BANDON RECORDER.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

In Defense of the Coyote.

A good word for the despised and hated coyote is to be found in a recent bulletin of the department of agriculture, embodying the results of an inquiry into the relation of these prairie wolves to stock raising in the west. This plain and straightforward scientific statement of the case for and against the coyote should emphasize anew the importance of a thorough study of every such problem before the hasty adoption of plans for the remedy of the evil. The one remedy which would satisfy the sheep herders is the complete and immediate extermination of the coyote, which makes great ravages on their flocks. This radical measure is more easy to talk about than to carry into effect, but were it possible it would be well to remember that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to upset the checks and balances provided by nature. The cattle or sheep owner whose stock has been decimated is not apt to stop and think that in addition to his mischief the coyote performs a great and important work in keeping in check the rabbits and other "small deer" which prey upon the farmers' products.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Arabian Druid In Paris.

Strange mystics are discovered in Paris every now and again. The latest is described as an Arabian Druid who inhabited the Rue de la Michodiere, a street in the center of the city. His neighbors were startled at midnight to hear weird and discordant sounds issuing from the dwelling of Ali Bonem, followed by ritualistic incantations and liturgical chantings, alternatively plaintive and fierce. When the door was burst open by the police a man of huge stature was seen, clothed in a long white sheet, his eyes rolling wildly and in his hand a blood stained knife. Around him a number of wax candles shed a mystic light, and on a piano, which had served as an altar, lay a disemboweled lamb. As a measure of precaution Ali Bonem, the high priest, has been taken into custody.—London Globe.

Owns Estate on Which He Was Slave

"I suppose it is not generally known that Booker T. Washington now owns the plantation on which he and his people were slaves," said R. N. Hyde.

"I have seen it. When I went east last year I had the pleasure of inspecting it. It is just above Charleston, and Mr. Washington's sister resides in the house, while he spends his summers there.

"And beneath the tree sleeps the family of the white man who owned the Washingtons when they were slaves. In accordance with the old southern custom they were interred on the home plantation when they passed away. Later it came into the hands of Mr. Washington, and with respect to the former master the graves were not disturbed, but are cared for tenderly."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

The Limit.

A Scotch minister instructed his clerk, who sat among the congregation during service, to give a low whistle if anything in his sermon appeared to be exaggerated. On hearing the minister say, "In those days there were snakes fifty feet long," the clerk gave a subdued whistle.

"I should have said thirty feet," added the minister.

Another whistle from the clerk.

"On consulting Thompson's Concordance," said the minister in confusion, "I see the length is twenty feet."

Still another whistle, whereupon the preacher leaned over and said in a stage whisper, "Ye can whistle as much as ye like, MacPherson, but I'll no take anither foot off for anybody!" —Harper's Weekly.

Art and Arithmetic.

A disgruntled painter whose canvas was rejected by the London academy figures out that he spent an entire year on his painting. His cost of living was only $750, while he paid for rent $310 and for materials and models $210. The picture cost him all told $1,285 and since it has been rejected by the academy it will not bring one-twentieth of that sum.

The income of a prominent painter is enormous, but it has been estimated that half a million dollars is yearly wasted in the vain struggle for the recognition of the academy and that of this sum not one-twentieth is recovered at private sale.

Poisoned Flour In China.

The trade in foreign flour from Amoy into the interior of China and in Amoy will disappear for some time to come if the evil effects of a most unfortunate occurrence cannot be overcome at once. Somewhere between thirty and forty people have died as the result of eating products of flour sent to Amoy in a certain shipment from Hongkong, and the natives in the interior as well as in Amoy have almost altogether ceased to use the product. All sorts of rumors have been spread broadcast, and antiforeign agitation has received a great impetus.—From United States Consul Anderson, Amoy, China.

All For a Cent.

Japan is to some extent at least still an eastern country influenced by western thought. This statement is corroborated by its theaters, many of which are still conducted on strictly oriental lines—that is to say, they are open from 9 in the morning till 7 or 8 in the evening, and the play is in progress all the time. The price of admission is as low as a cent, and for this one has the option of staying all day.

Speed Rates.

