

BANDON RECORDER.

THE SICILIAN.

His Life Is Hedged About by a Series of Absurd Superstitions.

People of Sicily are vastly superstitious, and every successful firm has realized long ago the value of the different forms of making known to the public their various stocks of goods, etc. One man will not have anything but fancy advertisements, and he will pay a good price to anyone who will bring a catchy ad. that will attract the attention of passers-by. Another man will spend all of his spare time writing up newspaper ads, and believes there is no other way to obtain the good results that every advertiser is seeking. The latter is right, too, for even if the men of the household do not read the ads, announcing the many bargains their wives and grown up daughters do. Some women watch eagerly for the bargain ads, and the war situation and other events of the day hold no interest for them until they have run their eye over the advertisements in the paper and found where the biggest bargain sales were announced, and then some wise little lady rises up and says, "Why, do you really believe that newspaper advertising pays?" They know it is a foolish question when they ask it, for some of them would as soon think of going without their cup of delicious coffee for breakfast as to deprive themselves of the pleasure of their morning ad. reading. I heard a lady remark the other day, "I never did care much for reading, and if it were not for the advertisements I would never open a paper." A gentleman engaged in the dry goods business in one of our prosperous inland towns grumbled at his newspaper advertising bill, claiming that no one read them and that it didn't pay well enough for the money invested. "Very well," said the shrewd newspaper man, who hadn't a doubt in his own mind as to the efficacy of the well written advertisement. "Now I have a proposition to make you, and if it brings no results I will print your advertisement free for a whole year. You are to get a lot of trinkets—say paper dolls for the girls, a toy cannon or spinning tops for the boys. Away down in the corner of your ad I will print in small type, 'The boy or girl bringing this ad. to Mr. B.'s store on Saturday will receive a gift.' I'll warrant you'll have to have a man just to attend to the demands of the wee folks." The dry goods merchant agreed to this and laid in a stock of trifles that would delight the hearts of boys and girls, although he was convinced in his own mind that he would have had hard time getting rid of the boxes of gifts he had purchased for the experiment. The shrewd newspaper man printed a number of extra papers, believing that there would be a run on his office. Saturday morning came, and when the proprietor of the store appeared there were several boys and girls who believed in "first come first served," waiting for him at the door. Every one of them had the advertisement cut out or the whole paper with the ad. marked. By noon the boys and girls were in line entering in orderly fashion to get the gifts. Only one or two failed to show the advertisement as requested and there was a good excuse coming from the omission. "The newspaper office didn't have any more, Mr. B.," and on this plea they got their gifts. Before half the afternoon had passed the store was empty and the proprietor had to announce that the supply had given out and that there were no more presents for that Saturday. A number of the little folks went away feeling abused to think they had been left out. "I acknowledge I was wrong," said the merchant to the wide-awake newspaper man. "I did the biggest day's work I have ever done in the store. Not only the children came, but their mothers as well, and nearly every one bought something before they went out. Count me down as one of your biggest advertisers from now on. I confess that you have thoroughly converted me into being a very strong believer in the benefit of printer's ink rightly used."

SORRY SHE SPOKE.

The Mistake That Was Made by a New York Milliner.

One of the richest and most prominent society women in New York caught an unexpected glimpse of the reverse side of a Fifth Avenue tradeswoman's manners the other day. The society woman in question is very quiet and unostentatious in her dress, and it is only the appointment of her equipage that betrays the fact that she is wealthy. She stopped her carriage outside the establishment of a fashionable milliner, entered and addressed the proprietress.

"I see you have in your window a sign, 'Apprentice Wanted,'" she began. The milliner eyed her contemptuously from the crown of her modest bonnet to the tip of her common sense shoe. "You would not do at all," she said. "I want a ladylike person who can wait on customers." "I wished to place one of my maids with some one from whom she could learn millinery while I am abroad," continued the visitor quietly, "but I'm afraid you would not do." As the footman opened the carriage door for his mistress the horror-stricken milliner recognized too late the livery of one of the "first families" of New York.—New York Press.

CROWS AND ROOKS.

There Are Many Points of Difference Between These Birds.

