

BANDON RECORDER.

None of His Business. While waiting for the train the bride and bridesmaid walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and guffing may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

"It's perfectly dreadful," she answered. "I shall be so glad when we get away from everybody we know."

"They're actually impertinent," he went on. "Why, the very natives—"

At this unpropitious moment the wheezy old station master walked up to them.

"Be you going to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business," retorted the bridegroom indignantly as he guided the bride up the platform, where they condescended with each other over the impertinence of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was the last to their destination that day, an express. Nearer, nearer it came at full speed. Then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

POLLY LARKIN

Of all the dainty, captivating, as well as tantalizing little booklets that have been gotten out to woo people—men, women and children—from the humdrum of city life into the cool and shady retreats of country life, it is the dainty booklet gotten out by the California Northwestern Railway Company, and very appropriately called "Vacation."

From start to finish it is a gem, giving you a full list of all the summer resorts and mineral springs, where the broken down in health people can partake of the sparkling waters and enjoy a new lease on life, and a full list of the suburban town and country homes that are desirous of varying the monotony of their quiet life by taking summer boarders, as well as all necessary information for those who nothing short of real camp life will satisfy.

It gives you over two hundred places from which to select your summer abiding place, with the various attractions of each place, the terms, and full directions how to reach it and the cost of transportation, besides a long list of the various hotels in the towns and their rates per week and month.

"Vacation," does all of your thinking and planning for you. You have only to glance over it and make your selection. Did I say glance over it? Well, you can't do it, for it is gotten up so attractively and so beautifully illustrated with scenes pertaining to the various sections that before you know it the seconds that you had taken to glance over "Vacation" have slipped into minutes, and the minutes into something like an hour.

It is such a fascinating little book for pleasure seekers, and seems to anticipate what you desire most. It takes you all through the beautiful Mendocino, Sonoma, Russian River and Marin valleys into the heart of the redwoods and the shady trout streams teeming with speckled beauties, and what enhances the latter to the angler who would rather fish than eat, these trout streams have been replenished by thousands of little fry from the California Northwestern Railway Company's own fish hatchery near Ukiah.

But for the company's efforts the streams would have long since been robbed of their finny tribe. As it is, however, there is still rare sport for the disciples of Isaac Walton. A friend who picked up my little booklet, "Vacation," said: "It's almost as good as taking a trip, it's almost as good as taking a trip, it's almost as good as taking a trip, it's almost as good as taking a trip."

You can almost imagine you were already there in some of the places, and the pictures are so lovely of the many resorts and recreations that these places hold in store for the summer guests. It makes one long to pack their trunk and get out of the city on short order. "Vacation" is a good book to keep for future reference.

Now comes Jules Henrievaux, till lately director of a glass manufactory at St. Gobain, who predicts that the coming of new age is to be glass. Mr. Henrievaux holds that glass is the best substance known to use for every kind of structural purpose, and is especially adapted for dwelling houses. As there is an inexhaustible supply of materials from which glass is made, in its adaptability to all shapes and forms and its durability as well as its cleanliness, and that it can be shaped, colored and decorated to an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of the idea that Mr. Henrievaux allows his imagination to dwell and builds his castles in the air and furnishes them with chairs and tables all made of glass, or in other words, vitrified materials toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany.

ALL IS SELFISHNESS.

The Wise Man's Theory and How It Was Exploded. "After all," said the wise man, "what is it but selfishness? The capitalist who goes through life whistling and singing songs of cheer is not entitled to any special credit, because it is a pleasure to him to be happy. If it didn't make him glad to be happy, he wouldn't be that way. So you see selfishness lies at the bottom of his good cheer."

"There's more to the pessimist," he is discouraged because he thinks it is his duty to mankind to paint dark pictures. Not at all. His is another clear case of selfishness. He gratifies himself by being unhappy and trying to make others so. Love, too, is selfishness. The maiden doesn't love the man to make him glad. It's her own happiness that she promotes in looking upon him as the noblest work of God. Man's love for woman has back of it the same selfish motive.

