

BANDON RECORDER.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Denmark exports 2,500,000 pounds of hony a year.

The Jersey (England) potato crop this year amounts to 52,849 tons, valued at \$23,289.

The statistics show that the average number of persons to a family in the United States is 4.7.

The Turkish minister of the navy is said to be worth \$12,000,000. His salary is \$80,000 a year.

One of a number of homing pigeons sent up from Nantes, France, boarded a ship 1,000 miles at sea.

As to crime by aliens reports show that the Americans in England are five times as criminal as the Russians and Poles.

"Camogaidhean" is the name of the game, somewhat like hockey, invented for the women of the Gaelic league in Ireland.

Bayonet fighting is now a regular exercise in the army, and it is quite as good, if not better, physical exercise than the old bayonet exercise.

The bishop of London has received a subscription of \$25 from an undertaker, who described the gift as a thank offering "because trade has been so bleak of late."

At the sale of the estate of the late Whitaker Wright at Tokenhouse yard the other day some one offered \$300,000. The wall around the estate cost \$37,000," said the auctioneer.

A barrel with a capacity of 43,800 gallons has just been completed for a great wine firm at Schiltengen, on the Rhine. A banquet was given in its interior to twenty-four people.

The most frequented lake in Europe is the lake of Lucerne. Last year twenty steamboats plied on it and carried 1,520,000 passengers and over 1,000 tons of baggage and freight.

The Australian detectives find football useful. Criminals will hide six days in the week, but they have to come out on Saturday to see the football game, and the police are on hand.

One discovery made by an exploring party in Abyssinia recently is that the river Gelo skirts the southernmost extremity of Lake Tana instead of flowing into the lake, as was hitherto believed.

The Australian government has organized an expedition to explore the region between Lake Eyre and the boundary of Queensland. This land is said to be one of the worst deserts in the world.

An engine driver was attending to the machinery at Hays wharf, Tooley street, London, when the ends of his neck scarf were caught by the shafting, and he was drawn up thirteen feet from the floor and strangled.

The insurance companies have quoted 50 per cent additional for insuring the life of Prince Obolenski, who has succeeded to the post of governor general of Finland in the room of the late General Bobrikoff, killed by an assassin.

An English thief was arrested the other day whose method was to induce little boys to take off their shoes in order to run a race and leave him in charge of the shoes. They returned breathless, he and the shoes were gone.

What is described as the biggest sale yet completed under the new Irish land act is reported from Mitchelstown. The Kingston estate, which was the theater of the land agitation in the days of Mr. Gladstone's "Remember Mitchelstown," has been acquired by the tenants.

A halibut estimated to be fifteen feet in length was seen in the Piscataqua river near Dover point recently by a number of Dover people. The fish was seen to jump out of the water several times and on every occasion made a roaring noise which could be heard a considerable distance.

The National Association of Carriage Dealers, which recently convened in Boston, had an exhibition at that place an ancient vehicle that was built in 1776 and which is still as good as new. It was built for Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, the original "Brother Jonathan."

The cuckoo plays an important part in German superstition. If an old woman wants to know how many years she has to live or a young girl when she is to be married all they have to do is to go into the woods on May day and listen for the cuckoo. The number of times it yaps is the answer. Judge John Britledge of Lacrosse, Wis., recently established a new precedent for jurists by hearing a case in the evening and appearing upon the bench in evening clothes. The case was an emergency, and the judge left a reception to convene court, going directly to the courtroom from a friend's house.

An insurance doctor at Leipzig has collected facts which show that the changes in the human blood vessels (arteriosclerosis) brought about by the use of alcohol, tobacco and other excesses, including overwork, cause 22 per cent of all deaths, whereas the much dreaded tuberculosis is responsible for only 7 per cent in that city.

In 1900 the snappers who collect lobsters along the coast of Maine paid an average of 12.85 cents per pound to the fishermen. The price increased to 13.12 cents in 1901, and in 1902 the price was 15.83 cents. Last year's price was 17.16 cents. During these four years the minimum price paid was 9 cents and the maximum 25 cents.

