

BANDON RECORDER

FACTS IN FEW LINES

A manuscript of the Bible made in the ninth century is being exhibited at the British Museum.

Lake Titicaca, in Peru, the highest navigable lake in the world, is to be tapped for electric power.

H. A. and W. L. Lyons of Bennington, Vt., recently cut a tree tree on West mountain, near Bennington, which yielded forty pounds of honey.

A good, sound potato which had grown through a link in an old chain was recently dug on the farm of Milton R. Bennett of Worcester township, Pa.

"I see by the papers that you say the Kansas bank deposits are \$70 per capita," wrote a Salina laboring man to Hank Examiner Royce. "I haven't my share. Please send it to me at once."

Many immigrants change their names upon arriving in this country on account of the difficulty they find in getting their names spelled properly. Many in New York adopt the names of streets as their surnames.

Daniel Kelleher, who recently died at Wilmington, Del., at the age of 105, was accustomed to smoke three plugs of tobacco each week. It is figured that he consumed 17,888 feet of tobacco during his lifetime.

A plan to turn Manchuria into an experimental ground where the various reforms the Chinese government so strongly advocates may be given a thorough trial may soon be taken before the throne in Peking.

Among the exhibits at the recent fair at Bethel, Me., was a quilt spun and woven in 1780 by a woman then seventy-five years of age. There was another quilt at the fair which was over a hundred years old.

"The American mule may not be so popular at home," writes Walter J. Ballard, "but his popularity is increasing abroad. In the first seven months of 1906 he brought us \$435,000 against \$204,000 in 1904, an increase of \$171,000."

The Rambsbotham (England) education committee granted all the school children of the town a half holiday on the occasion of the visit of a circus in order to give the poorer children an opportunity of seeing unfamiliar animals.

During the recent German army maneuvers maps readable at night were used. The map is photographed on a small glass plate, pocket size, and is not affected by rain. It is provided with a small electric lamp and a magnifying glass.

J. A. Garney has presented the New Hampshire Historical society with a massive English lock, probably over a hundred years old. It bears the English coat of arms and was presented by Carpenter & Co. It was taken from an old house at East Concord, N. H.

For fear of cholera the railroad ticket sellers and money takers in the infected districts are ordered to "disinfect" their hands as often as possible. As a London medical authority remarked recently, the only way to disinfect the hands would be to boil them.

After the underground railway lines of Paris have been completed the next great piece of municipal work will be the removal of the fortifications and great dirt moat around the city, which works lost all military value many years ago. The space thus secured will be sold for building lots.

Professor Eichhorn of Jena states that the sunniest district in Germany is Jena, with a daily average of 4.5 hours. The gloomiest districts of Germany are Aix-la-Chapelle and Hamburg. The highest average of sunshine in Europe is reached by Madrid, with eight hours' average daily sunshine.

At Inch Abbey, County Down, Ireland, the shaft of one of the old Irish stone crosses has been unearthed. It bears in relief the figure of Christ with the feet crossed and a single nail passing through both insteps. There are two figures carved below the cross and one representing attendants at the crucifixion.

A syndicate of business men has been formed at Los Angeles, Cal., for the purpose of buying all the stations in the city. They promise to reduce the number from 200 to 25 and to pay the city \$180,000 for the licenses. The stockholders being entitled to 6 per cent on their money after the guarantee is paid, the city gets the balance.

The Irish town of Limerick has a population of 28,000, and the distance from one end of the city to the other is two miles. Cabs charging a generous fare have heretofore been the only means of conveyance. A recent project for a street railway line was rejected. On the evening of the corporation meeting bands paraded the streets to emphasize the objection of the citizens to the working community in general to the improvement.

What probably will be the costliest monument erected to the dead in recent times will be placed above the grave of Mrs. Margarita Alvarado, the late wife of Pedro Alvarado, the pen mining king of Mexico. The monument will be of Italian marble and solid silver. Two tons of silver from Alvarado's famous Panilla mine in the Parí district will be used. A steel frame will be built around the grave to guard against the theft of silver from the monument.