"So, too, the philanthropist's love of the world. He plants it and loves to do great things for it because it gives him a satisfaction to know that he is doing well."

"Consider it from whatever standpoint you please, and you must always arrive at the same conclusion. Everything that man does he does selfishly. It is always a case of gratifying his own inclinations. It's—"

Just then the wise man turned a somersault and skinned his nose against a water plug. When he got up and looked around, with the help of one who was beginning to remember things that had long been forgotten, his pupil asked: "Was it selfishness that impelled you to stub your toe? Did you do it because it brought a sense of gratification to you?"

"Say, you confounded idiot," the wise man replied, "you ought to have that girl photographed. It would make a good frontispiece to Darwin's works."—Chicago Herald.

Actor Crane Appreciated the Headgear of a Kansas Statesman. Among the stories that are retailed in the cloakroom of the senate when that body is in session at Washington is one of how William H. Crane, the actor, put the finishing touches upon his great character study, "The Senator."

"As you well know," said one of the group, "Crane took his character almost directly from Senator Plumb of Kansas. Crane had just started out with 'The Senator' and had opened in Washington. We had all seen the performance and liked it immensely. But I thought I saw one defect. Crane wore a high silk hat, which was not at all according to my thinking. In keeping with the intention of Plumb, who always wore the characteristic broad brimmed hat of the southerner. One evening when Crane, Ingalls, Plumb and myself happened to be dining together I remarked to Crane about the matter of the high hat."

CHOICE MISCELLANY

English as She is Perverted. The boast of Americans has been that no matter where you may go in any part of the United States there is very little difficulty in understanding the dialect.

When she answered a summons to the front door, she encountered a small boy who briefly remarked that he had come for "de foyndish."

He dogst. De dogst sent me fur de foyndish. This did not mend matters, and the boy was going down the steps when a light suddenly burst upon the woman's mind, and she remembered that she had asked the flatter to send for her fern dish. The boy was recalled, the dish was brought, and the amenities were restored.

How the Pony to Drink. A correspondent of the Chicago Record Herald tells his story about Carter's Grove, an old manor house near Yorktown, Va.: "It is one of the customs of Carter's Grove, as old as the mansion itself, to have a bowl of mint julep always standing upon the sideboard, and people from Williamsburg or Yorktown and the neighboring plantations who passed that way never failed to stop for refreshment. Dr. Booth, the present owner, says of one of the former proprietors who had the gout so badly that he could not walk and used to lie all day long on a couch in the corner of the dining room and growl about the pain he suffered: 'He had a Shetland pony trained to lie down on the floor beside him. When he felt thirsty, he climbed upon the pony's back, rode over to the punch bowl, drank freely of the beverage that always could be found there and then returned to his corner and rolled upon his couch, while the patient pony would lie down beside him until his services were needed again.'"

What Our Colleges Cost. In this era of big things it is interesting to consider the cost of college instruction. That may enable us to make up our minds as to whether or not to pay. The grounds and buildings are appraised at \$123,000,000, the productive funds at \$138,000,000, the scientific apparatus at \$1,000,000, the benefactions at \$21,000,000, while the total income of them all is \$21,000,000. That is a great income, even greater than the \$10,000,000 the poor people of the city of New York annually pay into the police shops of the metropolis in a game in which they have no chance to win. Here is an illuminating contrast. The whole country pays \$21,000,000 annually for its highest education. The metropolis city alone puts \$10,000,000 yearly in a game that only pays on the ignorant. I fancy no college man ever played policy except in the pursuit of knowledge and by way of experiment. When ignorance is so costly, higher education cannot be very dear at twice what is now spent on it.—John Gilmer Speed in Ainslie's.

