

## BANDON RECORDER.

### FACTS IN FEW LINES

The sea freezes at 20 degrees F. fresh water lakes at 32 degrees F.

Ireland produces 140,000,000 yards of linen per year. England, 45,000,000.

The most costly tomb in memory is that erected to the expense of Mohammed.

The Irish have never taken kindly to sea fishing, although it would prove a source of wealth close at hand.

The smallest coin in the world is the new two and a half cent piece just struck off by the republic of Panama.

While working in his garden one day recently W. E. Rose of Wallingford, Conn., unearthed a Washington cent of the date of 1787.

The largest white sapphire in the world is supposed to be now at Berlin, having been taken there from Brazil a short time ago by a mine owner. It weighs 418 carats.

It has been found that a pale green light used in the clock faces of the tower of the English houses of parliament shows the figures and the hands on the dials much more distinctly than the whitish light hitherto used.

The city of London recently passed an ordinance requiring all street vendors of ice cream to placard on their vehicles the place where the cream was manufactured. The number of vendors at once fell 40 per cent.

A woman called at the postoffice at Waterville, Me., not long ago and made this announcement: "I am going away and don't know how long I shall be gone. If anything comes for me, you will please tear it up."

The Peary expedition was fitted out largely in Maine. The ship was built in Bucksport, the canoes came from Oldtown, the sleds and snowshoes were made in Norway and 150 pairs of moccasins required came from Monmouth.

A remarkable fact in the matter of names is recalled by a Buckled (Me.) man, who tells of a Fuller family in that town which had eight sons, whose names were as follows: Ezekiel, Edward, Elbridge, Essex, Elmore, Elton, Ellory and Emery.

The British house of lords, as a court of ultimate appeal, has decided that vagueness in the expression of a testator's desire that bequests should pass to unspecified charities or to charities to be selected by his trustees makes a will invalid.

E. A. Morgan of Barnet, Vt., has a brown Leghorn hen fourteen years old, and a sprightly old Biddy, notwithstanding her advanced age. She has been a good laying hen, lays a good sized egg and has done her usual share of dirt this summer.

It appears that spies in the form of nurses have been introduced in considerable numbers into the families of French officers by some unnamed European power. The French minister of war has called the attention of corps commanders to the matter.

While trout fishing at Bowdoin, Me., Edward B. Duran of Portland caught a reptile which looked like a big lizard. Its size, being fourteen inches in length, caused Mr. Duran to turn his find over to the curator of the natural history rooms at Portland and he pronounced it a true alligator.

Up to 1840 there were no iron bridges in this country, except suspension bridges, in which iron links were used in the cables and suspensors, the floor system being of wood. The first bridge in America consisting of iron throughout was built in 1840 by Earl Trumbull over the Erie canal at Frankfort, N. Y.

A common nail is an excellent illustration of the difference between old and new methods. Formerly metal was cut into strips and forged into shape with hammers, an expert taking one and a half minutes for each nail. Perfect nails are now made at an average rate of seventy per minute.

Rhode Island clambers are famous, but those who have partaken of the feast this season little realized that the clams in most cases were imported for the occasion from Maine. Disease is playing havoc with the Rhode Island clam to such an extent that there are not enough of the native article to supply the demand.

The cinder roadbed under a spur track near the station of Woodlawn, R. I., has been burning for over a year. The mass is thirty feet deep, and the railroad people are puzzled in finding a remedy. The heat has become so great that it has been necessary to raise the track and fill in with soil in order to preserve the sleepers.

S. H. Powers of Houlton, Me., has a chair made from the bones of a whale captured twenty years ago off the island of Mount Desert. After being harpooned the whale towed the boat for twenty miles without showing signs of giving up the ghost. The seat of the chair is formed from a section of the backbone and the back is made from ribs.

In Budapest streets not more than thirty-three feet wide private buildings may not exceed three stories above the ground—say, sixty-five feet; in streets forty-nine feet or more, four stories are allowed, with a height of eighty-two feet. The height of any public building or specially fitted private house may be increased three to six feet by a special permit from the city authorities.

A curious member of the vegetable kingdom has been discovered in the far east. It is a species of acacia which grows to a height of about eight feet and when full grown closes its leaves together in curls each day at sunset and curls its twigs in the form of a pigtail. After the tree has settled itself in this way for a night's sleep, like most sleepers, it objects to being disturbed. If touched, it will flutter as if agitated and impatient at the interruption of its slumbers.

