

BANDON RECORDER

FLOWER AND TREE.

A few pieces of charcoal dropped into the water assist in preserving cut flowers.

The hole for a tree should be made wide and deep and the bottom be filled with rich earth.

The seeds of nearly all forest trees do best if not allowed to become dry before planting.

For the finest flowers sow pansy seed in the fall. Protect the young plants through the winter, and you will be well rewarded.

The sweet william is a biennial, but will sow their own seeds and come up year after year, as do hollyhocks, thus making them practically perennials.

One of the handsome perennials that flower in July is the digitalis, which has long spikes of blue thimble shaped flowers. It makes a striking clump.

The principal advantage in fall sowing of flower seeds is that the plants grow stronger, root deeper and flower earlier and longer than those from spring sown seed.

The grape is one of the most desirable fruits to plant. It is inexpensive to get a start with, it bears early, it is productive and easily managed, and the fruit is delicious and wholesome.

Couldn't Stand Satire.

A burglar, while attempting to rob a blighted bondholder of Maryville, by mistake got into the humble residence of an editor next door. After unsuccessfully fumbling about for suitable assets for some time he was disgusted to observe the tenant of the house sitting up in bed and laughing at him.

"Ain't you old Skinderson, the capitalist?" inquired the housebreaker. "Nary time," chuckled the journalist. "I'm the editor of the Screaming Eagle."

"Jerusalem!" said the burglar, looking at his stemwinder. "And here I've been wasting four precious hours on this branch almshouse. I say, old quill driver, you never poke fun at your subscribers, do you?"

"Not the cash ones."

"Exactly," said the burglar, taking out his wallet. "Here's six months' subscription to call this thing square. If there's one thing on earth I can't stand, it's satire."—Tit-Bits.

Don't Be Afraid of Work.

One thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well, not soil their clothes and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders to others or figure as masters and let some one else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy who has just secured a position take hold of everything with both hands and "jump right into his work" as if he means to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But if he stands around and asks questions when told to do anything; if he tells you that this or that is not his work; if he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations when asked to run an errand and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself, one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he will not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity or will be a failure. There is no place in this century for the lazy man. He will be pushed to the wall.—Success.

Wood Too Hard to Burn.

There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn, or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as iron wood and the good briar root, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to.

The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It had formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat.

Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

Where She Differed From Paul.

A Scotch clergyman called upon a parishioner not long since, an old woman who was not blessed with many virtues, but who possessed a very varied assortment of vices. He took the latter as a text for a sermon and spoke to her at considerable length upon the subject, concluding with some extracts from one of St. Paul's epistles which he felt to be apropos.

She didn't speak for several minutes after he had finished, and he thought that he had made an impression upon her at last. He was mistaken, however, for she suddenly turned round with the remark: "Humph! That's just where Paul and I have differed these ten years."

The argument was not continued.

Sedan Chairs in France.

The sedan chair still exists in Orleans, a bustling town not far from Paris. In this pretty city, says a Paris newspaper, especially on Sundays at the hour of mass, the classic sedan chair, as it was known to the gallants of the eighteenth century, is borne through the streets by robust carriers, its occupants being aged people and invalids, to whom the jolting of a carriage is intensely disagreeable.

The Importance of Legs.

Herman Stump, ex-commissioner of immigration and prospective United States senator from Maryland, whose bachelor home is in the little country town of Bel Air, Md., made a flying trip to New York city recently on

Polly Larkin

John D. Rockefeller has built a monument for himself better than the most costly granite or marble monument bearing his name and having chiseled thereon in letters of stone the short history of his life birth, death, etc., that others might read of his good deeds and pass on, forgetting it the moment after, for he has founded a luxurious club-house for his Bible class. This house for the homeless young men has been elegantly furnished with velvet carpets, servants and everything that the most fastidious clubman could desire. There are dainty braca-braca, choice works of art, books and everything that is elevating and will make the young men feel that they have found a paradise on earth after the day's work is ended. One thing that Mr. Rockefeller insists upon is that no liquor shall be allowed, and cards are strictly tabooed. Voe to the young man when either is found in his room, for out the culprit will go into the cold world to find some stuffy little room with no conveniences, and the change will be somewhat of the order of Adam leaving Paradise or the Garden of Eden.

