that sad event, which America has never ceased to deplore, it is interesting to find the city of New York buying the old Jumei mansion, at which both Hamilton and Burr were favored guests, that it may be preserved one of the three pre-revolutionary landmarks remaining on Manhattan Island.

At this mansion, which stands in bold prominence upon the heights overlooking the Harlem River at One Hundred and Sixtieth street, Burr lived after he married the Widow Jumei. His days there, however, were but another pathetic chapter in the life of a brilliant man who permitted his evil instincts to master and control his career. The hundred years that have intervened since the Weehawken duel have only tended to quicken the world's appreciation of the nobility of the gifted West Indian, while time has not in any degree dispelled the odium which surrounded the life and public services of Aaron Burr.—Four Trade News.

Microbe of Old Age.

In a lecture on old age, delivered by Dr. Menchikov, the speaker expressed the opinion that senility was produced by certain physiological states which cause the beneficent species of microbes called macrophages to increase too rapidly. Then in their turn they become injurious.

These parasites flourish in the large intestines of mammals, possess, whereas in birds they are almost entirely lacking. The result was shown in the person of the doctor's own dog, which was decrepit at eighteen, while the doctor's parrot, aged seventy, appeared to the audience hale and lively.

"It stands proved," said the doctor, "that senility is an infectious disease, and it should be possible to treat it like other maladies, to cure it or prevent it."

The hope was expressed by Dr. Menchikov that a serum would shortly be discovered to counteract the macrophages and prolong human life; meantime, says the Pizaro, he recommended the consumption of curdled milk.—Paris Dispatch to London Mail.

COMEDIAN SAM VALE.

He was the Original Sam Weller of Pickwick Fame.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the early part of the last century, was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot?" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle." "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the droilery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valeisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1830 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portrait of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of fifty-one.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclotch it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Amemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that if a sea anemone be divided in halves longitudinally a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which, somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically the shell struck in its gizzard and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.—London News.

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped you get smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep ter what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"I forgot now what he called it, but—"

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it after all?"—Exchange.

Preferred a Bird in the Hand.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife.

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute a hundred dollars in cash."—Bridgely Life.

They Shook Hands.

This story concerns John Scott, manager of the Union Iron works, and Dave Barry, professional pugilist. Barry had obtained employment at the works, and one day he and two other employees hid themselves behind an outhouse to indulge in a quiet smoke. Just as the three were in the midst of their enjoyment Scott came upon the scene. The latter took in the situation at a glance and frowned perceptibly.

Barry's companions were equal to the emergency, and at once busied themselves in carrying several pieces of iron toward the main works. Barry, however, stood his ground, and Scott frowned all the more.

"Well, young man," said Scott, "why don't you go to work?"

"Oh, I will, soon," replied Barry nonchalantly.

"Do you know who I am, sir? I'm John Scott."

"Is that so?" said Barry, extending his arm to shake hands. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Scott. My name is Dave Barry."

They shook hands.—San Francisco Call.

Canceled the Order.

E. S. Lott, manager of the United States Casualty company, relates the story of a telephone message to a New York firm of horse dealers shortly before the return of the Sixty-ninth regiment from the Spanish-American war. The chairman of a committee of Irish-American citizens who were preparing to entertain the regiment telephoned asking for twenty-five pure white horses. Mr. Doer of the firm answered that there were only fifteen white horses in the establishment, but that fifty green horses were expected the following week. Possibly some could be selected from the latter to answer the purpose. The chairman of the committee replied:

"Green horses, did you say? Canceled the order for the white horses and send us the fifty green horses."—New York Times.

Enough Said.

William C. Bryant recently told the story of two soldiers, one of bibulous habits and the other a steady and sober man, says the New York Times. The latter was promoted to be a sergeant. Upon his promotion he conceived a very exalted impression of his rank and became quite offensive in his manner to his former associates in the ranks, causing great resentment in camp. One day the bibulous soldier approached him and said, "What is the punishment if the private calls the sergeant a darned fool?" "He will be arrested and court-martialed," responded the sergeant. "Suppose he simply thinks he is a darned fool and does not say it?" "There is no punishment for that." "Well, let it go at that," replied the private.

The Bar Unfair.

