

BANDON RECORDER.

The Number "Three" in the Bible. When the world was created, we find it and its surroundings composed of three elements—air, water and land—the whole lighted by the sun, moon and stars. Adam had three sons mentioned by name, and so did Noah, the patriarch. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for the crime of praying three times. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. Job had three special friends. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Samuel was called three times; Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead body of the child; Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his great power, and the Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Paul makes mention of the three graces—faith, hope and charity. The famous allegorical dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Then we have the holy trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number, they being I. H. S.; so also the famous Roman motto was composed of three words—vix, in hoc signo.

Slight of Hand Poisoning. A very curious item in toxicological lore I chanced to light upon, wrote George Augustus Sala in one of his letters, may be called the feat of poisoning by slight of hand. You were jealous of a lady, and you wished to kill her. Well, you asked her to lunch, and you caused a very nice peach to be served at dessert. You cut the fruit with a golden knife, one side of the blade of which was ended with a deadly poison. You presented the poisoned half of the peach to the lady, who ate it with much relish and then dropped down dead. The wholesome half you ate yourself and laughed in your sleeve and went on slicing more peaches for the ladies of whom you were jealous till you were found out and broken on the wheel. Aye, there's the rub! What high times we might have, to be sure, but for that plaguy contingency of being found out!

Austrian Bulls. Here are a few "bulls" that have been perpetrated from time to time in the Austro-Hungarian parliament: "One most important point of the agricultural question is the maintenance of the breed of horses to which I have the honor to belong." "We are here for the weal and woe of our constituents." "Gentlemen, consider this question in the light of a dark future." "The eye of the law weighs heavily on our press legislation." "There, gentlemen, is the ever changing point of which the opposition has made a hobbyhorse." "This taunt is the same old sea serpent which for years and years has been gnawing in this assembly."

Incidents in American History. A traveler who has just returned from a visit to Matanzas says that he visited El Cumbre, a short distance from the city, and there was reminded of an incident in American history with which he is entirely unfamiliar and which he is willing to bet not one American in a hundred knows anything about. He refers to the fact that a vice president of the United States took the oath of office there, being authorized to do so by special act of congress. El Cumbre means "the summit" and it was here that William Rufus King, vice president with Franklin Pierce, dying of consumption, was sworn into office March 24, 1853.

Loading and Working. Ever notice at the end of a day when you have fished along with your work and slouched through everything in a slumped manner that you are tired as if you had worked steadily and done your work well? And how much better satisfied you feel with yourself when you have done your work as you should. Your employer also notices these things. Don't belong to the slumped class. Do your work well. You will feel better and stand higher in the estimation of the man you work for.—Athenian Globe.

Tricks of the Trade. If you find maple twigs and fragments of leaves in your "maple" sirup, you may feel pretty sure that it is an imitation or has been adulterated. People who make the pure article send it to market clean. The best butter does not have hair in it to prove that it was made from cows' milk. Strained honey with bits of comb in it is subject to the same suspicion. Tomato figs with a fig leaf on top of the box is another instance.

Suggestive. "No," said the Widow Rakeleigh, "I didn't altogether like the minister's sermon over poor John." "Why, I thought it quite sympathetic," said her friend.

"Well, I didn't like his pronunciation when he said John had gone to that undiscovered country from whose 'burn' no traveler returns."—Philadelphia Press.

Sagacity. "Why, yes, I have seen a good deal of Tom Robinson recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's got positively brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion and so hospitable and—"

"I see. Which of Robinson's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair or the tall blond one?"

"It's the little one with the black hair."

A Kiss and a Snap. In 1837 Mr. Thomas Saverland brought an action against Miss Caroline Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke. The defendant was acquitted, and the judge laid down that "when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she so pleases."—The Kiss and Its History.