He will have plenty of time for reflection and for regrets, for once ousted from this little earthly Eden it would be a hard matter for him to get back into the luxurious mansion. The basement of this commodious and elegantly fitted-up mansion has been turned into a luxurious smoking-room, where they can lounge at their leisure and dream of a land that may be fairer than this, but not much more comfortable, according to their manner of thinking possibly, as they watch the pearly smoke floating off into space in marvelous wreaths and fantastic shapes. It must cost the members of this Bible class a small fortune to live, you say. There's where you are mistaken, for all it will cost them is from four to five dollars a week, Mr. Rockefeller only asking that the house bring in \$2000 a year.

Polly only wishes that a few more of our prosperous men and women whom fortune has smiled upon and could write their bank account in a great many figures, would do likewise. What happens it will bring to people whose lives have hitherto been dreary enough. I would like to see homes established where men whose days of usefulness have passed and who are considered too slow to keep up with the pace of the robust young men of the day, who are keenly alive to business and thoroughly up-to-date. Silver-haired men, who are trudging down the hill of life slowly and hopelessly, and only the memories of happier and other days to dream of would feel that the last days of their journey through this world were gliding swiftly and pleasantly by if such a haven of rest were opened up for them. These men are to be pitied, and the world is full of just such people longing for homes in their old age that are homes in every sense of the word.

This is what Polly heard on the cars the other day. (You will think that Polly is always hearing something on the cars, but it is a great place to hear biased and unbiased opinions, facts and fancies, as well as prejudices well aired for those who choose to listen without necessarily being eavesdroppers.) It seems that some millionaire in New York had given a ball and reception and had been lavish in his expenditure in the way of fruits, flowers and everything that goes to make the "perfect whole" on such occasions. "Do you know that rich old fellow spent thousands of dollars just on flowers—perishable things—that were dead when the morning came? Just think of it, thousands of dollars for flowers, when a lot of us poor people can barely make two ends meet, work as hard as we may, besides putting every chick of a child out to work," said a black-eyed little woman, snappishly. "Not only that, but he used yards of silk for draperies and to help decorate his tables, when we can hardly afford a piece of silk, even for our hats. Of course it was ruined and never could be used again." They were in full sympathy with the subject and thought that every successful man who had made his money by hard work and the active use of his brains should be compelled to distribute the reward of his labors with those who had been less successful. Yet these same women would have thought the height of injustice and cruelty if their husbands, who made possibly seventy-five dollars a month, should have been called upon to divide or assist another fellow-workman who made but twenty-five, or to give it to men who did not desire work and only made a pretense of finding something to do. The latter are the ones usually who cry loudest at the unfairness of this world and the government in general and would make all capitalists divide their wealth. Polly cannot understand how people like the two women who were deriding the man who gave the ball and reception and spent so much on the floral decoration could look at things in that light. The gardens were stripped of their floral treasures. Who raised them? The poor man, who was glad enough to dispose of the flowers that would have had their day and died on bush and vine if they had not been gathered and sold to decorate the home of the man who paid the price asked without parleying, for money was no object to him. The decorators were not rich men. The farmers came in for their share of the gains in eggs, poultry and other edibles for the banquet, so did the butcher and the baker, the musicians, etc. Thousands of dol-

lars went into circulation among all these different classes that otherwise would have remained hoarded up in the bank. Isn't it better to disburse money in that way, making the receivers feel that they have well earned it, instead of being objects of charity and receiving aid for which no value is received? Polly thinks it is, don't you?

