

BANDON RECORDER.

Tit For Tat.

In the peace congress at the Hague Lord Pauncefoot attracted the attention of the delegates by taking notes with a fountain pen the handle of which was formed by the shell of a dumdum bullet.

"My lord, it isn't right for you to use that murderous shell in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become a part of themselves, an expression of their ideas and of their personality."

Lord Pauncefoot smiled, but said nothing. The following day his critic, wanting to write something, turned to the English diplomat to borrow a pen.

"Monsieur, it isn't right for you to use such an instrument in this congress. The instruments used by persons are almost emblematic. They can become a part of themselves, an expression of their ideas, of their personality."

Not Quite Complimentary.

A very ordinary looking nurse was exhibiting the new born sister to six-year-old Bertie.

"Look at the sweet little baby, my dear! Is she not pretty?"

But Bertie, who has been made painfully aware of the servants of the household that the new arrival will usurp his past privileges as an only child, exclaimed with secret exaltation:

"Auntie says that pretty babies grow up ugly."

"Maybe they do," assented the nurse, unable to forbear a smile.

But the smile was lost upon Bertie. He stood for a moment in meditative mood, and then, glancing up from his contemplation of baby's features to those of the nurse, he said with childish confidence:

"Nurse, you must have been a very pretty baby?"

A Browning Anecdote.

In the Cornhill Magazine, in an interesting paper entitled "On a Few Cornhill Anecdotes," the writer tells an amusing story of Browning and how he received certain flowers from a lady, who, on being pressed to give their English names, shyly confessed they were called "bloody noses."

"I'll deck my love with roses, I'll cover her with roses; Should she protest I'll do my best To give her bloody noses."

—London Spectator.

For Ingrowing Toe Nails.

By far worse than corns, the ingrowing toe nail makes life miserable for the man or woman, and no relief seems to come from paring the nail or in wadding it with cotton. To give instant relief to such pain a mixture used by the best physicians can be made as follows: Procure of the druggist one dram of muriatic acid and one dram of nitric acid and one ounce of chloride of zinc.

Have these mixed thoroughly by the druggist or perform the operation yourself and apply one drop to the affected part once a day. It will not only give relief at once, but it will last all day.

The Orange in Spain.

It is considered a very beautiful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The senorita cuts off the rind with her silver knife, then, putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her pearly teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

Octopus For Dinner.

Octopuses are very plentiful in Japanese waters and have been known to attack fishermen in their boats. When this hideous monster assumes the aggressive, the only chance the fishermen have is to lop off the tentacles of the beast. Falling this, the boat may be upset and the men dragged under. The octopus is highly valued in Japan as an article of food.

The Explanation.

Knox—I sat down in my easy chair last night and picked up that new novel of Scribner's and I didn't get to bed until 4 this morning.

Cox—The idea! Why, I thought it awfully tiresome.

Knox—Exactly! It was nearly 4 o'clock when I woke up in my chair.

Diamond Fields of India.

Diamond fields in India were known from the very earliest times. In the sacred books of India eight localities are mentioned as yielding diamonds, and of these three have been identified at the present day—Matanga (Kistna and Godavery), Pauda (Chota Nagpur) and Vena Gunga (Walinghurs). The diamondiferous area of India, so far as is known, is perhaps more extensive than that of the rest of the world, and nine-tenths of the famous jewels are Indian stones.

Discovery of Iron.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered? Johnny—Yes, sir.

"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point." "I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."—Spare Moments.

Oh, So Polite!

"Politest people I ever knew down in that fever and ague country," remarked the traveler. "In other places they shake hands when they greet you, but down there they shake all over."—Chicago Post.

The time comes when one feels the need of the slumber of death, as at the end of a toilsome day one feels the need of another sleep.

POLLY LARKIN

There is nothing that adds to the attractiveness of a place more than trees, flowers and shrubbery, and yet you find so many places lacking this beauty and comfort that can so readily be acquired, particularly in California, where the different seasons need not be taken into consideration.

I had occasion to visit a school in the vicinity of one of our prosperous country towns recently, and I was surprised at the change that had been wrought in a few months' time. Vines and roses were clambering up and over the porch covered with sweet-scented blossoms and making it shady and comfortable.

As if vying with the roses, a wealth of sweet peas of all colors and varieties clambered toward the roof of the school-house clinging tenaciously to the strings that had been placed for their accommodation by the teachers and scholars.

Clusters of lilies grew beside the pump, and geraniums, roses, chrysanthemums, oxalis and mignonette grew luxuriantly in the yard, while the pink ivy-geranium and gay velvety nasturtium ran riot over the fence.