POLLY LARKIN

Never has San Francisco, since the days of the pioneers, seen the condition of affairs that the street car strike occasioned. Vehicles of all descriptions were brought into play, and the poor horses, wondering what it all meant, were "put through their paces," going from early morning until late at night carrying passengers. Some of the wagons bore inscriptions that reminded one of "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," when the old prairie schooners lumbered across the continent bearing the inscription in glowing letters, "California or Bust." The wags of the day who fitted up their express wagons with temporary seats and hung on a chair or a couple of steps to enable the passengers to climb into their wagons took the time to put the inscription, "Home or Bust," on their wagons. They varied this not very elegant inscription with "Rapid transit to Golden Gate Park; going right out," and "Rapid transit to Twenty-fourth street and Valencia," etc. Every vehicle was crowded with men, women and children, all looking as if it was a great big frolic that they were indulging in. Women wearing seal skin coats and diamonds rode with all the grace they could command in express wagons. You can rest assured, however, that it was a case of "have to go down town" that brought them out. They bore it all cheerfully, and if their tempers were ruffled by the situation they did not show it. One woman, however, was honest enough to state after one of these express wagon rides that the nearer she got home the madder she got to think she had been inveigled into going down town and thus make a holy show of herself for the maddening throng to gaze at and make merry over her predicament. She never dreamed when she went down to make her few purchases that she would have to be hauled back in an express wagon, yet she was one out of the multitude that thronged the street. One little street Arab quoted to the amusement of several, "The rich for once can't ride in chaises any more than the poor, they both can walk by Jazes." He twisted the quotation a little bit to express his thoughts, but it met with a laugh and a shout from his dirty little companions.

It wasn't funny a bit to those who had to come any distance and who had no chance of riding home and had to walk, but there were no wry faces even though their feet were tired and their bodies weary. Everybody smiled and jested over the ludicrous and yet serious position they were placed in by the strikers and the corporations that refused to give the extra three cents an hour their employes demanded. People who seldom walked more than two or three blocks down town without being weary, found that when occasion demanded it they were pretty good sprinters. Many men, women and even children, were compelled to walk six or seven miles to their work, and they had to rise with the larks to get to their work on time. One young lady, who acknowledged that she never walked more than two or three blocks without being greatly fatigued, walked six to seven miles to her work, and as she weighed nearly two hundred pounds, it was a most trying experience, particularly on her return home, as she had to walk most of the way up some of the steepest hills in San Francisco. Employees were late in arriving at business on all sides, but for once the little tardy mark did not figure in casting up their weekly report. There were many humorous sides to the unfortunate affair. One load of men and boys who were crowded in like sardines in a big hay wagon sang, "Until This Cruel War is Over We'll All Go Marching Home." The pedestrians who were marching home felt that it was a sort of grim humor to be hurled back at them by the fortunate singers. Another one took up the refrain, "We're All Rough Riders," and verily they were, for they were riding home in a coal cart and were more begrimed and dusty than if they had been through the war.

The only ones who seemed pleased at the turn of events were the owners of vehicles and horses. It was their harvest and all were pressed into service, from the shabbiest of rigs up to hacks and automobiles. One enterprising garbage man saw his way to making a few more dollars by hauling tired humanity to its abode instead of garbage to the crematory, so he used something the old garbage wagon had never seen before, that is, an abundance of soap and water and a broom, put sacks in the bottom and along the sides and some board seats in it, curried up the old horses, and the next thing seen of this hastily constructed passenger conveyance was it was going up Market street laden with passengers, and as one of the men remarked when a man on the standing on the sidewalk sang "Where did you get that coach?" "Oh, any old thing will do," he expressed the sentiment of every one in the wagon. Polly felt sorry for the horses, they were driven so hard and little mercy was shown as they jogged or were raced over the hard and cruel paving stones. It was a sight that San Francisco people will long remember, and once in a thousand years is often enough for it to happen—in fact this is one case where we don't want history to repeat itself. I never did like strikes, and I like them less when they strike so near home.

The letter from the query-box this week is from "Constance G.," and she has had a disappointment that she

imagines has brightened her life. "Constance" has had a little love affair, and the young man who has wooed and won her was not as constant as he might have been; in fact he proved when weighed in the balance that he was not the true gold that she thought he was, but he turned out to be the poorest kind of clay not fit to be molded in the potter's hands, for he was so poverty-stricken when it came to honor, which is such a jewel in man and woman alike, so devoid of refinement and truth and so cowardly in dealing with others, that he would not have stood the test of the miller.

You say, "Constance," that he has shown you marked attention for two or three years, keeping company with you no one else, and that you finally became engaged to him. Then after months of devotion in which he allowed you to get your trousseau ready and make beautiful bits of fancy work for the dear little home he stated he was preparing for you, almost on the eve of your marriage he ceased coming, never gave any reason for the sudden change, and you found that for some time he had been paying marked attention to a young lady in the same town. Knowing all this, you still grieve for such a man? Can't you realize that he is not the man you thought you cared for? He was the soul of honor, upright in all his dealings and refined. The man you thought you cared for is dead, he did not possess the low and cowardly traits of this man who has deceived you. The man you cared for was true as steel. This man is all dress, outwardly and weak as water. From all you have told me you have nothing to regret. Rather consider yourself fortunate that fate ordained you should never be tied to him for life. If he had been the noble man you thought him, do you suppose he would have been so cowardly as to leave you with never a word of explanation? I think not. Therefore accept Polly's congratulations on your narrow escape.

