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THE INTELLIGENCER, DANVILLE, PA.

FORMS OF INSANITY.

Premonitory Symptoms by Which They May Be Detected.

They May Be Detected.

There are certain premonitory symptoms of the more prevalent forms of insanity that can be counted on, as a general thing, as infallible.

In paresis, which is claiming its victims in tremendous numbers, there are many physical sigrs that are almost

The exaggerated twitching of the

The exaggerated twitching of the facial muscles in conversation, the occasional tendency of the eye to turn
outward, the weakness of the legs,
the flabblness of all muscles, are preliminary symptoms that give warning
that a man is about to break down.

With the victim of mania—the mania—
che symptoms are often similar to
those found in melancholia, though
generally the disease gives the victim
an appearance of great elation. The
cyes are abnormally bright, the features are alert and tense and an air of
tremendous excitement is apparent.
This is from a constant fear that something is about to happen.

Another form of insanity is prevalent
among younger persons. Excessive
strain, continual worry or trouble, al-

Another form of insanity is prevalent among younger persons. Excessive signal, continual worry or trouble, al-lifed to a weakened physical system, are the causes. It manifests itself through the gradual loss of some faculty that has been all right till now.

The loss of memory for details is an alarming symptom and one that should be given careful and immediate attention. The patient, if taken at the right time, may be cured, but not after the disease has got a firm hold on him. Paranoia, which is a very prevalent type of insanity, is almost invariably indicated by a peculiarly self satisfied, concelted expression of countenance. The patient poses, sneers countemptuously and in every way shows his tre-

ously and in every way shows his tre-mendously "stage struck" condition. He is absolutely controlled by the "ego." Everything to him is "I, I, I." He is a monomaniac with one set idea, a single purpose.—Dr. Graeme M. Ham-mond in New York World

ATTAR OF ROSES.

This Delicious and Expensive

The word "attar" is from the Arab "itr" and means perfume. So attar of roses is simply perfume of roses, It is brought from Turkey and the East Indies in small vials and is very costly. Even on the spot where it is manufac-tured it is extremely dear, because it requires 100,000 well grown roses to yield but 180 grains of attar.

Its high price causes it to be often adulterated with some essential or fixed oil or with spermacett. However, the adulteration may be detected by testing it in a watch glass with a drop of sulphuric acid. If the attar be pure

of roses is colorless, but if it be adulterated it will become darkened.

In rose fields, where the roses are grown for the purpose of making the attar, the bushes are planted in rows. In the early morning they are laden with beautiful roses, but ere noon comes they are all gathered and their petals distilled in clay stills, with twice their weight of water.

- The water that "comes over" is put into perfectly clean vessels and is then carefully covered with damp muslin clothes to keep out dust and insects. It is afterward exposed to the night air

is afterward exposed to the night air or to artificial cold. By morning a film is swept off with a feather and very carefully transferred to a small vial. Night after night this process is repeated until all of the precious oil is

BUSINESS SENSE.

A Well Ordered Desk Means a Well Ordered Mind.

"There's one piece of advice," said the senior partner, "that I'd like to give every young man taking a business position with a desk attached to it. It's this: Keep your desk elean. What I mean by having a desk clean is keeping everything possible off it except that which is telated to the matter in hand. I've observed in my time a good maxy men in their offices, and I can say that with very few exceptions the real men of affairs are those who are free from clutter. those who are free from clutter.

those who are free from clutter.

"With a lot of papers in front of you it's almost a certainty that some hour in the day you're going to be flustered, and very likely it will be just when you want a clear head. The old idea that a mass of material every which way on the desk is a sign that a person is full of business is pretty well outworn. Such a collection not only indicates a lock of creater a large with a sign context a lock of creater. worn. Such a collection not only indicates a lack of order, but also is a sign that nervousness may be expected from the man in the chair. What with filing cabinets and other devices no excuse can be offered nowadays for confusion.

"A well ordered desk means a well ordered mind, a mind taking up one thing at a time and giving it the proper attention. It denotes regularity and concentrated, effective effort."—New Xork Press.

Not a Barber Shop.

A Connecticut clergyman, says a writer in Lippincott's, while visiting friends once tucked his napkin into his collar to protect his clothing from the juice of the grape fruit at breakfast.