Up the flag-pole sweet peas twined themselves and many of the dainty-winged blossoms bore the colors of the stars and stripes, a fitting standard for "old glory."

In one little nook was planted our national flower, the California poppy. It was an ideal playground for the children, and they showed their appreciation in the care they took to avoid injuring the plants.

The garden spot was the entire work of the teacher and children after school hours, the scholars taking turns in assisting the teacher in caring for them.

The water had to be pumped and carried all over the yard, but the boys had strong arms and willing hearts and considered it a pleasure rather than a duty.

Boys who had never cared for flowers before grew to love the buds and blossoms. The first year the teacher was in a quandary as to what she would do in regard to the plants during the vacation.

She was going away, and undoubtedly the plants would nearly all perish before school opened again, but the scholars came to the rescue and removed all her doubts and fears by promising to look after them of their own free will.

She knew that they would not abuse their trust and gladly gave her consent. The result was so gratifying that now she never gives the yard a thought during her summer outing except to wonder what headway they will make during her absence.

She says she is invariably surprised at their growth and the perfect order in which she finds everything, for the little lads and lassies seem to exert an influence over the plants, charming or coaxing them into renewed effort.

She says one of the best day's work she ever did was when she started the flower garden around the little schoolhouse, and believes the flowers have a refining influence over the children, and so does Polly.

One of the most dismal and forlorn places I have ever seen was a handsomely built mansion of gray stone and not a flower, tree or shrub in the vicinity.

"What is the style of person you would think lived there, Polly?" asked a friend. "A man soured on the world, cross and crabbed and hating his neighbor as he does himself, and detesting flowers and everything beautiful that could bring joy and refinement into his unenviable life."

"You are right," he replied. "That man is soured on the world. Just after he built this place his daughter fell in love with the neatest kind of a young man, and he came of a good family, was industrious, and was climbing up in his position, having the respect and confidence of his employers."

In fact, his only fault was his poverty. When the father saw that all his persuasion and threats would not turn his daughter from her purpose of wedding the young man, after a stormy scene one night he turned her out of doors, throwing her clothes after her and disinheriting her.

She was far from any place and had to find her way the best she could in the dark to the nearest house, which was some three miles distant. The daughter was the idol of the mother's heart, who had long been an invalid from heart disease.

She begged and implored her husband to bring her back, and at least wait until morning before driving her from home. He sent her to her room with curses and barred the door for fear she would follow the girl.

He need not have taken such precautions, for before morning death swept aside all barriers and set the imprisoned soul free.

The daughter was not allowed to gaze on her beloved mother's features for the last time. The only consolation she has in visiting her grave, for the old man cannot deny her access to "God's acre."

After the funeral the old man moved his bed into the library and, save the kitchen and dining-room, every other room in the house is locked and he never enters them.

The daughter is a widow with two little children in a nearby town and supports them by taking in sewing. Her father has never seen her out of doors, but lives the embittered man that he is in that old funeral pile of rocks with only a Chinaman to eke out the lonely hours.

There is not a cat, bird or dog about the premises, only cows, and horses to do the work of the place, and they are used to the curses and snarls that fall from his lips. It could be made into a grand old place with trees, flowers, shrubs and velvety lawns, and the joyous laughter of his little grand-children could make the long silent mansion ring with their childish glee, stirring his withered old heart into new life with a consciousness that he had done the right thing, but it is never to be in his time.

GETTING AWAY FROM HOME

The Spirit of Restlessness and the Desire For Change.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home.

This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part we find it difficult to take it quite seriously or to see in it anything more than a passing whim.

Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire—not necessarily any great change, but lots of small change; not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake.

Now, there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they ever so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else.

We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seems to alter in expression.

Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich and from the mutton to the cheese if we are poor;

whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refreshed daily with new faces.

Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity for much conversation, and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull.

It does not do always just to say what one thinks, it is such bad practice for dining out, and, this being the case, it is not easy nowadays to think what to say.

Nowadays we get, socially speaking, tired of our friends and even of our acquaintances. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession. Instead of that they rather resemble a stage crowd and keep coming up again.

There is a limit to those we know, a limit even to those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and at a restaurant this latter limit is disregarded.

The barrier of good manners which forbids that those who are acquainted with one another should speak is sufficient to protect our station or our dignity, but it is not a very high fence, and it is one which it is amusing to look over.—London Spectator.

The Mexican Idea.