Scientifically corvus is the generic title of the bird family which includes crows, raven, and jackdaws. A main distinction between crows and rooks is that black and gray crows, which are found always in pairs, are migrants, retreating southward with the advance of winter, while rooks are gregarious and remain where they have been in the habit of nesting. Crows, too, are carrion eaters, while rooks, though fond of grubs and worms, will not touch dead things unless driven to do so by hunger. The most obvious individual points of difference between the two are the absence of feathers from the face of the adult rook, giving it a vulture-like look, to which its characteristics otherwise hardly entitle it, and the fact that its feathers are of a rich purple black, almost iridescent, while the plumage of the black crow is in shading somewhat like a badly polished boot and possesses but little luster.

Wooden Shoes in Holland.
The wooden shoe," said a native of Holland, "is worn almost exclusively by the peasant classes, and they find them more comfortable than the leather shoes that are worn in America. The foot is clad in a heavy wooden stocking and then slipped into the shoe without fastening. They never fall off because the people are used to wearing them. They would not exchange, because any other kind would not be comfortable. The shoes are of elm wood and cost from 10 to 15 cents of American money. Two pairs will last a year."

Animal Criminals.
As a species of hardened criminals among placid herbivorous animals none is worse than the bison, or American buffalo. Toward man and beast and even among themselves these vicious, vindictive and spite brutes, whose habits on the other continents do not fear even the terrific onslaughts of lions and tigers, are in a state of almost continual warfare. They are among the wickedest rogues ever seen in a zoo.—McClure's Magazine.

A Hauser of Pickles.
"Anything can do for you, madam," asked the clerk in the seed store. "Yes," answered the sweet thing, tapping the counter with a tapering finger. "I wish to ascertain if bottled pickle seeds will grow as well as those of the bulk variety?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Beginning Afresh.
Mr. Vexall (angrily)—I hate a woman who always contradicts everything a man says. If I don't I'm an idiot. Mrs. Vexall (sweetly)—Well, dear, I'll turn over a new leaf and commence right now by not contradicting you.

A Hair Restorer.
"You promised me," she said coldly, "to return the lock of hair I gave you and"—
"See whiz!" he interrupted. "Do you take me for a hair restorer?"—Exchange.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.—Schopenhauer.
A wise philosopher gives us this advice: "Tell the truth to at least three men—your doctor, your lawyer and your banker."

POLLY LARKIN

There are ways and ways of advertising, and every successful firm has realized long ago the value of the different forms of making known to the public their various stocks of goods, etc. One man will not have anything but fancy advertisements, and he will pay a good price to anyone who will bring a catchy ad. that will attract the attention of passers-by. Another man will spend all of his spare time writing up newspaper ads, and believes there is no other way to obtain the good results that every advertiser is seeking. The latter is right, too, for even if the men of the household do not read the ads, announcing the many bargains their wives and grown up daughters do. Some women watch eagerly for the bargain ads, and the war situation and other events of the day hold no interest for them until they have run their eye over the advertisements in the paper and found where the biggest bargain sales were announced, and then some wise little lady rises up and says, "Why, do you really believe that newspaper advertising pays?" They know it is a foolish question when they ask it, for some of them would as soon think of going without their cup of delicious coffee for breakfast as to deprive themselves of the pleasure of their morning ad. reading. I heard a lady remark the other day, "I never did care much for reading, and if it were not for the advertisements I would never open a paper." A gentleman engaged in the dry goods business in one of our prosperous inland towns grumbled at his newspaper advertising bill, claiming that no one read them and that it didn't pay well enough for the money invested. "Very well," said the shrewd newspaper man, who hadn't a doubt in his own mind as to the efficacy of the well written advertisement. "Now I have a proposition to make you, and if it brings no results I will print your advertisement free for a whole year. You are to get a lot of trinkets—say paper dolls for the girls, a toy cannon or spinning tops for the boys. Away down in the corner of your ad I will print in small type, 'The boy or girl bringing this ad. to Mr. B.'s store on Saturday will receive a gift.' I'll warrant you'll have to have a man just to attend to the demands of the wee folks." The dry goods merchant agreed to this and laid in a stock of trifles that would delight the hearts of boys and girls, although he was convinced in his own mind that he would have had hard time getting rid of the boxes of gifts he had purchased for the experiment. The shrewd newspaper man printed a number of extra papers, believing that there would be a run on his office. Saturday morning came, and when the proprietor of the store appeared there were several boys and girls who believed in "first come first served," waiting for him at the door. Every one of them had the advertisement cut out or the whole paper with the ad. marked. By noon the boys and girls were in line entering in orderly fashion to get the gifts. Only one or two failed to show the advertisement as requested and there was a good excuse coming from the omission. "The newspaper office didn't have any more, Mr. B.," and on this plea they got their gifts. Before half the afternoon had passed the store was empty and the proprietor had to announce that the supply had given out and that there were no more presents for that Saturday. A number of the little folks went away feeling abused to think they had been left out. "I acknowledge I was wrong," said the merchant to the wide-awake newspaper man. "I did the biggest day's work I have ever done in the store. Not only the children came, but their mothers as well, and nearly every one bought something before they went out. Count me down as one of your biggest advertisers from now on. I confess that you have thoroughly converted me into being a very strong believer in the benefit of printer's ink rightly used."