Few men could tell, if they were asked, how many feet per second they walk. The average man walks four feet a second. A dog, on its ordinary jog, goes eight feet a second. A horse trots twelve feet a second. A reindeer over the ice makes twenty-six feet. A race horse makes forty-three feet. A sailing ship makes fourteen feet.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

POLLY LARKIN

Miss Rose Postor, who recently became the wife of J. G. Stokes, the millionaire broker of New York and President of the Nevada Central Railway, is not only a charming, but a very progressive young lady. She is of Jewish parentage and was brought up in the Ghetto, where she worked for years in a cigar factory. With a heart full of mercy, kindness and sympathy for the distressed and the needy, she early in life took an active interest in the rescue work in the slums. Many an erring soul she guided into the right path. She spoke words of comfort to the desolate and the afflicted; she soothed dying and whispered words of hope and sympathy to the bereaved. Her education she received by attending night schools. She was gifted and in her spare moments she wrote poetry, and by her beauty and her zeal attracted the attention of the man who learned to love her and has now chosen her for a life companion. In a recent interview with a reporter of one of the New York papers she gave the following advice to girls, which is so good that every young lady should not only have a copy of it, but heed the friendly advice as well:

"Don't let a day pass without adding at least one stone to the building of your character.

Don't fail to see the happiness in the lives of toilers with whom you come in contact.

Don't fail to make new resolutions when old ones form themselves into bad habits.

Don't forget that wealth of character is far above all riches.

Don't depend upon others to make you happy, but try to make others happy.

Don't be vulgar with any one, but familiar with all.

Don't drink intoxicants.

Don't speak untruthfully.

Don't get angry.

Don't frown.

Don't withold the kind word.

Don't fear."

Excellent advice and it is the keynote to happiness and a contented mind. The young lady who lives up to the above will never be grumbling at her environment and wondering what she is put here for. She will make the most of her opportunities and push bravely forward in spite of all obstacles that rise up before her and would be discouraging but for the determination to rise above her environments. Because she does not have the advantages of some of her more fortunate companions is no reason that she should not succeed. Mrs. Stokes worked in a cigar factory in her girlhood days, but that did not prevent her from getting the education that she craved, and after the day's work was done, she spent the evening that many other young girls under similar conditions would have idled away, in poring over her books. She proved the old adage that "where there's a will there's a way," and step by step she arose, and every day added, to use her own phrase, a stone to her character building. That she builded well you can judge from the character of her advice to young girls, and from the fact that one of the wealthiest men in the country realized that he had found the pearl of great price when he met Miss Rose Postor and wooed and won her for his wife.

"There is too much cigarette smoking and too much drinking among some of our young ladies of to-day, Polly," said a little white-haired lady the other day. "You wouldn't believe that it did or could exist as it does to-day among some of our most refined and beautiful girls who belong to the first families of the land, if you didn't actually see it on all sides, in both our cities and towns. A cigar dealer told me the other day that some of his best customers were ladies—young ladies, too, many of them just in their teens. He said he kept certain brands of the cigarettes, and they well knew what they wanted. He said that frequently he would sell a dollar's worth of the packages of cigarettes at the same time. If you notice a young girl's fingers you can readily tell whether she is a cigarette fiend or not. Some of them are yellow with nicotine and they seem to be proud of the fact, as they boast of how many packages they consume a day. Some of them go a step farther and they indulge in intoxicants until they become dazed, and it is not any longer a rare occurrence to hear that Miss B—— was slightly under the influence and had to be taken home by some of her convivial spirits in a closed carriage. It is horrible when you think of it. What kind of men and women do you think the next generation and the next will be, if this state of affairs continues? A young man broke off his engagement with a young lady the other day. She had been his sweetheart from their very childhood days, and had been engaged since she was sweet sixteen and he eighteen years of age. He went East to college and was gone three or four years. When he returned he was just as much in love as he had been in his boyhood days, and he was not only shocked and disappointed, but broken-hearted when he found the girl of his choice was not only addicted to cigarette smoking, but to drinking as well. She was given her choice of giving up the twin evils or her intended, and while she confessed to loving him as much as she ever did, she said there could be but one decision—she must give him up, as she couldn't now give up the things that had ruined her life and made her a slave. She wished she had never seen the day that she had tasted them just for the sport of the thing and to keep from being considered an odd number by the friends who had invited her to what they called a social evening, where every one must be 'hale fellow well met' and 'drink and be merry.' It was the beginning of her downfall. She had managed to keep it from her parents for so long a time that when they did find out the sad state of affairs, it was too late to save their daughter. They had traveled with her and tried different kinds of advertised cures for the drinking habit, but nothing could break the fetters that bound the once beautiful, light-hearted and attractive girl. With her the suffering is less keen than with the young man who has had to give her up, for her brain is benumbed and she drowns all sorrow in intoxicants and the constant use of cigarettes. There are moments when poison is out of her system, and then the anguish is pitiful to behold. That first glass and that first cigarette is responsible for a whole lot of the misery in this world.

