

BANDON RECORDER.

BREAKFAST IN ENGLAND.

The Evolution From Ale and Wine to the Modern Meal.

According to the Oxford Dictionary, 1661 is the date of the earliest mention of breakfast, but until a century ago it consisted only of a draft of ale or tea or chocolate. There were only two meals a day—dinner, ranging from 9 o'clock in the morning in the fifteenth century to noon in the seventeenth, and supper, which similarly advanced from 5 in the afternoon to 7 o'clock. Peppys, for instance, went down to the admiralty at 4 and 5 in the morning on no other breakfast than half a pint of wine cut dram of cordial. But in the eighteenth century dinner was gradually postponed until 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon. When it passed midday breakfast became a necessity and a meal. Before this hunger had demanded the addition of bread and some such relish as radishes to the morning draft.

But when, a hundred years ago, cold meats and fish began to be served at breakfast the utmost surprise was expressed. Its novelty made it fashionable and led to the giving of breakfast parties. Eleven or 12 o'clock was the hour, and it was declared to be par excellence the meal for poets. Tom Moore was an inveterate breakfaster and after the trencher work sung for the company's entertainment.

Breakfast finally became an institution, as a necessary oasis in the long stretch between supper overnight and dinner the next afternoon. This acceptance of breakfast a century ago thus made England for the first time a three meals a day nation.

FOOD FOR THE CAT.

Puss Should Get Green Stuff Both in Winter and Summer.

It is a common thing to hear women say that they cannot keep growing plants of any kind in their rooms on account of the cat, who persists in nibbling and biting the leaves and new buds as they make their appearance, sometimes destroying in the course of a few weeks some favorite or rare fern or flower.

The reason for this seeming vandalism is perfectly plain or ought to be. The cat requires green food if it is to be kept healthy and happy and takes the shortest road to getting it.

In summer, following this need of its system, a cat will eat grass freely. In winter or in the city, when this supply of green fodder is cut off, common sense suggests that the cat be artificially provided with it.

For its own sake as well as for the safety of the Boston fern and the rubber plant, why not plant a cigar box of soil with some quick growing thing like onions or sorrel and let the cat help itself?

It will soon realize the glad fact that the plants are meant for it, as proved by the fact that indulgence brings no aftermath of slaps or scoldings.

As one crop fails sow another and keep it up till Mother Earth provides a more liberal supply of her own, and your cat will bless you.—New York Tribune.

Saving His Negatives.

The man who made a big hole in the barn door for the old cat to come through and a smaller hole for the kitten must have had a kinsman in the Englishman who went fishing with Captain Andrew Haggard in the Lake St. John country and whose adventure is related in "Sporting Yarns."

The two men, with Indian guides, were about to shoot a terrific rapid in two canoes. Captain Haggard, who could swim, had little fear of Chambers, his companion, who could not, expected certain death.

"What shall I do if we upset?" he called.

"Tie the camera under your chin," called back his companion. "It's hollow and will make a good life preserver."

He was vastly amused to see Chambers adopt the suggestion and hang the camera under his chin. A moment later, however, as they came into the most dangerous place, Chambers snatched it from his neck again and placed it carefully right side up in the bottom of the canoe.

"What was the matter with the life preserver?" asked Captain Haggard when they had safely descended.

"Why, I just happened to think," said Chambers, in all innocence, "that if we upset I should get the pictures wet, so I put it back in the boat."

Saved His Books.

Farmer Docketridge was hastily awakened in the dead of night by Alf, the hired man, who told him the barn was on fire. Instructing Alf to blindfold the horses and lead them out through the back door, if there was time enough, he hurriedly donned his trousers, rushed into the summer kitchen, grabbed up a screwdriver and ran out to the barn.

The roof was burning fiercely, but he dashed into the building and began with frantic haste to unscrew the hinges of the smooth pine door that opened into the corn bin.

Alf had succeeded in getting the horses out safely, and the sparks were falling round the old man; but he stuck to his task until he finished it, and emerged from the burning barn, carrying the door, just as the roof fell in.

"That's a good deal of a risk to take for the sake of saving a bit of kindling wood," commented a neighbor who had run over to see if he could be of any use.

"Kindling wood?" exclaimed Farmer Docketridge, pointing to the pencil marks that covered the door. "See them figures? There's all my business accounts for the last six years. That door's worth more than the bull barn!"

Monuments of Ears.

