

YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Custom of Dating Proclamations by the President.

Why You Should Not Worry.
Fear paralyzes healthy action, both mental and physical. Worry corrodes, poisons and pulls down the organism. It is a perverted mental state that externalizes itself in various physical ailments according to the peculiar native tendencies or weaknesses of the one in whose organism its effects find lodgment. Many a death long before its time, in addition to many a depleted nervous and general physical condition, is due directly to it. There is probably no agency that brings us more undesirable results than worry, and this one fact should arouse us to allow it absolutely no place in our lives.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cooking Cabbage.

The simplest and quickest methods of cooking cabbage are the best. Cabbage must be trimmed and well washed in cold, salted water, then cut into quarters and tied together again with a string before going into the saucepan, because the heart is more tender than the outside, and uniform softness is desired. Have plenty of boiling water with a heaping tablespoonful of salt to the half gallon of water. Let it be boiling when the cabbage is put in and cook it with the lid off, and if it be fresh it will keep a good color. The time depends more upon the age than the size—from twenty to forty minutes.—Exchange.

Put-in-day in winter.

If there is a point south of the Alaskan boundary where the United States mail carriers have to contend with adverse weather conditions paralleling those of the arctic regions, it is at Put-in-Bay, that famous island in Lake Erie where Perry won his victory a century ago. Separated from the Ohio mainland by twelve miles of open water, the coming of winter brings hardships to the men whose daily task it is to traverse the distance laden with the mails. A stout sailboat is the usual means of communication, but when the ice comes and boating is impossible, the ice boat is called into play and the distance is traversed in record time.—Indianapolis News.

Lace Made From Hair.

The most curious lace is called point tresse. It is very rare and was made of human hair. French collectors say that it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. Margaret, countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the Tower, where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess of Hardwicke, a bit of this kind of lace to Mary, queen of Scots. The little square of point tresse was worked by the old countess' own hands from her own gray hair. It was, in fact, hair mixed with fine flax.—London Express.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Hayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeleland in 1896 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, so he had him locked up. The acting commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire:

Chamberlain, London:
Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

How to Clean Feathers in Pillows.
Open one corner of the ticking cover and pour boiling water in. This renders the feathers a kind of pulpy wet mass which can be easily handled. Take them out and wash in soap and water thoroughly, rinse in several waters until quite free from soap, put back into the washed cover and hang out in the hot sun, where the feathers will swell to fill the cover and be wonderfully light and perfectly clean without having been scattered at all, as happens when handled dry.—Woman's Home Companion.

Vicarious Treatment.

A man went into a druggist's shop and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to punch his head.
"But didn't it ease your headache?" asked the apothecary.
"Ease my headache?" gasped the man. "I haven't got any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache!"—Chicago News.

Worked the Wrong Way.
"How did the accident happen?"
"He got run over when he stopped to read a 'Safety First' sign."—Houston Post.

ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

We expect the roads to happiness, like those which lead to heaven, to be very long and especially very complex. Yet there are candid souls who go there by the very simplest ways. And the road they pursue is the best one.—Jean Finot.

While the president of the United States dates official documents from the year of the Declaration of Independence, there is no law on the subject, and the custom is neither general nor binding, the form being used only in proclamations by the president. It originated before the adoption of the constitution during the days of the confederacy.

The original articles of confederation show they were signed by the delegates "at Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1778, and in the third year of the Independence of America." The signers dated "the independence of America" from the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, although the war was still young and continued several years longer. The constitution shows it was signed "the 17th day of September A. D., 1787, and of the independence of the United States of America the 12th."

The first proclamation issued by Washington as president was, "Given under my hand and the seal of the United States in the city of New York the 14th day of August A. D., 1790, and in the fifteenth year of the sovereignty and independence of the United States." He used the phrase "sovereignty and independence" in two proclamations and then dropped the word sovereignty.

All subsequent executive proclamations are dated from the year of independence, as beginning July 4, 1776, although the independence of the United States was not acknowledged till several years later.—Philadelphia Press.

KIT-CAT PORTRAITS.

Origin of the Term That Stands For Stupid Mediocrity.

Several years ago an eastern art critic waxed sarcastic concerning a collection of paintings on view at one of the leading New York clubs. In the course of a vitriolic tirade he relieved himself of the assertion that the exhibition consisted chiefly of kit-cat portraits. Those who went to the club-rooms expecting to see canvases adorned with fine compositions were condemned to disappointment. There was not a cat picture in the whole show.