Miss Etta Dungan of Gold Hill, Or., who survived a large number of men out of various sums of money and who pleaded guilty to a charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, was sentenced by Judge Bellinger of the Federal Circuit Court of Portland to pay a fine of one dollar and to serve one day in jail. All of Miss Dungan's victims were men who were trying to find a wife through the medium of a newspaper advertisement and who were foolish enough to send her money and advertisements for a wife, corresponding with the advertiser, exchanging photographs and promising to marry him. Then she would find herself short of funds and would ask him to send her money that she might fly to him. The money was forthcoming and then she would cease to write or answer subsequent letters. The postmaster at Gold Hill stated that Miss Dungan had received large sums of money, and she confessed that it all came from the matrimonially inclined men. These eccentric wife-seekers got just what they nearly all of the same class get in the long run, viz: sold, and intelligent people have very little patience with them. I knew of one man who got a divorce from the sweet, refined lady who had been his wife for a number of years. In fact their children were grown, but he saw the advertisement of a husband-hunter who advertised that she was a wealthy widow, fair to look upon, etc. He had not been the kindest husband and father in the world, and his wife was willing that he should secure a divorce. The advertiser came from a distant state and they were married; but you should have seen the prize he won. She had a cross in her eyes, wore a wig, dyed her eyebrows until they were purple; she was awkward and coarse, but she had the money, but it never did him any good, for she knew how to keep it, and not a dollar of it ever fell into his hands. He was sick of his bargain and ashamed to acknowledge the woman as his wife. But he got his just deserts.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Automatic Bookkeeping.

The head bookkeeper in a Philadelphia carpet factory, who has just returned from the Pan-American Exposition, says that labor-saving machines for keeping accounts displayed there threaten to put him and many more like him out of business. He says he saw five machines that will enable a merchant to dispense with his bookkeeper and turn over the control of accounts to a young woman, who incidentally acts as a typewriter. The machines, manipulated by the typewriterist will make out a bill, copy the invoice permanently in a book and make a permanent sales sheet copy. Their accuracy, rapidity of action and economy of labor strongly recommend them to employers. The principal drawback just now is the cost. The lowest-priced machine is \$100. But it may be only a question of a year or two before they will be as cheap as typewriters.

Florist's Lives are Short.

It is commonly supposed that the men who work in the mines or those whose occupations necessitate breathing of poisonous fumes and gases are the shortest lived. This is a mistake, and it will surprise many to learn that the highest death rate is found among a class who breathe in the sweetest odors—florists. The reason is a simple one. The florist lives at once in the torrid and the frigid zone. From a greenhouse atmosphere of nearly 100 degrees in the winter months he must step out into one that is nearly always below a freezing point.

Eggs as Small Change.

In some parts of Peru—for example, in the province of Jaaja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins, forty-eight to fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market places and in the shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money. One will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers and sent to Lima. From Jaaja alone several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.

The cinematograph for the blind is a machine which passes under the fingers of the blind, a series of reliefs representing the same object in different positions—the branch of a tree, a bird, or any other object. The blind person has the illusion of moving scenes, just as photographs passing over a luminous screen lead the illusion to those with sight.

Massachusetts is supporting a State bathhouse at Revere Beach. It was patronized last summer by 170,968 persons, 11.6 per cent in excess of the patronage of the previous year. The total receipts amounted to \$38,272, an average of about 22 cents per capita.

A London paper notes the fact that the death of President McKinley occurred on the anniversary of that of Wellington and of General Montcalm.

The last census taken in Holland shows 2,000,000 Protestants, 1,700,000 Catholics and 100,000 Jews.

THE RUG DESIGNERS

PATTERNS DESCEND FROM PARENT TO CHILD IN THE ORIENT.

Reasons Why Animal Figures are Rarely Seen on Persian Rugs. Prayer Rugs of the Mohammedans and Their Use.—The Rugs of Sivas.

The designs of eastern rugs are often the spontaneous outcome of the fancy of the weaver. Sometimes they are handed down from one generation to another. In some cases young girls are taught the design by an adult, who marks it in the sand. At other times a drawing of the rug is made on paper, the instructor showing her pupils the arrangement of every thread and the color to be used. When all this has been done, the pupils must make the rug without looking at the drawing.

Persian rugs excel those of other countries in artistic design as well as in harmonious coloring. The Persians seem to have a natural intuition in the use and blending of different shades, and in the designs that contain these certain colors they achieve the happiest results. It really wonderful what exquisite taste these people, born and reared in ignorance and poverty, produce.

The designs in Persian rugs are generally floral, and in some districts, especially Fars, the women weavers invent the designs, varying them every two or three years. The Mohammedan religion does not allow any direct representation of animal forms, consequently rugs woven under its influence take floral, geometric and vegetable forms. The Shah sect of Moslems, however, numbering about 15,000,000, of whom 8,000,000 are Persians, do not regard representations of animals as profane. By the industry of this sect and that of infidels and of all who disregard the law of the Koran animal forms are seen on some Persian rugs.