**A Trick of Luck.**  
"Luck never manages things just right," said the irritable man who dislikes music. "It might just as well have been the other way round, but it wasn't."

**What's the trouble now?**  
"My daughter who plays the piano has a sore throat, and the one who sings has a sore finger."

## POLLY LARKIN

"I hate children; wish I never had to have anything to do with them again; but then it is my fate. I'm a school teacher and have been in the business for the past fifteen years," said a woman the other day. "There was a time when I was really conscientious about my work, in fact so much so that I broke down my health, and at the close of every term I was a nervous wreck and it took me all vacation to recuperate. Finally I came to my senses, and now I make every child in the school room take home their books and get their lessons at home and if their fathers and mothers have a mind to help them, so much the better; if not, they must get along the best they can. I'm not going to wear my life out for them, that you may depend upon. You say I am paid to do the work and shouldn't slight it. Yes, I am paid for it, but people expect too much of teachers now-a-days, don't you know that? I have reached a point when there is no longer any music in their childish voices for me. School teaching for a period of fifteen years takes all that sentimental nonsense out of a person. It is well enough in story books, and possibly in the home circle, but as for any one having a great affection for some one else's children, it seems to me to be one of the impossible things of life. I am not prevaricating when I say that I hate children. Once in a while I am interested in an unusually bright child and feel a curiosity to know how he or she will turn out, but those instances are few and far between."

I looked at this broken-down, crabbled old school teacher in amazement, and wondered whether in all the years she had devoted to school teaching a single child who had been so unfortunate as to be under her instruction had ever loved her. She had truly mistaken her calling. How she had ever managed to hold her position in the schools for so many years was a mystery, for she no longer attempted to conceal her feelings. Children dreaded their promotion when they reached the grade that would take them into her department. The strong aversion to her was handed down from class to class, and each child went into her grade with as keen a dislike for her as she had for them. One little girl upon hearing of another little child's grievances, frankly said: "I hope she will die before I have to be promoted to her grade." No doubt the same feeling has come to many of these little folks many times, only they had not dared to express it. Naturally the parents have not much confidence in her ability and would gladly welcome a change in teachers, but year in and year out she holds her position in the face of all opposition, and the reason given is that she has strong backing and the "necessary pull" to keep her in the position. Any teacher who shirks the responsibility of instructing the children she has been engaged to teach, and who, to save herself trouble, compels the children to correct and mark each other's papers, and never allows a child when the work is done unsatisfactorily to complain or inquire where the error lies, is setting anything but a shining example for the children to follow. This teacher—who hates all children, good or bad, the same—was approached by one little child more courageous than the rest, and who was smarting under the injustice done her in the marking of her papers by a little girl, who had promised to get even with her for some childish disagreement, took her papers up to the teacher indignantly and ordered her back to her seat, taking off credits beside for daring to approach her desk. Nothing daunted, the little girl carried her papers to an outside teacher who looked them over and found them to be correct. Still nothing was done to right the little girl. How unjust it all is, and it is hard to acknowledge that this conventional teacher is not alone in these habits so unbecoming in a school teacher.

There are many that would have to plead guilty to these faults, and who have mistaken their calling.

The teacher frequently makes a mistake as well in not inquiring into the facts before punishing a scholar. The other day a little boy came home from school with his little hand bearing livid red marks across it that had been given him by an angry teacher with a leather strap. He had been ordered out of his line for jumping to one side and crying out, and with two other boys, severely punished. Because this particular boy would not cry when she struck him, she laid it on the harder, but he bit his little lips until the blood nearly came, but not a sound came from them. When he wanted to explain she refused to listen to him, and when the facts were made known she found that a larger boy, who had gone unpunished, had stuck a pin into his leg causing the blood to flow. Teachers complain that they have a hard time of it, but, my conscience, don't the little children have a harder time of it when they are compelled to be under the instruction of teachers of the two above descriptions? Polly's sympathies lie with the little folks.

There is much that is taught the children of to-day that is of no earthly use to them. It is not practical, and does not stand them in need when the waves of adversity rolls around them. The pupils are made to spend hours drawing and re-drawing maps because a line is too heavy, or, possibly, not

shaded enough, or translating poems of the Scottish dialect into plain English. To be sure, here in San Francisco, the girls are given instructions about every two weeks in lessons in cooking, which usually lasts a couple of hours. It is so trifling, however, that little is accomplished. It does not fit one of them for the more practical side of life. It certainly does not go far towards teaching them to earn their own living when the time comes for them to step out of the ranks of school life. They do better by the children in some of the old countries. A little Finnish girl arrived here recently, and she was not much over fourteen years of age, yet she could cook vegetables and meats perfectly, although she had no idea of arranging the table or of serving the meal in an appetizing manner, all the dishes containing the various articles of food being heaped in the center of the table. However, it was well seasoned and perfectly cooked, and would have been a credit to some of our bright little American housekeepers.