He laughed as he did it and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed hito a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can i get Juucheon here?"

" responded the waiter in a dig-

Real life on the farm means corn in abundance, hogs a-plenty, cows enough to keep every vessel on the place overmember of the family, chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, fruit in season and out of season, bables and good cheer all the year. out of season, babies and good cheer all the year round.—Houston (Tex.) Post,

Very Simple.
"Miss Short says she's thirty, but I'm sure she is thirty-six, every year of it."
"Well, you see, she was six before |
she learned to count."

Noblest Birth

Harvell lay in the bottom of his ca-noe. The canoe was tied a few feet out noe. The canoe was tied a few feet out from the shore, and the river, deep, powerful and mysterious, tugged at the frail little craft. But Harvell did not heed the call. The darkness was deep, yet luminous, with the promise of an early moon, and the night wind that swept from shoreward was sweet and heavy with the fragrance of blooming rushes.

rushes.

Harvell stared upward to the stars, every sense as keenly alive to the beauty of the scene as if mind and heart had not been given over for days to the problem which he had thrown himself into the cance to solve. Finally he stirred restlessly and said half aloud:

"You It's no use. Lean't do it. She is."

"No. It's no use. I can't do it. She is too fine and thoroughbred for a great, common born chap like me to marry.



"MARGARET" HE CRIED.

And—no, even if she should be willlng, which is an insane thought on my
part, I've no right to let her sacrifice
herself. I'll stay until tomorrow and
then plead business and disappear."

There was a little stir near the pler,
as of the underbrush, then a woman's
voice, wonderfully clear and sweet:

voice, wonderfully clear and sweet.
"Let's sit here and wait for the moon
to rise. The bungalow is so close and
hot tonight."

hot tonight."

Harvell caught his breath. It was she. The voice that replied he recognized as that of his married sister, who

a mass of Jagged rocks hidden in seething water. Almost instantly the canoe was broken and capsized. Harvell, dazed and bruised, clung to a projecting rock that had wrecked him. Fight as he would with all the force of his wonderful physique, he was dashed again and again upon the stones. Yet as he fought he was conscious of only one thought:

one thought:
"I must get there. I must have just one word with Margaret before she

half mile run through the woods to the

"If the moon would only come up "It the moon would only come up:"
he thought as he tore his way through
the heavy underbrush. "If—if only I
am not too late! I am going to tell her
anyhow, just to prove to her that I am
a fool. I suppose— Oh, here is the
stage road!"

perceived a dim figure standing by the roadside. The figure shrank back a little at the sight of the man storming up the road. Harvell passed.

"Margaret!" he cried.

"Yes," answered quietly the sweet, clear voice that never failed to thrill

him.
"Margaret, why do you go?"
Margaret, too surprised by his sudden appearance to be startled by his knowledge of her movements, made no reply.
"Because," Harvell plunged on, "I annoy you with attention, because I hang on your every word and glance, because I am an ordinary chap with no ancestors, and you are the personification of witten and deligence, is that it of culture and delicacy—is that it,

"No, but isn't that true": persisted Harvell. The moon was well above the treetops now. By its light he could see the look of pride with which Margaret drew herself up.
"So you think me a snob? You know me well indeed!"

"so you think me a snoot? You know well indeed!"

"Know you," replied Harvell miserably—"no, I know nothing, except that I love you and that I can never hope to marry you."

There was a long pause. The summer night was very fair around them. The girl before him seemed to Harvell a part of the wonder of the night.

"You think, then," said Margaret, "that I am too brainless to admire your fine mind, your splendld physique?

fine mind, your splendid physique? Being, you say, well born, I must be a

Tharvel drew a long breath. Mar-garet," he said, "will you marry me? Will you say yes, Margaret?" "Not until I have told you," answered the low voice, "that I was born and bred in poverty in the mountains of Tennessee, that I am finely born only

The sound of stagecoach wheels came ures were far up the path that led

Men Are Bigger Now.

