

Belletonte, Pa., May 16, 1913.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

Are you worsted in a fight? Laugh it off. Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off. Don't make tragedy of trifles-Don't shoot butterflies with rifles-

Laugh it off. Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off. If it's sanity you're after. There's a recipe in laughter-Laugh it off. -Henry Rutherford Elliot, in The Century.

PARTNERS.

If the man in white serge at the best table in the summer-resort dining-room had not demanded that the heart be cut out of his grapefruit and a cherry substituted therefor, if he had not sent for shaved ice—"and plenty of it"—it might never have happened. That was the first thing the warman noticed. To he first thing the woman noticed. To be sure, there is nothing remarkable about a person wanting ice on anything from rice pudding to potatoes-when the last room is taken at the Pines Hotel and the mercury is hovering around ninety-six. He was, nevertheless, fascinating to the

woman in pink linen at the next table. On the other hand, he found some-thing interesting in Mrs. Montgomery, and appeared to be speculating about her between such moments as he tastidiously arranged his summer-resort dishes and

fanned himself with a newspaper.

There may have been, on his handsome face, wrinkles of worry over the life that now is; but when you are cold-creamed, talcum-powdered, massaged with the up-ward movement, and dressed leisurely, far from your alarm clock, in spotless, beautifully creased white flannels; when you are wearing a lavender tie pricked by a pearl stick pin, and white canvas shoes that don't pinch at all, you can manage, whatever the state of your nerves, to illustrate an article on "Sum-

mer Fashions for Men." The woman in pink looked him overhis carefully brushed, wavy pompadour, his white-silk outing shirt, his fetching shoes, over which the Amesbury twins tripped as they rushed into the diningroom like a belated cyclone.

His grapefruit with its shopworn cherry, his nicked bowl of ice were brought. Painstakingly he made a nest of the ice and set the grapefruit therein. The residue of ice he disposed tiarawise about the ruby cherry. Then he took powdered sugar and sprinkled it over the whole until it resembled nothing so much as a snowdrift.

Now let there be no misunderstanding. There was nothing inflammatory in the glance sent her occasionally over the snowdrift. There was nothing amatory in her dark-brown eyes as they rested fascinated upon him. This is the story of a triangle, but the man in white was only what very learned ones, who discourse about Heredity, Environment, and and Variation, call a Contributing Cause.

To be exact, Ada Montgomery was wondering what John Montgomery was eating for his lunch at Kohlsaat's, back in Chicago. She was wondering if there were flies—those indiscreet ones who construction on their bare fact. If were flies-those indiscreet ones who the little reception-room, but they wraphe was drinking too much coffee, eating it from the weather. too many doughnuts; if he was remembering that his black, serge was a littlejust a little thinner than his blue; if he put down his bedroom window before he the little front hall bedroom (turned into went to the office in the morning-to a guest-room when relatives from Dodge sleep, dear, we must." keep out the heat; if he opened it the Center were invited "for the week-end") stone wall; if the ties were piling up on every night Mrs. Montgomery rubbed a off into space. his chiffonier. . . .

Beside her mother sat Paula Montgomery, a beautiful, blooming girl named, seventeen years before, by her father, self, but she was more ambitious for the Paula! I may never have a son. You never can tell." Having seen that she was adequately christened, he had proceeded to call her "Little Peach." There never was a son, and now at seventeen the only child was still Little Peach to him. In the absence of maternal vigilance Paula served herself with a half-dozen sugar cubes and a generous helping of

"Mother," said she, when the older woman looked back from the man at the best table, "when it's so warm here, what must it be home in Chicago? It must be awful! What shall we do after lunch? I vacation they must begin to save for want to stay in swimming for hours! I that. believe I'm going to throw off those wings today and go all by myself! The overarm motion simply great. Won't Tom be surprised?" A deeper flush crept like sunrise over her cheeks. "It 'll be cool under the water, anyway. Must I wait for an hour after eating? At home it must be-

those men are saying.' The man in white, and the man in what had been white yesterday, having discussed the Presidential election, the Pa-cific-Panama Explosition, Canadian reciprocity, the Illinois Legislature, were, with ever-narrowing circles, coming home to

"Yes, sir," said the almost white one, eating as he read, "'ninety-eight in the shade'! Listen to this here: 'Twenty prostrations' yesterday. More fatalities feared today—man fell—top of building'—damn it all, what's a man doing on top of a building-'man in office'-huh! 'shot himself' — 'temporarily insane—many children dying with cholera infantum'— ain't it hell! Say, you waiter! Ice in my tea's all melted! Fill it up, can't you! Can't expect a thimbleful of ice to hold its shape today. Lord! What do you s'pose it's like in Chicago?"