It is claimed for Miss Carmen Sylva, an eight-year-old singer who made her first appearance in London the other day, that her voice has one of the greatest ranges of any living singer and rises to the top G. Mme. Patti's voice did not go beyond the top D. Miss Ellen Beach Yaw's goes to the top E and Miss Edith Helena can reach the top F.

Light and Dark. Tess—Maud told me she was going to bleach her hair. Fred—How indiscreet! She really ought to keep it dark.—Illustrated Bits

The Signer. Miss Beach—I don't think he really cares for Miss Dolan. Mr. Trotter—I think he has a platonic affection for her, but he's violently in love with her father's money.—Puck

POLLY LARKIN

Now Mr. Luther Burbank, known the world over as the "Wizard of Horticulture," has again wielded his magic wand, and behold a red poppy unfolds its satin petals at his bidding and makes its initial bow to an admiring public. This wizard of flowerdom, who loves every tree, plant and shrub in the realm of nature, found a poppy in the meadow that stood out like a freak among its surrounding kin, for its little golden satin skirt was streaked with red. That was enough for Mr. Burbank, and little Miss Poppy found herself transplanted to his home near Santa Rosa, that is teeming with flowers, fruits, etc., in the various stages of experiments. For eight long years the experiment with this variegated little freak of the escholtzia family went on. Year after year the seed from this branch of the family was planted, and eagerly watched as they sent forth their buds and blossoms. If they showed the slightest tendency to return to the gold tint that rivaled the rays of the sun, off came the flower and the red was petted and coaxed, watched and tenderly cared for, and now the reward has come, the transformation is complete. Mr. Burbank has a bed of several hundred of the poppies with the blossoms varying from pink to red or a bright scarlet. The secret is out and the surprise has been hailed with delight by all flower lovers. It is a wonderful feat in nature. Hundreds would have passed this variegated poppy, simply wondering whether it caught the last blush of the sunset clouds as they sank to rest, or was it the kiss of a velvet gold and brown bee, who, intoxicated with the beauty of the rose, had lingered long in its crimson petals and while whispering the story of its new conquest to the poppy had shaken the pollen from its gauzy wings that it had brought from the heart of the rose. They would have passed on and possibly never have given it a thought. Not so with Mr. Burbank. The moment he caught sight of the flower the possibilities of a new poppy unfolded before him, and he made it a denizen of the plant life in his home, where he could tenderly watch the outcome. The texture of the flower is unchanged. It is just as rich and satiny and has just as many petals, but no more than it did in its own native heath. The only change is in its color. Before the scarlet poppy rewarded Mr. Burbank's efforts we had had several colors added to the California poppy or escholtzia. They ranged from the brilliant shades of orange to lemon, then to cream and finally a pure white. They are all beautiful, yet if we were called upon to make a selection, knowing that the rest of the poppy family would be destroyed, it would not be the red, the white, the cream or lemon poppies we would choose, but our old favorite, the pure gold or orange, California's State flower, which is typical of the perpetual sunshine of our own fair land. This scarlet California poppy has already been listed, accepted and registered in the floricultural kingdom of America, and next season it will be ready to begin its journeys abroad and mingle with other floral treasures of the same family, that have been so eagerly adopted by flower-lovers all over the land.

Speaking of Mr. Luther Burbank reminds me of a display made during the recent Knights Templar convalesce in San Francisco, when he made such an interesting exhibit in the headquarters of the Santa Rosa Commandery at the Mechanics' Pavilion. One of the greatest objects of interest was the Shasta daisies. There was fine display of these beautiful flowers, and again it showed what cultivation and a thorough understanding of plant-life would do. Many visitors both at home and abroad lingered over the lovely white flowers with the golden heads. The display in everything else, both in fruit, nuts and flowers, made a creditable showing for this part of the country, Sonoma county, where they were grown and gave the Eastern and Southern visitors, as well as those from abroad, a very lasting and pleasing impression of the varied resources of this district. Hundreds of little bags of walnuts and fruits were given away as souvenirs from this and other booths.