A German publicist who spent a part of the summer in a boarding house at Teignmouth, England, says: "English seaside visitors display most remarkable ingenuity in sustaining a lengthy conversation founded on no other topic than the weather. When this is exhausted they turn to their aches and pains. Each individual addresses some striking example of bodily suffering on his or her part, and the combined ailments of the company afford themes for endless discussion."

Try it. "Don't you smell fire?" "No, I don't think I do." "I don't either, but most people do if you ask them."

Condensed. Dinner—Give me a plate of pork and beans and bury 'em up. Water (shouting)—Chicago and Boston express—Cleveland Leader.

POLLY LARKIN

"Polly, I would like to impress upon all my friends the fact that I will take all the kind words, all the praise and all the flowers while I am on earth to enjoy them," said a dear old friend the other day who had long since passed the sixtieth mile-post of her journey on this earth.

"You see," she continued, "I was at the funeral of old Mrs. Smith the other day and I have done a sight of thinking ever since. Everybody with half sense could see that she had long been a burden to her children and they did not fail to let the old lady see how they felt. I have gone to call on her more than once and found her in tears and lamenting that the good Lord did not see fit to call her home. She was the most patient old soul I have ever known, and there she would sit in her stiff-backed old rocking chair from morning till night, rather than ask any one to help her to move or change her position."

You know she has been helpless ever since she fell and broke her thigh. There was not one in the house, from her daughter down to the smallest child, who did not begrudge all the old lady got. The daughter, who, by the way, had persuaded her mother to turn over all she had of this world's goods to her, promising her in return a happy home with her and the children—a promise that was never kept, for the mother was soon made to feel that she was a burden—her daughter frequently complained before her that she was tied down and worn out with the constant attendance, not to speak of the expense. She had the face to tell me before the old lady what she intended to do with the room when her mother no longer needed it.

"To make a long story short, I stood beside the old lady's casket the other day, and beside me was the daughter and one of the granddaughters. They were both weeping and sobbing. They shed tears enough for a lifetime, as they told of how patient she had been through her sufferings and how wonderfully well she stood the trial of being helpless for so many long months, how uncomplaining she had been, with always a cheerful word for this one and that one; how she would sit for hours at a time with a smile for everyone. They told about how dreadfully they would miss her; how they dreaded the home-coming and the vacant chair. I made no comment, but as they laid a beautiful wreath of violets and maiden-hair on the casket, bearing a card: 'From the Daughter and Granddaughters,' I almost lost patience, and came mighty near speaking right out. It would have relieved my pent up feelings and brought me a little peace of mind, but then I thought of the solemnity of the occasion, of the quiet sleeper who was done with earth's trials and tribulations forever, and I kept my lips closed. I was dying to ask them if those violets would not have been a deal sight more appreciated by grandma Smith in life than when she lay so cold and still before them, and the tired hands that had picked every one of those robust granddaughters a beautiful log-cabin quilt as she sat day after day in her chair with her work-basket beside her, so quietly folded. Then some one on the outside sent in, 'with deepest sympathy,' a beautiful wreath made entirely of autumn leaves, typical, you know, of the autumn of her life, only it wasn't autumn for her, but cold, cruel, hard old winter, freezing the very marrow in her bones. Then the daughter deluged a handkerchief—one of those little bits of lace-edged ones only meant for show, and when she said the grand, exquisite, coloring in the beautiful leaves was so suggestive of 'Ma's lovely life, so bright and cheerful looking,' why, I almost laughed right out. Everything that daughter and those granddaughters did was all so false. They were not conscientious in a single thing they said or did.

