

**BANDON RECORDER.**

**SIZE OF AN ATOM.**

An illustration that gives some idea of its littleness. How large is an atom? Perhaps the simplest though not the most exact way of arriving at a rough estimate of the size of atoms is by measuring the thickness of a soap bubble film where it is as thin as possible just before it bursts. A writer says: "Such a film is composed of atoms must be something like a pebble wall. Now, a pebble wall would not stand if it were not several pebbles thick, and if we had reason to suppose that it was about a dozen pebbles thick we could easily make an estimate of the size of a pebble by measuring the thickness of the wall. That is the case with the thinnest region of a soap film. It is found to have a very definite uniform thickness. It is the thinnest thing known, and by refined optical means its thickness can be accurately measured. It must contain not less than something like a dozen atoms in its thickness, and yet it is only about the twenty-millionth of an inch in thickness by direct measurement. So that the diameter of an atom comes out between one two-hundredth millionth of an inch. In other words from about 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 atoms can be edge to edge in a linear inch."

**BLADES OF GRASS.**

The Reason They Grow So Abundant. Grasses are widely distributed throughout the world in order to provide abundantly for the sustenance of a very large portion of the animal kingdom. "Grasses," says Paley, "are nature's care. Cattle feed upon their leaves, birds upon their smaller seeds, men upon the larger, for our bread corn is a grass. They thrive under treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed the more their roots increase, and the more they are trampled upon the thicker they grow. Many that seem dead and dry renew their verdure in the spring. On lofty mountains, where summer heats are not sufficient to ripen the seeds, grasses abound which are viviparous and consequently able to propagate themselves without seed." It is interesting to note in this connection that animals at liberty in their pasture to range and choose attack the leaves and leave unharmed the stalks which support the reproductive flowers.

**A CURIOUS ANIMAL.**

The Jelly-like Amoeba Has Neither Limbs, Mouth Nor Stomach. The amoeba, probably the simplest form of animal life, has neither limbs, mouth, nor stomach. Its whole anatomy consists of a simple cell of the jelly-like material called protoplasm. It moves with a flowing motion, just as a drop of glycerine might slide on a slightly inclined plane. It feeds by flowing over and engulfing minute animal or vegetable organisms that may be in its path. When it has digested its food it passes on and leaves the residue behind. The amoeba can be found on the surface of the mud at the bottom of almost any stagnant pool and is hardly visible without a microscope. It reproduces its kind by simply dividing into two when it has reached a certain size. Occasionally two amoeba merge into one, which breaks up into many much smaller ones. In times of drought the amoeba incloses itself in a hard cyst and waits until its home is wet again.

A Purpose. A purpose is a companion. An earnest purpose is the closest of companions. To fulfill duties is more than to enjoy pleasures. It carries its own reward. There is no bitter jealousy for those affectionately devoted to blessing their fellow creatures. The keeper of the lighthouse when night holds around him and the tempest holds revelry and he looks out on the ghastly glare of the breakers and hears the shrieking of the storm fennel, finds good company in the thought that the friendly light he trims will warn endangered crews of their peril and perhaps save them from death. Gifted souls find solace and companionship in their works.

Mutual Lapse of Memory. Mrs. R., who has passed the meridian of life and is ambulating down its western slope, had occasion to consult her doctor. Before he diagnosed her illness he asked her age. "Doctor," said the old lady, with some asperity, "I am just one year older than I was this time last year when you visited me professionally and asked the same question." "How old were you then?" asked the doctor. "I have forgotten." "So have I," Chicago Record-Herald.

A Deadlock. "The only way to swim," said the man who assumes to give instruction about everything, "is to have confidence." "Yes," answered the novice, "and the only way to have confidence is to be perfectly sure you can swim."—Washington Star.

Method in It. Miss Gabbie—It's strange that a girl who used to wear her hair so neatly is so careless about it now. She has a keep brushing strip locks back with her hand. Miss Chellus—That's not strange. She's got an engagement ring.—Philadelphia Press.

Message as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the borders of superfluity.—Jacobi.

The Bridegroom. You said you were going to give me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His father-in-law—Didn't I give you my daughter?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Building With One Stone. What a man can do depends on a good deal upon how much faith some good fellows have in him.—Athen.