**BRIEF REVIEW.**  
**Finest Collection of Spiders.**

One of the finest collections of spiders in existence is the property of M. Desmazières, a druggist at Arville, France, who describes his methods of collection and preservation in the bulletin of the Linnean Society of North-France. From an abstract contributed to Cosmos by M. V. Brandicourt, we learn that the collector kills his spiders by immersion in sulphuric ether, which gives the body some degree of rigidity, so that it can be fastened to a slip of glass in a natural position with gum arabic. The spider thus mounted is then placed in a tube filled with alcohol. In this way M. Desmazières has overcome the great difficulty in collecting the arachnids, which is to preserve them effectively in natural attitudes. In connection with the spiders themselves, M. Desmazières also preserves photographs of their webs. Attempts have been made to preserve the webs themselves, by fastening them to gummed paper or to glass, but without success. Even the photography of such delicate objects presents difficulties, but M. Desmazières has surmounted them. With the aid of an atomizer we covered the spider's web to be photographed with a light dew. Then rapidly a black cloth is stretched or shaken behind the web, which then stands out very clearly with its smallest details. The exposures should be about one to two minutes.

**Japan Seventh in Naval Strength.**  
On the eve of the war Japan's navy was the smallest of the seven leading navies of the world. The fleet of Russia, at that time, was inferior only to that of Great Britain and France. During 1903 Russia spent on her fleet over \$35,000,000, while Japan, for the whole of her navy, expended only \$11,000,000. Consequently, Russia laid out in naval equipment nearly five times as much as Japan, whose naval fighting strength, at the beginning of hostilities, was only half that of Italy. Alexieff said: "The fleet of the island kingdom is only an exotic, which will die before it reaches the coast." In the anxiety to impress Asia with her might, Russia sent ponderous-looking men-of-war to the Far East.

**Wanted More of the Same.**  
About a year ago Dr. Gray lost a wallet containing a large sum of money. He offered a liberal reward for its return, but the party who found it thought the whole thing was better than the reward. The other day the doctor entered his coal house and the first thing he saw was his wallet, and protruding from the end was a card bearing the inscription: "Doctor, please fill this prescription again."—Garden City (Kas.) Herald.

**The Shah's Big Entourage.**  
No European potentate has, when he travels, so many attendants, officers and adjutants with him as the Shah of Persia, who has recently been visiting Vienna again. He is also accompanied by two of his little sons, to whom he pays a great deal of attention, listening in the parlor car to their prattle with evident delight.

**A Wasp and a Fly.**  
An observer tells this: "I was once an interested spectator of a short struggle between a wasp and one of those large flies like a bee with a big flat head. The pair were on the ground, and I watched while the wasp, after probably stinging the fly, deliberately severed the head from the body and then, finding it still too heavy a burden, cut off the tail end of the fly and flew off with the trunk without the wings to perform its toilet. The whole operation took about five minutes, and from the masterly manner the wasp set to work he was evidently a practiced hand."

**Submarine Divers.**  
It is not safe, as a rule, for submarine divers to descend lower than 25 fathoms, 100 feet, at which depth a pressure of 60½ pounds is met with. The greatest depth to which any diver has ever descended is 34 fathoms, or 204 feet. This was to the ship Cape Horn, sunk off the coast of South America. At this depth the diver, Hooper, must have sustained the enormous pressure of 88½ pounds per square inch.—London Engineer.

**A Hard One.**  
"My proudest boast," said the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns."

**Almost Human.**  
Lady—Can that parrot talk? Dealer—Talk? Why, say, lady, you'd think he was brought up in a box at depository.

**The Other Way Around.**  
"It seems to me," exclaimed Aunt Rachel, "you two are always quarreling when I come in."  
"On the contrary, ma'am!" vociferated the masculine end of the domestic cat. "You are always quarreling when we're quarreling!"—Chicago Tribune.

A throat specialist says the best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

**Modish Long Coat.**  
The styles in long and three-quarter coats for the coming months are very attractive and graceful. For traveling and cold or rainy weather wear are unequalled for their style and usefulness. The model shown is one of the prettiest of the new importations. A fanciful collar is round in back and finishes the neck in V shape in front.