Until the sixteenth century armor developed in a logical way, its forms were governed by the necessities of war, and changes in it were the result of practical experience and actual experiment on the battlefield. After the sixteenth century it became fantastic and meaningless, a gala costume rather than a harness. The greatest captains opposed its use, but the nobles clung to it as a mark of distinction. After it was made buillet proof

The first and wait for the moon to rise. The bungalow is so close and hot tonight."

Harvell caught his breath. It was she. The voice that replied he recognized as that of his married sister, who was chaperoning the bungalow party. "You haven't been yourself at all, Margaret, during the entire week." "It know it, Agness." The voice, with its tired note, was very tonching, and Harvell stirred restlessly. "The useless to myself and every one else," she repeated, as if to herself.

"Oh, nonsense! Peggy, you are too fine and wholesome to talk so, the start of the sister of the modern of the middle ages and the remaining the strength of the herself.

"Agnes stopped as if not daring to go on catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a fooling the strength. The stage goes down at 0 and 1 amy loint the westburys and go to Paris. The perspiration started to Harvell's for a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a fooling the strength." The strained his ears to catch if and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to catch it and steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going to act the tank steal off without a going t

DESTINY OF THE JEW.

Marta's Interference:

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

"Heaven deliver me from neighbors," grumbled Marta to herself as she dinsted Professor Travers' study. From its windows she could look across to the next lawn, where a girl in an embroidered dress was tending a flower garden, a lace parasol in one hand and a ridiculously small green watering can in the other. At her heels barked, a tiny dog, and it would have been hard to tell which Marta regarded with the more disapproval, the toy spaniel or its owner. The next door house had been vacant

The next door house had been vacant so many years that Marta looked on its may years that Marta looked on its may purchasers, the Gainsboros, in the light of intruders, as the little village of Hampstead was seldom frequented by summer people. For this reason Professor Travers made it his retreat the moment colege closed in order to escape the festivities of commencement—cheering students, pink lee cream and a host of enthusiastic girls had no charms for him. He was bored by the former and too deeply absorbed in his books to notice the latter. For this Marta, his middle aged housekeeper, was supremely grateful. She had taken care of him too many years to relinquish her supremey without a struggle.

reinquish ner supremacy without a struggle.

"But it will come some time," said John, her husband. "Love is like the measles. And the older he is when he takes it the harder it will go with bitm."

takes it the harder it will go with him."

"He is thirty-five and it hasn't come yet," answered Marta hopefully.

She had nursed Travers through many childish aliments and felt herself capable of warding off this most dan-gerous aliment of all. So she guarded his solitude with watchful zeal. She had a horror of intruders, especially young and feminine ones, and the near-ness of Betty Gainsboro was a positive ress of Betty Gainsboro was a positive menace to her peace of mind.

"Running about in high heeled slip-

pers and wearing big, fluffy hats, just



as if a freckle or two would hurt her!"
sniffed Marta, though it was undeniable that the face beneath the wide
brims was winsomely attractive.
The professor caught his first glimpse
of it one afternoon as he came home
through his orchard after a morning
spent in the woods near by. One coat
pocket bulged with specimens, the
other contained his notebook, and he
hurried along the grassy path, wondering if Marta had kept luncheon waiting, when from the branches of a
gnarled apple tree above him came a
great rustling.

The professor halted, blinking up-ward into the leaves, where a pretty, embarrassed face looked out like a Dryad in distress.

one thought:

"I must get there. I must have just one word with Margaret before she goos."

Then he gave a cry of remembrance. He, with the other men of the campfus party, had been planning a footbridge across the rapids. The week before with infinite toil they had laid a single line of heavy planks on the projecting rocks from shore to shore. They were not yet fastened in any way, their heavy weight serving to balance them ones, not yet lighted by the moon, comes, not yet lighted by the metal himself out of the water inch by inch until a lats he, creached to the great stans and felt the teetering plank.