Throughout Korea a number of monuments are still standing which date from the war of 1592, when Japan invaded Korea with 30,000 men. These "monuments of ears," as they are called, mark the burial places of 30,000 ears which were cut from the heads of the Koreans as trophies of victory. There are many of these monuments in Japan also, for some of these gruesome relics were taken home by the conquering army.

POLLY LARKIN.

Nature has played a queer prank this fall and plants, shrubs and trees that are supposed to bloom in the spring have taken on buds and blossoms that look strangely out of place. Lilac bushes are tipped all over with little bunches of lavender flowers. They are not the great lovely bunches that delight all flower lovers, but every branch is ornamented with a cluster of flowers about as big as a walnut, dainty and sweet. The magnolias are covered with creamy buds and blossoms, and this is November. The Banksia roses, both cream and white, are in full blossom; so is the fragrant white jessamine. Fruit trees have forgotten that their crop has just been harvested and they are entitled to a rest until next February, and are putting forth their fruit blossoms. In some places the trees are covered with flowers. On the line of the California Northwestern Railway there is the strangest kind of a freak. Fire had scorched one side of an apple tree until the leaves withered and fell off. On the other side are the green leaves and ripe fruit and the side void of all foliage is covered with apple blossoms. Fruit growers all over the country are wondering what this caprice of nature means—whether it signifies a total failure of the fruit crop for the coming year or not. Some of the old-timers shake their heads dismally over the coming hard times for the fruit raiser and prophecy no fruit or at least very little for the year 1905. It remains to be seen whether the prophecy amounts to anything but talk and dismal forebodings.

Speaking of plants reminds me of a Squaw on a little friend, the other day, in regard as to how she should decorate her home for some little social function. "It must not be too elaborate, or expensive, Polly, and yet I want it to be unique and out of the ordinary." After much discussion, it was decided to give it an autumn effect. Everything in decoration would pertain to autumn in coloring, etc. The hallway was decorated in wild grape vines that were a mass of brilliant foliage. The gas jets shown through shades of yellow and red tissue paper, giving a very pleasing effect. Autumn leaves and branches banked the fireplace and their long, graceful tendrils twined themselves over pictures, chandeliers and doors. Bouquets of immense chrysanthemums were scattered here and there. But the dining room called for the greatest admiration of the guests and they were not slow to express their appreciation. Here bolts of ribbon in three mahogany shades were used with telling effect and intermingled with autumn leaves. The ribbon, with yards of red and yellow mauline, were carried from the chandelier to the center of the table, care being taken to make it as airy looking as possible and arranged in fluffy lover's knots around a mirror on which stood a sparkling cut glass dish filled with the autumn fruits and nuts. The tablecloth was caught up at each end with a bow of the three mahogany shades, and in the pocket thus made were placed autumn leaves and vines arranged with careless grace. The name-cards were exquisitely painted autumn leaves in water colors, with the name written in gold across the face. There were three leaves in all, the inside leaves bearing on the first the following quotation from Longfellow's "Autumn":

"Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves,
And following thee, in thine ovation splendid,
Thine altar, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!"

On the second leaf came the menu, and on the third and last leaf was the quotation: "Flowers are the sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." The leaves were tied together with red and yellow baby ribbon. Lying upon each name card was a lovely little souvenir representing an autumn leaf in enamel. The sandwiches made of deviled ham and tongue were also in the shape of leaves. The bread was cut very thin, buttered and spread with the meat, the two slices pressed firmly together, and then a sharp tin cake cutter the shape of a leaf was brought into play. It brought out the sandwiches in the desired effect without breaking them in the least. They were served on platters decorated with small autumn leaves. The salted almonds were in autumn leaves made of stiff paper and fashioned and colored by the young hostess with the help of two friends. Strawberry and lemon on jello-sparkled in their autumn shades through their covering of whipped cream. Everything was in keeping with the autumn idea, and was about as pretty and unique a little social gathering as I have ever attended. I forgot to say that a young lady with a voice as sweet and clear as the carol of a bird, sang "Coming Through the Rye" as a wind-up to the pleasant little gathering.