The prayer rug was evidently invented for the purpose of providing the worshippers with one absolutely clean place on which to offer prayers. It is not lawful for a Moslem to pray on any place not perfectly clean, unless each one has his own special rug he is not certain that the spot has not been polluted. With regard to the purity of the place of prayer Mohammedans are specially careful when making their pilgrimages, the rugs which they take with them having been preserved from pollution by being rolled up until the journey is begun or until the hour for prayer arrives. It does not matter to these followers of Mohammed how unclean a rug that is on the floor may be, because over it they place the prayer rug when their devotions begin.

The Turkish rugs made at Sivas are also woven of wool, and almost every hamlet carries on the industry of weaving in the homes. There are no factories, the young girls and women doing the work here as in other parts of Turkey. Sivas rugs are in most cases small, measuring about eight by five feet. The colors are very bright and more attractive rugs are being made. Even the poorest families have fine rugs, for they regard them as valuable property, to be sold only under the pressure of great extremity. The weavers are so frugal in their manner of living that their daily earnings of 15 to 19 cents is sufficient to supply their needs. Their food consists usually of rice and crushed wheat, with occasionally a small piece of mutton.

Smyrna is only a mart for the sale of comparatively inferior rugs that are made in the interior from the coarse hair of the Anatolian goat. These are woven in irregular designs and, although not artistic, are largely sought as coverings for the bare floors and to add warmth. The weaving of these rugs is crudely done by girls and women. Sometimes the loom is primitive, constructed from the trunks of trees. The designs are simple and have either been handed down from earlier generations or are supplied from the city.

Yuruk rugs are so called from a band of nomads who dwell among the mountains of Anatolia. They have large flocks of fine sheep and weave rugs of fine wool. The colors are very good, the field often of dark brown, or ornamented with large designs.

About 200 years ago small embroidered rugs were largely made in Persia, chiefly at Isfahan. These were prayer rugs, and on each of them, near one end, was a small embroidered mark to show where the bit of sacred earth from Mecca was to be placed. In obedience to a law of the Koran that the head must be bowed to the ground in prayer this was touched by the forehead when the presentation was made, and so the letter of the law was carried out. The custom prevails. The Persian women who weave the finest prayer rugs seldom weave any other kind of rug—"Rugs, Oriental and Occidental."

Silence You Can See.

There is no such thing as silence in this world. It is an impossibility. That is partly the reason why science has enabled us to see it.

The explanation of the paradox is this: Silence, as we understand it, simply means that there are sounds too delicate or too loud for the ear to register. In other words, when we can't hear anything we call that condition "silence." But wherever you are there are sounds around you. Even in the deepest mine the air vibrates and makes a sound. An instrument has been invented that will catch these sounds and permit of the vibrations being represented pictorially on a screen, and in that way you may see silence and properly understand what it means.

By comparing the pictures of noises with those of that condition of things known as silence we gain an idea of the difference between a noisy night, for instance, and one when "absolute silence reigns," as the novelist puts it. It is rather surprising to find so much disturbance at the time when everything appears to be perfectly quiet.—Pearson's Weekly.

They Hold More.

"Do you ever wish you were a girl?" asked the visitor who was waiting in the reception room.

"Only at Christmas time," answered the boy, who was lingering in the doorway.

"Why do you wish it then?"

"Because of the stockings they wear," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

THE NEW YORK CROWDS.

The Different Ways in Which They Impressed Two Men.

"What I like about New York," remarked a westerner, "is its tremendous energy. The crowds and bustle have upon me the exhilarating effect of a stimulant. As I move along among the masses on the sidewalks and look upon the perpetual stream of vehicles of all descriptions in the streets I am conscious of a buoyancy of spirit and an increased physical energy.

"I feel like going all the time, my mind is brighter and clearer, and, in fact, my whole being seems toned up. New York and its crowds are more beneficial to me than any resort I have ever struck. After a two weeks' stay here I return home feeling like another man."

