

# BANDON RECORDER.

## THE PORCUPINE.

In his liking for salt an Aqueduct or a Natural Taste?

Some men who were camping in the Adirondacks several years ago on breaking camp in the autumn left an old tub which was saturated with salt brine. On returning to the same camp the next year they found that the tub had been gnawed until little of it was left. They were not long in finding out what animal had done the work, for the camp was overrun with Canadian porcupines. At night they became such a nuisance that the campers were obliged to kill them to protect their property. The handle of a paddle was gnawed half through.

The explanation of their presence in such numbers during that year, when they had not been noticeably abundant in the previous year, is that they had made a rendezvous of the camp, being attracted by the old brine tub. On this they fasted all winter and for that reason were greatly pleased with the locality.

An interesting query is this: Is the liking for salt an acquired or a natural taste? Were they ever able to gratify that taste to any extent before man gave them a chance to do so?—St. Nicholas.

## PUNISHED BY PROMOTION.

**Curious Laws That Prevailed in the Florentine Republic.**

The Florentine republic had a unique method of dealing with its too ardent democrats. In 1233 the state passed the famous "Magna Charta of Florence," to curb the cruelty and rapacity of the lawless nobles, who, in defiance of the law courts, were accustomed to will. The act practically disfranchised these titled barons by a clause which excluded them from the signory—a body in the state corresponding to the British cabinet—unless they renounced their nobility.

This curious provision prepared the way for a still more extraordinary clause, which enacted that any member of the democratic party who made himself obnoxious to the government and was by them declared to be guilty of treason to the commonwealth should be given a patent of nobility and thus at the same moment be raised in the social scale and reduced to a political nobody at the will of the state.—London Telegraph.

## The Nourishing Chestnut.

The London Lancet finds that the chestnut is the most digestible nut and cannot only take the place of the potato, as in France, where chestnuts, boiled and mashed like potatoes, make a delicious dish, but in reality they are a more perfect form of food. According to the Lancet's analysis of the potato and the chestnut, the latter contains less water, more protein, more fat and starch, but less mineral matter than the potato and is more digestible than the latter. Like the potato, also, its nutritive and digestive qualities are greatest when baked or roasted.

## When Peoples Die.

A Viennese naturalist declares that nearly all peoples that die from natural causes close their lives between midnight and midnight, only a few between midnight and morning and fewer still in daylight. Most peoples seem aware of their approaching death, seeking out particular places and there awaiting the end, while those whose lives are spent underground come to the surface before death.

## MARCONI'S CHOICE.

**Young Irish Girl Who Won the Inventor's Affections.**

Rumor has signor Guglielmo Marconi affianced to at least half a dozen different young women since his discovery in wireless telegraphy first made him famous. But it remained for Chevalier Marconi to choose for his bride an Irish beauty, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, who did not take the public into his confidence long in advance of his wedding.

Signor Marconi's father was born in Italy, but his mother was of Irish nationality, so his choice of a bride from the land of Erin is appropriate. She is



**The Girl Who Captured Marconi's Heart.**

Vivacious and witty, is the daughter of the fifteenth Baron Inchiquin and is one of eight sisters. She can trace her descent from the famous Irish monarch, Brian Boru, who was king of the Emerald Isle from 1012 to 1014 and was slain at the head of his army at the battle of Clontarf. His grandson, Turlogh, king of Munster, had four sons, the third of whom was the progenitor of the Barons Inchiquin.

## The Copts of Egypt.

The Copts in Egypt are the bookkeepers and scribblers; they are also the jewelers and embroiderers. Their ancient tongue has fallen into disuse and is practically a dead language. They now use Arabic, like all the rest of the nation, but the speech survives in their church service, a part of which is still given in the old tongue, though it is said that even the priests themselves do not always understand what they are saying, having merely learned the sentences by heart, so that they can repeat them as a matter of form.

# POLLY LARKIN

"My wife has changed more than any woman I ever knew, Polly," said a man in an aggrieved tone the other day. "You surely have noticed it," he continued. "I don't know what it is, but there does not seem to be that bond of sympathy between us that there used to be, and we seem to get farther and farther apart every day. She is no more like the woman I married than night is like day. Now, I haven't changed one bit. I treat her just like I have always done."