How many of us will reach the autumn of life and come through it bright and cheerful instead of brown and sere? It depends wholly upon ourselves what kind of autumn leaves we will represent. An unselfish life, filled with good deeds, a disposition to look on the bright side in the face of all difficulties and making the best of disappointments, trials and tribulations, is very apt to leave an autumn of cheerfulness depicted on our faces, while the reverse leaves us soured upon the world, unhappy ourselves as well as those around us, borrowing trouble, never seeing the beauty and the real worth of anything, but rather hunting for flaws,

and if we cannot find them, manufacture them through distorted visions. The latter reminds Polly of the seared brown autumn leaves that fall tattered and torn to the ground, trampled upon, for there is nothing in them to attract people who are hunting for the bright and beautiful. A bright, happy face can do more missionary work in a minute than a sour-visaged person, who is continually harping on what is required of us from a religious point of view, and yet their doleful and woebegone looks speak ill for the creed that has brought them so precious little peace of mind that they remind you constantly of walking tombstones. It seems as if there was even only one little ray of light to pierce the darkness of their lives that it would radiate, throwing out its beams and lighting up the faces with smiles that telegraph the thoughts of the soul to others.

Beautiful are the people who have passed their three-score and ten years and yet retain the autumn of their lives—serene, sweet and untrifled, instead of bowing their heads over the memories of other years and shutting out the joys that might be theirs in the present. There are some people fast approaching the one hundred milestone, but they are so lovable, interesting and take such a keen interest in the affairs of the day, that they never appear old, and they almost lead you to believe that they have found the elixir of youth when they have only learned the art of keeping their hearts young. "You are just as old as you seem," Polly, said an eighty-year-old friend when some one was commenting on her youthful appearance. As long you keep your heart young you will find that your personal appearance responds and the lines of old age will not have a chance to settle in your face. Keeping the heart young is the key to the whole thing. I never intend to grow old, and I don't let trifling things annoy me; neither do I allow myself to lose my temper for that is one of the worst things you can do to destroy that quiet composure that is so essential in keeping, not only your looks, but your heart youthful.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Not Acquainted.

"Away back in 1869," said George W. Harvey, the popular restaurant proprietor, "the presiding genius at our raw-box counter was a very good-natured but intensely ignorant black man who had but lately landed in Washington, and who, prior to coming here, had lived all his life in Charleston, S. C. This negro was so soft in his work and so obliging that he soon had a big circle of friends, and some of the famous men of that day used to engage him in conversation for the fun of listening to his odd replies. I recollect that on one occasion one of our patrons was asking old Tom as to his acquaintance with celebrities of the period. Asked if he knew Sam Houston, Stephen A. Douglas, Alexander H. Stephens and Chas. Sumner, the old fellow shook his head and denied all knowledge of these illustrious Americans. Half a dozen more were mentioned in quick succession and again Tom had to admit that he was unacquainted. "I tell you how it is, boss," said he; "I ain't bin up in dis part of de country berry long, an' dem niggers you called off is all strangers ter me."—Washington Post.

New Disease For Autoists.

"Auto legs" is the latest and most fashionable affliction which human progress has developed. Medical science would call it atrophy of the muscles of the leg, superinduced by lack of exercise and nerve-deadening vibrations caused by the rapid movement of the horseless vehicle over rough ground. Overzealous devotees of the "devil wagon" are warned that if they do not walk more their legs will shrink and dwindle from disuse, and will eventually become too weak to bear their weight. In the gymnasium at Hartford, Conn., was a rich young man with fine, muscular arms and body, but with very wobbly legs. He had entered the gymnasium to get his legs strong enough to carry him when necessary. He had ridden in an automobile almost continually for four years, and now when he tries to walk his legs pain him greatly. A muscle sling has been lashed to his knee joint, which keeps dipping and bending involuntarily. He has entered the gymnasium for a year.

His Name For Pulpit.

A Chinese carpenter at Rangoon, who had been employed to construct a pulpit for a new Anglican church, sent in the bill for the work in the following form: "To one preaching tub, fifty rupees."—New York Evening Sun.

It is a Good Thing to Look on the Bright Side.

It is a good thing to look on the bright side, and if you can't find a bright side to go at the side next to you with a lot of elbow grease and polish it up till the reflection cheers you.

No matter how discouraging the outlook may be, a man knows that he will never be so poor that he can't afford to keep a dog.

It is dollars to campaign buttons that no matter who is elected the politicians save their own bacon every time.

Somehow philosophy solves problems much more satisfactorily if a man has a meal ticket in his pocket.

It is hard to tolerate the self-righteous attitude of the man who has never been found out.

If you have to tell your secrets to some one tell them to the cat. She'll die before she will reveal them.