The man in white reached for the paper. "Where does it say that about—that—children being sick?" He read. 'After all, it's just a newspaper report. You can't rely on it. Anyway, it's just in the poor districts. These mothers—I don't imagine they know how to feed

'Well, I wish I was fishin'! Place up in Michigan not far from Chicago. either. A lot cooler'n this!" The almost white one was a chronic grumbler. "Great place! Wish I was there! Fish bite like a house afire! How long you goin' to stay?'

Two weeks. I'm anervous wreck! Just had to dig out. Got so I didn't dare shave myself-hand shook so! And ugly! Say! The office boy couldn't steal a one-

I was a brute! Just had to dig out. see, in a business like mine"—instinctive-ly he felt for a card; instinctively he began to stalk his prey—"there, I left 'em home! Oh well, I'm not talking shop. In two weeks I'll go back calm as an Indian. You see, in a business like mine—Waiter! Give us some ice in this water!" He delicately wiped the prespiration off his forehead. "Ah, here comes dessert, Ice-cream! Good!"

"Ice-cream here ain't like it is some places, though," complained the grumb-"He is rather a handsome man, isn't

he, mother, the one with the lavender tie?" With a perfumed handkerchief With a perfumed handkerchief Paula was wiping her white throat. "Why, child, I hadn't noticed-

"I thought you had. Well, I think he is. Mother, do you think that white serge he has is cooler than black-orblue? His isn't lined, though. Oh, isn't the heat awful! There's one thing, though, we know it'll be cool by evening. The wind is off the lake every night."

Then the grumbler, eating the icecream that wasn't so good, read again from the newspaper, ignoring the context. "Is marriage a partnership?" He demanded it of the man in white. They were still discussing the answer to the conundrum when the last spoonful of Paula's fletcherized ice-cream cooled her lovely throat.

The last she and her mother heard as they rose from the table was the grumbler protesting that marriage wasn't, what it used to be; human nature wasn't climate wasn't: everything wasn't.

"Shall we rest on the porch, mother, till I can go in? My, I wish I was in the water right now! Wonder if that handsome man with the lavender tie will

The two women went out on the porch. There was one vacant rocker, and another from which a large woman with pearls on her bare chest grudgingly removed her

Irish crochet.

"Hold my chair a minute," said Paula,
"I think I'll write a letter to daddy—and

Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter had been at The Pines tour days. Mr. Montgomery had a vacation at this time also; but he spent it in going over the mixed-up books of other firms. He was

an unusually good bookkeeper.
"Little Peach," he had said for years, on the 1st of August, "it's too good to lose. You see that money's all to the good. And I don't want to go on a vacation. What'd I do, just sitting round doing nothing? I'd fly to pieces. Couldn't stand it!" Mr. Montgomery was a first-class actor. Not even he himself guessed how clever he was at pretense-which is saying a good deal for an actor.

The money for Paula and her mother to come with had been accumulated by clever economies. Although their friends went away for anywhere from a week to two months, they had never thought it was cool down under the water.

"What must it be in Chicago?" possible-on an ordinary salary.

The fact is that Paula's father had expected every year that the ordinary salary would be merged into an adequate income. Personally, he was now of the opinion that he was an average person, their increments. Every man has a right to his own opinion. If his wife and daughter agreed to his diagnosis of the case they kept it hidden from the world.

ped newspaper around the ice to protect

Paula, charming, blossoming Paula, very little cold-cream into her needlepricked fingers.