There is another evil that seems simple enough in its way, but it requires a strong will to break the fetters when it once gets a strong hold of you, and that is tea-drinking as well as tea-smoking. You would be surprised to know to what an extent this is carried on. I know a lady who keeps a pot of tea on the stove the live-long day, and cold or hot she drinks a glass every few hours in the day. Not only this but she rolls the leaves into a cigarette which she smokes several times a day, and occasionally you can find her chewing the leaves. She is a nervous wreck, but she is horrified if you suggest her giving up her tea.

BRIEF REVIEW.

The Smell of Cities.

Some sensitive essayist should take the smell of place as a subject. Paris for example, is highly pervaded with the odor of burning charcoal, and, in coming from Paris to London, one is newly assailed by the appeal of soot. Cologne has a reputation, long undeserved, for smells other than that of its famous "water," and it has been said that in years of old a blind man could find his way about Cologne by following his nose. Moscow has an old perfume of its own. Garlic, of course, is the basic smell that greets the stranger who lands at Calais. But the most curious of the smells of place is that of St. Petersburg. The present writer had often wondered what it was, having detected it even between the sheets of his bed at the most exorbitant hotel. On his third visit he was driven in a drosky from the station with a fresh young English girl, who had never been away from Kent before. "Now, do you smell anything?" he asked. "Yes," said the girl. "Old boots." That is the smell of St. Petersburg, centenarian shoe leather.

New Cure For Consumption.

The comparatively new sea water treatment of consumption is now claiming the attention of hundreds of Parisian scientists. Ever since Dr. Trosier, on behalf of Dr. Fournel, read a short paper on the subject before the Academy of Medicine, doctors in hospitals, phthisis specialists, and general practitioners have been making experiments with the "marine serum," with the object of seeing if the results were as favorable as those which have been obtained by Dr. Fournel at the Lariboisiere hospital. From conversations with some of these investigators one may gather that the time has not yet come to make any positive statement as to the efficacy of the new treatment, but that this much can be said for it—the results are far more striking than those obtained by other so-called cures; so striking, indeed, that it looks as though scientists were really on the track of a great discovery.

Italians Named "Celleri."

Celery is the cultivated variety of the English weed smallage. It was introduced into the kitchen gardens in England about the time of the Reformation, by some Italians, who gave it the Italian name "celleri."

Tax on Dresses.

To raise money for the French treasury the Municipal Council of La Courtine gravely proposes that a tax should be levied on every dress a woman possesses over and above one for everyday wear and one for Sunday and fete days.

Czar's Enormous Salary.

According to a French international almanac, which has been suppressed, it appears that as long as he remains in Russia the Czar draws annually from the Russian exchequer no less a sum than $40,000,000.

Drink Causes Pauperism.

It is stated that in Great Britain 75 per cent of all classes of pauperism are due to drink, and in Germany 90 per cent. In Germany drink leads to 1600 cases of suicide every year and supplies the lunatic asylums with something like 3000 victims.

While Germany has 6,500,000 women who earn their own living, Italy, with only one-half the population, has 5,250,000.

Who ever saw the road to success on level ground or down hill. It is always an up hill pull and generally over very rough grounds.

Ask yourself how you can make yourself a little wiser. Newton kept asking himself this question. Ignorance is satisfied with itself and stays ignorant

AN EFFECTIVE BAIT.

Clever Detective to Send After a Missing Debtor.