"Well, that is strange," said the person to whom this statement was made. "Do you know New York has upon me just exactly the opposite effect. To me what I might term the surplussage of life here is depressing. I am by no means fond of solitude. I have lived in a moderate sized city all my life, and it bores me to stay in the country for any great length of time, but when I come to New York and am caught in the tides of humanity, see the overcrowded tenements and have my ears assaulted with the perpetual din of the streets I become positively melancholy.

"I feel that an insignificant amount of water in a great river—and the feeling oppresses me. It seems so like there was nobody here who cared who anybody was. The only relief I find from the feeling is in the theaters. I go to a show every night while I am here, and of course I enjoy it immensely. But as soon as I have made the rounds of the shows I am ready to return home, where I know most everybody and there are many who care."

—New York Times.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

Our miles of railroad track exceed by more than 10,000 all the tracks of Europe.

The Dominion of Canada has granted \$88,884,557 and 39,725,130 acres of land to railways.

More than 45,000,000 passengers a year go through the North Union and South Union stations in Boston.

In most European railways the principal difference between second class and first class lies in the color of the seat cushions, first class being usually red, second class gray.

The average cost of the body of a modern long electric car is \$2,000, the average price of a set of double trucks for such a car is \$600, and the average cost of the motor is \$1,500, making the total cost of the car \$4,100.

Some of the Austrian railways have followed the German custom of selling numbered seats in the cars of fast trains, both first and second class. An extra charge of from about 25 to 50 cents is made for these seats, according to distance.

The other day, just as a train was about to leave Kutas, in Hungary, for Palfava, an official appeared and put seals on the wheels of the engine. The passengers had to get off and walk. The company was 236 crowns in arrears in payment of taxes. Next day the taxes were paid, and the train proceeded.

Why His Clock Was Slow.

There is an Italian fruit dealer, with a well stocked store near one of the suburban railway stations, who has adopted a unique device, and one which shows a deep knowledge of human nature, to hold his own in competition with another dealer. The stand is some fifty yards nearer the station than his own. A commuter was leisurely peeling a banana in his store the other day when the Italian remarked:

"You gotta fix' minute before your train."

"No; twenty," replied the commuter, glancing at his clock on the wall.

"Thata clock fifteen minute slow," said the Italian. "I keep it slow, Peep! used come in a here, look at clock, getta excite, go way, not buy. Time to buy at Pedro's stand, notta here. Now keepa clock slow, peep mucha time. No, I not letta peep miss train. I tell them after they buy de banana."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Insect Plagues.

The insect plagues of summer are no matter of jest. Man must strive with them as he strives against the other hostile forces of nature. He must fight the Hessian fly or the wheat crop will not be garnered, he must fight the weevil or the grain will perish in the bins, he must fight the army worm or the cattle will starve in the pastures, he must fight the tent caterpillar and the borer or his forests will wither and the streams disappear. The entomologist, therefore, wages the war of civilization against forces all the more terrible because of their minuteness and apparent insignificance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More Rest.

Doctor—There's nothing much the matter with you. You only need rest.

Patient—Oh, but, doctor, look at my tongue.

Doctor—That needs rest, too, madam.

—St. Louis Republic.

His Error.

Consumer—I say, what kind of a cigar do you call this? It's the worst tobacco I ever tasted.

Dealer—Beg your pardon, but you are wholly in error. There isn't a particle of tobacco in that cigar. It is so easy to be mistaken, don't you see?—Boston Transcript.

Won.

He had gone to ask her father for her hand in marriage. "Well, sir, what is it?" snapped out the old man. "Remember, I am a man of few words." "I don't care if you're a man of only one word if it's the right one," replied the suitor. He got the girl.—Philadelphia Record.

The most effective argument a charming woman can use to a man is an appealing "Don't you think so?"—Smart Set.

Patience is the key of content.—Munroe.

WHEN GARFIELD LAY DYING

A Pathetic Incident in His Removal to Long Branch.

A pathetic incident is related apropos of the day of fasting and prayer which was appointed by all the governors of the United States at the time President Garfield was removed from Washington to Long Branch in the hope that the change might help him to recover from the bullet wounds inflicted by Guiteau.

"Crete," said the president to his brave little wife about 11 on that Thursday morning as the ringing strokes from the belfry of the Episcopal church almost across from the cottage reached his ears, "what are they ringing that bell for?"