"This child is going to be girl Was not her daughter far more beautiful than the debutantes whose pictures illustrated the Sunday society columns? The woman might not remember on the instant the name of the Secretary of the Treasury, but she knew the details of the latest wedding on Lake

Shore Drive.

To provide advantageously for Paula, her father and mother bent every energy, and also their backs. This year it had seemed best to "go somewhere." The best people did. Then, the next year, The Paula must go East to a woman's college. When they got back from their

It sometimes seemed to Paula's mother wings today and go all by myself! The that they were forever struggling with a instructor said yesterday that I get the heavy load up the stone wall of a high one pushed them from below. But when must be—"
"Listen, Paula, I want to hear what ose men are saying."
The man in white, and the man in at had been white vesterday having discomises and presented a smiling face. to the world. People said:

"They live very simply, those Montgomerys, but they must have money, from the way Paula and her mother dress. They're not at all showy, though. In fact, quite reserved." Paula's mother was something of an

Yes, the woman was telling herself, she had earned this vacation! Had she not sat up nights making those gowns herself, with the exception of the readymade pink linen? Of course the goods had cost—and the lace—and the hats—the bat had a cost—and the lace—and the hats—the was their clothes—dadshe had been surprised at the bill from

Field's. But what if she had hired every-thing made? Most women did. She found herself arguing with space, making certain defenses for herself. The Amesbury twins were teasing for money for sail-boats at the summerresort store. Defying fate, the Grumbler was going in swimming after eating two dishes of ice-cream that was not good, protesting to the man in white, "I tell

The women on the porch were reading magazines, learning each other's Irish can do that, too, at forty-five. crochet patterns, and criticizing Mrs. Arnold, who was unfortunate enough to have been born with too beautiful a voice in too lovely a throat. The majority thought no woman could keep up her practice and take care of a child properly (as they took care of theirs). The minority didn't think so much of that but wasn't she probably an actress? And who knew whether the man who was

other.

Oblivious to her surroundings, even to Paula, writing her letters, Mrs. Mont-gomery looked off over the lake. But that was not what she saw. She saw John Montgomery back in the office, leaning over long lines of figures that told how much people owed. She saw him—odd how plainly you can see peo-ple when they are absent—a little stooped, a little gray, a little sunken-cheeked, with a little pen in his bent hand and a little twisted smile on his face. She stirred uneasily, but the thought grawed. Was marriage a partnership?

Were they partners, John and she? Did they share equally in everything? The thought that had dropped in her brain kept going relentlessly. She could ding shells, gay buttor not keep up with it. It was like a child's what not in cement. ball dropped at the top of the stairs, that drops, hitting every stair, out of the door, down the descending street. There was no catching the disturbing suggestion and putting it out of sight. It urged

Outwardly she appeared quite motionless. But she was trying to catch the "There, mother, I'm going in now! don't want the I've written to daddy and told him everyal! right, too!" thing; what a good time we're having,

her on and on. Minutes passed

was this morning!"
"No, after all, I believe I'll not go in. I'm-not-feeling just well. I think perhaps it was the grapefruit—you go, Paula, and have a good time But be very careful. There are the twins! Aren't they dear! Little boys." Her eyes were inex-pressibly tender. "Run along, dear, and be sure to fasten your stockings!'

Paula ran along, but she did not preside officially at the near-drowning of the Amesbury twins, who asserted, their dripping hands on the richest woman's em-broidered linen knees, that they did it on purpose, because they wanted to be "like hands together."
At that moment Paula, wings discard-

ed, assisted by the erstwhile man in white, was actually swimming-straight for the Orient. That evening it was unspeakably hot, even at The Pines Hotel, which assured its patrons, in italics, of a nightly breeze

off the lake. Not a breath of air stirred, and only the lazy lapping of the little waves against the pier reminded one that Paula, as they went into the hotel. At midnight Paula sat up and pulled up the the desk, and listened. covers over her bare shoulders, for a

that he belonged to the class that earn slept?"
their increments. Every man has a "No, I can't seem to get to sleep—I don't mind, though-I'm resting. It was don't mind, though—I'm resting. It was so cool in the water today. I'm glad I learned to swim—His name is Eames, Mr. Eames. Mother! Do you suppose daddy's all right? It's only people that work up on top of high buildings that get work up on rase they kept it hidden from the world. They had a beautiful Arabian lace Mr. Eames. Mother! Do you suppose

bed-with his head to the window "I hope so, dear. Oh, I hope so!" Paula's mother swallowed several times, but she lay perfectly still, and the sob in learns to do that at forty-five. "We must