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In the Japanese match factories the boxes and labels are made by little girls, who are wonderfully dexterous in the work. The little experts get from a halfpenny to twopenny halfpenny for twelve hours' work.

A glass house to be used as a sanatorium is being built at the government sanatorium for tuberculosis at Fort Bayard, N. M. During the last two years the government has expended \$200,000 on this institution.

In Spang, near Berlin, a great military center, a tax has been put on automatic orchestrons, which are becoming an intolerable nuisance, as nearly every restaurant has one. It is hoped that the tax will reduce the plague.

The Jessup expedition into northwestern Siberia has returned with 100 cases of specimens. The object of the excursion, which was held by Norman C. Huxton, was to determine the Asiatic origin of the North American Indians.

In Toledo, O., the postoffice department will place on each letter box an electrical device which will record at the central office when the box is opened. Some such apparatus is found to be necessary to prevent collectors from slipping boxes.

The women of Galveston, Tex., the city so nearly destroyed by the terrible storm a few years ago, have organized to beautify the town. They give entertainments to raise funds and with the proceeds buy and plant trees along the streets and in the parks.

A reward of £5,000 is offered by the department of agriculture in Queensland for the discovery of a means of eradicating the prickly pear pest, which is a cactus imported from America. The remedy must not cost more than a certain sum per acre.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

A national exhibition of mule and donkeys is to be held in Berlin. A motor sloop propelled by spiked wheels is patented in Germany. Gasoline handcars are giving satisfactory service on western railroads.

For every 100 deaths in rural districts in England there are 118 in town districts. The area of the Yellowstone park equals that of Delaware plus that of Rhode Island. A musical Passion play in sixteen tableaux has been written by the cure of a Paris church.

The French waterways bill comprises improvements in the existing canals at a cost of \$12,100,000. England owns 7,980 of the 14,077 stonewares belonging to the twelve leading nations of Europe and America. An ancient Viking camp made out of the vertebrae of a whale has been found at Harroldswick, in Shetland.

The Kaiser has ordered the distribution of 1,000 copies of his photograph among the sailors of the German navy. Automobiles which have a flange outside a pneumatic tire are being used for scouting on the Transvaal railways. An electric motor car recently doubled the length of Great Britain, traveling 1,100 miles at an expense of 5 cents a mile.

Several young members of the Belgian aristocracy are now serving their time as apprentices on board English sailing ships. Hull (England) municipal trams made a profit of £40,000 last year. Of this amount £10,000 has been devoted to the relief of the taxless.

A new tapeworm described by a Japanese physician is of gigantic size, being more than four feet long and about thirty-five feet broad and about thirty-five feet long.

The difficulties in navigating the Red sea are caused from reefs and shoals that are not sailing vessels have passed the Suez canal in twenty-seven years.

The record for rapid slaughtering has been made by an Indianapolis packing house by turning 3,298 hogs into products within five hours.

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The Economic Mule. The mule is ready to begin work two or three years earlier than the horse. He can be put to pretty heavy pulling when he is three years old, and from that time until he is forty, if he has fair treatment and does not meet with an accident, he is not likely to lose any time. He is not subject to the many ailments to which the horse is a victim, at least not to any great degree. He lives about twice as long, and his actual period of usefulness is nearly three times as long. For the horse is really not fit for heavy service until he is five years old or after he is twenty, while a mule will often do good service for forty years, and they have been known to work fifty, according to one writer, without being turned out at any time during all that long period.

Like the ass, the mule will live upon next to nothing, and during all his forty years of hard service a mule will not require—and generally does not get—half the feed necessary to sustain a horse during his much shorter period of usefulness.

Where Allspice Grows. The island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen, and the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen, they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun and afterward packed in bags holding 160 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.

He Won the Youngster. The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of San Francisco was once calling on a new parishioner who had a "dumb" of a boy. She had invited the doctor to dine. "Willie," she said to her hopeful, "pass Dr. Mackenzie a potato." Willie seized the potato between thumb and finger, and before his mother could utter a horrified remonstrance he had tossed it across the table and squarely into the good man's lap. "Judgment!" cried Willie. "One strike!" quoted the quick-witted clergyman.