The ancient Mexican idea of heaven, hell and the after state of souls is extremely curious and interesting. According to their notions souls neither good nor bad, or whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to enter a medium state of idleness and empty content.

The wicked or those dying of a long list of different modes of death (which list was sacred) kept by the priests went to Metlan, a distant hall within the bowels of the earth. The souls of those struck by lightning or of those dying by any of a given list of diseases, also the souls of children, were transported to a remote elysium called Tlalocan.

The actual heaven was reserved for warriors who fell in battle, for women who died in defense of their children, for those offered as a sacrifice in the temple and for a few others. After death, according to their belief, the soul passed immediately to the "house of the sun," their chief god, whom they accompanied for a long term of years in his circuit around the sky, honoring him with song, dances and other forms of revelry.

Then, being reanimated in the form of birds of brilliant plumage, they lived as beautiful songsters among the flowers, among the stars, sometimes on earth, sometimes in heaven.

Portuguese Kind to Animals.

Drinking fountains for man and beast are numerous in all towns in the Azores, writes a correspondent to the Baltimore Sun, and on all roads, and the laboring animals are well fed and freely watered. The influence of the Moors is certainly seen in this regard for the welfare of the mule and donkey, and in no country save the home of the horse—the land of burmose and sheiks—does one see animals so kindly treated as they are there.

The Portuguese have a saying: "He who has no compassion for animals has no heart."

A Churchman's Will.

Wayne MacVeagh, Archbishop Ryan and George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, were fellow guests at a banquet given in the Union league several years before the death of Mr. Roberts.

Mr. MacVeagh at the time was the legal adviser of the "Penns." "Some chaff in the vernacular of railroading marked a passage in the conversation of the evening, and the lawyer, following up a compliment paid the prelate by the president, said: "Your grace, in return you might give the worthy Mr. Roberts a free pass to heaven."

"I should willingly do so," responded his grace, "but for one reason—I should not care to be the means of separating him from his counsel in the world beyond."—Philadelphia Times.

"Rule Britannia" Variations.

One of the English papers gives the answers of certain board school boys who were asked to write down the whole or part of the chorus of "Rule Britannia." One of them gave the first line as "Roy! Erick Tanner, Erick Tanner rules the way," a second being that with "Rule Britannia," while a third attempted a whole verse. This was his version: "The nation not so blest has been still in sterna but still sterna to God most all this was the Chelster of the stall and God in Angles sang the Strang Brittaniana britanaya waves the waves for Brittanina never will be slain."

Easy Enough.

Mr. Harry de Windt in his book, "Finland as It Is," tells of a host of Andre, the arctic explorer. Just before his last voyage he was driven to distraction at a dinner party by a talkative neighbor.

"But how will you know, professor, when you have really crossed the north pole?" was one of the many silly questions.

"Oh, that will be simple enough, madame," replied Andre with his well known dry humor. "A north wind will become a south one!"

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Between friends frequent reproof makes the friendship distant.

WASHINGTON LETTER

The Presidential parrot objects to the remodeling of the White House.

When the workmen assaulted the roof of the conservatory and began removing the glass, the bird became wrathful and abused the mechanics.

She has a fluent vocabulary of vituperation, but her choicest epithets were learned in Cuba and are expressed in elegant Castilian, so that the finer feelings of the workmen were not too much shocked.

Still at every unpleasant noise Polly vociferated, "Shut up!"

Finally the bird took to careering through the conservatory and frequently in its rage flew off the smaller branches of the plant.

She was captured and tethered by a short string to a remote perch. Polly seemed to be humiliated, as heretofore she has had the free range of the conservatory.

After she became a chained prisoner her vivacity deserted her.

When strangers approached, no violent language was dropped. Polly hid her head under her wing or propped it between her feet and simply muttered her wrath.

This parrot is a native Cuban and was sent to President Roosevelt about six months ago.

Everybody knows the story in "The Texas Steer" of the applicant for office who began by living at the finest hotels and smoking twenty-five cent cigars and finally landed in the cheapest joint that he could find.

The story is very nearly duplicated by the case of a witness before one of the senate committees who came here from California. He traveled in style and upon arriving in Washington secured the most expensive quarters at a fashionable hotel.

He drew \$170 for mileage and expenses and proceeded to have a good time while he waited for the committee to examine him. Presently, however, his money was all gone.

He appealed to the senate officials in vain for another advance and then discovered that his daily expenses were about three times as much as the government would allow him.

The rapidity with which that witness gave up his expensive quarters and sought a small back room in a cheap lodging house was a caution.