They lay hand in hand, staring into the minute he got home to let in the little was a worn machine and a denim bag of cooling dark with the rigid quiet the breeze that sometimes came around the patterns tacked on the wall; and almost body can assume when the mind whirls

> The next morning they dressed wearily, avoiding each other's eyes. "Did you get to sleep, Paula?" were dark circles under the girl's great

blue eyes. "For a little while. dreamed—last night!" She reached up her small hands around her mother's neck. "Mother," she implored, "I dreamed—about him!"

Quick fear startled the woman. The child was not quite eighteen. And Tom -why, he wasn't out of knickerbockers more than three years! It couldn't be! And there couldn't be any one else—surely it couldn't be. She searched the girl's white face.

"Daddy! I dreamed that daddy was-She whispered a word, at sound of which they clung to each other with quick, indrawn breath. "I dreamed I was there-just before—and he said 'Little Peach, add up that column of figures and see if you can find it. I'm a nickel short.' Mother! And dreamed he said, 'Little Peach, won't I

have a long rest?, Mother!' For a long moment their eyes sought each other; demanded and answered a hundred questions; ran the gamut of hope and fear, youth and age, love, am-

"Mother!" Let's—"
"Let's go—?" "Home, mother!" Home, dear!"

"To daddy! Mother, we haven't a right it isn't fair for us to have what he can't have too!"

"No, Paula. No, and we won't leave him again! Things have got to be differ-

thought maybe it was their clothes—dad-dy—Mother, daddy needs clothes! And we're going to live different!" said the girl, out of the white vision of her sleep-less night. "We don't need so many things! And you do it for me! You're tired, too, mother! I'm tired! It isn't what we do that tires us: it's what we want to do, what we can't do. I-saw daddy's bank balance when he wrote that

last check, Mother!" protesting to the man in white, "I tell you, never heard of appendicitis when I your father!" Mrs. Montgomery sat down and cried as though her heart would break, for the man she loved. One

"And I'm not going away off East to an expensive college. I'll go where I can live at home. What if there are boys there? What do I care? And maybe I I won't go at all. Can't I learn things out of college? You didn't go, mother. Daddy didn't—Think of it, before night we'll be

"Yes, Paula, tonight we'll be there."

cent stamp without my jumping on him. And when I couldn't find my studs—Jove, They seemed almost too fond of each him to come home to dinner. And what shall we have?"

"I think we might have grapefruit. And I do hope we can get home in time to get ice."

At three in the afternoon a dusty train pulled into the city station. The liffeless air was as though heated in an oven, sickening, menacing. Men were carrying their hats and wiping their faces with soggy handkerchiefs. Women pushed higher transparent elbow sleeves. Over the noise of moving trains come the sound of the city.

Walking down the platform, Paula and her mother, correct in linen suits, met would have taken until 12:30 Wednes- men demanded cash on delivery. the man in white, his arms full of four sailboats in varying sizes and a doll's dresser made after a lost art by imbedding shells, gay buttons, bits of glass, and here; it is appalling-sand and cacti for

Montgomery," said he. "I had a notion as far as the eye can see. I wonder away some time, the man entered the I wonder if you could tell me where my wife could go—with little children—babies—twins. I want her to go off some-babies—twins. I want her to go off some-babies—twins in the irrigated section and off with it. hour. Other women fanned and talked. where, and you know-most places- the whole face of things undergoes a don't want the little scamps. They're change.

And, sure enough, Mrs. Montgomery

"Of course. Come on, mother. I'm said she, "do you remember the name of glad we've got those lovely bathing-suits. My, I believe it's hotter than it that didn't like his ice-cream, you know that didn't like his ice-cream, you know -the place that wasn't so far from Chi- for life in this country. cago and where the fishing was good?"