"Willie, leave the table!" stormed his mother. "Madam," said the minister, "do not judge him harshly. See how beautifully he put the sphere over the plate." And from that time there wasn't a more earnest worker in all the big Sunday school than that same Willie.

Cure For Hiccough. Hiccough usually attacks persons of nervous temperament and young children who have overloaded the stomach. It may also be induced by eating foods which have been too highly seasoned.

The most useful remedy and perhaps the most inoffensive and the best consists in sucking a piece of sugar which has previously been steeped in vinegar or drinking a spoonful of good vinegar in which some sugar has been dissolved.

If this is not at once successful, a second spoonful is certain to be so.

A Hungry Madman. During the siege of Ludsmith an officer who was organizing a concert to keep up his men's cheerfulness heard of a sergeant in the Gordons who was said to be a performer. He found the said sergeant and asked him to contribute his services.

The sergeant was sorry, but said he "couldn't." "Why," said the officer, "you do play something, don't you?" "I did, sir," he whispered, "and as the box appeared before him he made sure to catch the president's eye. He went the quarter conspicuously between Damon's thumb and forefinger; then he dropped it, and, with a sweep of the hand toward his companion, he held up two fingers."

"Two," said Damon, and the professor understood.

He Noticed Improvement. A typical North Carolinian called at the senate lobby one day recently. He wore heavy boots and homespun clothes, his whiskers were of the Horace Greeley fashion, he did not wear a collar, and his hat slouched down upon his tousled hair. He sent in his name to Senator Pritchard, confiding to the doorkeeper that he had not seen Pritchard since they served together in the legislature twelve years ago.

Presently Senator Pritchard appeared. His North Carolina friend looked him all over. "My country, senator," he exclaimed in a voice audible all over the lobby, "how you have improved!"—Washington Post.

Yeast Meets Germ Sharp. A young man more or less intimately acquainted with affairs at the capitol is a believer in the germ theory of disease and in the virtue of disinfectants. A few days ago he heard of a case of scarlet fever in his neighborhood, and he straightaway went to a drugstore and got a mixture of liquids with which to disinfect his clothes. He dosed the clothes liberally.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Just Like Solomon. Joe Weber tells this story of how the firm of Weber & Fields came very near being dissolved at one time. They were playing at the Bowery museums with indifferent success when they decided that their future lay in acrobatic work. So one day they went to the foot of East Twelfth street, where there were two large ash dumps. There they found James T. Powers and Peter Dally practicing acrobatic stunts. The latter two did not fancy the invasion of the two German comedians, who were their rivals for popularity along the Bowery, and drove them away with stones, one of which, thrown by Powers, struck Fields in the eye. His partner instead of sympathizing with him began to laugh. "Fields got angry. We quit," he said, "right now."

"All right, I'm willing," said Weber. They walked back to the Bowery together without speaking. A few days before the incident they had clipped in a dollar each and bought a trunk.

"Where's going to get that trunk?" sulkily asked Weber. "You can have it," replied Fields. "No; I don't want it. You take it," said Weber.

After quarreling for some time over the matter Fields finally hit upon a Solomon-like idea. "We'll sell it in two, and we can each take half," he said.

Weber agreed to the proposition and, procuring a saw, started upon the division of the only valuable asset of the team. He had cut half way through the trunk when he finally turned to Fields and said: "Say, Fields, I'm getting the worst of this deal. Do you think I'm going to saw your half too?"

Fields' indignation had by this time subsided, and he was roaring with laughter. There and then patched up their grievance, and Mr. Weber still has the trunk, which he shows to visitors to his home as strongly illustrating the truth of his story.

The Professor Understood. Professor Henry Morton, president of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, recently honored by Mr. Carnegie, once had a church experience with two students. One Sunday a pair of freshmen wandered into the

church, not knowing that it was President Morton's place of worship. They kept quiet and seemed properly devout throughout until the time the collection box was to be passed, when they saw to their horror that Professor Morton himself was passing the box.

"Got any money?" said Paulsen to Ingalls. "Quarter. You got any?" "No."

Nearer and nearer came the collection box. "Finally when it was but one pew away Damon Ingalls rose to the needs of Pythias Paulsen.

"I'll stake you, old man. That'll be all right. Watch me," he whispered, and as the box appeared before him he made sure to catch the president's eye. He went the quarter conspicuously between Damon's thumb and forefinger; then he dropped it, and, with a sweep of the hand toward his companion, he held up two fingers."