This was more than Polly could stand patiently, and to prevent my temper rising like a thermometer on a bright July morning, I had to express my sentiments. "Do you?" I replied, and by the pained way in which he looked at me, he must have discovered that there was a ring of irony in the query. "You were one of the most devoted lovers I ever saw; never wanted to leave her side, and guarded her with a jealous care that caused many a friend to wonder if it would continue when you were married and settled down. You took her violets in their season, clusters of carnations, sometimes roses and dainty bunches of lilies-of-the-valley and maiden-hair when you could get them. Nothing in the flower line was too good when you were trying to win this little blossom to preside over your home. Once a week, to say the least, you took her a nice box of French mixed candy. You took her buggy riding, and in fact, tried to anticipate every wish. You were a jealous lover, too, and did not want any one else to pay her the slightest bit of attention; resented the efforts of any young man to make it pleasant for her or to pay her the little courtesies that are dear to every woman's heart, and which every one felt was due this sweet, winsome girl. In those days you felt flattered and congratulated yourself upon her having chosen you out of her many admirers to walk through life with, when it was really your selfish determination to woo and win her in spite of all obstacles. You simply crowded the others out and didn't give them half a chance. If you had pursued a different course you would have never won her, and it would have been better for you both if such had been the case. You need a wife who is as selfish and domineering as yourself. Such a wife you would respect and fear, and the result would be that you would be much more thoughtful and considerate."

I have watched your wife fade and lose the hue of the roses from her cheeks, and the little tense and pathetic lines become deeper about the sensitive mouth, and the big violet eyes that formerly sparkled with pleasure and merriment become dull and faded, and heavy-looking from the weight of unshed tears that she was too brave to show. You have humiliated her many times, and I have been a witness to it on more than one occasion. I have seen her sitting quietly at home, surrounded by her little children, while you were galavanting night after night with girls and women, leading them to believe that you were a single man. Every summer of your life, you think it is necessary for you to have a vacation, and you go off well-dressed, money in your pocket, and you never deny yourself a single luxury on the trip. When has she had a vacation? Never but two in all your married life to my certain knowledge. No, both can't go—only must stay home and keep the house going, look after the children, and drudge and economize. She does not need any rest; why should she? She only does all the sewing and mending for the household, washes and irons, cooks, washes dishes, looks out for the four children, ministering to them day and night, bears and helps them with their lessons. She has had twelve years of this. Is it any wonder that she has faded, and her once beautiful eyes have become dim? Do you remember that old adage, "a man works till set of sun, but a woman's work is never done"? No truer saying was ever uttered for the majority of women never find time to rest. A man goes out in the morning, he has his trip to his business, he takes time to read the newspaper, he sees new faces and meets old acquaintances. He goes to work at 8 o'clock and takes an hour at noon, goes to a restaurant and has his lunch, and resumes his work at one o'clock and quits at 5. He is through for the day.

He varies what he considers his very prosy life by attending his various lodges and the banquets given by them, takes in the races occasionally, hears some good lecture, etc. You are one of those greatly abused men (in your own mind), and you should have never married. You are not the kind that love a home life and appreciate a good, true little wife, and enjoy the companionship of your children. You say you haven't changed, but your wife has; it is any wonder when you look back upon the past twelve years of your life, that to-day she is a tired and disappointed woman? You say you haven't changed. I don't agree with you, you have changed, and sadly too. You are not the lover that wooed and won the beautiful girl promising to love, cherish and honor her—a vow you failed utterly to keep. Pleasant and congenial always with people on the outside and across and crabbled at home. Do you ever take your wife home flowers as you did of yore? Do you ever take her a box of candy or a book or magazine or some other little gift to let her know

that you are thinking of her and that you appreciate her? Just turn the searchlight of conscience on your own life when you are trying to discover flaws in that little wife of yours who has been as true as steel to you. Would you have put up with one-hundredth part of the treatment that you have given her?"

"Don't go any farther, Polly, you have thrown the searchlight upon me, and it has ferreted out all the little mean acts and I see myself now as others see me. I haven't done right and I admit it. It has been years since I even thought of taking flowers or anything else for that matter, home to my wife. Why she hasn't left me long ago is a mystery to me when I take a glance down the avenues of the past, and every little nook and corner of my past life seems to have been ferreted out by this searchlight you have thrown upon me. I feel humiliated and ashamed, but I will profit by it and turn over a new leaf, and if regret and effort to retrieve the past will do any good I will win back the love of my wife, and bring the roses back to her cheeks and the sparkle and luster to her beautiful eyes again." I believe he is sincere in what he said and that he will try to atone for his past neglect of the little wife who had lost confidence, love and respect for him. It is the only way to insure happiness when he is old and descending the hill of life, instead of bitterness, regret and loneliness being his portion. If it is too late—then he must drink the cup of remorse to the very dregs, and he has himself alone to blame for it.