"Then and there, Polly, I made up my mind to improve all my relatives and friends to say all the good things, give me all the praises and all the flowers while I was living and could enjoy them, and not wait until I was lying dead in my coffin. I would rather have one bunch of the sweet-smelling violets now when I can enjoy them than a whole cart-load when I am dead and gone, which would be given just for the effect. 'Regrets and deepest sympathy' do not stir the heart's action, but a single flower with loving words and tender light from bright eyes can work wonders in smoothing out the rough places, and make me downy path of your journey over the hill of life very pleasant and easy. At least the last years of the aged are none too joyous. Another thing I made up my mind to was to hang on to my little bit of property until the last trumpet sounded for me. People have oceans more respect for you if you have got something to bless yourself with, or, in other words, something to provide yourself with, the necessities of life. They will dance attendance on you and wait on you cheerfully enough if you have something to leave when you are called upon to go hence. No matter if they do think you are a burden, they will have sense enough to keep it to themselves. They may be acting the false part all along, but just so long as you don't know it, it can't hurt you, and, anyway, it pays to be blind to things sometimes.

"Now, wouldn't Mrs. Smith have been wiser better off if she had staid in her own little home? She wouldn't

WOMAN AND FASHION

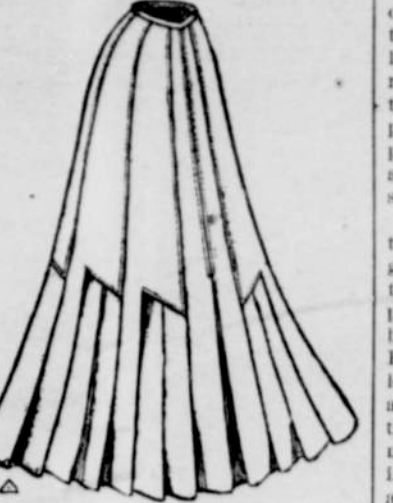
Handsome Skirt.

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NINE GORE SKIRT.

well dressed women everywhere. Here is a new plaited model consisting of a nine gore skirt with an inverted plait in front and back and having a lower part plaited in bouffant effect. It is very graceful and not difficult to construct, so well adapted to the home sewer. Any of the new shirtings may serve as material, broadcloth, serge, chevot, panama or taffeta being good.

Concerning Sleeves.

There are indications that sleeves will soon undergo another change. It is said that they are to be a little smaller at the top. Why a change should be made so soon no one knows. The sleeve of today is certainly pretty and is becoming to the stout as well as to the slight woman, for sleeves have not yet grown as ridiculously large as they were a few years ago. If the change shall come the probability is that the new sleeves will not be as well liked as are the present ones. However true the prophecy may be it regard to dress sleeves, the new fur coats lay quite a little fullness at the top. This looks, despite the advance news, as if dress sleeves would all be of good size.

Gray in Vogue.

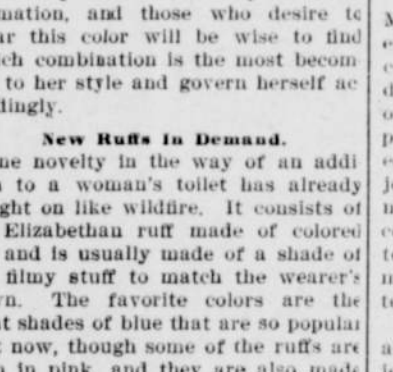
Gray is the leading color this season, and the woman who can wear it is fortunate, for there are many beautiful goods from which to choose, from the heavy homespun or the soft broad cloth down to the trim soft silks and muslins. There are a great many women, to be sure, to whom gray is unbecoming, but a little touch of blue coats lay quite a little fullness at the top. This looks, despite the advance news, as if dress sleeves would all be of good size.

Draped Sleeve Effect.

Transparent mesh cuffs are, as they were during the summer, the makeshift for producing an elbow draped sleeve effect without exposing an ugly forearm, and these cuffs are often made adjustable, so that the sleeves may be worn long or short, as fancy or occasion may demand.

A Graceful Garment.

A very graceful garment is here pictured, developed in black broadcloth lined with silk. It may be cut in three-quarter or in regulation length, as shown in the illustration. A broad circular cape collar finished by a stole



CLOTH CAPE.

extending down the front gives breadth and dignity to the figure. The cape is appropriate for either street or evening wear, and both heavy and light weight cloth can be used in making. Edges being simply stitched. Made of pale gray broadcloth lined with a delicate shade of pink satin brocade, it would be exquisite for carriage wrap. Medium size requires four and eighth yards of fifty-four inch material.