This souvenir question makes me think of the unenviable light a number of women, young girls and children who evidently had their orders from headquarters at home, caused themselves to be seen. Every commandery with headquarters at the Mechanics' Pavilion had made an effort to have plenty of fruits, nuts, etc., to bestow upon the Eastern visitors. It was intended, not only as a compliment to the visiting guests, but as an advertisement for each section of the country which was presided over by the Knights and ladies. Not content with taking a bunch of grapes, a pear, peach or apple, as the case might be, these people brought empty baskets from home and went from table to table filling them with choice fruits. They simply swept everything from the tables in some booths. Talking and expostulating against the injustice did no good, for they simply waited for an opportunity to go on with their depredations. Some of them appeared to be above people who would be guilty of such an injustice. They were well dressed and did not look so poverty-stricken that they would have to get their fruit by appropriating it from the tables of the different booths, not only depriving the State in a measure of the advertisement to visitors it would have been by the display and the gift of the fruits, but to

our own State Knights who had had the fruit shipped here at great expense. They were quite willing that both local and foreign visitors should enjoy the display and sample it as well, but they drew the line when it came to carrying it home by the basketful.

How people can be guilty of such an offense is a mystery to Polly, and what they are thinking about to place themselves in such an unenviable light is the query that arose in many minds as they saw the wholesale helping of themselves to the choicest fruits California had to offer. They certainly forgot that they were invited guests of the order and that it was anything but complimentary to those who had presented them with the tickets. No one could enter who did not possess a ticket or a badge, hence the parties guilty of this helping themselves to fruit from the different tables to carry away with them certainly humiliated those who had complimented them by presenting them with tickets or badges. These grown women reminded Polly of a lot of children who have not had the best of raising and who will attend a party and watch their opportunity to slip into the dining room after refreshments have been served and fill their pockets with the remaining candy and nuts on the table. No well-bred child will do it, and no person of refinement who is old enough to know better will slip stealthily around as these people did at the Knights Templar Convalesce leading their baskets with things that did not belong to them. "Tis well that the majority of people attending were not judged by the few who made their unenviable presence felt.

"Ether"—Let your traveling costume be a golden brown with hat and gloves to match. To lighten it up use a touch of the "burnt orange" in velvet, feathers or leaves combining these rich beautiful colors. This combination is one of the popular fads in fall millinery and costumes as well.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Not Afraid of Thirteen.

A good story on the so-called unlucky 13 is going the rounds which would lend "Superstitious Smith" to cover for good, says the Baltimore Sun. It is told in regard to the attractive Baltimore and Ohio Railroad advertisement which recently appeared in the Sun. The first insertion was on Friday, May 13, and an ever watchful newspaper man noted the fact, and also discovered that there were 13 trains, running on 13 different hours, and on 13 tracks; that "hourly service" had 13 letters; and "Camden Station" had 13 letters. The newspaper man in great stress of mind rushed to the telephone and called up William E. Lowes, the passenger advertising agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, to tell him of the awful fact. After a few minutes figuring Mr. Lowes replied: "Never mind, old boy; you have 13 letters in your name, and I have 13 in mine, and I was born on April 13, on Friday; besides, the president of the railroad is the thirteenth, and his room is No. 13, Camden Station. I guess it will have to go." The advertisement appeared on page 13 of the Sun.

He Knew Nothing of It.

There has just occurred at Madrid a case that is extremely rare, if not absolutely unique, in criminal annals—that of a man imprisoned on the charge of murder, and being sentenced to death and afterward relieved without his knowing it. The man, named Jose Espero Cuellar, had, in circumstances of great provocation, murdered a faithful sweetheart, and although he was in jail, trial for the crime had been conducted without his being produced or even knowing that the case had come on. Even when sentence of death was pronounced, nobody deemed it his immediate duty to inform the person most concerned. One day, some time after, reading a newspaper that had been allowed him, Cuellar there read the announcement of his reprieve, and, petitioning to see the governor of the prison learned for the first time all that had happened.