Solid Old Floors.

The tearing up of the floors of the east room of the White House preparatory to the improvements in the building has uncovered many indications of the age of the building.

"For instance, the planks of the floor of the east room must have been put down many years ago, and I don't suppose that new flooring has ever been put in."

The flooring was held to the big girders by means of iron bolts, which somewhat resembled a formidable modern nail. The head is like that of a railroad spike, but the body is rather slender.

There is no doubt that they were put in to stay and to hold the flooring. In other parts of the east room have been found handmade nails. The present generation does not know how a handmade nail looks. There is a great demand for souvenirs from the work in the east room, but the foreman will not allow anything to be taken away.

The President Off Duty.

The president will not go away from Oyster Bay for any considerable length of time until the last of August, when he will visit Maine and New England states. In September he will be on railroad trains a good deal and also in October. His vacation, with the exception of a few weeks early in September, will practically come to an end the last of August.

Mayor William C. Maybury of Detroit, accompanied by Senator McMillan, saw the president the other day and completed arrangements for the visit of the latter to Detroit upon the occasion of the convention of the Spanish war veterans in that city in September. The president will arrive in Detroit Sunday morning, Sept. 21, going there direct from Cincinnati, which city he will visit Sept. 20. The president will remain in Detroit until Monday afternoon, the 22d. He will review the parade of the Spanish war veterans and has promised to address the convention.

The Missing Word.

Mr. H. Underhill of New Jersey wanted to put some lettering on the door of his committee room on pensions. The house carpenter had just hung two fine swinging mahogany screen doors, such as all the other chairmen of committees are having, and the house painter was then called in. The doors were not broad enough to write out in large letters the entire name. On the left door the painter inscribed, "Com. on" and then went away to lunch.

Scores of people stared at the peculiar words. They thought it might be "come on" and were wondering whether a green goods man had been established inside or whether it was some sort of a hospitable invitation to walk in.

Later the painter returned from his lunch, and on the other door he wrote another word, which gave the sentence a different turn. It then read, "Com. on Pensions."

Congressional Changes.

New faces will be numerous in the next house delegation from New York. Three veterans, all good business men—Mr. Stewart, a member of the District committee; Mr. Emerson and Mr. Littauer—were thrown into one congressional district by the Empire State legislature.

Emerson, who is the wit of the New York contingent, and Stewart have yielded. They will return to their large manufacturing enterprises. Mr. Littauer, the head of the great establishment for the manufacture of gloves, will have the nomination.

Keeping Up With Fate.

"You will be married within a year," continued the fortune teller. "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, who was already married. "I shall have to begin divorce proceedings at once."—Boston Post.

At Newcastle (England) assizes Justice Juxta

Ridley imposed a fine of \$50 on the court attendant for failure to have the courtroom sufficiently lighted. A threat of the same kind by Justice Lawrence at Leeds assizes led to prompt illumination.

NEW SHORT STORIES

"Miss Meredith's Present."

The tragic death of the novelist Paul Leicester Ford has recalled to those who knew him many anecdotes of his ways and somewhat quaint sayings.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who was one of his most intimate friends, both of them being associated in work in the college settlement and the day nurseries, says:

"I remember when Mr. Ford first moved over to New York. Before that he had lived at his father's home in Brooklyn, where I have frequently entered the great book lined library only to think the servant must have been mistaken who had told me that the master of the house was at work there. He was so diminitive that it did not take a very high desk to hide him completely from view. Well, when he moved over there it was 'Janice Meredith' that had made him the money sufficient to build the house on Seventy-seventh street, and he always referred to that home as 'Miss Meredith's present to me.'"

Another of the man's queer habits was that of having three or four desks in the room where he did his writing. Whenever he grew tired of his work, or when perhaps the inspiration ceased to move him, he would get up, light a cigar, move over to some other desk and go ahead with fresh interest and success.

Grant and Pettus.

An interesting war time story is told by Senator Bacon of Georgia. It is about Senator Pettus of Alabama.

He traveled in style and upon arriving in Washington secured the most expensive quarters at a fashionable hotel. He drew \$170 for mileage and expenses and proceeded to have a good time while he waited for the committee to examine him.

Presently, however, his money was all gone. He appealed to the senate officials in vain for another advance and then discovered that his daily expenses were about three times as much as the government would allow him.

The rapidity with which that witness gave up his expensive quarters and sought a small back room in a cheap lodging house was a caution.

"I MUST DECLINE TO ANSWER."