"I'm going home to see that old sweet heart of mine," said a young man the other day, and when I found out it was his gray-haired mother, my respect for him went up many degrees.

# WOMAN AND FASHION

# ART OF GOLD BEATING

**A Dainty Garment.**  
What a wealth of dainty odd waists one can have for afternoon or evening if one can fashion them herself. With a simple model like the one illustrated it is an easy task, and the result is a marvellously becoming neck. The waist may be made high neck in a chiffon taffeta of the rare gobelin blue or in a delicately shaded crepe de chine.



**Waist for Spring.**  
This ribbon is first cut into 200 squares and placed in the "cutch," which is a pile of square pieces of a peculiar paper, part animal and part vegetable in composition, the preparation of which is a secret. The best catches are made in London. A square of gold is placed between each two leaves and the whole mass is ready for the first beating.

**Lace Coats.**  
Lace coats to be worn over light gowns will take the place of silk and chiffon wraps during the spring season. These garments will be smart for men and out of door frocks as well, the material used for lining being the mark by which their special usage will be determined.

**Fashion Fancies.**  
Sunshades of heavy linen bid fair to be popular with the summer girl. Deep clerical collars and cuffs of knife plated lawn are modish and laudable.

**Embroidered Evening Wraps.**  
Some of the embroidered evening wraps rival Joseph's coat for diversity of coloring.

**The Real Old Fashioned Little Sailor Hat.**  
The woman who has an eye to the beautiful cannot do better than make herself several of the new tapestry girdles in different shades.

**Profitable Pony Raising.**  
"It is a wonder to me," said T. W. Moulton, of New Orleans at the Shoreham, "that the opportunity of making money by breeding Shetland ponies is so greatly overlooked. Here is a business that is light, pleasant and profitable. Good specimens of these ponies are always in demand by people of means, who buy them for the pleasure of their children. It is a very common thing for a Shetland to sell for \$100, and they often bring more. They are easy to raise and, being small eaters, their keep is not expensive. I have a friend down South that makes a comfortable living out of a little herd of these ponies, and it is by no means his principle occupation."

**Then He Sat Down.**  
A lawyer was examining a witness in a case where the question involved was as to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged woman, had testified to finding the testatrix falling childlike, and that when she spoke to her she looked as though she did not understand. The cross-examining attorney tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing so. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how did she look? Did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?" "Well, yes," replied the witness very softly; "kind of vacant like."

**Motor Omnibuses in England.**  
The question of running motor omnibuses from some of the present outside termini to outlying districts of Sheffield, England, has been considered, but as the corporation has not the power to run such vehicles under the existing acts, it has been decided to apply for the necessary authority in the next Parliamentary bill.

**In one town's stomach have been found seventy-seven thousand-legged worms, in another's thirty-seven tent caterpillars, in another's sixty-five gypsy moth caterpillars and yet in another's fifty-five army worms.** Thirty large caterpillars have been fed to a load in less than three hours.

**The idle and shiftless are soon run down by these methods and are put at forced labor or sent out of the state.** The honest and industrious, but unfortunate, are helped to reach places where their kind of work is needed, and in default of finding such within a reasonable time, they are furnished labor on the land belonging to the cantons.

**"The World Do Move."**  
In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

**Friends are people who don't get too well acquainted.**

# MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

**The Wonders of the Brain Seen in the Fraction of a Second.**  
It is not unusual to hear one say that he has been dreaming about something all night, when possibly his dream occupied only a very short time. Many attempts have been made to measure the time occupied in a dream, and records appear from time to time in the papers showing that often elaborate ones occupy but a few seconds. The following incident is told by a gentleman who vouches for its accuracy:

He was engaged one afternoon with a clerk in verifying some long columns of figures that had been copied from one book to another. The numbers, representing amounts in dollars and cents, were composed of six or seven figures. The clerk would read, for instance, "Fourteen, one forty-two, twelve," making the amount of \$14,142.12, and the gentleman would answer, "Check," to indicate that the copy was correct. Page after page had been read as rapidly as the words could be uttered, each number receiving the "check." The work was drab, and it was with difficulty he could keep his eyes open.