Support of Physicians. Each physician in the United States has 675 persons to look to for his support, for 1 to 655 is the proportion, according to the latest governmental statistics. California stands at the bottom—or top, depending on the view—of the list, for there are only 416 actual and prospective patients for each M. D. while in Alaska 2,240 persons have to depend on or take chances with one doctor. New York is near the average, with 693 persons for each physician to look after, and Pennsylvania comes nearer the average than any other state, with 692. Lying partially between these great states comes New Jersey, where the number of medical practitioners falls off until one has to care for 856 persons.

Marvels of the Arc Light. The arc light, the most brilliant of artificial lights, followed as a natural result of the generation of electricity by the dynamo, and each light absorbs nearly one horsepower. There are more than 30,000 arc lamps burning at night in Greater New York, and fully 42 tons of coal every hour are consumed. One horsepower can furnish current enough to keep about 12 incandescent electric lamps lighted, and in Greater New York there are now in use over 1,000,000 of these lamps. The total power required for the electric lighting of this great city is certainly not less than 200,000 horsepower, or more than the combined power equipment of all the ships of the United States navy.—Leslie's Weekly.

Peaceful Mission For Cannon Balls. The authorities at one of the British naval arsenals were rather surprised recently by an inquiry as to whether they had any old cannon balls for sale, 14 and 28 pounders, such as Nelson used at Trafalgar. It turned out that they were required by the owner of a Welsh slate quarry. When a large slab of stone has to be detached, a slit is opened behind it and small cannon balls dropped in. The workmen then "joggle" the partly loosened block to and fro with their crowbars, and at every movement the cannon balls drop deeper. Very soon large balls can be inserted, and then the whole block falls forward completely severed.—Cardiff Western Mail.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Sentiment and Dividends. Charles K. Lush's new novel, "The Autocrats," may be considered a study of practical politics and business conditions in Chicago, says The Record-Herald. Bidwell is the typical "boss," and here is a characteristic conversation between him and the banker Ledlow: "I see you have been reading," observed Bidwell, glancing at the book that Ledlow had laid aside. "I find no time to read myself and did not suppose you did."

"It is simply a part of my exercise," explained Ledlow. "The doctor prescribed it, and I read half an hour every evening. Then I go to work."

"What is the book?" asked Bidwell. "It is called 'Treasure Island,' written by that fellow named Stevenson."

"Some relative of Ike's, I guess," observed Bidwell. "What is it about? I like the title."

"Oh, it's all about a couple of men, a doctor and a business man, who fitted out a ship and went to an island to dig up a lot of gold. They got it, too; made a big return upon the investment."

"How much did they declare?" asked Bidwell. "Several hundred thousands, I should judge," answered the banker. "Pooh, a mere trifle," observed Bidwell. "The original investment wasn't large," explained the banker apologetically.

No Long Sleep There. A good story is told of an experience that once befell Joseph Jefferson. A number of years ago he played an engagement in a small one night stand, appearing in "Rip Van Winkle." In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irish porter recently landed. Judged by the deep and serious interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, manager and proprietor rolled into one. At about 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was awakened by a violent

thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no call at the office, he was naturally very indignant. But as his sleep was spoiled for that morning he arose and, dressing himself, appeared before the clerk. "See here," he demanded, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

ONE OF BROOKS' PUPILS.

He Was Justly Punished, but He Regretted the Offense. After his graduation from Harvard college Phillips Brooks became a teacher in the Boston Latin school. And here, on the very threshold of his career, he met with failure. So much had been expected of him that his want of success was naturally a subject of much comment at the time, and after he had become a great preacher his early failure was all referred to and sometimes was used to point a moral.

It was a turbulent class that Phillips Brooks had to teach. Before he took charge of it three teachers had been driven away. The man who followed Mr. Brooks, to fill out the year, confessed himself so wearied by the frequent resort to corporal punishment that he was obliged to betake himself to the mountains for the summer to recuperate his strength. The boys were certainly in fault, but the blame was not wholly theirs, and long since they may be supposed to have repented of their misdeed.