Last winter, just before the holidays, one of the San Francisco dry goods merchants advertised that Santa Claus would be at their stores in the afternoon and for every child coming with his parents he would give a box of candy. That store was swarmed with the little folks. They had to enter the store in line and they blocked the sidewalk. "Please man," said one dry-faced, ragged little girl to Polly, "won't you be my mother? I want to go in and see Santa Claus, and you can't go in unless you have your mother along; my mother is dead." I was dubious about adopting the little waif until she told me her mother had been taken away. That decided me, however, and I took her by her dirty little hand that looked as if it had not been acquainted with soap and water for many a long day and boldly marched past the sentinel at the door. He had heard the request and smiled as we wended our way with the throng to see Santa Claus back to the sidewalk with my charge I found I had gotten myself into a world of trouble, for there stood a howling young mob of little urchins, boys and girls, pushing and scrambling to get to me and asking with almost one voice, "Won't you be my mother?" "I just want to see Santa Claus." "I'll be good, lady." "I won't make you no trouble." "Don't you take him, lady; he's been in five times already and has had five boxes of candy." And with numerous other pleas ringing in my ears from the throng of poor and ill-clad children that crowded around the door, I made my escape, but not before a big burly policeman had made his appearance

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

Old Notions Concerning the Process When It Was New.

Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of daguerreotype galleries when they were first opened in this country. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made. "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look long enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it. The sun burns it in if you keep still." Another made it all very plain by stating, "The plate is a looking glass, and when you sit in front of it your shadow sticks on the plate."

How it came about was never known, but the impression became general that the sitters must not wink. No operator of intelligence ever told the sitter not to wink, for the effort to refrain would have given the eye an unnatural expression. We found it a duty to tell the sitter to wink as usual; that natural winking did not affect the picture. Even then it was not always understood. One old lady jumped out of the chair before a sitting was half over, raising both hands and exclaiming: "Stop it, stop it! I winked!" Another remarkable fact was that sitters seldom acknowledged their own likenesses. "All good but mine," was the common decision. An aged couple after examining their pictures came to this conclusion, "Maria, yours is perfect, but it does not look like me." But the old lady answered, "Jeems, yours is as natural as life, but mine is a failure." After a longer consultation the old gentleman said, "We must know each other better than we know ourselves." At one time when Daniel Webster sat for a daguerreotype the artist's picture was held before him. Turning away, he said: "I am not to judge of my own looks. It is for you to judge, and you must decide whether the work is worthy of your reputation."—A. Bogardus in Century.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

A Gladstone Anecdote.

The sarcastic cheer is very common, and I recall one fatal example of its use. Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures, an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Hear, hear!" ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given good food to recall his words. Then he turned back to the speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in hazy tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."—Henry Norman in Century.

Carried His Samples.
During a recent meeting of the Louisville presbytery Delegate Hawthorne of Princeton, says the New York Tribune, told this story of pioneer days and vouched for its accuracy: One of the circuit riders in my part of the state was extremely fond of pepper sauce, and as he could seldom find any strong enough at places where he stopped he always carried a bottle with him. He happened to be at a hotel one night, though he usually stopped at the

MISTAKES IN LIFE.

Brooding Over Them Is Useless and Unprofitable Work.

