BANDON RECORDER.

WHEN STAMPS WERE NEW.

Trouble In Getting People to Stick Them on the Envelope.

"When postage stamps first came into use," said a veteran postal clerk, "the public didn't know how to handle them. You remember how, when tea and coffee first appeared among us, the people tried the tea leaves and the coffee berries and served them with salt and pepper? Well, the people treated their stamps as absurdly in 1854.

"Some folks would put the stamps inside their letters, out of sight. Here is the official notice that we issued to stop that practice."

The clerk took from the drawer an aged bulletin that said:

"The stamps upon all letters and packages must be affixed on the outside thereof and above the address thereon."

He put back this bulletin and drew forth another one.

"People would pin the stamps on their letters instead of gumming them," he said, "and when they did gum them they would not do it right; hence this second bulletin," and he read:

"'Persons posting letters should affix the requisite number of stamps previous to depositing them in the letter receivers, as when posted in a damp state the stamps are liable to rub off and thereby cause the letters to be treated as unpaid. Do not pin on the stamps.'

"Still," said the clerk, "the public didn't understand. Think of it—it didn't understand the simple matter of sticking a postage stamp on a letter. So we got out a third bulletin."

The third bulletin, in big, impatient letters, said:

"The simplest and most effectual method of causing stamps to adhere firmly is first to moisten well the outside of the stamps and afterward the gummed side slightly, taking care not to remove the gum."

The clerk said that a philatelist had offered him $12 apiece for these three queer bulletins.—Galveston Tribune.

COTTON SPINNING.

The Scheme by Which a Workman Kept His Bobbins Clean.

The father of the famous Sir Robert Peel was a cotton spinner in a comparatively small way until he suddenly went straight ahead of all his competitors. The earliest cotton spinning machinery gave serious trouble through filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, thus involving frequent stoppages to clear the machinery. The wages of the operatives were affected by these delays, but it was noticed that one man in the works always drew full pay. His loom never stopped.

"The onlooker tells me your bobbins are always clean," said Mr. Peel to him one day.

"Aye, they be," said the man, whose name was Dick Ferguson.

"How do you manage it, Dick?"

"Why, you see, Mester Peel, it's sort o' secret! If I towd yo', yo'd be as wise as I am."

"That's so," said Peel, smiling in response to Dick's knowing chuckle. "I'd give you something to know. Could you make all the looms work as smoothly as yours?"

"Ivery one of 'em, mester!"

"Well, what shall I give you for your secret, Dick?"

The man stalled and rubbed his chin.

"Well, Dick, what is it to be?"

"Come, I'll tell thee," was the reply. "Gi' me a quart of ale every day as I'm in the mills and I'll tell thee all about it."

"Agreed," said the master.

"Well, then," returned Dick, beckoning Mr. Peel to come close and of him whisper in his ear, "clean your bobbins."

That was the entire secret. Machinery was soon invented for cleaning the bobbins, and Dick Ferguson was given a pension equal to many daily quarts of beer.

A PAINTER'S ARTIFICE.

The Secret of the Color In One of Turner's Pictures.

The late Mr. Horsley, R. A., has recorded that at one time he studied almost daily one of Turner's finest water colors, called "The Snowdon Range," admiring especially the tender warmth of the light clouds encircling the mountain. He tried all sorts of glasses to see if he could discover how the particular glow was gained, but without success.

Chance revealed the secret. The picture began to buckle from its mount, and its owner, Sir Seymour Haden, put it into the hands of a noted expert to be remounted. When he had successfully removed it from its old mount the expert sent for the owner to show him what he had discovered. A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where the artist wanted the effect and then worked off sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of color, while retaining the smooth surface, without a trace of workmanship on the right side.

This may have led Mr. Horsley himself to use, as he did, brilliant orange as the foundation for a white muslin dress.

A Lifetime's Eating.

Science Siftings tells us that if we could see the amount of food one would consume in a lifetime pass before us the sight would be quite appalling. If a man lived seventy years, he would consume during that time about 100 four pound loaves of bread a year, or a total of 7,000 substantial loaves. Of meat he would consume, if he ate no beef, forty bullocks; of potatoes, an average of 200 pounds per year. If he ate only two eggs a week, it would require about 7,000 eggs to feed him during his lifetime; of tea and coffee on an average a pint a day, or for a lifetime about 5,220 gallons.