Finally sleep overcame him, and he dreamed—dreamed of an old horse he had been accustomed to drive twenty-five or thirty years ago. He could not recall any special incident connected with the dream except the locality and the distinct sight of the horse and of the buggy to which he had driven him. He awoke suddenly and, as a number was called, called "check." He was conscious of having slept and of having dreamed and said to the clerk: "Charlie, I have been asleep. How many of those numbers have I missed?" "None," he replied. "You have checked every one." Close questioning developed the fact that of the figures \$14,142.12 he had heard the fourteen and the twelve, but had slept and dreamed during the time occupied in rapidly uttering the words "one forty-two." He tried by reading other numbers to measure the time and thinks it could not have been more than half a second.

Another story is told of a man who sat before his fire in a drowsy condition. A draft blowing across the room set a large photograph on the mantel to swaying. A slender vase was in front of it, and the man remembers wondering, in a mood of whimsical indifference, whether the picture would blow forward and send the vase to the floor.

Finally a gust of wind did topple the picture, and it struck the vase. The man remembers having been curiously relieved in his state of drowsiness that at last "old time was going to fall and be done with it."

Presently he was in the midst of a complicated business transaction in a western city miles away. All the details of a new and unheard of scheme were coming forth from his lips, and a board of directors was listening. The scheme prospered. He moved his family west. Fragments of the journey, thither and glimpses of the fine houses he bought came before his vision.

A crash woke him. The vase had struck the floor. He had dreamed an unlivable life covering years, and all in the time it took for the vase which he had seen toppling before he fell asleep to fall five feet and break.—Youth's Companion.

**Japanese Idea of Beauty.**  
Professor Okakura of Tokyo in a lecture delivered in this country said that the Japanese ideal of feminine beauty varied a little between Tokyo and Kyoto, but on the whole the Japanese considered that a woman should not exceed five feet in height, should have a comparatively fair skin and be well developed, should have long, thin and jet black hair, an oval face, with a narrow straight nose, rather large eyes, nearly black thick eyelashes, a small mouth hiding behind full lips, even rows of small white teeth, ears not altogether small, thick eyebrows and a medium forehead, from which the hair should grow in circular or Fujiyama shape—that is, a shape recalling the truncated cone of the famous volcano.

**It Reminded Him.**  
The best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well authenticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut.

On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said and, smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Why, I cut your hair this morning, sir," said the astonished barber.

**Evidence at Hand.**  
"Ah," sighed the man with the scanty hair, "Shakespeare spoke truly when he said, 'The evil that men do lives after them.'"

For, he it said, the scanty haired man had recently married a widow with a ten-year-old son who was a terror.—Chicago News.

**The Main Point.**  
"I will have a great deal to say when I get started," said the young congressman.

"My friend," answered the veteran, "it isn't the man who has things to say that counts. It's the man who gets a chance to say them."—Washington Star.

**Early Training.**  
"We think baby will make a great politician!"

"Why?"

"Well, he crawls out of everything so easily."—Puck.

**Speed of the Gulf Stream.**  
It is said that the gulf stream is running so much more rapidly than formerly that sailing ships cannot make headway against its current. This "river in the ocean" is caused by the waters of the gulf of Mexico piling up until that oval cauldron rises two or three feet higher than the waters in the mid-Atlantic. Florida strait, about ninety miles broad, forms the only narrow outlet, through which flow Key West and Cuba, at a speed of eight or ten miles an hour.

# NEW SHORT STORIES.

**John Sherman a Fighter.**  
Judge D. K. Watson of Ohio, former member of the congress, but now a member of the commission to codify the laws, tells the story of how one day he called on John Sherman when he was secretary of the treasury. In the course of the visit Mr. Sherman became reminiscent.

"Do you know," he said, "that when Judge Ewing adopted my brother William and sent him to West Point everybody was amazed that he did not send me instead of Bill, as everybody called him, for I was the fighter of the family."

"Lancaster in the days of my boyhood consisted really of two towns—North Lancaster and South Lancaster. I had, by whipping every boy of my size in North Lancaster, gradually become the bully of our village, and a blacksmith's son had by the same process become the bully of South Lancaster. It was inevitable that sooner or later we two champions must meet and fight it out."

"So one Saturday afternoon we went outside the town and got ready for the fight. Both of us stripped to the waist, and we had just squared off for the first blow when my brother-in-law, who was mayor of the town, drove up in a buggy. The first thing I knew I felt the sting of his buggy whip across my bare shoulder, and then he took me by the scruff of the neck, and dragging me over to the buggy, told me that what I had just got was only a foretaste of what I would get when I arrived home."