FOR COOL OR RAINY WEATHER.

The buttoning down of its edges on either side is very novel and effective. The front hangs straight from the neck edge, the belt which holds the back and sides passing underneath it. Narrow tucks tapering to nothing at the hips and bust give form to the waist and dispose of the fullness. The sleeve is a bishop model, having fine tucks extending up from the wrist to simulate a deep cuff. A small rolling cuff appears here also. For traveling, silk or pongee or shellene may be used, while cravenette or tweed may serve for other wear.

**An Evening Toilet.**  
A correct evening toilet where one alone can be afforded may always be achieved by a black skirt and white bodice. Make the skirt of messaline silk, with puffs, shirings and cordings of the same, or else of ottoman silk, with raw edged ruffles of black point d'esprit. It must train slightly. For the bodice, which should have elbow sleeves, whether high necked or not, novelty lace net is a stylish material. The high girdles could be in black, white or color.

**Dark Furs In Favor.**  
Generally speaking, Paris seems likely to favor dark furs, in sympathy with the anticipated preference for dark fabrics. Skunk seems likely to come again into vogue, principally for trimming other furs, such as beaver and seal. Black bear, which was exclusively used last winter for stoles, shoulder pieces and wraps, is likely to be again fashionable.

**A Useful Garment.**  
The tasteful and becoming wrapper always finds a welcome place in the busy woman's wardrobe. It is easily slipped on, and it renders her attractive for the early hours of the day at the same time that it is adapted to the various occupations which may arise. Here is one that is quite new in many of its details and that can be made of two materials combined or one, as may be liked, and which includes both a becoming yoke and Spanish founce. In this instance figured challie is made with yoke and cuffs of plain color banded with narrow braid, but these last can be of the material trimmed with equal success. In addition to the

WRAPPER WITH SPANISH FLOUNCE.



challie there are many materials of early autumn which might well be suggested, cashmere and French flannel being notable favorites; but many active women prefer washable materials year around, and for such the model also is available.

**Lingerie Blouses to Remain.**  
It is decreed that lingerie blouses are not to be banished with the first cool days of autumn, but are to be worn until winter, and, more than possibly, throughout cold weather. For the latter they are to be furnished with plain India silk underslips that will serve as liners, making them warm enough for the house and for the street when fur jackets are worn.

**Perpetual Noon.**  
One of the oddities of our system of reckoning time is exemplified in the question as to what time the north pole keeps. In theory all places on one meridian of longitude keep the same time; therefore the north pole, being the central point of all meridians, must necessarily have all times. Should the pole ever become habitable the resident would be able to have day or night at any hour (in theory) by electing to take his time from a meridian to correspond. Should such an unexpected event ever occur there would have to be made some readjustment of our present system of reckoning time to suit the arctic regions.

**Very New.**  
"I thought you told me that Miss Pastie was old."  
"She is—old as the hills."  
"Don't believe it. I kissed her a few minutes ago and found that the paint was still fresh."—Cleveland Leader.

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his helper is omnipotent.—Jeremy Taylor.

## CUT AND WIRE NAILS

**METHODS BY WHICH THEY ARE TURNED OUT IN VAST QUANTITIES.**

The Wire Nail Process is Simple and Almost Wholly Automatic, While the Cut Nail Process is Less Automatic and Much Harder.

The making of nails is one of the oldest American, as it is one of the oldest English, industries, but in Great Britain the greater part of the product has been hand work, in America machine work.

Of modern nails, the wire or French nails and the common cut nails are made in quantities which far exceed all other kinds. The wire nails have increased enormously in general use during recent years, but there are still many purposes for which cut nails are preferred.

The process of making wire nails is exceedingly simple and almost wholly automatic. A large reel or spool of wire of a size equal to that of the shank of the nail to be made feeds forward at each revolution of the machine a piece of wire equal to the length of the nail and a fraction of an inch more.

The wire is seized firmly by clamps, which straighten while they hold it, and at the same time a pair of jaws so cut the wire as to leave a sharp point to the nail.

Before the clamps let go their hold a hammer, the face of which is a die, strikes the other end of the wire a sharp blow, which forms the head.

The clamps have corrugated surfaces, not merely to hold the nail more securely, but to impress upon it a series of ridges and depressions, which make it harder to draw out when once driven home.