A shoemaker is of the opinion that a man should be built from the ground up.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Special Correspondence.)

The fact that the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and his daughter, Countess Cassini, have been guarded for several months by secret service men developed upon their recent visit to New York city. The Russian ambassador went to their hotel in a carriage. The secret service men followed them in another carriage and remained all day about the hotel. Count and Countess Cassini attended a performance at a Broadway theater, where the secret service agents were just as much in evidence as they had been about the hotel earlier in the day.

The explanation is given at the state department that information was received four months ago that Japanese in this country harbored designs to kill or harm the count and countess, and at the request of the Russian government, but against the wishes of Count Cassini, secret service men were detailed to guard the ambassador and his daughter against attack.

A Remarkable Book.

The second smallest book in Washington is in the library of the navy department, and it is a volume of considerable interest and value. The book is about two inches long, one and a half inches broad and one-third of an inch thick. It was published in London in 1782 and contains an exhaustive account of the sinking of a British man-of-war, the Royal George, off Spithead in August, 1782. The binding of this remarkable book consists of two oaken boards, sections of the cabin's wainscoting of the ill-fated ship. It is understood that the original binding was torn off and the oaken binding put on by an officer who secured the board from a section of the Royal George at the time it was raised and removed from Spithead harbor.

Naval Hospital Estimates.

In his annual report the surgeon general of the navy, Rear Admiral P. F. Hixey, has submitted the following estimates:

For improvements of the hospital at the navy yard, Washington, \$90,000; naval hospital, Sitka, Alaska, \$10,000; renovation of present hospital at Norfolk and additions, \$200,000; renewal of present hospital buildings and erection of quarters for medical staff, naval hospital, Pensacola, \$50,000; acquisition of additional land adjacent to naval hospital, Yokohama, Japan, \$2,000. Recommendation also is made for a naval hospital at the naval station, Charleston, and one at the naval station, Olongapo.

Capitol Enlargement.

Few questions to come before congress at the December session are of greater importance than that involved in the proposed enlargement of the capitol. It will be recalled that the senate last spring, instead of authorizing the enlargement of the capitol, for which the house had a second time voted, established a joint commission to investigate the subject. Its report is nearly ready. Of the two plans chiefly under consideration that involving the smaller extension will probably be recommended, which means that the front of the capitol will be brought out just far enough to give the dome a solid base instead of having it rest on a portico on its east front, as now.

New Swiss Minister.

Dr. Leo Vogel, a lawyer and secretary of the Swiss legation at Berlin, who has been appointed minister to the United States, was, it is said, secretary of the Swiss legation at Washington about ten years ago, and, according to the practice of the Swiss government, is now eligible for promotion to the higher grade of minister.

Emperor William's Gift.

Emperor William's gift to the American people of a bronze statue of Frederick the Great will be unveiled by the Baroness Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, on the expiration of the armistice, November 19, in the presence of the president, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, the supreme court, the admiral of the navy, the chief of staff of the army and the officers of the army and navy in Washington. The principal address of the occasion will be made by President Roosevelt.

Bishop of Washington.

After having been without a resident bishop for two years, the Methodist Episcopal church in Washington now has Bishop Earl Cranston, until recently stationed at Portland, Ore. The appointment of Bishop Cranston as resident bishop of the District of Columbia was made at the last general conference of the Methodist church, held at Los Angeles in May.

His term of appointment is for four years, and he will be the head of Methodism at the capitol for that length of time. Bishop Cranston is one of the most distinguished prelates in the United States. While not so well known in Washington, except to the clergy, he has a reputation on the Pacific coast.

Continental Hall.

Continental hall, the building to be erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution south of the Corcoran Gallery of Art on Seventeenth street, is expected, when finished, to be one of the handsomest structures of its kind in the national capital. The cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies last April. The building is to cost no more than \$300,000. Marble is to be the material used. The frontage on Seventeenth street is to be 210 feet and the structure is to occupy 35,000 square feet of ground. The first floor will be devoted mainly to an auditorium, which will have a seating capacity of 2,000.

CARL SCHOFFIELD.

Bow Bells.

To be born within the sound of Bow Bells has been a distinction for centuries. The famous old bells which have rung so long over London, it may not be generally known, are situated in Chapside, where they may still be seen and heard. The street which passes beneath them is today the busiest in all London and is wholly given over to business, so that few people today are actually born within the sound of the famous bells.

CAVALRY HORSES.