A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning. "What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded. "It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied. "Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?" And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREEK ATHLETES.

The Way They Ran and the Style of Their Feet.

In the foot races of the ancient Greeks, says a writer, "the shape of the stadium caused a great difference, since it was not circular, but long and narrow, with one or both ends semicircular. Consequently the runners had to take a sharp turn at the end of each lap, while except at the turn they were running straight course. Evidently this turn needed much practice, for the pictures on the old vases show athletes practicing this one part of the race as a kind of drill, taking each movement separately.

"In early times, when all the runners turned round the same post, the turn gave opportunities for foul play, and there are stories of lost competitor tripping another at the post or seizing him by the hair to prevent his winning. But later, in the shorter distances at least, each runner had his own track and post to turn round, and probably the separate courses were roped off in much the same way as they are now in sprint races. For the start elaborate arrangements were made and at Olympia the stone slabs are still to be seen, with the grooves at regular intervals that had to be footed at starting.

"Greek long distance men ran in the most approved style of the present day. But the sprinters apparently employed a considerable amount of arm action and took very long steps, rising well on to the toes. Then there was the race in armor, an event highly praised by several of the Greek writers as a valuable preparation for war and which is supposed to explain the famous running charge of the Athenians at Marathon."

THE MUSSULMAN.

His Devotion Is Intense and He Is Proud of His Religion.

A traveler in Africa writes: "This is a land of religion. The Mussulman's devotion is intense, ever present and all pervading, being not an accessory but a part of his life. He is a devout man, as it were, to his life to be practiced more or less surreptitiously, but an essential part, wherever and whenever he lives at all times. A Mussulman prays openly and publicly, in no wise afraid to be seen. Every man wears his string of beads whereon he records the number of his daily prayers. Notwithstanding its, to us, uninviting appearance, the religion has made and still is making great strides in Africa, and one can only attribute this to the fact that here at last is a religion of which its adherents are in no way ashamed. It offers to the faithful absolute assurance of salvation and engenders that blind, unhesitating faith therein which is so comforting to the native mind.

"Seeing a crowd of pilgrims bound for Mecca patiently, will, pleasure—enduring the worst treatment that one could imagine meted out to herds of driven slaves, one envies the excess of faith that can engender such a disposition. Though robbed, slain, starved, herded with pestilence and subjected to countless hardships and annoyances, yet year after year they come from far and near thousands and tens of thousands strong on this the most wonderful and far reaching of latter day pilgrimages.

"At Jeddah one sees pilgrims from all corners of the globe—Dutch subjects from Java, Chinese from Peking, shiploads from India and farther in Java, Russian subjects from all parts of the great empire, French subjects from Algiers, from Morocco, and dusky negroes who have been trapped for months from the western shores of Africa. Through many hands and midst many tongues they come, all to meet at this thorough center of the maelstrom of the Mussulman faith."

INCIDENTS TO PROVE THAT THE BRUTES ARE NOT COWARDLY.

It has been said many times that lions are cowardly brutes, but of the many lions with which I have had personal dealings, expected and unexpected, the epithet cowardly is the last I should consider appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by a lion, and he certainly did not cowardly. I have come face to face at a distance of some twenty feet, with a family party of half a dozen, fortunately full fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stand and look again. There was neither fear nor meanness in their appearance or behavior.

I have seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. If I could have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seven miles from the nearest connecting line with the outside world, and when man eating lions took possession of the one road which led to this link things became serious.

A large troop was reported, and the natives maintained that this troop ran along in the grass parallel with the caravan road a path some ten inches wide, and having selected the most edible morsel of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and, seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came.

Our mail runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the wait party was camping one night, fortunately for it with a native caravan, the lions became so bold that in spite of fire, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush.—Mrs. S. L. Hyde in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WARD DERRICK.