Her Parents.

The mother of a young girl recently secured a divorce from her husband and married another man, the terms of the decree providing that the daughter spend half her time with her father (who had also remarried) and half with her mother. Meeting a friend of her family after returning from a visit to one of her remarried parents, the little one was asked "how she spent her time nowadays." "Well," she replied, "I spend a month visiting my father and my mother; then the next month I go on a visit to my mother and my father."

Big Collection of Teapots.

A Washington woman has a collection of teapots large enough to fill a whole room. There are in this collection over 300 pots of china, copper and earthenware. Some of them are in the forms of dolls, monkeys, elephants and tigers. Others are in the form of houses, temples and flowers. Others still are in the form of fans, walking sticks, bracelets, birds and flowers.

A caterpillar in a month will devour 6000 times its own weight. It will take an average man three months before he eats a quantity of food equal to his own weight.

A well-known oculist states that forty men and three women to every 1000 persons are color blind.

In England ninety-nine towns own their own gas works, the average net income being \$1,947,125 per annum.

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND

POWER OF CASTE AND INFLUENCE OF THE LANDOWNING CLASS.

The Number of Things That a "Gentleman" Cannot Do Without London Social Prestige is Too Great by Far to Catalogue.

An interesting book might be written on the influence of the English landowning class. Even in these days of ubiquitous manufactures, when to look at a map of England is to wonder how it is possible for a landowning class even to exist, the social and political influence of that class is something more than maintained.

The ambition of every successful Englishman is to have "a place in the country," to get a foothold on the aspiring territorial ladder, and the ranks of the landed gentry are continually being re-enforced, more so perhaps to-day than ever before, by recruits from the industrial army. The immense utility of the English country gentleman will not be questioned by any one who really knows England.

But at the same time it is equally indisputable that the sort of life he leads—the endless indulgence in sport, the salmon stream, the grouse moor, the hunting box, the pheasant preserve and so on—is on the whole one of more or less harmless and often irresponsible idleness and that the neighborhood in which he lives is rarely apt to regard him as an apostle of strenuousness.

The "country" everywhere stands for leisure and so long as the "country" continues to represent the supreme object of an Englishman's ambition and his social ideal so long will England be leisured.

Again, in an old and stable land, with social standards as fixed as the social foundations and governed by a monarchy, the conventions play an enormous part, and the conventions in England are all against hard work. The leisure class that rules, that makes up society, that holds all the positions men naturally covet.

A sort of "Four Hundred" atmosphere permeates England. In America one gets a whiff of it on Fifth avenue and at Newport, but in England one is never away from it. The number of things, for instance, that a "gentleman" cannot do without—social caste is in England, so prodigious as to form almost a schedule of forbidden industries. There are some trades and professions that are "respectable," and those that are not.

Only an Englishman knows which is which, why a doctor ranks socially above a dentist, why a man who sells shoes is irretrievably below the manufacturer, and how the Englishman knows it by an instinct which is born in him and which he never examines and so cannot define. Any one who can tell why the merchant should consider himself and be considered by others the social superior of the biggest storekeeper in the kingdom will be well on the way toward understanding England.

The daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of knives marries the owner of the largest dry goods store in London. Why should she be thought and spoken of as having married a little, though only a little, beneath her? Personally, I do not know. I merely observe, without attempting an explanation, that the man in the wholesale business is more looked up to than the man in the retail business, that while the former is not averse to talking about his affairs, the latter is only too anxious to "sink the shop," and that social position in England is regulated by a host of perfectly factitious and conventional considerations more readily felt than expressed.

Such gradations exist of course to some extent everywhere, but nowhere are they so stereotyped, nowhere do they strike so deeply as in England. I have never yet been able to discover an Englishman who had not the social privilege of despising some other Englishman, and the lower one penetrates in the social scale the more complex and mysterious and the more rigidly defined do these lines of demarcation become.