**POLLY LARKIN**

If there was ever any class of men who needed to feel the stern and unrelenting hand of justice laid upon them, it is the "daggo" poultry dealers of San Francisco, and it would not do any harm to have the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to look in upon other poultry dealers who pride themselves upon living lives above reproach and give them a few lessons in being kind and considerate of the live poultry that is shipped from a distant town and allowed to remain hours in their cramped up coops without food or water. I said hours, when I meant a day or two at a time, and sometimes three. Some of them make a show of giving them water by placing little troughs in front of the coops and pouring water into them. But they are not guaranteed to hold water, and before a third of the scrambling chickens have fought their way to it over the other fraudulent fowls it has all leaked out and the poor birds must continue to suffer until the hand of the poultry dealer draws the merciful knife across its neck. If they are fed at all it is so little that it is only an aggravation and does not appease their hunger in the least. It is distressing to pass by these places to anyone who has any feeling for dumb creatures. But the "daggos" are worse in their treatment of poultry. They not only starve and forget to water the poultry that comes to them, but they are cruel in the extreme. Unless chickens, etc., are extremely young, they crush their breast bone as they take them from their coops, this process, it is said, being to make them appear young and tender to the would-be purchaser. The frightened, agonizing cries of the poor chickens will not soon be forgotten by those who have seen the process of making old chickens young and tender. The men guilty of this wretched practice are absolutely heartless. One or more of the biggest dealers in poultry in San Francisco are guilty as well of another cruel practice. It seems they supply some of the biggest restaurants with chickens, and it is a custom of theirs to leave the coops of the chickens that are to be killed next day open all night and two or three dogs are turned loose in the store when the owners leave for the night. The chickens soon find the door open and gladly seek their liberty to get out of the coops where they have been cramped and penned up for hours. It is a false move for them, however. From the moment they appear the fun of the dogs begins. If they escape being killed they are pursued until they are exhausted and wounded and lie suffering until the store is opened next morning, when they are dispatched in short order and dressed for the markets or the restaurants. Those that are badly torn and mutilated are served up as chicken fricasse in the cheap restaurants.

Not long since a gentleman and his wife happened to be passing one of these poultry places late in the evening, and hearing a great commotion in the poultry store, stopped to find out the trouble. A terrible and disgusting sight met their eyes. The dogs were yelping and tearing around like mad, while a number of chickens were lying dismembered on the floor. Some had their legs off, others their wings, some with part of the head missing, many were dead, others dying in their agony, and those that were left were flying frantically about to get away from the dogs. It made both of them sick, for the sight was a revolting one. Then they hunted up a policeman and took him to the scene. All he said was, "The dogs played havoc to-night, didn't they?" They let the dogs out on purpose to run them, but they don't often kill as many as they have to-night, just scare them until the blood is at a fever heat. They claim that it makes them better. "Why don't you stop this cruelty?" asked the lady. "Stop it," laughed the policeman. "You can't do anything with them fellows." "Ain't you going to do anything about this and put a stop to it before any more chickens are killed?" asked the lady angrily. "No, it wouldn't do any good. The doors are locked, I can't get in and—" "Well, I can. I shall telephone immediately to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and we'll see what can be done," she said hurrying away. "Hold on," he said, catching up with her, his whole manner changing. "I'll telephone to the proprietors and make them come down and attend to this." "Will you arrest them?" was asked. "Sure," was the response, but you can never make Polly believe he did anything of the kind. He was undoubtedly paid by the proprietors to be blind to anything that might happen, and I have no idea that he even telephoned to the inhuman beings who carried on this nefarious business.

Polly saw them pick and lay aside a chicken taken dead out of the coop that was so diseased that it was ready to fall to pieces. A portion of it was thoroughly green, yet some one bought that chicken for a mere song, possibly some cheap restaurant or a dealer in tangles on the "Barbary Coast." The chickens are kept just so long, and then if not sold go into a pickle. When there is a demand for them out they come a conglomeration of colors, green, blue and yellow predominating. They almost give you the nightmare to pass the place, but you can rest assured these pickled birds are never displayed to the public. Far from it, they are kept in the rear and brought out only for the inspection of intending purchasers from the room of horrors. You'll have the horrors, too, if you ever have occasion to pass by these places and you won't want chicken for your dinner, for a long time to come. 'Tis well that we are blind to many things in this world, for if it were otherwise we would certainly lead a miserable existence.