One of the most unprofitable ways of spending time is the practice, to which many persons are addicted, of brooding over the mistakes one has made in life and thinking what he might have been or achieved if he had not done at certain times just what he did do. Almost every unsuccessful man in looking over his past career is inclined to think that it would have been wholly different but for certain slips and blunders—certain hasty, ill-considered acts into which he was betrayed almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of their consequences.

As he thinks of all the good things of this world—honor, position, power and influence—of which he has been deprived in some mysterious, inexplicable way, he has no patience with himself, and as it is painful and humiliating to dwell long upon one's own follies it is fortunate if he does not implicate others—friends and relatives—in his disappointments. Perhaps, as education has never been free from mistakes—mistakes indeed of every kind—he imputes the blame to his early training, in which habits of thoroughness and accuracy or, again, of self reliance and independence of thought may not have been implanted. Perhaps a calling was chosen for his peculiar talents or tastes and preferences, or if he was allowed to choose for himself it was when his judgment was immature and unfit for the responsibility. The result was that the square man got into the round hole or the triangular man got into the square hole or the round man squeezed himself into the triangular hole.—Success.

THE TERM "BLACKLEG."

It Probably Came From Sporting Men Who Played Top Boots.

The term blackleg, which is used to mean one who systematically tries to win money by cheating in connection with races or with cards, billiards or other games of skill or chance and is used as synonymous with a swindler, a welsler, is of uncertain origin. Some authorities connect it with the black legs of a game cock, so much used by the sporting fraternity for betting purposes. According to another and more probable view, the expression had no disgraceful sense attached to it at first, but was applied to turf and sporting men because they were often in the habit of wearing black top boots. When blackleg had thus become a current phrase for professional sporting men, it probably passed into use as applied more particularly to those who took an unfair advantage of their opportunities to cheat the unwary.

The derivation of this term was once solemnly argued before the full court of queen's bench upon a motion for a new trial for libel, but that learned tribunal was unable to decide its origin.

The Study of Nature.
I confess I have not much sympathy with the laboratory study of nature except for economical purposes. Nature under the dissecting knife and the microscope yields important secrets to the students of biology, but the unprofessional students want but little of all this. I know a young woman who took a postgraduate course in biology at a noted summer school, and the one thing she learned was that certain bacilli were found only in the aqueous humor of the eyes of white mice. The world is full of curious facts like that, that have no human interest or educational value whatever.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Pride of Ancestry.
"We can't afford to recognize them. Their ancestors were in trade."
"Weren't ours?"
"Of course, but our trade ancestors are two generations further back than theirs."—Chicago Post.

Merely Going.
Smith—I woke up last night with a horrible suspicion that my new gold watch was gone. So strong was the impression that I got up to look. Brown—Well, was it gone? Smith—No, but it was going.

The Blot on Human Nature.
The recital of a man's happiness and the story of his troubles alike bore us, but if forced to choose we find more pleasure in hearing the troubles.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

APPLES FOR BREAKFAST.

A Prescription That May Save You Many a Doctor's Fee.

The true, not the new, should be the motto of those who write or speak about the apple, the fruit long in use by our branch of the human race. There are certain simple principles that must be given, line upon line, precept upon precept, in every fresh generation of men or rather should be given just about that time that the generation is beginning to lose its freshness and to call on the doctor for remedies. Every well to do man of good digestion and appetite tends to eat too much meat every day after his twenty-fifth birthday, and one of the values of fruit, the apple above others, is the ease with which it may be made an "antidote for breakfast" article. With baked apples and cream and good roast potatoes on the breakfast table the dish of cold or hot meat becomes subordinate even if it is not entirely abolished. Men of forty, the age when every man not a fool is supposed to have acquired the right to give medical advice, at least to himself, will relate their various wonderful discoveries and remarkable self cures just as they had given up all hope, and in general these reduce themselves to this: "I ate less meat, but I did not know it, and I took a great deal more fruit, especially apples."