The point is that throughout England the sense of the nobility of work for its own sake, if not actually lost, has become so confused by the intrusion of quite alien factors that the sphere of action open to a young man of what ever rank is sensibly circumscribed. The country, while democratic in form, is not democratic in spirit. It has not the gospel of work which lies at the root of American strength, American success, American democracy.

Any one who has looked into English trade unionism must have realized how largely it is mixed up with class spirit. The workman who knows that his employer drives down to the office at half past 10, takes a couple of hours for lunch, is home again shortly after 5 and thinks himself somewhat of a "chatter" if he is content with three months' holiday in a year is not likely to have a keen appreciation of the dignity of labor. His ideal insensibly becomes that of doing as little as he can, of striving to reproduce on his own plane his employer's mode of life and of regarding work as an unpalatable interruption of the real business of existence. Hence the "extremist" policy of English trade unionism.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Weekly.

Signs of Genius.

"I reckon John must have been cut out for one of these geniuses that writes for the magazines," said the old man.

"What makes you think so?"

"Can't make money enough to git his hair cut an' wash rather watch a star than dig a well."—Washington Star.

Through the Telescope.

Upgradation—You were in a railway car once when it was telescoped. What was the sensation? Atom—It made me see stars.—Exchange.

Of Course. Tommy—Pop, what makes the fountain play? Tommy's Pop—The water works, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Patients—Is my husband to be a Sheriff last week.—Yeakow's Questions

NEW SHORT STORIES

He Scored Off Whistler.

One of the keepers at Windsor on one occasion scored neatly off the late James MacNeill Whistler, who was making a study of a picturesque clump of oaks.

Mr. Whistler could not endure to have any one watch him while he was painting. He turned sharply to the intruder with the fixed and angry stare peculiar to him.

"You off!" he exclaimed. "You loush dodhopper! Don't you know better than to stand there annoying me? What possible interest can you take in what I am doing?"

"Bliss me," cried the man, "don't get excited, sir! I meant no harm, but I never in all my life, sir, saw an artist painting two pictures at once!"

"Two pictures?" exclaimed Whistler, bewildered.

"So I said, sir," replied the keeper quietly. "And I'm blessed, sir, if I don't like the one you've got your thumb through the best of the two!" And he pointed to the great palette, smeared with every conceivable tint, that Mr. Whistler held in his left hand.

Jack Was Responsible.

When Jay Hambridge, the artist, was painting the portrait of ex-President Cleveland he spent some time as a visitor at the family mansion in Princeton, N. J.

"The ex-president gave me many sittings, but one in particular," said he, "made the picture. Mr. Cleveland sat gravely in a big armchair talking. It was early in the afternoon; his face was unusually grave and lacked the expression I wanted. A tap came at the door, and in sidled his son Jack, the apple of his eye.

"Now I want my lesson in fishin', father," said the lad.

"But my son, here is Mr. Hambridge, the artist. We are busy."

"Oh, let him stay," said I.

"Very well," replied Mr. Cleveland, and the boy jumped between his father's legs and proceeded to unreeel a fishing line from a spool. He threw it across the room and out into the hall.

"It's against the rocks, father!" he shouted.

"So it is, son," was the reply; "jerk it this way carefully, gently now; don't disturb your fish. There you are. You must have a bite now. Draw it in this way, quickly, not too excitedly. And the ex-president looked into the boy's face with all the warmth of a true fisherman as Jack pulled in some toy called by him a trout that he had hidden before the make believe fishing began.

"It was during this lesson that I got my inspiration. I painted in the glow of interest and of expression that won the praise of Mr. Cleveland's intimates. But, as I told the family afterward, Jack really did it. I didn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What He Remembered.

Some years ago William T. Smalley boarded in the same house with a young man who prided himself on his likeness to the artist, though, truth to tell, he was very plain, while Mr. Smalley was quite handsome, says the New York Times. One morning at breakfast he turned to Mr. Smalley and said:

"Do you know, I am thought very like you?"