Then on hands and knees he started for the shore. Blinded by sprays, the planks half turning so that he could only pause, struggling with right must be case for balance. Harveil crawled along the foot wide planks. And with each panle of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water half on the sliny rocks, now again on the plankway, gaining toward his good foot by both At last one final spring, and the dealth of the standard of the state of the great standard his plank and his plank of the state of the state of the great standard the great would surely be gone. In a panle of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water half on the sliny rocks, now again on the plankway, gaining toward his good foot by both at last one final spring, and the great standard the great would surely be gone. In a panle of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water had the standard the great would surely be gone. In a panle of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water had the great standard the great would surely be gone. In a panle of h

Oh, Dick!" she cried, an unmistak-ie thrill of surprise and joy in he ice. Of the rest Travers saw and ard nothing. He stepped back quick-finto the shadows. What right had to be a witness of a lovers' meet-

ly into the shadows. What right had he to be a witness of a lovers' meeting?

"You must have had a tiresome day," said Marta solicitously, "for you're as white as a sheet."

"I'm an old fool," groaned Travers to himself, "an old fool! How could I ever have supposed that she could care for me? Why, I'm nothing but a bookworm—all, my life has been spent in musty, volumes and class rooms, and now".— He looked toward the Gains-böro house, where the glimmer of a cigarette shone like a firefly through the darkness and the cheerful tunk-a-tunk of a hanjo came on the night air. "Love," said the professor slowly, "was not intended for me."

Thereafte: to Marta's satisfaction, he stayed, ludoors, forsaking his canoe and applying himself listlessly to his books. But Marta was quick to read the signs and soon realized that all was not well with the young professor. That he should fall in love had been tromble enough, but to be refused by a chilt of a girl with no more brains than a butterfly, that was not to be borne, and Marta's anger rose the longer she thought of it. But when, after artfully questioning the professor, she found that he had not asked Miss Betty

thought of it. But when, after artfully questioning the professor, she found that he had not asked Miss Betty Gainsboro to marry him, then there raged in Marta's heart a battle between the desire for her own supremacy and the desire for Travers' happiness. The latter conquered.

"I see," she remarked to Travers as she entered his study bright and early, duster in hand, "I see that Miss Gainsboro's cousin, who's been visiting there, has gone. He's going to marry a girl out west and Miss Gainsboro's to be bridesmald. Just read it in the paper

out west and Miss Gainsboro's to be bridesmald. Just read it in the paper this morning. I'm sorry to disturb you, professor, but you know this is cleaning day. I won't be long. Suppose you go out in the orchard and wait till I'm through?" Marta had seen the flicker of a white dress between the trees. Travers, absentmindedly clutching a paper knife, went out into the orchard in a happy daze and came face to face with Betty Gainsboro.

"Looking for specimens?" she demanded, a catch of laughter in her tone.

roses that I mean to cherist forever, if you will let me, Betty."

"If you don't mind the thorns," she whispered.

And Marta, watching them from the study window, surreptitiously wiped her eyes. "I do believe I'm glad of it after all," she said huskily, "though I know he'll never get his meals on time."

MADE FUN OF PHARAOH.

rachines. She is sented languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject looking tomeat, his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two woives with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in the museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile and na pe are giving a vocal and instru-

the first place a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and Instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptered like a pharaoh. With majestic swager he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to which a bull acts as proud conductor.

Another picture shows pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by eats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle axes, and bows, and arrows.

axes and bows and arrows.

Shifting the Responsibility.

Sir John Macdonald, when premie
of Canada, one evening was presen
at a public dinner at which he wa
expected to deliver a rather imporembarrassed face looked out like a Dryad in distress.

"I'm up here, and I can't get down, so I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for help."

To the professor, unused to climbing any tree save that of knowledge, the feat was extremely difficult. Yet he managed it skillfully enough and swung himself up to where Betty sat. Then slowly, holding very tight to his hand, she made her descent, ending with jump and a frightened little laugh.

"I'm won't do that again," she declared. "It's been awfully good of you to help a neighbor in distress, especially when she's been trespassing on your property."

Travers said that he hoped she would trespass as often as she liked, and side by side they moved homeward through the long orchard grass. He saw her to her own gate, and next day when she's been travers there were treed that a she liked, and side by side they moved homeward through the long orchard grass. He saw her to her own gate, and next day when she's been travers began to look to his cance that he had not used in years, humming a college glee as he worked.

"If he is drowned it will be' the fault of that flighy piece next door," walled Marta.

"Be began, too, to take an alarming

Poultney Bigelow

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NEXT SUNDAY

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