Oakland has a Mayor who has the interest of the city at heart and knows the value of shade trees in beautifying the streets and adding an attraction to the place that nothing else will do. The effect has gone forth, and in future employes of the telephone and telegraph companies must answer to the Board of Public Works should they mutilate shade trees in order to clear their lines of obstructions. In the past the employes of these companies have freely used axes and saws where limits of shade trades interfered with their wires, and as a result numerous complaints have been carried to the city authorities. One lady has just carried her grievances to the Mayor, the telephone companies having mutilated and ruined a number of acacia trees before her home, in spite of her protests. Mayor Olney carried it to the Board of Public Works, receiving the above decision of the Board, and also wrote a strong letter to the offenders. He has issued an order to the police to arrest anyone mutilating or removing trees without first receiving the necessary permit from the Board of Public Works. To the Mayor is largely due the planting of Telegraph avenue with American elms, and his fondness for the trees will lead him to keep a watchful eye on all would-be breakers of the law. Would that there was a Mayor Olney in every town and village.

Harmless looking little words from a grammar school speller flooded some of this town's most highly educated men and women in a spelling match last night between the Presbyterian Church and the Eastern Star Lodge, says a Chillicothe, Mo., dispatch to the Kansas City Star. Fourteen spellers on a side stumbled and fell over such words as "derision," "knoll," "yew." L. A. Chapman, president of the Board of Education, persisted in putting a final "g" on "stomach," and was sent to his seat. W. J. Gunby, who aspired to Mr. Chapman's position on the school board, was put out of the way on "yew." "Ben" Bezell, editor of the Tribune, failed on "discrepancy," while his city editor, Percy Evans, was disabled by "gregarious." "Oleomargarine" worked as much havoc as a Japanese torpedo, depleting both ranks. Frank Sparling, ex-County School Commissioner, was sent to the bench after spelling printers' "pi" in this fashion, "p-i-e." The honors were even between Mrs. J. T. Millank and the Postmaster, J. L. Schmitz, until the latter, out of gallantry, purposely missed an easy word.

Dish Wiping Not Necessary by This Device. I was privileged to visit the kitchen of the Inside Inn at St. Louis, and there saw their method of washing dishes; part of the process might be used to advantage by busy housewives. After scraping the refuse from the dishes, they are put into a large wire receptacle and dipped into boiling soap suds; from this into boiling water, then are taken out and allowed to stand for a few moments and are perfectly dry without the use of a towel. In this wise the housewife may apply the process: Clean off all scraps from the dishes, as usual, then wash in soap and water, dip cups into boiling water by their handles and put to drain in a common market basket which has holes in the bottom; then place saucers and plates and other dishes on edge within the basket and pour boiling water over them and allow to stand for a few minutes and they will be found to be beautifully dry and shining.

**THE CUNNING FOX.**

Indian Legend of Why He is Hated by the Wolf. The wolf lures the fox. According to the Iroquois Indians, this is why. One cold, wintry day a fox who was prowling about looking to see where he might steal his dinner saw a wagon coming. It was loaded with fish and was driven by some fishermen who were taking home their day's catch. "Ah, ha!" said the cunning fox. "Here comes my dinner." And he fell down and pretended to be dead. The fishermen, seeing him, picked him up and threw him into the wagon among the fish. Then the fox slyly threw out some fish and when the fishermen were not looking jumped off himself and made off with the fish he had thrown out. Pretty soon afterward he met a wolf, who said, "I am hungry, and I guess I will eat you for my dinner." But the fox said, "Would you rather not have fish for dinner?" The wolf replied that on the whole he thought he would prefer fish. Then the cunning fox told him of the trick by which he had just got his own dinner and advised him to try it. The wolf was pleased with the idea, so he ran through the woods and headed off the team which the fishermen were driving, falling down in the road before it and pretending to be dead. But the fishermen, who had by this time discovered the trick the fox had played upon them, instead of taking him into the wagon, beat him with clubs so that he barely escaped with his life. And on a hillside near by sat the fox, who laughed and laughed.

**LIGHT WAVES.**

Different Kinds Brought into Connection Produce Darkness. Every light wave, is a wave of the sea, consists of two portions, in one of which the water is lifted above the general average level of the surrounding ocean and in the other is depressed below it. These two portions form the "crest" and the "trough" of the wave respectively.