"Indeed," was the answer, "I cannot see any resemblance."

"Well, give me a good look now and tell me who I am like."

The artist looked at him steadily for a few moments and then replied:

"You look only like the boarding house martyr at the steak."

No Cause For Worry.

"Labor saving inventions never do any real harm to laboring men and women," said Professor S. P. Langley, the scientist and aeronaut. "They who bemoan the appearance of labor saving devices are unwise."

Professor Langley smiled.

"Such unphilosophical persons," he resumed, "should learn a lesson from the stable cat. Have you heard of the stable cat? It sat on the horse's back."

"Dear, dear," the horse wailed. "Now that automobiles are coming into such favor I fear I shan't be wanted."

"Nonsense," said the stable cat. "Don't carry on so, brother. The mouse trap didn't do away with me, did it?"

The Exact Amount.

"Yes," said the man who had been generous with his friends. "I've lost faith in humankind to some extent."

"To what extent?"

"Well, to the extent of about \$1,000 in blocks of \$5 and \$10 at a time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sure.

"Hardup tells me he never develops a scrippied bill."

"No, he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities."—London Judy.

THE ALBATROSS.

Its Wonderful Flights and Some Odd Beliefs About the Bird.

Of all the strange creatures seen by travelers not the least interesting is the wandering albatross. This great, feathered wanderer, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from tip to tip of its wings, will follow a ship for days at a time. Some travelers and sailors declare that they have seen a particular bird fly for weeks at a time without ever being seen to alight upon the waves.

It not merely follows the ship, but wheels in great circles around it and above it, high in the air, as if to show that it is not tired. Sometimes the bird will be seen to hang in the air with its wings apparently motionless, and the sailors say that then it is asleep.

Not only in pleasant weather will the albatross follow a ship for days and weeks, but through the most terrific storms it will continue its untiring flights. In fact, to find an albatross otherwise than on the wing is like finding a weasel asleep.

Once a year the female albatross flies away a few thousand miles to the great, lonely island rock of Tristan d'Acunha, which lifts its desolate head far in the south Atlantic, or to some equally remote place, and there lays one egg in the hollow of a rock.

The albatross has always been a bird of mystery, and in ancient times the people believed that these unwearied sea birds were the companions of the Greek warrior Diomedes, who were said to have been changed into birds at the death of their chief.

When America was discovered and ships began to sail abroad to the Pacific ocean, to double the Cape of Good Hope and to explore the "seven seas" generally, the old belief about the albatross had been forgotten by the sailors and explorers, but in their long and lonesome voyages over waters which were cut by no keel but their own and upon whose vast expanse they saw no other sail but theirs the presence of the albatross following the ship day after day became a great source of comfort and companionship. So it came to be a belief that ill luck would follow any one who killed one of these birds, and that belief is common among seafaring men of this very day.

The famous "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" is based upon this belief.

Though the superstition about the killing of an albatross bringing bad luck is only a foolish one, it has served a useful purpose for many years in preventing the slaughter of these beautiful and gallant birds—the sailors' friends and the landmen's wonder.

Up in dreary Kamchatka, that outlying part of Siberia which cuts into the north Pacific, the natives, never having heard of the superstition about the albatross, catch him and eat him. But his flesh makes such poor food that, after all, the legend may be said to hold good, for one is indeed in bad luck who has to make a meal of him.—Washington Post.

Old Home Thoughts.

Don't let your heart be troubled by the man who comes back and tells what wonderful success he has had as a result of leaving his home town. It is well enough for the sake of politeness to listen to his stories of immense business deals or fabulous salaries of wonderful offices which he was compelled to refuse because he was offered still more by some one else, but don't swallow the tales. The men who go away and succeed do not need to tell of their success. You hear of their success. It speaks for itself. You are doing better than the cheap monkeys that have to megaphone their success.

Attempt to follow their example, and you will meet with disaster.—Atchison Globe.

Stature and Illness.