English Military Method of Training Them to Swim.

The most interesting and amusing of all the sights of Aldershot, England, is the big reservoir, or lake, where cavalry horses from all parts of the world are trained to swim with a thoroughness that rivals even the Italian system of horse training.

It is well known, by the way, that cavalry horses in the Italian army go through almost as much training as though they were intended for a circus, and the patriotic Roman officers riding their fine chargers down steep flights of stone stairs and down especially constructed precipices which look as though they were especially invented to encompass the destruction of both horse and rider.

Again, the writer witnessed the astonishing array maneuvers of the Italian troops in the river Arno at Florence and also at Spezia, the great naval arsenal of Italy. The Count of Turin was seen leading his regiment "out to sea," the prince often dismounting and himself swimming with one arm about his charger's neck.

The newly received horses at Aldershot, however, coming as they do mostly from inland regions, have a deep-seated objection to the water, and as their riders are for the most part scantily clad indeed the struggles between tutor and "pupils" are ludicrous in the extreme. If it is found absolutely impossible to coax the animals into water deeper than their knees or girths the collapsible boats are used and the refractory animal dragged by an iron rope behind the oar, when he has to swim for dear life.—H. G. Roberts in Harper's Weekly.

FEATHERED MIMICS.

Ostriches Roar Like Lions and Jays Are Great Imitators.

"The roar of the ostrich resembles the roar of the lion because the ostrich stole from the lion this sound, even as one playwright steals from another a plot."

An ornithologist made that odd assertion in a taxidermist's shop. He went on to elaborate it as follows: "Birds from the ostrich down are imitative. The ostrich where he lives alone is silent, but in a country where lions abound he roars. Why? Because for centuries, admiring the majesty and grandeur of the lion's roar, he gradually learned to roar himself. Believe me, it is fine to see an ostrich throw back his little head and emit a roar like thunder.

"Buntings imitate plovers, and greenfinches imitate yellowhammers. They seek their food in the winter together, and they gradually steal each other's call.

"The jay is an insatiable imitator. Some jays will include in their repertory not only the wahoo-oo of the kite, the scream of the buzzard and the hoot of the owl, but also the bleat of the lamb and the neigh of a horse.

"Even the nightingale imitates. In a nightingale's perfect song I have often heard the tip-sip-siss of the wood warbler and the bub-bubble of the nuthatch."—Washington Post.

PROPER BREATHING.

Use the Nostrils, Not the Mouth, and Take Deep Inhalations.

Did you ever observe whether you breathe through the mouth or nostrils? It makes a wonderful difference. When we talk we are forced to breathe through the mouth, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. When not speaking the lips should be well closed, and the breathing should be entirely by the nostrils, but this is not all. The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the lungs will in a greater or less degree be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inhaled air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs are of the utmost importance to every vital process. The lungs are a kind of furnace, in which the oxygen of the air is consumed and combined with other elements, a process necessary to life, the perfection of which depends upon the purity of the air and the manner of inhaling it.

The Throne of England.

Some authorities hold that the coronation chair in Westminster abbey is entitled to be called the throne, as being the one occupied by the sovereign at his or her coronation. Others maintain that the throne in the house of lords is really the official throne, as it is occupied by the sovereign for state purposes at the opening of parliament. Others again say that there is no real throne in the strictest acceptance of the word and that all the thrones or chairs of state in the various palaces throughout the kingdom are equally entitled to be called "the throne," inasmuch as they are used as such when the sovereign happens to be in residence at that particular palace and holding any levee or other strictly official reception. The most general opinion, however, seems to be that the throne in the house of lords is really entitled to be called "the throne of England."

Bill Nye's Cow.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health I will sell at my residence, in township 10, range 18, according to the government's survey, one plump raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-quarters hyena. I will also throw in a double barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a nonresident."

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Prince Henry's Idea of Royalty.

The French professor of Prince Henry of Prussia one day read to him the following exercise for translation: "Sovereign ladies have not merely an air of majesty, but a gracious deportment peculiar to them." The prince laid down his pen and raised his hand. "Have you any remark to make?" asked the teacher. "Only this: Do you or do you not wish to teach me to be truthful?" "Certainly, I wish to teach you truthfulness." "Let me tell you then, that I have known sovereign ladies all my life and never noticed in them any majesty or peculiar grace of deportment. Quite the contrary. Ought we not, therefore, to omit the phrase you have just read?" The professor said that he respected the scruples of his pupil. He could not, however, correct an exercise book which had been carefully inspected before being set down on the list for study. Besides, the taste of a boy of twelve differed from that of an adult. He might hereafter see majesty and grace where he now sees none. Henry took up his pen and wrote out the phrase in French. He then uttered a groan and observed, "It's an awful shame to foist such books upon us."—London Truth.