John W. Vrooman, former secretary of state of New York, tells the story of a clergyman who visited a hotel in western New York and was astonished afterward to receive a visit from a delegation of labor leaders, who asked him to go to some other hotel because the Bartenders' union had ordered a strike on that hotel and the hotel had been declared unfair.

Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanbunt reception last night, dear Dorothy.—No, I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweety)—Yes, I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

Missus Who?

"Do you consider Missus a woman, man, home?"

"I know she certain that she contribute regularly to the maintenance fund of the Grassy department."

COMEDIAN SAM VALE.

He was the Original Sam Weller of Pickwick Fame.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the early part of the last century, was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot?" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle." "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the droilery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valeisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1830 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portrait of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of fifty-one.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclotch it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Amemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that if a sea anemone be divided in halves longitudinally a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which, somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically the shell struck in its gizzard and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.—London News.

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped you get smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep ter what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"I forgot now what he called it, but—"

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it after all?"—Exchange.

Preferred a Bird in the Hand.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife.

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute a hundred dollars in cash."—Bridgely Life.

They Shook Hands.

This story concerns John Scott, manager of the Union Iron works, and Dave Barry, professional pugilist. Barry had obtained employment at the works, and one day he and two other employees hid themselves behind an outhouse to indulge in a quiet smoke. Just as the three were in the midst of their enjoyment Scott came upon the scene. The latter took in the situation at a glance and frowned perceptibly.

Barry's companions were equal to the emergency, and at once busied themselves in carrying several pieces of iron toward the main works. Barry, however, stood his ground, and Scott frowned all the more.

"Well, young man," said Scott, "why don't you go to work?"

"Oh, I will, soon," replied Barry nonchalantly.

"Do you know who I am, sir? I'm John Scott."

"Is that so?" said Barry, extending his arm to shake hands. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Scott. My name is Dave Barry."

They shook hands.—San Francisco Call.

Canceled the Order.

E. S. Lott, manager of the United States Casualty company, relates the story of a telephone message to a New York firm of horse dealers shortly before the return of the Sixty-ninth regiment from the Spanish-American war. The chairman of a committee of Irish-American citizens who were preparing to entertain the regiment telephoned asking for twenty-five pure white horses. Mr. Doer of the firm answered that there were only fifteen white horses in the establishment, but that fifty green horses were expected the following week. Possibly some could be selected from the latter to answer the purpose. The chairman of the committee replied:

"Green horses, did you say? Canceled the order for the white horses and send us the fifty green horses."—New York Times.

Enough Said.

William C. Bryant recently told the story of two soldiers, one of bibulous habits and the other a steady and sober man, says the New York Times. The latter was promoted to be a sergeant. Upon his promotion he conceived a very exalted impression of his rank and became quite offensive in his manner to his former associates in the ranks, causing great resentment in camp. One day the bibulous soldier approached him and said, "What is the punishment if the private calls the sergeant a darned fool?" "He will be arrested and court-martialed," responded the sergeant. "Suppose he simply thinks he is a darned fool and does not say it?" "There is no punishment for that." "Well, let it go at that," replied the private.

The Bar Unfair.

John W. Vrooman, former secretary of state of New York, tells the story of a clergyman who visited a hotel in western New York and was astonished afterward to receive a visit from a delegation of labor leaders, who asked him to go to some other hotel because the Bartenders' union had ordered a strike on that hotel and the hotel had been declared unfair.

Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanbunt reception last night, dear Dorothy.—No, I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweety)—Yes, I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

Missus Who?

"Do you consider Missus a woman, man, home?"

"I know she certain that she contribute regularly to the maintenance fund of the Grassy department."

Microbe of Old Age.

In a lecture on old age, delivered by Dr. Menchikov, the speaker expressed the opinion that senility was produced by certain physiological states which cause the beneficent species of microbes called macrophages to increase too rapidly. Then in their turn they become injurious.

These parasites flourish in the large intestines of mammals, possess, whereas in birds they are almost entirely lacking. The result was shown in the person of the doctor's own dog, which was decrepit at eighteen, while the doctor's parrot, aged seventy, appeared to the audience hale and lively.

"It stands proved," said the doctor, "that senility is an infectious disease, and it should be possible to treat it like other maladies, to cure it or prevent it."

The hope was expressed by Dr. Menchikov that a serum would shortly be discovered to counteract the macrophages and prolong human life; meantime, says the Pizaro, he recommended the consumption of curdled milk.—Paris Dispatch to London Mail.