He remembered it, and she wrote it comfortable as possible but here is a

his left hand gripping his burning temkept on-he was a nickel short.

There was a ring at a telephone someasthma called: "Man named Montgom-

head had become the end of an iron rod somehow got to the telephone. He sank

Startled, he answered the voice and delicious breeze blew the curtains into talked into the receiver: "Little Peach? Little Peach! You back? Anything Wrong? You ain't sick?—you or motheslept?"

"No. I can't seem to get to sleep."

Startled, he answered the voice and talked into the receiver: "Little Peach? Little Peach? Anything Wrong? You ain't sick?—you or mother? Mother?—she's all right? But what the door, for protection to me and to be enabled to awaken me at first sight of my train. did you come back for? It's awful here
—the heat—" He closed his inky fingers your mother's voice-"

When he came home Paula was at the door to meet him. There were squeals of joy and murmurs of love. Her mother was digging the hearts out of grapefruit and putting cherries and ice on top. She ran to him, and they clung to each other for a long moment in silence. Then, "You're all right, John?" she whis-

"You're all right?" "Sure!" smiled the First-class Actor. "Sure. Never better. My, how hot it is! But, Ada, you're here-you and Little Peach! Come here to me, you young scamp!

He laid his white cheek to the scamp's pink one. "Tell me, honest, now. It wasn't Tom? You didn't come back-it wasn't Tom,

now?" "Tom, daddy! That child! Why, he's a regular kid. No, daddy, I'm going to be a trained nurse, or a deaconess, orsomething."

After dinner they sat out on the stoon while the bedrooms cooled a little. Some people were walking bareheaded, negligee as possible. All along the avenue those who were too tired to walk sat on their front steps. The First-class Actor said he would walk, but he couldn't look in the loveliest faces in the world unless he sat down.

As they sat, a cavalcade passed by: a pretty woman in pink, the replica of the woman on the steps, leading a small decollete girl child; a nurse-girl leading a young man of seven, he in turn leading panting pup; a handsome man push ing a perambulator containing twins, decollete as to arms and also as to legs twins.

Paula smiled and scowled. "Mother." man was turning the corner. He was in

sit on the lowest seat, even with the cer-tainty of being invited to come up higher, on such a night as that. "There's a lovely breeze," said Tom, "around on Ashland." They two went in search of it.
"It's an awful night," said Paula's father, "but you're here, Ada! Come on in a

I want you to tell me some What she told him is not known; but he was still smiling as he slept, for the first time in three days.—By Helen Baker Parker, in Harber's Bazar.

The pill habit like the opium habit is dangerous. It means slavery to drugs, the burden increasing with the years. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not create the pill habit. They cure and a pill is no more needed. They are very small in size. The dose is small, one being a laxative and two a cathartic. Their effects are permanent. Try them.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. En Route to Simia. A Dreary Country but much of Interest to be Seen. Fair Accommodations but Long Waits. Some Beautiful Scenery, and Mountains that are Cultivated. Living on \$5.00 Per Month.

Dear Home Folk:

SIMLA, MAY 26th. day, so that it really is quite a journey. Oh, the limitless waste of country miles and miles, suddenly a pea fowl "Mr. Eames, my mother," said Paula, looms high in the air and one is immedi-

Near the tracks are huge date palms and how cool it is nights, and all about produced from her embroidered bag a folding which are not believed. The collects post cards from every of the collects post cards from the blossoms; in the collects post cards from every of the collects post cards from the Mr. Eames's twins and any other childistance, the farmer cutting his grain, where. Tom's a regular kid! Oh, the dren he might possess was earnestly requested at the Lakeside Inn, \$2 up. He and in the same picture the threshing can help them."

"Yes. And I'll go in, too."