Hard Hearted.

She—After all, George, I think a public wedding would be better. He—And give up the elopement? She—Yes. You see, papa has refused to lend us his automobile, so what's the use?—Judge.

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come —Louisa M. Alcott.

POLLY LARKIN

The golden rod is lighting up the country-side with its beautiful blossoms and hurry many of the people who are a trifle belated in making their trips into the country into going now. It is the harvest season of hops, grapes, melons, peaches and other late fruits. This also is a tempting inducement for many people who were wise enough to put off their vacation until the mad rush was over and families by the score had hastened home to be ready for the school opening, etc. There is no rush of summer visitors now, and they are taking advantage of the lull to make themselves comfortable and thoroughly enjoy their outing. If the welkin rings with the song of the hunter or his merry whistle as he goes tramping through the dense foliage after game, and if the report of his trusty rifle goes echoing through the canyons sounding the death-knell of the graceful, fleet-footed deer, there is nobody to say him nay. He is as free as the golden-throated oriole that pours forth his melodies in the tree-tops, and when he tires of the tramping among the hills all that he has to do is to cast his line in some silvery brook that goes singing on its way and catch enough speckled trout for a good meal. This is one of the most delightful seasons of the year for an outing, and Polly is not the only one who has discovered this, for on a recent trip over the California Northwestern Railway, I found the cars crowded with many summer tourists and others who were just going for their regular summer jaunt into the country, and had, through preference, put off their trip until Indian summer, when the corn is in the tassel and roasting ears are ripening under the warm rays of the sun. They like the soft haze that appears in the atmosphere and the glint of the sun-burned hills shimmering through the green of the trees as the branches sway gently in the wind coming direct from the "court of the southwestern god," as the Indians are pleased to believe. The call of the quail to its answering mate and the cooing of the wild doves as they hurry to hide in the tangle-wood and the merry carol of the meadow lark, are all melody and more appreciated than an opera would be. Nature is at its best, although the freshness of the spring verdure is gone and there is everything to allure one to the country when the golden rod appears to light up on the road.

I would like to impress upon every boy and girl and every man and woman in the land the necessity of putting by some of their earnings every month. "But," says someone, "Polly, the amount is so little that I could put by that it would not amount to a great deal at the end of the year; in fact, it would not be worth the trouble," and right here is where so many people blunder. The dimes, quarters and occasional dollar, are not worth bothering about. That is a fatal mistake and one that has been made many, many times before the expression to the thought was given. Every nickel, every dime counts, and once you have accumulated a few dollars, you will find the temptation to spend every cent you get gradually disappearing, and you will think twice before you break a five-dollar piece and will do without many trivial things that heretofore you had been indulging yourself in and which were entirely unnecessary. Then you will realize for the first time how foolish you have been in losing sight of the fact that cents made dimes and dimes dollars.

Polly heard a banker argue with a gentleman five minutes over a two-cent postage stamp in the closing of a transaction in which the gentleman had just paid the banker several hundred dollars in which there was a balance of just two cents. At first the gentleman supposed it was a joke and laughed it off, but he soon discovered his mistake, the banker insisting on that two-cent stamp before the business could be settled. "I am in earnest, Mr. B——," he said. "By my taking care of the cents you see where I stand to-day. I have always made it a rule to collect every cent due me. The neglect of this item, small as it may seem, is the undoing of many a good man, and if he should stop to figure up what he had lost by this neglect to claim the cents that were due him, he would be surprised to see what a big and important item it was. I may appear small and doubtless I do. I know full well that I have the name of being stingy and close. I acknowledge that I am and plead guilty to the charge, but no one can say that I am so in my own home. Thanks to this close figuring and saving of cents and dollars, all of which I learned from my father who drilled his own business methods into us when we were children, I have been what the world calls prosperous." The gentleman acknowledged the justness of the debt and paid the stamp without further words, but he looked the contempt he felt for the banker, who was cool and perfectly indifferent.