Baked apples for breakfast tend to reduce the amount of meat eaten if we are inclined to eat too much and to supply the system with mineral foods. People who eat too much food are not to be advised to eat baked apples as a mere addition to the breakfast, and those who need a substantial meal must not let the baked apple interfere with the taking of solid food. As a rule, those who eat three meals per diem will wisely have the nicest dish of baked apples obtainable for breakfast. It is a piece of simple wisdom which is a piece of ordinary medical literature. The digestion of milk is somewhat delayed by sour fruits, but pure, rich cream is not milk, and taken with a juicy baked apple what dish can be more tempting and wholesome? If you are twenty-eight or thirty-five, inclined to ring the doctor's bell and talk with your druggist, try this prescription. You may put sugar on the apples, but we shall not sugar coat the remedy with any mystery or any claim to novelty. We merely turn to your good wife or your housekeeper and ask whether she is careful to give you nice roast apples and cream and to make the breakfast meat dishes as little tempting as may be.—American Gardener.

PRE-EMPTED BY BIRDS.

The Noddies That Own Bird Key, in the Gulf of Mexico.

Out in the Gulf of Mexico sixty-five miles from Key West toward the setting sun rise half a dozen barren sand bars from the exquisite turquoise blue waters. One of these, Garden Key, is a government fort and coaling station; another is the Loggerhead key, our last outpost toward Cuba and Central America. The other islets are untenanted save when the great sea turtles crawl. One alone, Bird Key, is pre-empted by the birds. It would be hard to find a more desolate or isolated region. Though the climate is warm throughout the year, it is not until May that the feathered hosts arrive from the far south at this sandy rendezvous. In the van come the noddies, a few about the 1st of May and the rest within a few days. A week later the sooty terns pour in, and it is said that within a week of their arrival both kinds begin to lay. At the time of our coming nearly all the birds had eggs and were devoting themselves to their family cares.

To reach the buildings from the little landing place we had to pass through a tangle of bushes, and here it was that I saw the first nest of the noddies. One on the top or in the forks of the bushes each pair had built a rather rude but fairly substantial platform of sticks, only slightly hollowed, and upon each one sat a dark gray bird. There was something about these graceful little creatures that instantly took me by the heart, a case of love at first sight. The noddy is very much like a dove—except for its webbed feet—in size, in form, in the softness of its plumage, the expression of its large dark eyes and its gentle, confiding ways. There is no wild fright as the stranger approaches. Just a shadow of fear is evident, but the birds sit quietly on their nests, hoping and trusting, and do not fly unless approached almost within arm's reach. Then they fit gently away, alighting upon a neighboring bush until the intruder has withdrawn, when they return directly to their charge. It seemed remarkable to find birds so perfectly tame.—Guting.

PITH AND POINT.

When a friend tells you of his wrongs he wants sympathy and not an argument.
Before a man's first baby is a week old he knows more than he had ever dreamed about.
Speaking of "secret sorrows," it is a good plan to keep them so, as telling only multiplies them.
When a man wants to give you advice you can't lose anything by listening, but you will make an enemy by refusing.
A man occasionally breaks even. When it comes to wall paper the wife does the picking and the husband does the kicking.
Every one should have saved up enough money to take things a little easier by the time the age comes for taking a nap in a chair.—Atchison Globe.

None Better.
Mrs. Wise—I wouldn't have bought cigars for my husband if I were you. A man doesn't like his wife to do that. Mrs. McFriede—I know it's his name, you're very careful to get the best, but I was careful. Mrs. Wise—Were you? Mrs. McFriede—Yes, I picked out a box called "Finest made." There couldn't possibly be anything better than that, you know.

Was Not Deliberate.
"Johnny," said his mother, "I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood."
"No; I didn't, mamma," protested Johnny. "I told it in an awful hurry."
—St. Paul Dispatch.

Some Better.
Mrs. Wise—I wouldn't have bought cigars for my husband if I were you. A man doesn't like his wife to do that. Mrs. McFriede—I know it's his name, you're very careful to get the best, but I was careful. Mrs. Wise—Were you? Mrs. McFriede—Yes, I picked out a box called "Finest made." There couldn't possibly be anything better than that, you know.

I've never any pity for carried people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Fullness and Crime.