A Philadelphia Beggar's Method.

One of the professional beggars whose "lay" is along Broad street from Chestnut to South has evolved a new style of approach which is bringing him in large returns. He studies the feet of passersby, and when he sees a man coming along in new shoes or in shoes that have been recently shined he takes a stand directly in the way of his intended victim and stares hard at those same shoes. Of course the pedestrian stops short and looks down at his feet to see what is the matter with them. Then the beggar remarks as if to himself, but in a tone which you may wager the victim hears well enough: "My, I wish I had a pair of shoes as good as them!"

Thus the beggar has accomplished two things. He has forced the pedestrian to stop and pay attention, which is half of the professional beggar's game in every case, and he has secured a fine introduction for a "touch." There is usually a nickel in it, at any rate, and sometimes there is a pair of shoes, which can be conveniently pawned.—Philadelphia Press.

Testing Eggs For Age.

A new and simple method for testing eggs is published in German papers. It is based upon the fact that the air chamber in the flat end of the egg increases with age. If the egg is placed in a saturated solution of common salt it will show an increasing inclination to float with the long axis vertical. A scale is attached to the vessel containing the salt solution, so that the inclination of the floating egg toward the horizontal can be measured. In this way the age of the egg can be determined almost to a day. A fresh egg lies in a horizontal position at the bottom of the vessel. An egg of three to five days old shows an elevation of the flat end, so that its long axis forms an angle of twenty degrees. With an egg eight days old the angle increases to forty-five degrees, with an egg fourteen days old to sixty degrees and with one three weeks old to seventy-five degrees, while an egg a month old floats vertically upon the pointed end.

Demand For Human Hair.

The largest dealers in human hair in New York, who practically supply the hair crop for the entire country, are authority for the statement that the demand for this commodity was never as great as it is at present. The result is that the price of all shades and styles of human hair is rapidly soaring upward. There has been an advance in the price of first class hair of from 80 to 50 per cent within the last three months. The present indications are, judging from the size of the crop now being imported, that there will be a still further advance in prices during the winter months. One dealer said that it is almost impossible to supply the demand for first class gray hair. A wig of gray human hair of fine quality is worth its weight in silver or perhaps even in gold.—Boston Transcript.

Swimming For Soldiers.

Many valuable lives would certainly be saved annually if swimming formed a portion of the national curriculum for soldiers. During the bathing season there were several fatal accidents to soldiers whose lives would have been saved could they have swum a few yards. During the South African war there was a case of a retreating detachment which could not fetch a boat from the other side on an unforded stream, although no enemy but the water offered opposition. A couple of fair swimmers could have been formed the service with ease, and the river being narrow, the little command would have been ferried over before the pursuing Boers arrived on the scene.—London Globe.

The World's Mail Service.

The aggregate annual letter and newspaper mail of the world amounts to 22,500,000,000 pieces, of which 8,500,000,000 go through the United States mails. We have 75,000 postoffices and 500,000 miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to 500,000,000 miles. The service costs over \$150,000,000 a year. The receipts now almost equal the expenditures and have doubled in the last ten years. In 1890 the total receipts were \$50,000,000, which was considered an extraordinary sum. But for \$22,000,000 spent in establishing the rural free delivery, which now serves one-seventh of the population of the United States, the postoffice would be self-sustaining.—Success.

Ancient Trees.

In the sequoia groves of California these stand trees so old that they may well have cast their leaves and shed their seed on the night of the Nativity. On Mount Lebanon the survivors of the groves which escaped King Solomon's fourscore thousand hewers still stretch their gigantic arms and scatter their cones for the children of the west to carry away.

The great struggle of life is first for bread, then the butter on the bread and last sugar on the butter.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

Christianity is growing in India faster than the population.

American railways handle about \$12,000,000 worth of grain a year.

More than one-third of all our export trade has been in the two great crops, wheat and cotton.

One hundred million bushels of grain are sent every year to the mills of Duluth and Minneapolis.

A water reservoir at Manchester, England, is sinking, and the cause is believed to be coal mining nearly under it.