While the above incident looks narrow and altogether too selfish to be thought of in this age of "hail fellow, well met," it had helped this shrewd business man in building up a fortune second to none in the town where he lived. He was generous with his own family, although he wanted them to account for every cent that was expended; he was also lavish in his donations to his church.

But going back to the subject of cultivating the habit of saving ever so little every month, the importance of taking this step would be made very plain to you by visiting the poorhouse and other institutions where people who have lived out their usefulness and haven't a cent to bless themselves with, you would soon find by listening to the various tales of woe that were poured forth into any sympathetic ear that the cause of their being in a public institution of the kind that they must henceforth call home until their summons came to go hence, was their inability to save their money when they were young and in their prime. They were not borrowing trouble and crossing bridges before they got to them, had fine positions with good salaries and the money they received sifted through their hands as swiftly as the sand in an hour-glass. They didn't look ahead to the day that young men strong and willing and thoroughly up-to-date in this progressive old world, would wake up, grasp every opportunity that would advance them in the world, and offer to fill their places; they never for a moment realized that their positions would be declared vacant in order to give these wide-awake young men a chance. The money was made comparatively easy and went out of their hands much easier, with the result that when they had to step down and out, they found themselves penniless and a burden to their friends. Homeless and poor, and the friends of other days when prosperity smiled upon them avoiding them for fear they might be called upon to aid them to find something to do or ask them for a few dimes to help keep want from the door or furnish them with the very necessaries of life, they were finally compelled to ask for a home and shelter in the poorhouse. It was the last blow. Here they have a good home for the balance of the time they are allotted to live on this earth. Apparently they are contented for they were weary with being buffeted about and finding out the shallowness of a friend-ship that had only endured during their prosperity, still there is a little spark of their former pride slumbering in their breasts and they bitterly repent having laid nothing aside for a rainy day when they were so abundantly able to do so. Their advice to the young business man or woman is to save, for only too soon will they be called to step down and out and make room for the younger generation. I know of nothing more pitiful and deplorable than for the aged to be penniless and dependent on others for their living. Their hearts are sad enough when that day comes.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Men and Clothes.

There are some men who look like ready money with their clothes on, but they are pitiful spectacles when seen clad only in a smile and a diamond ring. On the other hand, there are men like unto Apollo when disrobed who are simply ridiculous when they are "dressed up." A New York correspondent says he saw James J. Corbett the other night in a hotel lobby in New York, and he was dressed within an inch of his life. He wore the regulation evening clothes, but they did not sit becomingly on his great frame. At the gymnasium Jim is a fine sight to look at. His skin is white as marble and his muscles are long and pliable. If breechclouts suddenly came into fashion for evening wear he would be right at home. This is true of most professional athletes. That great bull-fighter, M. Roberts, is a sickly, sallow little wisp of a man in his street clothes, but in the costume of a matador he is simply great. The acrobats who perform in the vaudeville are mostly the same. Clothes cover up their real perfections and they look awkward and ill at ease in public places.

Pope Pius Disregards Custom.

Pope Pius is giving constant reminders of the fact that he intends to be master of his own house, even though by doing so he upsets precedent. The other day he announced that he intended to have his sisters to lunch with him in the Vatican. An attending dignitary pointed out in guarded language that such a thing had not occurred in the annals of the Papacy since the change in regime of the Italian Government. His Holiness replied that in the past he had always entertained whom he pleased in his own apartments, and he saw no reason to change his habits. Accordingly his sisters lunched with him at the time set.

Bridge Made of Coffins.

One of the most curious bridges ever built was that made by the British troops in 1860. They were marching on Peking, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins was discovered in the village, and with these the soldiers built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.

Geronimo and His Daughter.

Geronimo, the Apache chief, at present living in St. Louis, is about to receive a visit from his daughter, who lives in Arizona. This will be the first time he has seen her since his capture by the United States troops eighteen years ago.

"Have you a coat-of-arms?" she inquired. "No," he replied, "but I have a forty-horse power automobile."

Cast your bread upon the waters, and you will realize how many people are out for the dough.

A bookkeeper—the man to whom you lend one.

A CASE OF LUCK.

How the Lack of a Nickel Won a Good Paying Position.