Our language and vocabulary, with our growing slackness, are changing. We are carrying things (otherwise insupportable) with a laugh and coining phrases for the purpose. As has been said, we are still sensitive to such coarse words as "thief" and "steal," but it is vain to deny among ourselves that certain unchallenged doings of today forcibly suggest those terms. So we save our face with an indignant gayerly not devoid of humor. We give a twist and a turn to the rapidly changing English language, and the ugly words disappear in the process. When a conductor steals a fare we jocularly remark that he is "knocking down on the company" when we steal a ride from the same company and conductor we laughingly refer to our success in "beating the game" when we bribe we merely "influence" or "square things"; when we are bribed we collect "assessments" or "retainers," or "commissions" or "retainers," and so on until we reach a grave definition of "honest graft," which would be more humorous if so many people did not feel that the term supplied them with a long felt want. Now, these expressions and others like them may bear a strong resemblance to thieves' slang, but they merely reflect the language of a people unconsciously retreating to a lower moral level.—Everybody's Magazine.

Senator Carnack's Little Joke.

Senator E. W. Carnack of Tennessee is quite a wag," said a former Tennessee politician. "About twenty years ago he was a member of the county court of Maury county, Tenn., and extracted a great deal of fun from the deliberations of that staid old assembly. One of Carnack's tricks brought the court notoriety if not fame. The justice, who knew as little about the constitution as a Jay bird knows about the Korean and cared less, was grinding out laws regulating everything under the sun. Justice Carnack arose and presented a resolution which recited in its preamble the uselessness of constitutions in general and the depravity of the Tennessee organic law in particular and wound up the resolve that the constitution be and the same is hereby abolished." Carnack made a brilliant and stirring speech, working the court up to a frenzy of indignation. At the close of his effort the court passed the resolution with a whoop. Nobody smiled, not even Carnack. At the time, but next day when the news was scattered broadcast the state roared in appreciation.—Birmingham News.

Stumped For a Substitute For Slang.

"It's pretty hard to avoid the use of slang these days," remarked a well known professor of English literature. "At any rate there are certain expressions which won't be found in the dictionary that can't be duplicated very well. The other day after I had just given a lecture to my class, advising them against the use of slang, a bright young fellow came to me with this query: 'What would you substitute in place of "jumped over" in the sentence, "He jumped all over the umpire?"' "Well, I have to confess that that sentence was too much for me. I tried substituting various words, such as criticize, complained about, etc., but they all failed to give the adequate meaning. I gave an excuse to my pupil that this was a baseball expression and couldn't be altered, but that didn't satisfy my own conscience as to the growing use of slang."—Philadelphia Press.

A "Triple Alliance."

Some of the Albanians whose insurrectionary operations have been an occasion for concern both to Turkey and to the powers which are trying to compel reforms in that region are curious and ignorant as to the conditions in the outer world. A writer who visited an Albanian monastery says: "The fact that I write impressed these worthy friars greatly, and Padre Gioacchino, politician, as are all Albanians, made a wonderful suggestion. 'Write a long article, my son,' he exclaimed enthusiastically. 'Thou knowest us and the bravery of my nation. Suggest an alliance against Europe that will assuredly destroy the balance of the powers. The alliance which the padre expected to overturn the balance of power was to consist of England, Italy—and Albania.'"

Women and Books.

Professor York Powell is a devout lover of books. We remember hearing him read a paper to a society in Oxford which illustrated both this devotion and his pretty wit. Touching upon the dangers to their treasures against which book lovers should be on their guard, he denounced the irreverent treatment of books by woman-kind. A woman, he said, if she were interrupted in her reading and started not to lose the place she had reached, would put the book down, open and face downward, on the table or on the lawn or anywhere. Woman, in fact, was one of the great standing menaces to books. The other, by the way, was—insects.—London News.

Married in Two Languages.

Because the bride could not understand English and the groom could not understand German County Judge G. W. Murray of Springfield, Ill., found it necessary the other day to perform a wedding in the two languages. The couple gave their names as Louis Maudra and Miss Writte Wette, the former twenty-six and the latter nineteen years of age. The ceremony was first said in English, the groom giving the responses, and then in German, to which the bride made replies.—Detroit Tribune.

A Wrong Idea.

A certain officious person once blundered into the office of W. J. Henderson, the music critic, and began to tell him what was the matter with Jean de Reszke's interpretation of Wagner's "Tristan." "In the first place," said the caller, in confident tones, "he's got the wrong idea." Mr. Henderson looked at him a moment. "Well," he remarked, "he got his idea from Wagner. Where did you get yours?"