"Then he turned to the blacksmith's son and told him that his father was on his way to the battleground, and that by the time his father got through with him he and I would have nothing to choose as to who had got the worst thrashing. I know that I got an awful thrashing, and the blacksmith's boy told me he got the worst one of his life. Certainly we never fought it out as to who was the real champion of Lancaster."

**Two Letters.**  
There was recently a passage at arms between Miss Marie Correll, the novelist, and a certain Miss Coals, a schoolmistress, who has a class immediately across the street from the writer's home. Part of the school exercises, it seems, consists in the study of music, and this proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Correll.

So the following note was sent across to the music teacher: "Miss Correll presents her compliments to Miss Coals and begs that she will be good enough to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of 10 and 1, these being Miss Correll's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful."

The white aproned maid who bore this rather unusual missive was detained long enough to bring back the answer. It ran: "Miss Coals presents her compliments to Miss Correll and begs to state that if such a course is likely to prevent the writing of such books as 'The Sorrows of Satan' she would rejoice in arranging a singing programme for every day from 9 to 2."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Perfectly Safe.**  
The late Thomas L. Clark, bishop of Rhode Island, widely known as a wit and scholar, in his own home life in Providence preferred the utmost simplicity compatible with comfort. Having on one occasion a distinguished English divine as a visitor, the latter was considerably impressed, not to say astonished, at the lack of ceremony observed in the episcopal mansion and upon retiring hesitatingly inquired if he should leave his shoes outside his door.

"Certainly, if you like," replied the bishop with cordiality; "nobody'll touch 'em."—Boston Herald.

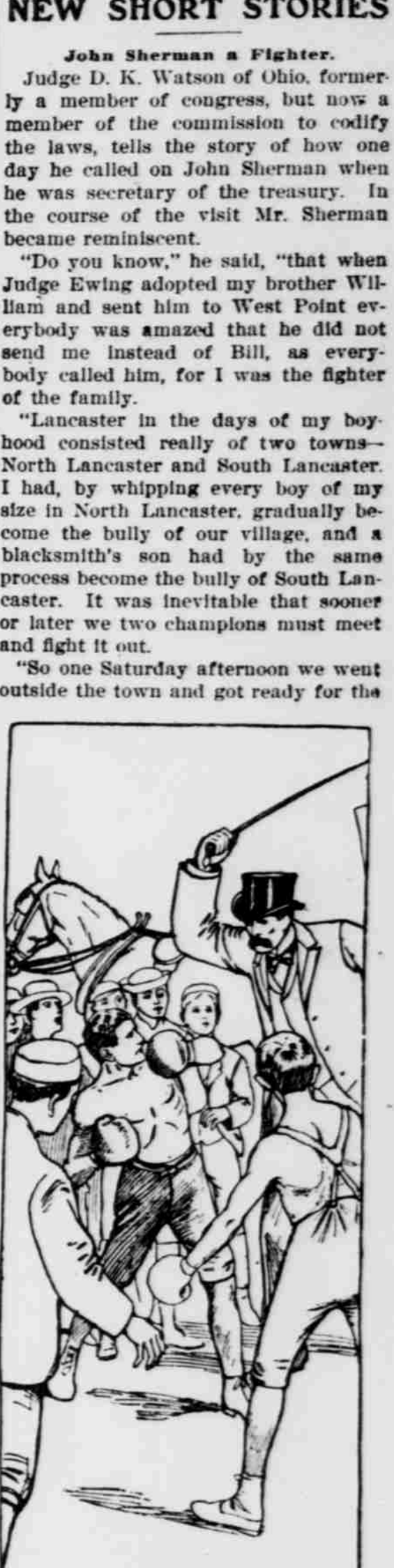
**Why He Liked Her.**  
Jacob Hills tells an anecdote of a young lady who devoted a good deal of her time to settlement work and who was a particular favorite with all the children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" they asked a little lad one day.

"I like her," he replied, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."—New York Times.

**Iron Around It.**  
Finnegan—What ails your face? Flanagan—The old woman hit me with the larvin's of this mornin's meal o' mush. Finnegan—Go 'long wid yer Ore, mush is too soft—Flanagan—Ore, she didn't stop to take it from the pot!—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Her Heart.**  
Hilda—When you saw that he was going to propose I suppose you pressed both hands to your heart? Kate—That was impossible. My heart was in my mouth at the time.—Boston Transcript.



"I FELT THE STING OF HIS WHIP."

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