Little Mrs. Tyler sighed as the trolley car whizzed past her.

"To think," she mused, "that I should have come to this—too poor to spend 5 cents for car fare! If I could only get more music scholars! Then Bob could have the beefsteak and the fruit he needs—dear, patient Robert!"

Time was when Frederica Fechner's piano playing had won her many a social triumph, but that was before she had married the penniless Robert Tyler, to begin life anew across the continent. Now that he was sick they had only the pittance her pupils brought her.

Today Mrs. Tyler was very tired. No wonder she had sighed when the car had glided past her, and home was a mile away. Strains of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" drew her inside a music store. Music always rested her. A girl was playing upon a grand piano, and several persons stood about. Mrs. Tyler strolled their way.

One after another took a turn at the instrument. The newcomer was too interested in the playing to question wherefore. Finally a man approached her.

"It is your turn next," he said.

She was about to explain his mistake when the humor of the situation appealed to her, and she was seized with a desire to carry out the joke. Accordingly she took her seat and began Paderewski's "Love Song." She did not know for what she was playing, but she vaguely felt that it was a test of some sort, and she threw her soul into her fingers. When she ended there was a little burst of applause, and "something else" was called for. She responded with Liszt's "Schubert's Serenade" and then with Chopin's "Cradle Song."

A sheet of music was placed before her, and a lady came forward to sing. If there was one thing in which Mrs. Tyler excelled it was in accompaniments, and now she did her best. The face of the man who had invited her to play was one broad smile as he inquired deferentially:

"May I ask whom we have had the honor of hearing? You have distanced them all, my dear madam. The place is easily yours."

Mrs. Tyler looked at him in bewilderment; then she laughed and explained. He explained too.

She had unwittingly taken part in a trial of applicants for the double position of accompanist for a singing master and piano player for the music shop. A salary was named that left the little woman nearly dumb with surprise, so amply it fitted her present needs. She wanted to dance all the way home. Fatigue was forgotten.

"I'm glad you didn't ride," remarked Robert Tyler whimsically.

"Oh!" cried his wife, and the exclamation was a thanksgiving.—Youth's Companion.

The Family Tree.

A pleasant pastime, literally, for those who have no more pressing duties and wish to get outside their environment at least in thought will open up before her who begins to mount a family tree. Tracing one's genealogy may become probably will become a matter of absorbing amusement and attention, for it entails a thread gathered up here, dropped there, a letter to write, a book to read, a register to consult. To the self absorbed, the despondent, the listless, one may recommend this diversion as certain to suit even rather morbid conditions of temperament, and yet as certain to gently force the mind away from itself to other persons and things in opening up a wider and wider field of reflection.—Harper's Bazar.

Quaint Prayers.

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Be on our side. An gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see thae carles get a-hidin' that must please ye." An old covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, hae a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' thou holdest it in the hollow o' thy hand. An' hae a care o' Jamie, for he hae gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' thee. But ye need na fash o' yersel' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

Careless of Honors.

Pastor Kneipp, the famous discoverer of the "barefoot cure," who was appointed chamberlain by the pope, cared little for the honor. He did not even take the trouble to open the letter announcing the appointment and first learned of the honor conferred upon him by the arrival of a deputation at the Woerishofen cloister to congratulate him. He declined to be addressed, however, as "monsignore." It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave his retreat to go to Rome to thank the pope.

Our Funny Bone.

The "funny" bone, or "crazy" bone, as it is commonly called, is in reality no bone at all, but a nerve, and its peculiar name, of facetious origin, is a pun on the word "humerus," the cylindrical bone which runs from the shoulder to the elbow, the ulnar nerve passing around it.

The nerve is here superficial and therefore comparatively unprotected, so that it may be easily compressed, and then a blow upon it causes a strange tingling sensation in the course of its distribution, which is felt as far away as the little finger. The humerus has been the occasion of humor in others, for Locker wittily writes in "An Old Muff," published about 1740:

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone.
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

Luck.

Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble down stairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a trolley car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday, or be one of thirteen to dinner on Sunday when there is food for only ten.

NEW SHORT STORIES

An Awkward Moment.

The late Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule mayor" of Toledo, was once discussing, in a political address, awkward moments.