Mr. Eames twins and any other cin. distance, the farmer cutting his grain, and in the same picture the threshing helps complete my knowledge of India, for although travel in India leaves much to be desired I, a veritable tramp, would join the barnacle family had I to remain

At five o'clock John Montgomery was sample of accommodations: I reach chasing an error in a column of figures. Kalka and am at the foot of the moun-It ran away from him like a little demon. tains and find I must wait twenty hours He chased it up and down and across, until a train comes, which will land me ples. There was a curious pain somewhere at the back of his head; but he room of the station I find a very nice "Ayah," who unpacks my "tiffin" basket and makes my tea, while I have a bath where in the outer office. It concerned him not at all, for there was no one to and fresh clothes. The meal she precall him up. He only noticed it because pares from my basket is so attractive the big mens that doved off'n the summer board saying their prayers with their hands together."

Call limit up. He only hotted it because the because of the peculiar similarity between the sound of it and the buzzing tinkle somewhere off in his brain. Some one with in search of sights, the most interesting in search of sights the most interesting in search of sights, the most interesting ery here? He's wanted at the 'phone." of which proved to be a beautiful gar-At first the man that was wanted could den, which I was sorry to leave as the not get up. The pain at the back of his green of the shrub trees was most rethat went down his back and fastened to freshing to my eyes; but all good things the chair. After a v'hile he pried it loose have their ending, so we are told here, should be neither "toppy" nor "sloppy," got up, staggered a little, blinked his eyes and in journeying back to my luggage at but always tidy and neat in his attire, so the red spots would go away, and the station I almost forgot the gorgeousbeside the desk, picked up a glass and gulped down something which he hoped storms encountered. The faithful Ayah an applicant's dress may mean much was water, leaned his numb elbows on was prepared for me nevertheless, and my bed was ready for occupancy, she

my train. About the middle of the night she run, at an altitude of five thousand feet in six hours, zig-zagging back and forth up the mountain in a most amazing fashion.

The scenery is delightful, reminding one of the Canadian Rockies, the highest wash his own handkerchiefs, dry them points of which one goes through, while here we go over them, making one sit in wonderment at what is coming next. These mountains do not descend in long sweeps, like our mountains in the States, but seem to have small shelves of from three to ten feet rise at regular intervals, all of which is cultivated, so that the native farmer has his farms in steps, right up the sides of the mountains, all under cultivation, made possible by the irrigating system-water trenched from springs

There are at least a dozen "stops" on the way up,-at each military post and the summer homes of many "Plains folk." The air grew so much cooler that one pened right here, which I must pass on to you. Just before we arrived a health officer boarded our car; we were traveling in the third compartment, and from the one directly in front of us he took a boy with a well developed case of smallpox. Needless to say, our car was taken astonishingly active twins, of whom one was a carbon copy of the other, only you couldn't tell which. One of them bit droolingly at a shell on a doll's bureau, me, asking if I was related to the and the other made passes at his eye me, asking if I was related to the with the prow of a ship whose sail had passed in the night. The man with the baby carriage wore a lavender tie, but no idea how "homey" it felt to know no idea how "homey" it felt to know his suit was black, with a heometric design on the shoulder where one twin had once fallen asleep.

no idea how "homey" it felt to know there really were Meeks in this far away land. My acquaintance proved to be a Salvation Army nurse living on fifteen she said, "wasn't he funny and—dif-ferent? He didn't look—" But a young house and clothe herself for four weeks: house and clothe herself for four weeks; other white serge, with a lavender tie.

"It's Tom!" said Paula, fixing her hair.
irst I "Why, of all things! Why, how did he know? Doesn'the look—grown up?" She walked smiling down the steps, for cerdid the tainly you couldn't expect white serge to sit on the lowest seat, even with the cert. and she lived on it for six years, until ill invited to visit her at their mountain farm, and hope to do so before leaving

Simla. At last we reached our destination and such a rush to secure coolies, identify baggage, then get a rickashaw, for it is by these hand-pulled and pushed vehicles that one travels about in this "cliff dwelling city." A two-wheeled cart, on the order of a large baby cart, with a tongue in the middle, and two men to pull and two to push, is the usual mode of travel. The yearly residents vying with each other in their extravagances of the liveries of their wagon

[Continued next week.] -Have your Job Work done here. STURIES OF SHERIDAN.