The making of cut nails is less automatic and much harder. Any one who has seen a nailmaker at work will understand the aptness of the old expression, "to work like a nailer." The iron for cut nails is first rolled into sheets, the thickness of which is equal to the thickness of the nail. It is then cut into plates as wide as the nail is long and of such length as a man can handle conveniently, say from fifteen to twenty inches.

The nail cutting machine is a heavy, compact piece of mechanism, not much larger than a sewing machine, before which the nailmaker sits on a stool. It consists of but little more than a pair of shears, strong enough to cut thin three-eighths of an inch thick, and a heading hammer.

Any one who will examine a cut nail will find that the shank tapers, not on all four sides from the head, as he may have supposed, but on two sides only. The other two sides are parallel. It is this tapering of the shank which leads so many persons to start a nail into wood in a way which splits it.

From a small furnace near the machine the nailmaker draws a plate which has come to a dull red heat. Holding this by means of pinches, he feeds the edge farthest from him to the jaws of the shears. As they descend they shear a tapering strip from the edge. This is seized by clamps, which hold it just long enough for the heading hammer to strike the end which forms the head and then drop it.

Now, if the nailer were simply to push the plate forward against the tapering character of the strip which is sliced off would destroy the rectangular shape of the plate, and the nails would neither be of a length nor have square heads and points. To obviate this difficulty the plate must be turned over between every two nails that are cut, so that the head of the nail will come alternately from one side of the plate and from the other.

This—and it is the principal part of the nailer's work—is done with a simple turn of the wrist, and the plate is fed forward as before. As the machine runs at considerable speed, and the "drop" must be accurately timed in order that the end of the plate may meet the shears at the right moment and in the right place, the difficulty and the tiresome nature of a nailmaker's work may be imagined. Some idea of it may be had by holding the thick end of a single in a pair of tongs and attempting so to turn it with a single motion of the wrist that alternate sides will lie uppermost on a table.

A good nailmaker will make from two to four drops—that is, will cut from two to four nails—a second, the smaller nails, of course, being made more rapidly than the larger ones. As the plate grows cool it is returned to the oven to be reheated, and another plate takes its place.

A nailmaker's hands and arms always show the character of his work by the tremendous development of certain special muscles and by callouses, which become as hard as horn.

## WOMEN'S WEAR IN WARTIME

**Homemade Cloth of Many Kinds Scrapped Horn For Hats.**

We had one cotton mill to spin the warp. The people stood in line to get a bunch of cotton for warp. The filling was yarn, cotton, flax and tow. We got our dyestuff from the forest. It was almost as bad on timber as the tanbark trade is now. There was great rivalry among the women to see who could have the prettiest dress. I have a quilt made of cotton and linen called a "Confederate" quilt.

The clothing for every member of the family was made from the raw material, carded, spun, woven, dyed and made with homespun thread.

The tow linen cloth had one peculiarity. It was a great stretcher. It was often exchanged for other things. A man and his wife started to town with cloth sufficient to get some articles. On the way he remembered he needed a gimlet also. He told his wife. They decided to tie the ends of the cloth to two saplings, he to stretch a gimlet out of it.

I took great interest in the silk industry. We fed the worms on mulberry leaves, and such beautiful silk we did have. A bright stripe in a cotton dress made it very fine. A family made gloves, beautiful silk mitts, with bees embroidered on the back. Nothing went to waste. The thorn trees furnished us pins and hairpins. Our millinery was one crowning effort. Hats were made of cotton thread crocheted, put on a block, stretched very stiff and ironed, then wired. We had homemade flowers and all kinds of material for trimming. A cloth frame made stiff and covered with scraped cow's hair was much admired. It did look like a coconut cake.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
It isn't a bit cooler to be on the shady side of life.  
Every man likes to learn, but no man likes to be taught.  
To be a man is to be the worry of some woman; to be a woman is to be the worry of some man.  
Before doing anything as a result of enthusiasm or excitement, see if your enthusiasm or excitement will not wear off.  
Every man flatters himself that he will finally whip his enemy and that he will give him a good one when he gets at him.  
It is said charity begins at home. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of complaint because charity does not begin at home.  
When a man gets married he is apt to think everybody should give him a present, but how he hates to give wedding presents when his friends get married!—Atchison Globe.

**WITS AND WOMEN.**  
Would you hurt a woman most, aim at her affections.—Wallace.  
A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.  
Women cannot see so far as men can, but what they do see they see as clearly as the sun.  
If woman did turn man out of paradise she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.  
Lovers have in their language an infinite number of words in which each syllable is a caress.—B. Chevalier.  
A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.  
How wisely it is constituted that tender and gentle women shall be our earliest guides, instilling their own spirits.—Channing.