"The most awkward moment I know of," he said, smiling, "came in the experience of a worthy old Presbyterian minister of Columbus. I have heard this minister describe the moment more than once, and I am sure it must have been very awkward indeed.

"It seems that the old gentleman dined with a brother clergyman in the country and after dinner walked in

"TAKE THAT," SHE SAID.

the garden with his host till rather late. The host finally asked him to stay all night, and he consented.

"They went back to the house together to arrange about the spare chamber and so on, and afterward they took another turn about the garden.

"'Well,' said the host at last, 'suppose we turn in. Yonder is the hallway. Just go in there and hang up your hat and wait for me. I want to speak to the gardener, and I'll join you in a moment.'

"So the guest, alone, entered the hall. He groped his way, for it was very dark. By the door stood the wife of the host. She mistook him for her husband in the gloom, and, taking up a huge Bible from the table, she brought it down across his shoulders with a whack.

"'There,' she said, 'take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night.'"

Senator Davis' Grandsons.

Speaking of the Elkins boys recalls the fact that when they were little fellows and Mr. Elkins was conducting General Harrison's campaign for the presidency they astonished their father one night by marching past his house at the head of a juvenile torch light procession, with banners and transparencies bearing the portrait of the opposing candidate.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Senator Elkins in a tone of amazement. "Is it possible that you boys don't know what General Harrison looks like?"

"That's not Harrison's picture," answered one of the youngsters, with malicious delight. "This is the Grover Cleveland Junior Campaign club, and that's the portrait of our peerless leader."

"See here," roared the parent, "this will never do. Don't you know I'm a Republican?"

"You are, but we're not!" chorused the Elkins boys. "We're Democrats, like grandpa. He gives us a dollar whenever we ask him, and we're going in for a Democratic administration and good times."—Independent.

The Bishop's View.

An English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Fillingham, who has been making spectacular and physically forcible objections in New York to Bishop Potter's high church methods of worship, heard that the latter had been to the circus and had praised it highly, says the New York Times. "It does not surprise me," said Mr. Fillingham. "I should expect Bishop Potter to take the church to a circus." The remark was reported to the bishop, who offered a mild observation in reply. "Better do as I do, take the church to the circus, than do as my brother Fillingham does and raise a circus in the church."

Dogma Defined.

The late Miss Rosa Delmonico, the owner of the famous New York restaurant, was all her life fond of children. Children knew Miss Delmonico as Aunt Rosa, and they delighted to visit her, says the New York Times.

One day the good old lady was giving a little girl some etymological instructions. The word "dogma" came up, and Miss Delmonico defined it and then bade her pupil to use it in a sentence.

The pupil, after a little hard thought, composed around the word "dogma" the sentence that follows:

"The dogma had five little puppies."

The Crazy Man's Idea.

The late Maurice Barrymore one day accosted a Bloomingdale patient who was exercising with a wheelbarrow on the lawn, says the New York Times.

"Why do you have your wheelbarrow turned upside down?" asked the actor.

"Because I am crazy," replied the patient. "If I turned it up the other way they might fill it with bricks."

Profitable.

"Did you feel cheap when you found out that the count your daughter wanted to marry was an impostor?"

"Cheap? I should say not! It was a half million clear profit to me."—Exchange.

He Gave It Up.

Mrs. Henpeck—I've often wondered what first attracted you to me. What was it about me that made you want to marry me? Henpeck—I give it up. I never was good at riddles.—Chicago Journal.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

A Hospital Town.

United States Consul Guenther of Frankfort writes that when the new hospital in Vienna is completed it will form a town of itself.

The total area covered is 2,400,000 square feet, and there will be forty separate buildings, of which thirty-two will be clinics or hospitals and the remaining eight will be devoted to offices and residences for the staff. All the clinics will have flat roofs with gardens, so that patients, particularly consumptives, can be in the open air as much as possible. Each patient will have 1,050 square feet of space, the largest proportion of space allotted to a patient in any hospital in the world.

A correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung says that the ultimate cost will be from $7,000,000 to $8,000,000.