The Great Writer Had a Hard Time

Dodging His Creditors. Like many a brilliant man before and since his time, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had a habit of resting on his oars a bit too long when he thought himself tired. Then, finding himself short of money, he would borrow. This You must hear of my trip to this city, habit increased with his years, and, which took from Monday night 7:55 un- moreover, his efforts to discharge his til 8:00 o'clock Tuesday night, not allow- obligations grew less and less. His ing for the waits on connections, else it reputation at last was such that trades-

Benjamin Robert Haydon, who was himself woefully addicted to the same bad habit, tells with evident glee two stories of his fellow sufferer.

A butcher one day brought a leg of a little proudly, wondering how many nephews he had.

"I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs."

I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs.

"I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs."

I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs.

I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs.

I wanted to ask you some hing, Mrs. mutton to Sheridan's house. The cook you knew all about summer resorts, and where the herds of camel that now come kitchen, took off the cover of the

But the laugh was not always on Sheridan, A creditor whom he had successfully avoided for some time came plump upon him as he emerged from Pall Mall. There was no possibility of dodging, but Sheridan did not lose his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that's a beautiful mare you're on!"

"D've think so?" "Yes, indeed. How does she trot?" The creditor was pleased-even flattered. He told Sheridan he should see and immediately urged the mare to do her prettiest. But long before the animal's best pace was reached, Sheridan had turned again into Pall Mall

NEATNESS IN ATTIRE.

and was lost in the crowd.-Exchange.

It Not Only Impresses Others, but Is a Factor In Self Respect.

The fixed habit of presenting always world is sure of a double reward. It not only creates a favorable impression, but begets a sustaining self respect. It is scarcely reasonable of a man who does not respect himself to look for much consideration from others. It is not the cost of clothing. but the scrupulous care of it that counts. The man of slender means seeing himself with the coldly critical more than his address or politest de-

portment Style in writing, as defined by the fastidious Chesterfield, is the dress of thoughts, so the true style of the average man may be correctly surmised from the care he takes of his personal appearance. He needs not be finicky, but should always be free of grease spots and dust. He should like his bath even if it has to be taken by means of a bucket. He should never neglect to brush his hair, his shoes, his teeth, his coat, trousers and hat. should put coat and trousers under the mattress and sleep upon them. If laundry is a serious item, he should on the window panes and never by any chance be seen with a soiled one .-Philadelphia Press.

A One Time Literary Mystery.

In the Newry Telegraph, an Ulster (Ireland) triweekly, on April 19, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry" appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"-"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron or Campbell or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed would doubtless have been proud to claim it. But the author was the obscure curate of Ballyclog. in Tyrone, Rev. Charles Wolfe, and the fame of the piece was but a posthumous fame for him. Not until his death of consumption in 1823 was glad of a top coat to avoid a cold at the early age of thirty-two did the which, by the way, amounts to a serious authorship become known to the world. calamity in India. A little incident hap- And Wolfe, who wrote much other verse of merit, is remembered only by that one poem which sprang from the columns of a provincial newspaper to universal recognition in the big world of letters.-London Chronicle.

By breaking open rotten logs one can find in midwinter the grubs or larvae of many of the wood boring beetles, and beneath logs and stones near the margins of ponds and brooks hordes of the maggots or larvae of certain kinds of flies may often be found huddled together in great masses. The larvae of a few butterflies also live over winter beneath chips or bunches of leaves near the roots of their food plant or in webs of their own construction, which are woven on the stems close to the buds whose expanding leaves will furnish them their first meal in spring.

The Perverse Sex.

"I thought you had such a good maid coming?" "I did. But when she called up on

the phone my husband answered her.". "Well, he was so much charmed by her voice that I didn't engage her."-

Cleveland Plain Dealer. Turn About.

"The doctor made me show him my tongue, and it cost me \$2, but I got even." "How?" "In a poker game last night I made

him show me his hands, and it cost him \$5."-New York Times. Permanent,

Maud-Are you engaged to Jack for good? Ethel-It looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.-Boston Transcript.