COMEDIAN SAM VALE.

He was the Original Sam Weller of Pickwick Fame.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the early part of the last century, was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot?" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle." "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the droilery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valeisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1830 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portrait of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of fifty-one.

Why Windmills Burned Down.

Of the production of fire by the friction of wood against wood windmills of the old construction gave on a large scale some disastrous examples. When the force of the wind increased the miller was obliged to bring each of the sails in succession to the ground in order to unclotch it, but when sudden squalls came on this was impracticable, and the mill in extreme cases ran away—that is, could not be stopped.

Everything was now done to increase the grip of the wooden brake round the great wheel on the driving shaft, and water was poured copiously over them, but in spite of all this flames would sometimes burst out from the intense friction and the mill be probably burned down as the result. The beautiful machinery of the modern windmill, by which the miller controls the action of the sails from the interior of the building, has reduced this danger to a minimum.—Notes and Queries.

Memory.

There are 100 different varieties of memory, and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. To learn anything by heart the best plan is to read a sentence and repeat it without a book, then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away.

Amemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that if a sea anemone be divided in halves longitudinally a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which, somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically the shell struck in its gizzard and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.—London News.

Money Thrown Away.

"So that city doctor helped you get smart, did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles on her husband's return from a week's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.

"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep ter what he tells me."

"What did he say was the matter with ye?" inquired the wife eagerly.

"I forgot now what he called it, but—"

"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say ye paid out all that money an' didn't git no good of it after all?"—Exchange.

Preferred a Bird in the Hand.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife.

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute a hundred dollars in cash."—Bridgely Life.

They Shook Hands.

This story concerns John Scott, manager of the Union Iron works, and Dave Barry, professional pugilist. Barry had obtained employment at the works, and one day he and two other employees hid themselves behind an outhouse to indulge in a quiet smoke. Just as the three were in the midst of their enjoyment Scott came upon the scene. The latter took in the situation at a glance and frowned perceptibly.

Barry's companions were equal to the emergency, and at once busied themselves in carrying several pieces of iron toward the main works. Barry, however, stood his ground, and Scott frowned all the more.

"Well, young man," said Scott, "why don't you go to work?"

"Oh, I will, soon," replied Barry nonchalantly.

"Do you know who I am, sir? I'm John Scott."

"Is that so?" said Barry, extending his arm to shake hands. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Scott. My name is Dave Barry."

They shook hands.—San Francisco Call.

Canceled the Order.

E. S. Lott, manager of the United States Casualty company, relates the story of a telephone message to a New York firm of horse dealers shortly before the return of the Sixty-ninth regiment from the Spanish-American war. The chairman of a committee of Irish-American citizens who were preparing to entertain the regiment telephoned asking for twenty-five pure white horses. Mr. Doer of the firm answered that there were only fifteen white horses in the establishment, but that fifty green horses were expected the following week. Possibly some could be selected from the latter to answer the purpose. The chairman of the committee replied:

"Green horses, did you say? Canceled the order for the white horses and send us the fifty green horses."—New York Times.

Enough Said.

William C. Bryant recently told the story of two soldiers, one of bibulous habits and the other a steady and sober man, says the New York Times. The latter was promoted to be a sergeant. Upon his promotion he conceived a very exalted impression of his rank and became quite offensive in his manner to his former associates in the ranks, causing great resentment in camp. One day the bibulous soldier approached him and said, "What is the punishment if the private calls the sergeant a darned fool?" "He will be arrested and court-martialed," responded the sergeant. "Suppose he simply thinks he is a darned fool and does not say it?" "There is no punishment for that." "Well, let it go at that," replied the private.

The Bar Unfair.

John W. Vrooman, former secretary of state of New York, tells the story of a clergyman who visited a hotel in western New York and was astonished afterward to receive a visit from a delegation of labor leaders, who asked him to go to some other hotel because the Bartenders' union had ordered a strike on that hotel and the hotel had been declared unfair.

Those Sweet Girls.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanbunt reception last night, dear Dorothy.—No, I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweety)—Yes, I know the invitations were limited.—St. Louis Republic.

Missus Who?

"Do you consider Missus a woman, man, home?"

"I know she certain that she contribute regularly to the maintenance fund of the Grassy department."