**BRIEF REVIEW.**

Small Words Their Waterloo. Harmless looking little words from a grammar school speller flooded some of this town's most highly educated men and women in a spelling match last night between the Presbyterian Church and the Eastern Star Lodge, says a Chillicothe, Mo., dispatch to the Kansas City Star. Fourteen spellers on a side stumbled and fell over such words as "derision," "knoll," "yew." L. A. Chapman, president of the Board of Education, persisted in putting a final "g" on "stomach," and was sent to his seat. W. J. Gunby, who aspired to Mr. Chapman's position on the school board, was put out of the way on "yew." "Ben" Bezell, editor of the Tribune, failed on "discrepancy," while his city editor, Percy Evans, was disabled by "gregarious." "Oleomargarine" worked as much havoc as a Japanese torpedo, depleting both ranks. Frank Sparling, ex-County School Commissioner, was sent to the bench after spelling printers' "pi" in this fashion, "p-i-e." The honors were even between Mrs. J. T. Millank and the Postmaster, J. L. Schmitz, until the latter, out of gallantry, purposely missed an easy word.

**HAVE YOU A HOBBY?**

An Excellent Aid is Said to be Good For Mind and Body. The best thing in the world for nerves is sleep, the next proper food, the third proper dress. But as good as any one of these is a hobby. How often does one hear the expression, "Oh, that is So-and-So's hobby," spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic rather to be pitied. The truth of the matter is that any one who has any special fondness is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation or is simply an enthusiasm or even mentioned slightly as a fad, is eminently desirable. "I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a spark of our humanity. It is the will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us until we are called hence." Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life.—Promoters of Health, Peace and Happiness.—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Helpful Spirit. There had at first been six names on the list of candidates to be sent by popular vote from the little seaport town to the great fair, but gradually the list had dwindled, for two of the candidates went so far ahead of all the others that it became a farce to retain the other names. "I was when affairs had been at this point for three weeks, and within twenty-four hours of the time set for counting the last votes, that Miss Mattie Hawley met one of the candidates on the street. "I don't know what to do," said Miss Mattie with a distressed look in her eyes. "I want you to go, and I want her to go, so at last I bethought me how I could help you both. So I went into Jones' and bought ten dozen cakes of soap and put half the compounds in for you and half for her."—Youth's Companion.

Hearing Restored by Lightning. William Coles of Pittsboro, who has been very deaf, has had his hearing partially restored, the result of being stunned by lightning, and declares his hearing is almost as good as ever. During a thunder-storm the house of O. R. Alderman was struck by lightning and several members of the family were stunned. Mr. Coles, who is 91 years of age and Mr. Alderman's father-in-law, felt a peculiar sensation in his ears at the time, and later discovered that his hearing had greatly improved.

An Englishman's Income. The total income of the people of the United Kingdom, as estimated by Sir Robert Giffen and Professor Bowley, approaches \$10,000,000,000. Our population at this moment is as nearly as possible 43,000,000. Dividing \$10,000,000,000 by 43,000,000, we get nearly \$235 as the annual income per head of the British people. Taking a family of five persons, we see that the average income per family is about \$1175 per annum.

Rat Found in Paris. Among the sights in the city of Paris is a regular rat pound, where the services of the rodents are utilized for removing the flesh from the carcasses of dead animals. A horse thrown in over night is quite stripped by morning, and it is the regular work of men in charge to remove the polished bones.

There are 44,000 hotels in the United States, representing an invested capital of over six billion dollars. These establishments employ 3,500,000 persons.

The largest pontoon bridge in the world is at Calcutta and is a permanent structure.

**GORGEOUS MALE ATTIRE.**

Law Against Sartorial Excesses in the Seventeenth Century. Considering the way women are maligned in these days for their fondness for purple and fine linen, it is rather a shock to find that the sumptuary laws of the past were directed mainly against male excesses in the matter of dress. There is, for instance, an ordinance issued by the lord mayor and common council of London in 1611 with regard to the dress of prentices, who were in many cases the sons of wealthy city merchants, gaining "freedom of the city" by apprenticeship. It was ordained in the proclamation, among much else, that they should wear "no hat lined, faced or tufted with velvet, silk or taffety, nor any lawn bands nor lace-edged collars nor any puffed sleeves or other support about the collars of their doublets nor breeches or doublets of any kind of silk nor gloves garnished with silver or gold lace, velvet or silk nor girdles or garters or shoe ties of silk or ribbon nor any rose or such like toys at all upon the shoes or garters nor sleeves held out by a framework of wire nor silk stockings nor Spanish leather shoes nor any shoes with high heels nor any hose done up with any tufts or locks, but cut close in decent manner."