A registered letter is mighty effective bait. The Seventy-eighth street woman nibbled at the first throw.

"Of course it is for me," she said. "That is my name and that was my address before I moved here."

"Yes, that part of it's all right," the postman admitted, "but it says 'esquire.' You're not esquire."

"No," sighed the woman, "but I'm sure"—

"Of course you are sure," he put in, "but I can't leave the letter. This is a registered letter, and we have to be very careful of registered mail. The best I can do is to give you the name and address of the writer. Then you can make inquiry and ask to have the letter addressed properly."

The woman eyed the prosperous looking missive yearningly, but since the compromise offered was the best bargain obtainable she accepted it. The situation was puzzling. The name of her benefactor was totally unknown. Fortunately he was situated in a downtown office building, so immediately after luncheon she attempted to elucidate the mystery of the registered letter. Once inside the office she recognized her correspondent as the manager of a concern to which she had owed $2 for typewriting supplies for the last six months. She mentioned the letter; the man produced a bill.

"It was a copy of this," he said. "You had moved—we could not find you—mere oversight on your part of course—still, in order to keep our accounts square—you understand"—

The woman was so mad she wasn't sure whether she understood or not, but she paid the bill. When she had gone the manager treated himself to a fresh cigar.

"Registered letters," he said, are the best detectives going when the person you are after moves frequently and is guilty of no greater crime than shirking a little bill. An ordinary letter, even though forwarded to the proper address, may elicit no reply, but very few people can withstand the appeal of a registered letter. To bring results it must, of course, be improperly directed, so that the addressee cannot receive it. In that case it either arouses sufficient curiosity to bring the delinquent down here to investigate or is returned with the proper address marked on the envelope. In either event we get on the track of the debtor and are pretty sure to collect the money."—New York Press.

THE ESKIMO CANOE.

It Is a Curious Little Craft That Is Cranky, Yet Safe.

It is in Greenland that the hunting ability of the Eskimo reaches its highest development. He has a fine mechanical skill. Bones, ivory, stones, a little driftwood, skins and the sinew of the reindeer are the materials from which he must make his boat and weapons. There is nothing else. Says a Greenland traveler: "Of these the Eskimo builds a canoe, its frame of bones and driftwood, its covering of translucent sealskin sewed together with sinew. This kayak is decked over, except for a hole in the middle framed with a wooden ring. The Eskimo wriggles into this hole, his legs extended into the fore part of the boat.

"Round his waist there is a cylinder of sealskin, the lower edge of which draws over the wooden ring and is pulled tight with a thong, making all water tight to the armpits. For heavy weather the cylinder is part of a skin shirt with a hood. Strings tighten this hood to the face and cuffs to the wrists, while a pair of long sleeved mitts protect the hands and arms.

"So rigged a good man can turn his canoe bottom upward and right himself again with sliding strokes of his paddle, for he is as waterproof as a duck. Moreover, his vessel is so flexible that it is almost safe from being crushed in the ice drift and, being limber, is extremely swift when propelled by the double ended paddle.

"On the other hand, the vessel is so cranky that only about two-thirds of the native men have nerve and balance enough to hunt. Only three or four Danes in all Greenland have dared use a kayak."

The Shamrock.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover usually seen in America and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous and difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "white crown" blossom. The information that shamrakh is the Arabic word for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race.

Mr. Noble's Promise Given.

In the early stages of his ministry the Rev. Mr. Noble preached for some time in a village in Maine. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering awhile, signified to him that his further services were not desired.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the parson.

"Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation."

"Gentlemen," answered Mr. Noble, "I never have preached that doctrine, but if I ever should I promise to make the people of this town an exception." —Boston Herald.

Smallest Bird.

The golden crested wren is the smallest not only of British, but of all European, birds. Its average weight is only about eighty grains troy, so that it would take seventy-two of the birds to weigh a pound. The length of the feathers is about three and a half inches and the stretch of the wings about five inches, but when the feathers are taken off the length of the body does not exceed one inch.

A PLEA FOR WELL MADE PIE

It is a Tempting Desert and a Wholesome Food When It is Properly Prepared.

The Crust Should be Crisp and Flaky —Five Rules to be Observed in the Making of a Perfect Pie.