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CHOICE MISCELLANY

Nicknacktorian. London shopkeepers' slang is a dialect in itself and one that is always changing. What, then, is a "nicknacktorian"? We know not the word today; but, looking recently through some old law cases dating about a hundred years back, I was puzzled to find it applied in all good faith to describe a plaintiff in the sheriff's court. On a further search it turned out to be a piece of forgotten Cockney slang for a dealer in bric-a-brac. The evidence showed that this plaintiff kept a sort of old curiosity shop, in which he dispensed "mummies, poisoned arrows, the head of King Arthur's spear and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a wagon!"

The defendant, a woman, had actually bought and paid for some of these rarities, but she died after having commissioned the embalming of an orang-outang to add to her collection, and for this her executors refused to pay. Counsel for the defense poured contempt on the mummy of the orang-outang and called it a "stuffed monkey." But the "nicknacktorian" won his case. His profession was more talking than his name.—Manchester Guardian.

Our Highest Priced Mail Carrier. A contract was recently let by the postoffice department for carrying the mail in Alaska by dog sleds. The successful bidder was Oscar Fish, and his route lies between Eagle and Valdez, a distance of 414 miles. He makes two trips a month and receives nearly \$1,500 a trip, or \$35,000 a year. Only 300 pounds are carried per trip, and this is usually made up of letters—few newspapers. Postoffice department officials say that the sum paid to Fish is very reasonable when it is considered that he makes the trip by dog sled and that he has the most dangerous route of any mail carrier in the world. He has several times been given up for dead by residents of Valdez and Eagle, but so far he has always managed to reach the end of his journey, although sometimes overdue and occasionally very much battered up. He has fallen down precipices, got mixed up in avalanches and has been starved and frost-bitten, but is still happy in risking his lonely life.—Harper's Weekly.

Ice Cream on Ellis Island. Somebody's heart softened toward the 700 or more immigrants who had to spend their first Easter in the new world on Ellis Island, and ice cream was a part of the bill of fare.

To many of the newcomers—to nearly all of them, in fact—the frozen cream was a novelty. Some were much puzzled at the strange article of food, but some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to the ice cream, and they tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed up.

"An' how did they kape it from meltin'?" inquired another.

"Some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to the ice cream, and they tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed up.

"Silver me timbers," exclaimed an English fisherman, snacking his lips, "what stuff this would be to cruise with in 'ot weather?"

Transplanting Big Trees. The transplanting of big trees on the world's fair site at St. Louis is an interesting feat. A deep trench is cut around the tree four or five feet from its base and the earth dug away beneath. Then a huge truck is backed up to the tree and securely fastened. The entire tree, forty or fifty feet high, is then tipped over on to the truck and another pair of wheels attached in front. Tugs, with sufficient teams to pull the heavy load, the tree is drawn to the place where wanted and restored to an upright position. Much care is required in the work, and the trees will receive constant attention until again well rooted.

Water in the Libyan Desert. There are places in the great Libyan desert that have an abundant supply of water, obtained from an underground bed of sandstone. The water comes to the surface through wells from 450 to 500 feet in depth and irrigates broad areas of cultivated lands, interspersed with palm groves. The oasis of Dakhla particularly is in a fine state of cultivation as a result of this irrigation. The subject is of special interest here, because there are great regions in our western country where it is known that water lies under arid plains, and various projects are on foot for making it available for irrigation purposes.

How Japanese Measure Distance. The ri and cho are the Japanese measures of distances. The ri is equal to about two and a half English miles, and it takes thirty-six ri to make one ri. Fifteen cho are a little more than one mile. One ri equals 1,927.5 kilometers, and it is believed that decimal system will soon be adopted. On country roads Jirukisha fares are regulated by distance, from 8 to 14 sen a ri being charged, according to the character of the road, but on all the usual routes to and from country stations the exact tariff is known.

The Wooded Hills of Honolulu. About fifteen years ago the Hawaiian government undertook forest work, and very soon the hills back of Honolulu were clothed with a dense and luxuriant growth of eucalyptus of several varieties, the Australian wattle and other trees of that character. These trees have already exercised a noticeable influence in conserving rainfall and rendering the climate in the vicinity more agreeable.

The Value of Science. Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor, but if a man hasn't plenty of good common sense the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Teeth. Bobby—My gran'ma's so old she ain't got a tooth in her head. Tommy—Ain't she? Well, mebby you're in her bureau drawer, like my Aunt Tillie's is sometimes.