Phillips Brooks was then not yet 20 years old, little more than a boy. Naturally, perhaps, he made mistakes. On one occasion, says his biographer, he punished a boy who had committed no fault.

After Mr. Brooks had become bishop of Massachusetts, as he was moving in his majestic dignity across Boston Common, he met this boy, then a mature man occupying a post of trust and influence. Neither man had forgotten the incident.

Looking down upon his old pupil, the bishop made a certain appeal for forgiveness. "Tell me, now," he said, "that I did not make a mistake and punish the wrong boy?" "Yes, you did make a mistake. You punished the wrong boy," was the answer, "but I have missed so many punishments that I deserved that I ought to be grateful for that one, which I did not deserve."—Youth's Companion.

Alvay Finished the Kiss. "A beautiful scene," said an old theater goer, "may be utterly ruined by some trifling mistake, and an error of seemingly infinitesimal dimensions throw out an entire company. Oftentimes, however, the ready wit and presence of mind of an actor or actress may save the day and turn what might otherwise have been disaster into triumph. One of the most difficult of all scenes to carry off successfully occurs in the opera of 'Siegfried.' You will remember that Siegfried awakens Brunhilde from her long sleep with a kiss. Wagner has so arranged it that the scene seems as long to the audience as the immortal slumber itself. In reality it lasts about 70 seconds, but it seems unending. It is a most trying situation for the singers, for the audience is extremely likely to grow restless."

"Some years ago at a performance of 'Siegfried' in St. Louis Alvay—poor chap!—was singing Siegfried to Mme. Fischer's Brunhilde. He had got about half way through his lengthy oration when the gallery began a succession of sneezes, constantly increasing in volume. It was a critical moment; but, as the event proved, one that was to add to Alvay's already large wreath of laurels.

"Slowly he raised his magnificently handsome head and turned toward the audience and silently looked the galleries into silence. In ten seconds he had completely mastered them, and you could have heard a pin drop in the great house. Then he dropped his face on that of Brunhilde and his eyes went on to its appointed and Sapho-like finish without further interruption from the audience. It was as fine an exhibition of the control a great personality can exercise over an audience as I have ever witnessed."—New York Tribune.

A Lesson In Politeness. The Philadelphia Record says that a railroad contractor who recently returned from abroad tells of an experience that befell him in Munich. He was one of the difference in prevailing terms. Armed with a number of letters of introduction to European railroad officials, he made it a point to inquire into the workings of the various systems and was treated with uniform courtesy.

PAID FOR HIS TIME.

Tom Brown, the cashier of the Bank of California, was pestered the other day by a promoter who persisted in explaining to him an invention which he claimed would bring fame and fortune to him if he could only enlist the aid of some one to assist him in introducing it. But Brown had heard such fairy tales before, and so he got snappy and brot matters to a business basis. "My time is very valuable," he said, "and I cannot allow you to take up any more of it. How valuable?" asked the promoter. "A dollar a minute," said Brown, with an air of dismissal, as he turned to his desk and rustled the papers in a farewell to you sort of way. "Then I'll take 20 minutes," said the promoter as he laid a large piece of glitter on the banker's desk. He took the full time and rattled along until he had quite finished, devoting his last few seconds to an earnest promise to call again. Then the cashier sat back in his chair and wondered on which side he should enter his \$20.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Enough to Retire On. "That great Italian tenor told me he had a mattress stuffed full of the laurel wreaths that had been given him."

Made the Application. "How are things?" the barber asked pleasantly of the shrinking man in the chair. "Dull, very dull."

And the knight of the razor looked for a moment as if he thought the remark was personal.

Two Narrow Irish Escapes. An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? Ye see, it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

Improving the Old Homestead. Farmer Whitree—Since yew got back from college yew don't seem to be no interest in the old farm.

On—No Interest, Dad! Haven't I spent nearly two weeks laying out golf links—dad!



"HE WAS SEENING LOIKE A HORSE."

Thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no call at the office, he was naturally very indignant. But as his sleep was spoiled for that morning he arose and, dressing himself, appeared before the clerk. "See here," he demanded, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

"The Irishman was summoned. "Why did you call Mr. Jefferson?" inquired the clerk. "There was no call left at the office for him."

Taking the clerk by the coat, the Irishman led him to one side and said in a voice mysterious with information to impart: "He was snoring loike a horse, sir, and O! heerd one of the byes say as how he war shapping out for twenty years, so I sez to meself, says O! 'Moike, it's comin on to him ag'in, and it's yer duty to get the craythur out of the house immedjit.'"—Washington Post.

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BRIEF REVIEW.

Unique Way of Booming a Town. There is nothing more interesting in the present-day rivalry for wealth and power than the methods by which both individuals and communities seek to exploit their own interests. If a man has an enterprise to promote he must advertise it. If a town wants to grow it must be boomed. In this age of hustling competition the race is almost invariably to the swift and the battle to the strong. When, therefore, the only industry of any consequence in Central Virginia, Conn., suspended operations, the leading citizens of the place saw that something must be done. Without some effort to prevent it, the town would move backward. The inhabitants would seek employment elsewhere and things would go to smash. A public meeting was held, therefore, to discuss ways and means of booming the town, attracting newcomers and keeping Central village in line with the procession. Various plans were submitted, a long discussion ensued, and it was finally decided that the wisest thing to do would be to build a monument in honor of Eve. It was agreed, and we think with reason, that a memorial of that character would attract newcomers to Central village and make life in the place worth living. The idea, however, is not absolutely original. It has its analogy in the action recently taken by the residents of a shipbuilding town on the coast of Maine. After carefully considering various methods of booming the place, it was unanimously resolved that the best way to do it would be to erect a monument in honor of Noah, whom the preamble justly described as the pioneer shipbuilder, and as such, entitled to the grateful recognition of all persons engaged in marine architecture.

Twenty-four Messages Over a Single Wire. Some important experiments in connection with the new telegraph system, which is said to be cheaper considerably than the cost of telegrams, have recently been conducted by postal engineers between London and Glasgow. The new apparatus is the invention of a French engineer named Mercadier, and by its means it is possible to send twelve separate messages over one wire at the same time. The system is also capable of being duplexed by which means twenty-four separate messages can be sent at one time over a single wire. When a message is sent, or when twelve separate messages are sent, what happens is this: Twelve currents enter the wire, each impressed with a distinct vibration rate. At the receiving station they pass through a microphonic receiver, which gives them added strength. They are then discharged through twelve receivers. As each of these receivers only respond to vibrations of a certain rate, they select each current belonging to its own particular message, and are impervious to all others. By this means the messages are accurately sorted out and kept distinct.

Ship Bounties in Canada. The Canadian Government has an offer of \$750,000 a year standing as a bonus for a fleet of fast steamers for the Atlantic service, built in Canada of Canadian material. In addition to this, Finance Minister Fielding has announced in Parliament that he has offered a number of British shipbuilding firms a substantial bonus to transfer their plants to Canada and build ships at Sydney from iron made by a Canadian company. The subsidy for operation of the steamers he proposes to increase also to \$1,000,000 a year.

Shadow of the Earth. The earth has a shadow, but few ever observe it, or, if they do, have no knowledge of what they are looking at. Some of us have seen on beautiful summer evenings just before sunset a roseate arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray under it. This is the shadow of the earth.

The recent census of India shows that Bengal, which has an area of 203,473 square miles—one-quarter less than the area of Texas—has a population of 74,713,000, which is equal nearly to that of the United States.

Three hundred Mediterranean lemons yield only ten ounces of citric acid, against twenty-seven ounces by the California fruit.

Apple cider is now given in the treatment of smallpox patients and with excellent results.

Three Irishmen had four guineas to be equally divided among them. After several unsuccessful efforts by two of them the third settled the business thus: "There are two for you two, and here are two for me too."