Although food theorists and food cranks have varying opinions as to the wholesomeness of certain foods, they one and all agree in denouncing pie. It is the one dish most ardently condemned, and yet the one dish most universally liked—at least by Americans. Still, notwithstanding the bad reputation pie enjoys, it is a wholesome dish if properly made.

In making it the average housewife rolls out a heavy, sodden crust, and then spreads it in a thick layer over the bottom and sides of a pie plate. She forgets to rub this crust with the white of egg and immediately puts in the filling of custard, fruit or mince meat, whose juices will later soak into the crust, making it still more sodden. She then covers the pie, perhaps, with another layer of this thick pastry and puts it in an oven that is not hot enough. The oven should be so hot that the pastry will brown before the butter in it has barely a chance to melt. The crust will then be crisp.

Another reason why pies are so universally disapproved is that they are nearly always made with lard, or half lard and half butter. Lard should never be used in a pie or, in fact, in any dish. An eminent physiologist in a leading university says that "lard is the bane of American cookery and is fit for no stomach except a pig's." A tiny bit of lard in a batch of bread may be excusable, but even then butter is better.

All pie crust, of course, should be of wafer-like thinness. Not only are properly made crusts harmless, but some popular fillings are exceedingly wholesome. What, for instance, could be better than a custard or a pumpkin filling? The latter is, as a rule, only a custard rich in eggs, with an addition of pumpkin and a few spices, which are aids to digestion.

Without doubt all pies should be eaten in moderate portions, especially by delicate persons, but this rule applies to any dish. Even cream is not good for persons under certain conditions, yet no one but a crank would deny it to a person in good health. Many food faddists expect healthy people to live daily on an invalid's diet.

There are five rules to observe in the making of a perfect pie. First, rub the undercrust with the white of an egg before putting in the filling to prevent it from soaking into the pastry; second, bake it in the hottest of ovens; third, place it in the lower half of the oven at first against the bottom, later removing it to the upper shelf; fourth, always place crust in the refrigerator to become thoroughly chilled and hard before filling and baking it; fifth, pound the pastry well until it is filled with air spaces.

Volumes could be written on the correct treatment of pastry. Any of the recipes in standard cookbooks will do, however, if a few details are carried out.

A marble board is an ideal arrangement for rolling pastry. A current household magazine suggests that the hideous marble tops of old fashioned tables might be fitted up for this purpose.

Smooth, even pie crust is an abomination, and yet many housekeepers think that is the proper way to have it, and sometimes they will even be heard to complain when by accident their pie crust is rough and almost breaking into wafer-like flakes. This flakiness is, however, the proper condition of pastry.

Pies as a rule are better adapted to a winter than a summer diet, because of the butter, which makes them too rich for warm weather fare. Fruit pies, however, are good at all seasons, and there are few things more attractive than huckleberry and other fruit pies even in the hottest dog days. There are also many good cold meat pies which are welcome at picnics. When preparing a chicken or meat pie it is always better to add a little baking powder to the regular rule for ordinary pie crust.

Add one cup of butter to every two cups of flour (pastry flour). Then chop together in a wooden bowl, with an ordinary old fashioned chopping knife, until the mixture is broken into small bits the size of peas. Add half a cup of ice water. Mix with a knife, then beat and turn and beat and turn until the whole is smooth, but full of lightness. This pounding and turning is better if done upon a marble board in a cool storeroom or cellar. Never touch the pastry with a spoon or the hand, but with a knife; then put it where it will become ice cold and hard before rolling it out.

There are several variations to this rule which can do no harm. If baking powder is wanted, add a teaspoonful to this amount of flour and butter.

The Cat.

A little English girl wrote the following essay on a cat: "The cat is a square quadruped, and, as is customary with square quadrupeds, has its legs at the four corners. If you want to please this animal you must stroke it on the back. If it is very much pleased it sets up its tail quite stiff, like a ruler, so that your hand cannot get any farther. The cat is said to have nine lives, but in this country it seldom needs them all because of Christianity."

The Truth of It.

"Yes," said old Skinner proudly, "luck and pluck made me, but mostly pluck"—

"Yes," interrupted the man who knew him, "luck in finding people to pluck."—Exchange.