The hospital will be on the "pavilion" or "cottage" plan. Each pavilion, with its sick wards, operating and lecture rooms, will form a hospital by itself, and of these there will be eighteen. The hospital will have 2,300 beds. The magnificent operating rooms will be of a new type. In the clinics for infectious diseases the patient will be separated from the professor and the students by a glass partition.

A number of medical students will live in the hospital for the purpose of close study and observation. The latest technical achievements will be utilized throughout the institution.

A Town Like a Ship.

Pingyang is in the shape of a ship, and the huge anchor of stone is erected outside the walls. The Koreans have a superstition that if a well should be dug within the city the ship would sink; hence all the water used is carried for a long distance, and the water cooly is one of the sights of this quaint, interesting old place. Not so very long ago the water was carried in picturesque stone jars, but since that enterprising American concern, the Standard Oil company, has introduced its oil into even the most obscure localities the jars have been abolished and their places taken by these ugly modern inventions of tin with the addition of wooden handles.

Pingyang is situated on a hilltop, with a view for miles of the surrounding country. At one end is the sacred grove of Kitza. It is thickly wooded and has a temple and several monuments dedicated to his memory. Here sacrifices continue to be offered to his spirit. The spot is kept so sacred by Koreans and Chinese that during the China-Japanese war in 1894 the defeat of the former is said to have been due to the fact that they allowed no trees to be felled on this ground, thus allowing the Japanese to effect an entrance unperceived.—Helen Struve Meserve in Harper's Weekly.

Uses For Sawdust and Slabs.

"Nothing about a sawmill goes to waste these days, and the economic features are being constantly emphasized," said C. D. Bassett of Atlanta, Ga. "For example, ten years ago the sawmill owners would pile their sawdust until they had a large heap, and then they would burn it, getting no return whatever. The most of them now have Dutch ovens for drying the dust, and they burn it in their engines, making the refuse pay for the operation. Still others have established paper mills and use their sawdust for making paper. In the olden days great logs were taken and squared, and the slabs were thrown away. Now a very thin slice is taken off. Then a board is sawed and edged, and in that way hardly a perceptible fraction is lost with the bark, and even the bark has its uses."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Most Popular American in London.

Not long ago her majesty (and the king, of course) dined with the most popular American in London—namely, Ambassador Choate. The dinner took place at the embassy, and it is said that her majesty on that occasion laughed more heartily and more continuously than she had ever been known to do before. Why? "Because," said my informant, "Mr. Choate is the wittiest and most brilliant conversationalist among all the diplomats in London. Moreover, Choate looks just like a Britisher. As a rule an American is as easily distinguished from an Englishman as chalk from cheese. This is not so, however, in the case of Choate, who in appearance far more resembles John Bull than Uncle Sam. He's jolly well liked here, you know."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Pocket Umbrella.

A Minneapolis genius has invented a twenty-six inch umbrella which will fold up, frame and all, into a little case to be carried in the pocket. The handle and all the ribs consist of fine and very strong steel tubes in sections, which telescope one inside of the other. The covering is of very fine silk, which takes up but little room. The wooden handle of the umbrella is hollow and receives all the rest of the telescoping umbrella rod when shut up. A small and light case, not too big for the pocket, is provided to contain the whole, which is thus secured from irregular borrowers and the perils of exposure which always attend its use.

A Baby Problem.

A benevolent society in Baltimore has interested itself in promoting the use of pure milk and states its purpose in a circular which says, "It is the wish of the trustees to reach the deserving infants with this milk entirely or exclusively through the physicians and dispensaries of this city." The Buffalo Commercial would like to know how the good or deserving babies are distinguished from the bad ones. How is the eligible list to be made up?

The Gentle Art.

Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from)—I do wish you would tell me the name of the woman you sell your things to. I've got a lot of old gowns like these that I want to get rid of.—Punch.

The Sword.

A sword is out of place in time of peace, and it is of very little consequence in time of war, except to adorn a big general or a lodge man in a parade.—Atchison Globe.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

The zebra is domesticated in east Africa.

Decisive battles have been won by the aid of leather cannon.

The municipality of Venice has resolved to purchase electric motor boats.

A company has recently been organized at Rendsburg, Prussia, to distill alcohol from peat.