**Giants and Dwarfs.**  
In life giants are usually unkindred, as well as frail of body, and as a rule they do not live long. Dwarfs, on the other hand, are often nimble witted and stand a good chance of longevity.  
An Austrian empress in the seventeenth century took the whim to round up all the giants and dwarfs in her empire and turn them in together. A premonition was expressed that the big ones would terrify the small ones, but it was the other way. The giants were compelled to ask for protection from the impish tricks of the dwarfs, and they had to be separated before peace reigned among them.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**Strength of Muscles.**  
You must, some time, try to open the shell of a fresh water mussel or a sea clam. You will find that the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy pick up a mussel and insert his fingers before the shell was quite closed, thinking he would open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have to pull to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell, in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.—St. Nicholas.

**Winners in Life.**  
The people who win their way in life are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better nature of others. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency.

**This Stream Runs Up Hill.**  
One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

## VICTORIA CATARACT

IT IS ONE OF THE NOTABLE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

There is no other Falls on Earth Just Like It, and There is no Possibility of Comparison Between It and Our Own Niagara.

It was on the 23d of November, 1855, that the friendly natives with whom he was traveling brought Dr. David Livingston for the first time within sight and sound of the wonderful cataract on the Zambesi river, now known as the Victoria falls. Before finding it, the good missionary had journeyed for nearly two years, and from his point of departure at Kuruman, in Cape Colony, had traversed quite 4,000 miles of hitherto unknown country.

Today one takes the train at Cape Town on Wednesday, passes through Kimberley on Thursday, reaches Bulawayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of Sunday begins to see in the distance the rising pillar of mist from the great cataract.

The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tunya" meaning "the roaring smoke." Twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the depths of the tremendous cavern into which the river tumbles appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village, and during the last mile of the railway journey the roar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of the chasm is reached, if the river is in flood, the eye and ear are assailed by a combination of phenomena that probably cannot be duplicated as marvels anywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which as one gazes simply swallows a river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.

The Zambesi valley for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract is a rough and broken plateau covered with low brush and stunted trees, with here and there an outcrop of somber basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. The herbage is but faintly green and the tropical sky only faintly blue. It is a hazy half tone landscape, wanting in clear cut lines in every direction and lacking, above everything else, that element we always unconsciously seek in a nature picture—life. The grandeur of this prodigious in the mind a feeling of loneliness and often of fear. Across this solemn scene appears a river that in flood time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks he would notice little but the quiet water and the odd looking columns of smoke ahead. As this column was approached he would expect to see the river banks bending and the water flowing away to one side of the conflagration and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more, and there, where the ground is only the brown plain, as lonely brush covered and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden is the transformation.

Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of billions of green and white water and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly 400 feet below, the entrapped river is fighting its way between sheer walls of black rock toward a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zigzags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward. One goes to an edge of this delivering chasm and looks down upon the tossing waters, ever pressed from behind by other floods struggling out of the narrow black gateway, and perhaps the most prominent mental sensation is that of thankfulness that even in such a grand and ghastly way nature has provided a means by which the fearful silt of a throat above that has swallowed the stream can discharge it again without causing an overwhelming catastrophe.

The Victoria cataract should be visited at least twice before one is compelled to pass an opinion upon it. When the river is in flood (July), the scene is simply terrible. One sees nothing but an enormous sheet of water disappearing into the bowels of the earth with a noise as of mountains falling upon one another, while from the awful gash comes back in fierce gusts as if spirits the foaming breath of the tortured element below. But in December, when the water is low, the edge of the cataract shows as a long, creamy film of lovely lace; the rising mist flows softly away through the little ruts forest below the cavern's lip; the gigantic vault itself becomes a work of art, a tangle, a dream of neutral tints, a cave of beauty. Far down in its dark depths the waters, gliding along the rocky walls and bending gracefully around the corners toward the narrow outlet pass gayly and laughingly to freedom. For a time the demon of the cataract is sleeping.—Theodore F. Van Wagenen in Century.

**Overconfidence.**  
It is a dangerous point in any man's career when he feels sure of his position or his fame. Overconfidence is the first sign of a decline, the first symptoms of deterioration. We do our best work when we are struggling for our position, when we are trying with all our might to gain our ambition, to attain that which the heart longs for.—Success Magazine.

**The oftener a man loses his temper the more he has of it.**—Galveston News.