"That," said Mrs. Garfield, who had been waiting for the surprise, "that's the church where we were when you first came down. They're all going to pray for you to get well, and, falling on her knees, she said, "And I'm going to pray, too, James, that it may be soon, for I know already that the other prayer has been heard."

From where he lay Garfield could see the carriages draw up and group after group go in. He could even hear the subdued refrain of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," as it was borne by on its heavenward way. Thrilled with emotion, a tear trickled down the president's face. Then he closed his eyes and turned his face as a sweet woman's voice arose, singing from one of Sir Michael Costa's oratorios. "Turn thou unto me and have mercy upon me," sang the voice, "for I am desolate—I am desolate and afflicted; the troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring thou me out of my distresses—out of my distresses—my God."

The people in the church sat almost spellbound under the voice, for the singer was affected deeply and made it seem to all, what it must have been to her, a prayer in music.

The Wrong Leg.

There was an eminent sergeant at law some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "outer bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well, once thought to utilize this knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor:

"You see how hot old Buzfuz is over his case. Now, I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his speech. He's a most extraordinary man in that way."

This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat and, leaning forward, drove it up to the head in the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end and the judge's wig almost fall off, rang through the court.

"By Jove, it's the wrong leg! I've lost my money!" exclaimed the dismayed and conscience stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned sergeant.—London Advertiser.

To Judge the Age of Lace.

In fixing the approximate date of any given piece of lace it is well to remember that machine made thread was not used till after the beginning of the eighteenth century. Before that time the threads ran in lengths of about twenty inches, for the worker could stretch no farther than her distaff and had to break off and join again, so that after unraveling some twenty-five inches of thread no joint is visible in the lace. It is surely after the introduction of machine made thread. The "bride's ornament" alone are enough to go by. In the fifteenth century the bar had only a knot or a dot as ornament, in the sixteenth a double or single loop and in the seventeenth a star. The edging also helps. A sharp angle in the scallop fixes the date in the middle ages, the rounded scallop came in with the nineteenth century, with the seventeenth a dotted scallop, and the eighteenth century one is more elaborate, a large alternating with a small scallop and dots along in the center of each.—Connaisseur.

Some Tyrolean Epitaphs.

A German traveler has discovered some quaint epitaphs in a Tyrolean cemetery.

On a tombstone in a valley of Tux was this inscription: "In pious remembrance of the honest widow Anna Kriedl, forty years long."

A miller is thus remembered: "In Christian memory of H.—, who departed this life without human assistance."

A farmer whose initials only are given and who appears to have been the author of his own epitaph has this memorial: "Here rests in God F. K. He lived twenty-six years as man and thirty-seven years as husband."

On the tomb of a man who fell from a roof and was killed are these words: "Here fell Jacob Hosenkopf from the roof into eternity."

This wall of a desolate husband caps the climax: "Tears cannot bring thee back to life. Therefore I weep."—Household Words.

She Needed Them.

"I wish, John," she said regretfully, "I had had sense enough not to destroy all the letters you wrote me during the year and a half of your courtship."

He smiled in a gratified way. "I knew you would regret that some time," he said.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I need a little change the worst sort of way, and the man who buys rags and old paper was here today. How wasteful we are in our youth!"

He looked at her reproachfully, and almost involuntarily his hand sought his pocketbook. It is seldom indeed that a resourceful woman has to make a direct request for money.—Chicago Post.

He Had Great Expectations.

"How do you account for the fact that Miss Bullion, the wealthiest heiress of the season, is going to marry Nodo, who hasn't a cent to his name?"

"Oh, but he has great expectations."

"He has? What are they?"

"He is going to marry Miss Bullion."

THE FIRST AERONAUT

HIS INITIAL FLIGHT INTO SPACE WAS AT PARIS IN 1783.

Pilatre des Rosiers was the Pioneer of the Long Line of Daring Spirits Who Perished in Their Attempts to Navigate the Air.

The first attempts to make ascensions by means of balloons were made in Paris in the year 1783. Pilatre des Rosiers was the first and most illustrious of the long list of aeronauts who have fallen victims to their desire to advance the art of aerostatics.

In July and August of the year 1783 balloons filled with hydrogen gas were sent up from Paris, and in September at Versailles the first balloon was sent up freighted with living animals.