According to a paper read by Dr. Shrubal before the British association, sufferers from tonsillitis, rheumatism and heart disease are of a higher stature, and sufferers from tuberculosis, nervous and malignant diseases of a lower stature than healthy individuals.

It appears that blond sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis respond to treatment better than brunettes, while in diseases of the heart the positions are reversed. It is believed that in successive generations of city life stature shows a progressive diminution and that there is an increase in brunette traits with each generation passing from rural to urban life. With increasing length of residence there is an increase of morbidity among the different classes of Londoners.

Changed His Mind.

A man of notoriously bad character, residing in a village, wished to emigrate. To obtain assistance from the emigration commissioners one must have a character, and the man accordingly asked one from his neighbors. Everybody was anxious he should go, any everybody therefore testified to his excellent reputation. No one was more astounded at this result than the man himself, and after looking at his certificate, with its long list of signatures, "Well," said he, "I had no idea I was so much esteemed in the neighborhood. I think I shan't stay."—London Tit-Bits.

Against Precedent.

"De Ritter is building a cottage for himself in the mountains, I hear."

"Yes, and for a poet he's displaying an atrocious disregard of the fitness of things. He's building right on the top of a hill."

"Well?"

"Well, by all the canons of poetry a cottage in the hills ought to 'nestle.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

Younger Generation.

Judge—Can you prove an alibi, Casey? Casey—No, your honor, I can't, but my boy Patsy can do it for ye. He's all through his arithmetic and way up in algebra.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Woman's Way.

"Jack sent me a handsome mirror for a birthday present."

"That accounts for the funny question he asked me last night."

"What did he ask you?"

"If a woman ever got too old to be pleased with a looking glass."—Pittsburg Gazette.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The American Ostrich.

The encyclopedias describe the ostrich as polygamous. In California, however, he chooses American institutions and adopts but one wife. A shallow hole scooped out in the ground serves as a nest, where every alternate day an egg is laid. Such an egg! Half a yard around the longest way and tipping the scales at three and a half pounds! A single egg would be a breakfast for a large family, though by no means an economical one. From twelve to eighteen eggs are laid. Then the forty day sitting begins, in which the male assists. Taking his shifts at night, visitors seldom see him engaged in this feminine occupation. Having many enemies in their wild estate, nature, with unerring foresight, has decreed that the hen brooding by day should match the sand, while the partner, who takes her place when the shades of evening are drawn, is the color of the night. When a week old the chicks are worth \$25 apiece and a pair of four-year-old ostriches \$500. This is no wonder, for the hen, forgetting the season in a land of perpetual sunshine, lays all the year round instead of twice a year, as in Africa. Each bird produces every nine months a crop of feathers worth about \$30, while the tourists who pay to see myster and in ancient times the people believed that these unwearied sea birds were the companions of the Greek warrior Diomedes, who were said to have been changed into birds at the death of their chief.

Problem of Medical Etiquette.

It is an ancient custom in Hungary that when a medical candidate has passed his examination with distinction and the doctor's degree is conferred sub auspiciis regis he should receive from the emperor of Austria (king of Hungary) a ring bearing the initials "F. J." set in brilliants. After a certain time he is admitted to present his thanks in person to the sovereign. In connection with this custom a curious problem recently exercised the mind of a young doctor who was serving his time in the army as a "one year volunteer." Being invited to present himself before the emperor, he was greatly puzzled how to do so, for on the one hand as a private soldier he ought to wear his shako, while on the other as a doctor of medicine he should carry his hat under his arm. In his perplexity he sought counsel of his colonel, who after careful consideration delivered himself of the following opinion:

"If the emperor speaks to you in German, which is the language of the army, you must regard yourself as a plain one-year volunteer, and you will therefore keep your shako on your head. But should his Imperial majesty address you in Hungarian this means that he sees in you a doctor of medicine rather than a soldier, and you must therefore uncover your head."—London Globe.

An Exciting Kite Experiment.

Two military kites attached by steel wire to a winch were sent up at an exhibition in England, and the wind being strong, a man named Baker decided to