The ward derrick for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodoric and who is often mentioned in old plays. "He rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tyburne the inn at which he will light" occurs in "The Bellman of London," published in 1610. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied, by an easy transition, to the galleys and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

JEWISH HUMOR.

Its Flavor of Bitterness and Its Satire.

Renan said of the Jews, "The Semitic people are almost entirely without the power to laugh." Surely he had looked for traces of Jewish humor in the light which Helme casts back upon its dark tradition he would never have made so sweeping a statement. For eight years Helme lay upon his "matress grave" in Paris suffering excruciating agony. He deserved, he said, to have awarded to him "the grand medals of pain and misery." Leopold Zunz said almost the same words of the whole Hebrew people, "If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations." The humor of Israel is flavored with bitterness and plays round the greater subjects of thought and of speculation; plays like the humor of a man in pain.

Listen to the lament of a satirist born at Arles in 1287 who finds the works of the Jewish law an intolerable burden and seems to have come, like Helme, to the bitter conclusion that "Judaism is not a religion, it is a misfortune."

Oh, hapless sire, distraught with cares, Whose wife to him make children bears, For all of them, so rich or poor, Have only suffering to endure. This is caused by the Jewish creed, Whose yoke is hard to bear indeed, Its many laws and regulations Which are unknown to other nations. Every Hebrew must observe With watchful eye and straining nerve; Even though he shares in public functions He still must follow their injunctions. In things particularly small, Of no significance at all.

One more mediaeval quotation, this time from the pen of a Barcelona Jew. The lines can hardly perhaps be called humorous, but they illustrate with a certain force comely the great value set by the race upon three things—money, knowledge and domestic happiness. If a man has none of them the poet has no better advice to give him than to hold his tongue or to hang himself.

What is the most useful thing to any man in life? Knowledge or wealth or a good and loving wife. But if none of these commodities man has ever got, Then by keeping golden silence he might improve his lot. And if he cannot do so, that poor and hapless knave, Then let him go away at once and hang himself a grave.

On his deathbed Helme made his last joke, and it is typically Jewish. "If I were to die by no means irreproachable," he said, "I hoped that God might forgive him, 'for c'est son metier'—(that is his trade). Another story illustrates yet more perfectly the bitter humor of the Jew. It is the story of a dying rabbi "who had been all his lifetime extremely religious, but had likewise always suffered much want and misery. 'Do you know,' he said to those in the sickroom, 'if after all the sacrifices I have had in the past I have a no future life I shall be greatly amused.'"—Lancet Spectator.

WASHING CLOCK FACES.

Some Timepieces Grow Soiled More Quickly Than Others.

"I've been washing the faces of the city clocks high up to ten years' guess," said a pleasant Scotch Irish American, "and before that I did it in my own country. There aren't many washers in this land, and the few I know the business do well at it. I looked prosperous in his tweed suit; derby hat.

"Is your work anything like that of the steeple climber?" he was asked. "Bless you, no," he replied, "only it's a different matter. That's because we're good climbers, you know I've washed the faces of city and church clocks that were 180 feet from the ground, and it took me two and three weeks to do it. I'm a practical clock repairer, too—have to be, you know—and do my work in a hup wooden cradle made for the purpose. Some clocks get their faces dirty in a year or so; others remain clean ten years, and so on. Old Ben, Westminster's great clock, is expected to keep clean fifteen years.

"In the old days the trade was more dangerous. We used to work from scaffolds and got many dangerous falls. Now we have the cradles and all the fixings and comforts, and if a man keeps his head he can work as well as on the curb. How is the pay? Well, that's hard to figure, for we work by the job. We don't clean clock faces in winter, so we make enough in the summer to last the year round. Of course sometimes the clocks are taken out of their cases and repaired in the shops. Last year I cleared \$2,000 and visited only two other cities, Chicago and Boston. This year I'll make more, because building operations have grimed the clocks and given our trade a lift."—New York Post.

IT LOOKED EASY TO HIM.

Little Nathan had been taken to his father's office, where, it appears, he was considerably impressed. Afterward at home he made known his intentions concerning the future. "When I get to be a man," he said, "I'm going to make lots of money, like papa does."