"What is a kit-cat portrait?" was the burning question of the hour. Why, a stupid portrait, a commonplace piece of painting that reveals no glimmer of genius. At this stage of the explanation the inevitable interruption—"But why do you call it a kit-cat picture?" And not one critic out of a hundred had the remotest idea.

The term for stupid mediocrity had its origin in a collection of forty-two portraits of prominent men painted between 1708 and 1720 by Sir Godfrey Kneller, one of the best known British portrait painters. They were exactly the same size and were framed alike; hence the idea of monotony which led to the idea of mediocrity. The subjects of these portraits were members of a club that met in the tavern of a celebrated pastry cook, Christopher Cat—called Kit for short—and among them were such men as Addison, Steele, Walpole and Marlborough. It was the influence of this club that placed George I. on the throne of England.—Exchange.

Mollified.

This really happened in New York the other day:

Displeased Parent—Molly, I find you have been buying three pairs of gloves without my permission. Why did you do it?

Miss Molly (aged twelve)—Why, daddy, I was obliged to have some gloves. I hadn't a pair to wear!

Displeased Parent—It was very wrong of you to buy the gloves without asking either your mother or me about it.

Miss Molly—Well, never mind, daddy, dear. They won't cost anything. I had them charged!—New York Post.

Her Conscience.

In spite of scoldings, Helen persisted in running away from home. One day, after a longer absence than usual, her mother asked:

"Helen, dear, does not your conscience trouble you when you are running away from mother?" explaining that her conscience was a little voice speaking within. Helen answered:

"Oh, yes, mamma; that little voice is always saying, 'Run faster, faster, Helen; your mother is after you!'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Feline Amenities.

They were discussing the newest engagement. The fair fiancée had previously made three similar announcements, but not one had resulted in a wedding.

"Do you think she will really marry him?" asked her dearest friend.

"I can't say, my dear," retorted the next dearest. "It is possible, but not customary."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Limit.

"I shall never speak to her again as long as I live."

"But you've said that often before."

"I know, but what else is there to say when a person becomes as angry as she makes me?"—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious.

Higgs—Crooke is a criminal lawyer, isn't he? Diggs—He's a lawyer, but as to his being criminal, I think he's too careful to quite overstep the line.—New York Sun.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.—J. G. Holland.

A Gentle Husband.

Woman (to her husband, busily engaged writing)—My dear, correctly speaking, what is a dentist? Husband (crossly)—Derived from dent, French for teeth, a man who pulls teeth. Husband settles down to writing again. Wife—My dear, you said this morning that linguist was derived from the Latin lingua, a tongue. Husband (crossly)—Yes. Wife—Well, dear, is a linguist a man who pulls out tongues? Husband—No, madam, but I wish he did.—London Answers.

The Careful Scots.

A Scot and his wife came to London, and the worthy pair were in a hundred fears concerning the diabolical ingenuity of London thieves.

As they took their first walk down the Strand the husband whispered of a sudden hoarsely in her ears, "Wanet, wumman, bust thou got thy teeth fixed firmly in thy gums?"

"Na, na," she answered: "A'm no sich a fool! I've left 'em safely lockit awa' in the portmouty!"—London Chronicle.

Unreasonable.

"My husband is so very unreasonable."

"Most husbands are. What did yours do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night, and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Turned Them Away.

It was morning in Grassville. An old citizen and a young one met and this conversation took place:

"How're you making out at the opera house?"

"We turned 'em away last night."

"G'wan."

"Fact. Sixteen of 'em. Manager said it was no use burnin' gas for a nine dollar house."—New York Globe.

The Limit.

"What did the doctor say was the matter with you?"

"He said he didn't know."

"Well, what doctor are you going to next?"

"None. When a doctor dares to make such an admission as that he must be about as high in his profession as he can get."—London Mail.

Chinese Flat Noses.

"The Chinese mother," the ethnologist explained, "carries her babe in a sack on her back. The babe's nose is pressed against her. Day in and day out, all through its babyhood, the little thing's soft and malleable nose is pressed against its mother's back. Hence it is no wonder, is it, that the Chinese are a flat nosed race?"

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