In the same year Montgolfier constructed a balloon which he claimed would be capable of carrying passengers, his workshop being in the gardens of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The balloon was sixty feet in height and forty-eight broad. Its exterior was richly painted and embroidered, there being represented upon it the twelve signs of the zodiac, the arms of the king of France and numerous fleurs-de-lis and lower down, amid a crowd of grotesque heads and garlands of flowers, a flock of eagles, with extended wings, that seemed to be flying and supporting the balloon upon their shoulders.

Below the balloon proper was constructed a circular platform of wicker-work, covered with silk, which was used as a car. This platform was very large and was surrounded by a balustrade to prevent the aeronauts from falling out. In the center of this platform was an opening, below which was suspended by chains an iron stove, which was to be used for rarefying the air in the balloon, while in one corner was a magazine intended for the storing up of an immense quantity of straw, which served as fuel.

Pilatre des Rosiers, generally alone, but at one time accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes and another aeronaut by M. Giroud de Villette, had ascended in the balloon without cutting the rope which held it captive to a height of 1,200 feet.

Rosiers had much difficulty in obtaining permission from the king to make an ascent without being held down by the rope, but consent was at last secured, and on the 20th of November, 1783, everything was made ready. During the day the wind and rain were violent, and it was found necessary to postpone the ascent. The next day, the 21st, the weather was more favorable, and at 1:30 in the afternoon in the presence of the dauphin and his suit Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlandes set out together from the Jardin de la Muette upon the first aerial voyage ever attempted and performed. The wind was still very rough and the weather stormy, but in spite of these disadvantages the balloon rose rapidly.

Having passed over Paris and become free from all fear of getting entangled among the buildings of the city, the aeronauts suffered themselves to descend considerably until they found themselves in a fresh current of air, which bore them in a southerly direction.

After proceeding a few miles further the fire was allowed to die out, and the balloon descended about five miles from Paris. When the aeronauts returned to the Chateau de la Muette, they were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by the assembled crowds. Benjamin Franklin was a witness of the whole spectacle, and when asked what he thought of it he replied, "I have seen a child born which may one day be a man."

Aerostatics had advanced to such a degree that on the 7th of January, 1785, Blanchard, a rival of Rosiers, crossed over the channel from Dover to Calais.

Rosiers was spurred on by Blanchard's success and set to work completing a balloon which, when completed, he called an aerostogollier. It consisted of an immense balloon of hydrogen gas, with a large cylinder placed under it, the use of it being to rarefy the air without losing gas.

When a favorable day had arrived, Pilatre for the last time made his preparations. He was assisted by a Poitevine physician named Romain, and on June 15, 1785, they stepped into the basket, the ropes were cast off, and the balloon rose with the utmost majesty from the earth.

When it had risen about 200 feet, it struck a fresh current of air which took it directly toward the sea. It soon found another current which rapidly carried it back again. It possibly may have been the desire of the aeronauts to descend to find a more favorable current of air, for while opening the valve to let the cold air into his cylinder unfortunately a huge rent was made in the balloon. The consequences were immediate and terrible. At that time the balloon was 1,700 feet above the surface of the earth. A few moments afterward the two aeronauts lay on the ground dead and horribly mutilated.

Near the spot where Pilatre des Rosiers was buried a monument was erected in 1853 to commemorate the almost miraculous crossing of the sea by Blanchard, upon the very spot of earth on which that intrepid aeronaut descended. He had become for France a hero, and numbers of inscriptions are still readable.—New York Times.

A Last Joke.

John D. Long, in the Massachusetts campaign of 1878, was making his first run for governor against General Ben Butler, who had captured the Democratic nomination, and Judge Josiah G. Abbott, who was the candidate of the old line Democrats.

The late Judge Thompson was making a speech for Abbott before a big Democratic audience and, after praising the candidate as a jurist and a statesman, asked sarcastically, "And now, who is this John D. Long?" No one answering, he proceeded: "They say he has made a translation of Homer's 'Iliad.' What a good job is that to us? All Democrats read Homer in the original."

At this the person to whom the judge was telling the story laughed, but the judge continued: "Th-th-that's not the real joke at all! The real joke is that not a m-m-man in the audience so much as smiled!"