She Knew.

Edith—You don't know how glad I am to see you, Clara, dear. Clara Dear—Oh, yes, I do. Johnny told me he heard you say you would rather die than see me again.—Boston Transcript.

A MEDIAEVAL NAVY.

The Queer Implements of Attack and Defense That Were Used.

Very strange to modern eyes would be the armament of Great Britain's mediaeval navy. The very names of many of the implements of attack and defense sound queer. According to the books, in the year 1337 the vessels of the navy were furnished with "espringalds," ancient spring guns; "haubergeons," coats of mail; "bacinets," small helmets; bows, arrows, doublets, targets; "pavises," large shields placed at the sides and serving the double purpose of protection against the sea and against the enemy; lances and "firing barrels." As early as 1338 cannon formed part of the armament of ships, and about 1372 guns and gunpowder were commonly used. Among the stores belonging to one vessel of that time were three iron cannon with five chambers, a hand gun and three old stone bags, probably for shot. Another ship had an iron cannon with two chambers and one brass cannon with one chamber.

Among other implements of war used at that time were "cannon paviors" or stone shot throwers and "murtherers," which were smaller and threw any kind of shot. There were also "basilisks," "port pieces," "stock fowlers," "sakers" and "bombards." The bombards were of hammered iron, made of bars welded and bound together with iron bands. They threw stone shot weighing between 140 pounds and 195 pounds. A battery of these erected on a slip of land at the naval battle of Chioggia (1380) between the Venetians and the Genoese did great damage. They were loaded overnight and were fired in the morning.

Froissart tells of a bombard used at one of these ancient sieges that "might be heard five leagues off in the daytime and ten at night. The report of it was so loud that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had broken loose." Brass ordnance was first cast in England in the year 1535. The pieces had various names. Many of different caliber were mounted on the same deck, which must have caused great confusion in action in finding for each its proper shot.

CHINESE MONEY.

Some Is Good and Some Is Counterfeit, but It All Goes.

Emile Bard, a Frenchman, has an interesting chapter on the money of China in his book, "Chinese Life In Town and Country." He explains that the unit of Chinese money is the tael, which is not a coin, but a weight of silver—the ounce, of which there are sixteen to the catty and 1,600 to the picul. The commercial tael is that of Canton, which should weigh 37.783 grains, but usually weighs 37.58. Then there is the tael of Shanghai, which weighs 36.6, and the revenue tael, used in valuing imports and exports, and each large city has its own, that of Tientsin worth from 4 to 6 per cent more than that of Shanghai. Business estimated in taels is carried on by the use of Spanish dollars or silver ingots. The former are weighed and stamped by every south China merchant and have to be remitted continually. The ingots of silver are cut from bars into pieces that the operator estimates will weigh 50 taels. Naturally each one who handles them weighs them.

"Banks store their money in cellars, in boxes carried back and forth by coolies," says M. Bard. "This explains the item of transportation which is deducted from the face of a Chinese check when it is cashed at a bank. One can judge of the complications consequent upon this system of conversion of taels of different values into ingots of different weight and purity, especially as assayers of different localities refuse to honor the stamps of other cities." In places where the dollar is not used small payments are made by cutting up an ingot. "The scale used in weighing these fragments has two sets of markings; one for receipts and one for payments."

China's national coin is the cash, a round copper coin with a square hole through it. The cash or sapak dates from at least 2300 B. C. Eight pounds' weight of cash makes a dollar. Years ago an emperor decided to double his funds by giving copper cash double its value. In certain parts of the country this performance is still in effect. In other parts 77 or 85 cash are counted as 100.

In Honan the Chinese go to market with two kinds of money, one real, the other counterfeit. Some articles are bought with one, some with the other. Certain articles have two prices, one in good money, one in bad.

Lurking Danger.

A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises:

"Trespassers take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for, although common snakes are not often found, the Corylus avellana abounds everywhere about here and never gives warning of its presence."

The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.

Hiding Their Spears.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some timber cutters took big risks. "I had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about fifty yards from them. I can tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through the grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible for them to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warm time."

A Divine Joy.