**LINCOLN TO YOUNG MEN.**

He Urged Them to Bear Their Share in Political Life. Abraham Lincoln's belief that young men should get up and show what they can do, without waiting to be sought out by older folk, is set forth in the following letter written to William H. Herndon, then at Washington, under date of June 22, 1848: As to young men, you must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, as you go along gather up all the shrewd, well boys about town, whether of just age or a little under age—Chris Logan, Redick Ridgely, Lewis Zwiler and hundreds such. Let every one play the part he can play best, some speak, some sing and all "holer." Your meetings will be of evening; the older men and the women will go to hear you, so that it will not only contribute to the election of "old Zach," but will be an interesting pastime and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged. Don't fail to do this. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**MUSHROOMS ON TREES.**

The Method by Which They Are Cultivated in Japan. Mushrooms grown on trees form an important article of export from Japan to China. Shikoku Island, where much camphor is produced, is the chief home of this industry. The method employed is as follows: Oak trees about thirty years old are felled in the autumn, and incisions are made with axes at intervals of three or four inches. The trees are then cut into logs four or five feet long and are left in dark secluded parts of the forest. After three or four weeks their appearance in the incised portions, and when the crop shows signs of growing this fresh logs are provided. These mushrooms will grow at every season of the year, but in winter and spring artificial stimulus is needed, which is supplied by steeping the logs in water and striking them with mallets or axes to prepare the beds and facilitate the growth. The autumn crop is the largest. The mushrooms after being collected are dried by the sun or by artificial heat. In the stilly night. The chemist's night bell rings furiously, and with a much rattled, rattled, worthy dispenser dressed and opened his shop door. "I want a bottle of soda water, please," said the complacent individual who stood without. "For a moment Mr. Squills was inclined to be personal, but then he reflected that, since he had come down, he might as well do business. "Sispenze, please," he said. "Two-pence will be allowed on the bottle when returned." Then he went back to bed. Two hours later he was awakened by another ring. Again he descended, to find the same complacent customer at the door. "Here's your bottle," he remarked. "Gimme my tuppence." He got it, but the chemist's remarks about some people's impudence were really unprofessional. — London Telegraph.

Melons and Snuff. Of that great lady, Charlotte of Bavaria, the Marquisse of Crewey in her memoirs says: "The diet of this illustrious person was largely composed of salt beef and soup made of beer; also a certain horrible ragout of fermented cabbage which made the whole castle stink when she partook of it. She called it 'schmarrn,' and she used to compel her guests to eat it. Indeed she made a sort of patriotic persecution of it, so that every one tried to evade her dinners. She would eat the most horrible messes—prunes and pears cooked with lard and onions, salads made of raw herrings and apples soaked in oil and mustard, pasties of oysters' flesh and snails. She powdered her melon with Scotch snuff."

A Strict Old Lady. A certain noble family in Scotland adopted the Elizabethan faith and carried its ideas regardless of expense. On the first introduction of the full choir service into the local church the great lady, who had been active in the work, was anxious that a favorite woman servant of hers—a Presbyterian of the old school—should have an opportunity of hearing the service. Accordingly she took her down to church in the carriage and on returning asked the old woman what she thought of the music. "Oh, it's verra bonny. But, oh, my lady, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath!"

Capable Both Ways. Pretty Daughters—So you don't like Jim? Her Father—No. He appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughters—But what objection have you to George? Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.