Who, as everybody knows, was a gallant officer in the Confederate army. In one of the battles before Vicksburg Senator Pettus, then a colonel, was captured and carried as a prisoner before General Grant.

"Colonel," said Grant when the prisoner was brought before him, "what are those troops out in front of me?"

"General," replied Pettus, "I must decline to answer that question."

General Grant looked him in the eye for a moment. "You are right, colonel," he said. Then, turning to an officer near by, Grant said, "Take this gentleman to the rear and treat him kindly."

Senator Pettus has never forgotten that interview with General Grant.—Washington Post.

Rejected Fortune.

Professor Bell had a strenuous time over his invention of the telephone. He took the first working model of his instrument to John A. Logan and offered him a half interest for \$2,500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph and that there would be millions in it.

Logan replied: "I dare say your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Bell then offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the patent office for \$100 in cash. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth \$1,500,000 in fifteen years.—Pearson's.

Rather Airy.

"There is an acquaintance of mine," remarked the doctor, "who gives himself airs because he was given up to die thirty years ago and has kept himself alive till now by taking oxygen."

"How old is he now?" asked the professor. "Over eighty."

"He's what you would call an oxygenarian, is he?" said the professor, looking at him with half shut eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

An Appropriate Name.

"It is a pretty name," the impressionable traveler murmured, "but tell me why do they call you Manita?"

There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face. "Evidently," she said as she signaled to her brothers, who were concealed in the brush with clubs, "you do not know our favorite food."

Suspected It.

Cashier—I can't honor that check, madam. Your husband's account is overdrawn. Woman—Huh! Overdrawn, is it? I suspected something was wrong when he signed this check without waiting for me to get the hysteric.

Mortgages.

Did it ever occur to you how much harder it is to list a mortgage than it is to raise one?—Boston Transcript.

Ever notice that when you particularly try to be entertaining you gossip more?—Atchison Globe.

The Little Things.

"That great matters are not always the most important is evidenced," remarked the stork, "by the fact that my fame and reputation are due solely to my strict attention to very little things."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Cheating the Doctor.

Mrs. Trotter—I hear that Mrs. Barlow's three children have the measles. Mrs. Trotter—Yes; so I understand. They're so poor they have to economize on the doctor by all getting ill at once.

THE GREAT JOKE, DEATH.

Funny Side of Dying Often Treated of in Literature.

"Death," said a publisher, "has been treated humorously in our literature often. Indeed I am quite sure that a collection of many thick volumes might be made under the title of 'Death's Funny Side.' Thomas Hood was one of our best writers of this sort of verse. Don't you remember his ballad on the young sailor who died heart-broken over his girl's unfaith? The last stanza was:

"His death, which happened in his berth, At forty odd befall; They went and told the sexton, and The sexton tolled the bell."

"Hood did another ballad on the subject of a soldier who lost both legs in battle, who was in consequence lilted by his sweetheart and who then tragically himself. Now, that is rather tragic, is it not? It has a bizarre but none the less poignant tinge to it. Guy de Maupassant indeed once handled almost this same situation, but he handled it from the opposite viewpoint, and don't you remember how he narrated the first, the crucial, meeting of the lovers after Ben Brattle's double amputation?"

"But when he called on Nellie Gray She made him quite a scoff. And when she saw his wooden legs Began to take them off."

"This treatment drove Ben to despair: 'So round his melancholy neck A rope he did entwine. And for the second time in life Enlisted in the line.'"

"And there he hung till he was dead As any nail in town; For, though despair had cut him up, It could not cut him down."

"There is a tremendous literature of humorous epigrams. There must be, I fancy, 10,000 of these, but two of them are all I can recall. The first goes:

"Here lies the body of mild Maria; She went one day to start the fire, But the wood was green, So she used kerosene. And now she's where the fuel is drier. The other is grimmer: 'Life is a lie, and all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it.'"

"Then there are songs on the side splitting aspects of death, some of which have caused tender-hearted ladies to double up with mirth. 'Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue' is one such song, and I bet that six people out of ten in America know it by heart.

"Yes," the publisher concluded, "under the title of 'Death's Funny Side' an anthology of many, many volumes could be made. The anthology should be bound in black pigskin, with grinning skulls and crossbones tooled in gold on it."—Philadelphia Record.

A Matter of Principle.

"Why is it," says the girl, "that in giving an account of an accident they always give the age of the person injured? I can see the sense of their talking about blonds and brunettes, a mustache or full beard if it is a man or a red, green or blue gown if it is a woman, for that is a means of