His parents gave him to understand that they approved of his ambition, after which Nathan indulged for some time in serious thought. At last he turned to his father, asking: "Papa, is sitting in a chair that turns around all you have to do to make money?"—Chicago Record Herald.

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

"My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished arranging the plot of his novel, 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Van derdecken. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. S. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Gems In Verse

A Woman.

The great love that was not for her Passed on, nor passion to see. The wistful eyes, the hands' vague stir, The mouth's mute misery.

The little love she recked not of Crept closer bit by bit, Until for very lack of love She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part, The greater from the less, She only strove to fill a heart That ached with emptiness. Theodosia Harrison.

The Old Home.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree, A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be, In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I beat them, and my eyes long, Through tear mist behold them beneath the old time skies, Mid bee bloom and rose bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing Is my soul, To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow; Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago; To whisper the wood wind of things we used to know When we were with our companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold; To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold; To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening leaf The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief, The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree, The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be; In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me. —Madison Cawein.

Rip's Long Sleep.

The purple shadows lie along, The Catskills as they did of old, The robin sings his evening song, The sky is rimmed with red and gold, Past shining lake and amber hill, The silent forest twilight creeps, The stars light one by one, and still Old Rip Van Winkle sleeps.

It is no slumber of pretense, That wraps the wandering idler now, No wonder whispering audience Waits on to see the silvered hair, And tottering form and vacant stare, When with the dawning of the day, The spell dissolved, old Rip shall rise And take his homeward way.

Not one left to jeer and flout Among the chattering village folk And greet his looks of fear and doubt With many a jest and clumsy joke, No friends, grown gray with time and trial, No children, changed to wrinkled men, Will tap their heads and stily smile When he halts home again.

For while he sleeps the stars will fade, The earth will molder and decay, And all the things that men have made Will pass in crumbling dust away. And when he wakes, he will be known Before that faroff morning breaks If kindlier friends he'll journey to, When Rip Van Winkle wakes! —James J. Montague.

Let Us Take Leave of Haste.

Let us take leave of haste awhile, Let us take leave of haste awhile, And later will content With little pleasure in beguile And small attainment.

Just a wide sweep of rain washed sky, A flower, a bird note sweet, Some easy trappings worn awry, Loose latches for our feet.

A wheaten loaf within our scrip, For drink the hillside village well, And for true heart companionship The love of listening.

We want so much, and yet we need So very slight a store, But in the age's grip of greed We hurry on and more.

The woodland weaves its gold green net, The warm wind laces by, Can we forego, can we forget? Come, comrades, let us try! —Clinton Scollard.

"Blue Sunny Air."

Up for the glowing day, leave the old woods! See, they part like a ruined arch the sky, Nothing but sky appears, so close the roots.

And grass of the hilltops level with the air, Blue, sunny air, where a great cloud floats laden.

With light, like a dead whale that white birds pick Floating away in the sun in some north sea.

Air, a fresh lifeblood, thin and searching, The clear, clear breath of God that loveth us, Where small birds reel and winds take their delight!

Water is beautiful, but not like air, Beside the solid azure waters lie Made as of thickened air, and down below The fern ranks like a forest spread them selves.

Life. Ah, life is brief, With shades that bend Across the day, And dreams that end At close of day!

Ah, life is sad! One fleeting hour In love's short reign— A faded flower, And memory's pain.

Yet life is sweet, No night so dark, But holds a star; No storms but mark, Where angels are. —H. Graham Du Bois.

The London Police.

When the scheme was first broached fierce opposition developed to the establishment of London's metropolitan police, in September, 1829. Police to patrol the streets of London? Such a scheme was "repugnant to the spirit of English law and to the theory of free government," according to an editorial in the Standard of the day. "As a system of clandestine intelligence the thing is complete," it went on. "The low constable is instructed to make himself acquainted with the inhabitants of every house within his beat. And how is this information to be obtained but by the pumping of the servants?"