**ARE WOMEN NERVOUS?**

A London Critic Declares They Are Stronger Than Ever Before. Women of the present day are said to be more nervous than women at any previous period. This, of course, is largely the opinion of pessimists expressed in an exaggerated manner. Undoubtedly the woman of today suffers from "nerves." But this has always been a common complaint among women at all times. The last generation was neurotic; earlier generations had insistently convenient attacks of "neurosis." The pessimist never wearies of enlarging upon the strain and stress of modern life, the rush of travel, the restlessness of great social centers, the incessant poaching on the hours of the night, the eternal increase in the number of working women. Yet in reality if the strain on women be greater than ever the fact that they are able to endure it proves an increase in nervous power rather than a decrease. The woman who works for her living today has far stronger nerves than her predecessors ever possessed. She stands the strain year in and year out. The woman of a few generations ago could not have stood it for a month. It is also futile to point to the rush of modern travel as a nerve destroying force. At the present day there is less nervous waste in crossing a continent than there was a hundred years ago in a journey from London to Bath in the stuffy interior of a lumbering coach. Where among the women of old, whose nerves are so lauded, could we find the woman who could drive a motor car without remark or who could cycle through a street crowded with traffic? The most competent authorities declare that never in the history of the race has so excellent a type of woman been evolved as the average woman of today.—London Express.

**USE OF PERFUMES.**

Strike Always to Have the Older Daintily and Clean Smelling. There is no minor detail of the toilet on which some people express themselves so loudly as on the abuses of perfumes. When they dislike scent they stop short of few opprobrious terms concerning the scented. Analyzed, the disgust that a highly scented person inspires among many of the refined is chiefly to be traced to dislike of the "loudness" of a dominant, assertive fragrance and a peculiar, enervating nausea to which its continued presence conduces. A garden of flowers is the ideal of all scents. Note that in a garden first the mignonette yields a cleanly, exquisite whiff, then the breeze wafts the incense of carnations, the richness of roses or the sweetness of heliotrope. If a creeper or plant be heavily perfumed one's instinct is to keep clear of it—a passing breath is enough. Even the honeyed bean fields cloy. The secret of the agreeably perfumed is also to be found in an abstention from a strong appeal to the noses of their neighbors and in a well planned variety. Sachet perfumes and the aroma from sweet scented roots and woods are more cleanly and refreshing than prepared essences. A box of cedar or sandalwood gives a delicate fragrance to furs and woollens unrivaled. Lavender is faintly balsamic as well as a rich perfume. It may be placed among house linen and clothing in profusion without giving a sensation of satiety. Orris root is another of the welcome odors, never cloying. The ideal to be aimed at is of the faintest. Not the stimulation of a walking flask of perfume.—New York Globe.

**KITCHEN DON'TS.**

Don't use knives for scraping the table and pots. Don't crumple up your dish towels. Rinse and hang them in the sun. Don't black a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacking and less polish. Don't put damp towels and napkins in the hamper. Dry them first or they will mildew. Don't put tin pans on the stove to dry. They become heated, the solder loosens and they soon leak. Don't put a greasy spoon on the table. It leaves a stain which requires time to erase. Put it in a saucer. Don't pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion. Don't clutter up the kitchen when getting a meal, because it will take hours to clean up after the meal is over. Don't pour boiling water and soap on grease spots. Moisten the spots first with a cold saturated solution of soda, then scrub them with the grain of the wood, using cold soapsuds.—Exchange.

Eggs in Bed Gowns. For eggs in bed gowns select about one half dozen sound potatoes as near of a size as possible, wash them thoroughly, peel them carefully and put them in the oven to bake. When quite done and nicely browned take them out, cut a small bit off the top, scoop enough of the potato out so that you can pour a raw egg into each without breaking the yolk and season with salt, cayenne and paprika to taste; then put them in the oven again, and when the eggs are set dust them over with fine breadcrumbs, add a small piece of butter and serve on a hot plate at once, garnished with parsley or water cross.—Vogue.

**The Kitchen Mirror.**

A good sized, clear glass mirror in the kitchen is a great comfort to the woman who has to answer the front door for so long and is conducive to her health, for what woman ever looked at herself scowling? A necessity in the kitchen is a reliable clock.

**Sarcasm.**

He—If I had known how sarcastic you were, I never would have married you. She—You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?

**Where Sisters Dress Alike.**

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and say day you may see in the country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen, who belong to the same family, and their clothes will show. It is easy thus to distinguish the members of a family anywhere, and not infrequently the sisters are called by their favorite flower or color.