The Chinese government is to receive \$300 a thousand for all the Chinese coolies shipped to the South African mines.

The druggists of Rome have formed a corporation to bring suit against Baeleker for saying that their shops are unreliable and expensive.

The sardine families which has existed on the coast of Brittany for several years promises to be relieved this fall, as the catches are now running heavy.

Two hundred school children at Chicago struck because the principal of the school was removed. Their mothers also struck—with slippers—and the children are now in school.

In London the unusual heat of last summer gave a further impetus to the straw hat and made silk hats so unpopular that the factories dismissed many of their workmen.

The London Tailor and Cutter gives this valuable advice: "For cricket, boating, tennis and football jewelry must be eschewed, but for motoring, fishing and golf it is indispensable."

Between the two oceans we raise one-fifth of the world's supply of four-fifths of its corn, one-fourth of its oats and four-fifths of its cotton. This harvest is the foundation of our prosperity.

The practice of oiling the roads has been introduced in India, at Bombay. It is found that if the oil is allowed to soak in slowly no obnoxious mud is produced, and the result is a success.

The Agricultural bank of Sofia has decided to buy 5,000 iron plows, 200 grain sorting machines and 500 rows, to be distributed among its patrons to increase the revenues of the farmers.

It is reported from Tokyo that the Russian prisoners of war of Jewish and Polish origin now held in Japan have expressed to the officers in charge of them their desire to become naturalized Japanese after the war.

A violin player witnessed a lively street fight at Paris not long ago and began to play in order to soothe the two combatants. It had the opposite effect, however, for one of the fighters drew a knife and stabbed the violinist.

All the five planetary satellites discovered since 1846 have been found by Americans. They include Hyperion, the seventh satellite of Saturn; Demos and Phoebos, the little moons of Mars, and Phoebe, the ninth moon of Saturn.

A mail bag captured by the Boers in 1890 has just been recovered. It contained forty-seven registered letters, in which were about \$350 in cash, a number of postal orders, a draft for \$1,000, documents involving a sum of \$25,000, checks, official papers and two wills.

Every one nowadays, owing to the disclosures of scientific investigation, believes that sugar plays a more important part in the dietary than a mere condiment. It is a food and when used judiciously in combination with other foods adds markedly to the value of a ration.

Ireland is making a bold bid for a leading position in the British fruit markets. Orchard cultivation is being encouraged by the authorities and arrangements are being actively prosecuted for the drying and packing of fruit, in "American fashion," for exportation. The Irish fruit is among the finest in the world.

A Danish electrician named Paulsen is credited with having successfully attempted a curious feat. It is said that he has been able to operate the key-board of a scientific instrument without any visible connection between it and the instrument at hand. It is added that he has also discovered a new kind of "electric wave" whose existence has been suspected, but which has never until now been revealed.

An English writer has been devoting his attention to the elimination of unnecessary things and has succeeded in securing a tentative list of articles which mankind does not need. He holds, to begin with, that the resident of a city does not require a watch. He goes so far as to say that an umbrella is not indispensable. Then he points to superfluous buttons on wearing apparel, such as those on the back and on the sleeves of frock coats.

The total production of gold from the mines of the world for 40 years, or since there have been any record of the same kept, is officially given at \$10,628,236,302. The total production of gold from the mines of the United States since its discovery is given at \$2,550,503,140. Of this the eastern and southern states produced \$32,492,448, leaving \$2,518,010,692 as the amount of gold produced by the mountainous country west of the meridian of Denver.

At a meeting of the Society of Hypnotology and Psychology in Paris the other day a report was read from Dr. Korovine of the Moscow Asylum for Imbeciles, where experiments for the cure of drunkenness by hypnotic suggestion have been carried out for three years. Dr. Korovine claims 22 per cent of radical cures out of some 300 patients. He says that out of 323 patients hypnotized 84.4 per cent did not drink alcohol for a week, 33.8 per cent for three weeks, 27.7 per cent for more than a month, but only 3.1 per cent for the whole time of the treatment—that is to say, for six months.

Money in Some Clothes.

Hoax-Jobbs has gone into the clothing business. Hoax—He ought to do well. There's money in clothes. Hoax—There's never any in mine.—Philadelphia Record.

His Whistful Look.

"My husband is getting to be a scientific whist player."

"Is he? I've been wondering lately what made him look as if there was not much more left in the world that was worth trying for."—Chicago Record-Herald.