Deep sea fish make their own light by phosphorescence and are equipped with telescopic eyes.

The value of artificial and chemical fertilizers annually used in Italy is estimated at $8,250,000.

Kaskaskia, Ill., once the metropolis of the west, has been almost swallowed up by the river.

Gregorio Aglipay claims to have 3,000,000 followers in his independent church movement in the Philippines.

Spider mothers remember their offspring after an absence of twenty hours, but forget them when a full day has elapsed.

Canada pays to the British government one-half the cost of the maintenance of the imperial troops provided for her defense.

A method of producing sleep and local anaesthesia by means of electric currents has been devised by a French physicist, M. Leduc.

It is estimated that only about $85,000,000, which is approximately 5 per cent of the annual income of our railways, goes to foreign investors.

The town council of Queenstown, Cape Colony, contemplates putting up a plant for telephone and waterworks service. The estimated cost is nearly $350,000.

From measurements made by P. Bachmetjew we learn that the temperature of an insect may be varied within wide limits without doing harm to the insect.

While the production of beet sugar has decreased about 13 per cent during the last two years, that of cane sugar has increased during the same period about 9½ per cent.

Solomon Berliner, consul at Tenerife, Canary Islands, says: "I believe nowhere in the world is land held at as high figures as here. Good land, with water facilities, has been sold at $4,860 per acre."

A collection of 33,000 volumes on economics and finance, valued at $100,000 and considered the most complete in the world, gathered in Europe by Clement W. Andrews, has been received in Chicago for the Crerar library.

One of the popular errors concerning the swift is the belief that it is a swallow, and it is called the chimney swallow by nine-tenths of the people. As a matter of fact, it is not even closely related to the swallows, being much more nearly akin to the humming birds and the goatsuckers.

As an evidence of the interest and earnestness of the Japanese people it is customary among the tradespeople whenever a family that they have been supplying with the necessaries of life is deprived of the father of the family in consequence of his going to the war to continue to supply all their needs the same as before and without sending any bill therefor.

Consular Agent Yensen at Bilbao, Spain, reports that a very important factor in the exportation there is that of wine, which was represented in 1903 by 2,576,702 gallons, mostly exported to France, where it is conveniently elaborated and mixed with poorer and pale colored classes. After such manipulation it is re-exported to all countries, including even Spain, as "Bordeaux."

In 1642 a party of English adventurers direct from New England attempted to settle at Oyster Bay and actually purchased the land from the Indians, but the Dutch drove them out. Eventually a compromise was made, and the Dutch and English divided Long Island between them. The first permanent settlement on the site of the present village of Oyster Bay was then made in 1653.

J. E. Manix is thirty-eight years old and a native of Northampton, Conn. At fourteen he swept the floor of a small retail store in that town and made himself generally useful at $2 a week. Up to about ten years ago he was a clerk of the Edward Malley company of New Haven. Today he is president of a company that represents forty-two large retail stores which do an annual business of $30,000,000.

There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as telephorides) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other.

The cost of the acquisition of vast territory by the United States is given in the following list: Louisiana, $15,000,000; Florida, $5,000,000; Texas $18,500,000; California and New Mexico, $15,000,000; Arizona, $10,000,000; Alaska, $7,250,000; Philippine Islands, $20,000,000; Panama canal, $40,000,000; Panama canal strip, $10,000,000; total, $140,750,000. In addition the United States when it annexed Hawaii assumed a debt of $4,000,000.

English historic oaks are with every great storm diminishing in number. Dumorey's oak, in Dorsetshire, 2,000 years old, disappeared from this cause in 1703. Wallace's oak, at Ellerslie, was 700 years old when it was blown down some fifty years ago. They still have, however, the Cowthorpe oak, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, estimated to be over 1,600 years old, and William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Great park, has attained the ripe age of 1,200 years.

Overdone.

Jasper—I often wonder why Jenkins is not more popular, for he is the most polite man I know. Jumpuppe—That is just the trouble. He is so confoundedly polite he leaves the impression that he wants to borrow money.—Town Topics.

Sometimes.

"My husband is a fatalist. He always maintains that men are not free agents."

"You must remember that your husband is married."—Town and Country.