**CHOICE MISCELLANY**

Turns on Its Pedestal. The gradual rotation of a large granite ball, weighing two tons, on a pedestal of the C. B. Merchant monument in the Marion cemetery is attracting the attention of local scientists. During the last five years the ball has turned as though on its axis thirteen and three-quarter inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot six inches in diameter was left in the socket of the pedestal. A year ago it was noticed that the unpolished spot was turning upward on the south side of the monument. The revolution of the huge ball is supposed to be due to the swelling of the south side of it, causing it to expand, while the north side, resting in the shade most of the time, remains the same, a turning motion being imparted as the result. The ball is of such size that unless a derrick were used it could not be turned to its present position, and although the superstitious have advanced other theories, the phenomenon is attributed simply to the results of heat and cold. Marion (O.) Dispatch to Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Whistler to His Mother.**

Extracts from a letter from the painter Whistler to his mother have found their way into print. It is a very tender letter. It shows the other side of the character of the artist, and he dipped his pen in gall and wrote "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." My Own Dearest Mother—I have been so grieved to hear of your being ill again, and now I am delighted to hear better news of you. Do not let me know of me at all interfere with your rapidly getting quite well, for I am happy to tell you that my own health is capital, and the weather alone, in all its uncertainty, retards my work, which, however, is now very nearly complete, so that I look forward to being with you soon. Perhaps tomorrow may be fine, and then Venice will be simply glorious. This amazing city of palaces becomes really a fairyland, created, one would think, especially for the painter. I have fifty pastels. They are much admired here, and I think rather well of them myself, though sometimes I get a little despondent. So, you see, I have not been without friends, and not absolutely forlorn and cheerless. It is the same old story, my dear mother—I am at my work the first thing after the capital, and this night, and loving you all the while, though not writing to tell you. Your fond son, JAMIE.

**A Profitable Plague.**

We have been long accustomed to look upon locusts as a plague to be deplored, so that it is a satisfaction to know that these pests are of some practical use to man. Mr. Raphael Dubois has discovered that the egg of a locust contains a kind of yolk and that when it is squeezed there flows from it a thick liquid which resembles honey and is of commercial value.

Treated cold with equal parts of ether and alcohol, this yolk yields a yellow oil when evaporated in the open air. This can be made of the consistency of butter or hardened like soap. It will also burn like alcohol if placed in a warm tin.

The proportion of oil amounts to about 5 per cent of the bulk of eggs. As locusts can be swept up by thousands, a large quantity of oil can be thus easily obtained. In France women and children are paid for collecting these eggs into barrels at the rate of 50 centimes for every kilogram.—London Mail.

**A Fasting Serpent.**

A large Japanese python which died at the Museum of Natural History in Paris a couple of years ago had refrained from eating for two years and nine months. It arrived at the museum in 1869 and was in the fullest health and strength. It was eight long, of brilliant coloring, enormous diameter and of a singularly aggressive disposition. Its keepers, finding that it refused ordinary food, pressed every dainty upon it which was known to tickle the palate of reptiles—geese, ducks, sheep, hens—but it would have none of them. It passed away after a voluntary fast of two years and nine months.

**English Girls Smoking in Public.**

It is a regrettable but certainly undeniable fact that smoking among women and especially among young girls is becoming increasingly common. Though it has been recognized as a practice in private life for some time past, to smoke openly in restaurants and other public places has not been looked upon as quite comme il faut, but during the last season or two it has grown more general at restaurants. This year a further stage has been reached, and at Goodwood many quite young girls were to be seen smoking in the luncheon pavilion.

**Proved His Age.**

When Hamilton T. Scott, aged seventy-two, applied to the Ohio state pension commissioner for a pension under the age act and was asked to furnish some proof of his age he surprised Commissioner W. L. Curry by offering the affidavit of his mother. She is Mrs. Mary Scott, 678 Tree street, Philadelphia, where she celebrated her one hundred and first birthday anniversary on Aug. 12. Her affidavit will support her son's application for an age pension, he being past the three-score and ten point. The fact is believed to be unprecedented.

**Train Catarrh in America.**

Train catarrh has as yet no name in America or anywhere else, but here is its christening. The present writer has lately spent four nights in sleeping berths on American trains, and he has spent many other nights on continental trains. Always there has resounded the catarrh, produced, one may presume, by changes of temperature and dust. Many travelers have suffered in the same way. What do the doctors say about this form of disease?—London Chronicle.

**Where Sisters Dress Alike.**

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and say day you may see in the country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen, who belong to the same family, and their clothes will show. It is easy thus to distinguish the members of a family anywhere, and not infrequently the sisters are called by their favorite flower or color.