Suffering is doubtless as divinely appointed as joy, while it is much more influential as a discipline of character. It chastens and sweetens the nature, teaches patience and resignation and promotes the deepest as well as the most exalted thought.—Samuel Smiles.

OLD INDIAN PIPES.

Each Feather In a Stem Represented an Enemy Slain.

It need scarcely be told that in the pipes of long ago each feather appended to the stem represented an enemy slain. If one doubted the record of the war eagle feathers, the warrior then showed the scalps of the enemy, which were kept as a sort of a sacred proof of his word. Such pipes were used only on occasions of peace and war. Speaking roughly, the best pipes of eastern tribes were in molded clay, the best of the western tribes in slate pipe stone taken from the famous quarry west of the Mississippi. Before the great buffalo and antelope hunts, when herds of game were driven into a pound or an inclosed area of snares, it was customary for the Indians to whiff the incense of propitiation to the spirits of the animals about to be slain, explaining that only the desire for food compelled the Indian to kill and that the hunt was the will of the Master of Life, or "Master of the Roaring Winds," who would compensate the animals in the next world. The pipes used for this ceremony usually show the figure of a man in conference with the figure of an animal. Others show the figures of Indians with locked hands. This typifies a vow of friendship to be terminated only by death. It was usually between men, but sometimes between a man and a woman, in which case the platonic bond not only precluded, but forbade, the very possibility of marriage. After that who shall say that the stolid Indian has no vein of sentiment in his nature?

One of the most curious pipes I have seen I bought from a Cree on a reservation east of the refugee Sioux. It is in the shape of a war hatchet, of a metal which I do not know, though I suspect it is galena mixed with clay, the edge being sharp enough, but the back of the ax being a bowl and the handle a pipe stem. The odd lines in Indian carvings and woven work are not without meaning. Fighting Mistah could read a legend where we saw nothing but bizarre markings. There were the circular lines, hollow down, meaning clouds; the cross, meaning the coming of the priest; the tree, a type of peace with its branches overshadowing the nations; the wavy line, signifying water; the arrow, war. The ordinary Indian can read a tribal song or chronicle from obscure drawings on the face of a rock or crazy colored work on a scraped buffalo skin.—Outing.

PETER THE GREAT.

History Shows That the Old Ruler of Russia Was a Monster.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "Great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It mattered little then to the historian what might be a king's private character, provided he made his nation formidable by its brute strength and full treasury. Even if he was a bad man they eulogized him as a good ruler. Peter I. of Russia is called Peter the Great because he transformed a barbarous into a semibarbarous nation. But no one can now read the following summary of his character without a feeling of disgust. Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half hero and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns never failed to leave unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally caned everybody—from his cook to his counselor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparing neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and flog the host who was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Lefort was an intimate and trusted friend, yet on slight provocation he was knocked down and brutally kicked by his imperial master. But all this flogging was in the way of recreation. When Peter "meant business," it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well authenticated that one of his own sisters—it is said more than one—received 100 strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court.

In 1713 Alexis, his only son who outlived infancy, was for some offense of no great seriousness several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father and in the end died either from the effect of the torture or by assassination. For sympathizing with Alexis the Princess Golitsyn, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—whom he had thrown into prison—was tortured and then torn in pieces on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horribly grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is paraded before the world as Peter the Great.

According to Scripture.

A certain tailor of very strict principles was in the habit of excusing the faults of his assistants only in they could justify themselves by Scripture. One day a woman entered his shop and asked to see some material, but refused to buy it because it was too cheap. After showing her some other goods, the assistant brought back the same material, this time asking a higher price, whereupon the customer bought it. Afterward, the proprietor, who had witnessed the transaction, reproved his assistant severely. The latter, remembering the rules of the establishment, replied: "Oh, it's according to Scripture all right. She was a stranger and I took her in."—Harper's Weekly.

Woman's Logic.

"Yes, my father made me give him up. He isn't any good at all."

"Is that so, dear?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, even the neighbors said he was worthless. He dissipates and is horrid."

"You don't say?"

"In fact, I hate him."

"Gracious! But have you heard that he is to be married to Belle?"

"What? That Belle? Why, what on earth does a nice young man like him want with such a girl as Belle? I am surprised."—Columbus Dispatch.