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FORMS OF INSANITY.

Premontory symptoms by which they may be detected. There are certain premontory symptoms of the more prevalent forms of insanity that can be counted on...

The exaggerated twitching of the muscles in conversation, the occasional tendency of the eye to turn outward, the weakness of the legs, the faddishness of all muscles...

Another form of insanity is prevalent among younger persons. Excessive strain, continual worry or trouble, allied to a weakened physical system...

The loss of memory for details is an alarming symptom and one that should be given careful and immediate attention.

Paranoia, which is a very prevalent type of insanity, is almost invariably indicated by a peculiarly excited, excited expression of countenance.

The patient poses, sneers contemptuously and in every way shows his tremendous "stage struck" condition. He is absolutely controlled by the "stage."

Attar of Roses. How this delicious and expensive perfume is made.

The word "attar" is from the Arab "attar" means perfume. So attar of roses is simply perfume of roses.

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

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...

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

A Well Ordered Desk Means a Well Ordered Mind. "There's one piece of advice," said the senior partner...

Not a Barber Shop. A Connecticut clergyman, says a writer in The Inquirer, visiting friends once tucked his napkin into his collar to protect his clothing from the juice of the grape fruit at breakfast.

Life on the Farm. Real life on the farm means corn in abundance, hogs a plenty, cows enough to keep every vessel on the place overflowing with milk...

Very Simple. "Miss Short says she's thirty, but I'm sure she is thirty-six, every year of it."

Attar of Roses. How this delicious and expensive perfume is made.

Business Sense. "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."

Not a Barber Shop. A Connecticut clergyman, says a writer in The Inquirer, visiting friends once tucked his napkin into his collar to protect his clothing from the juice of the grape fruit at breakfast.

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Very Simple. "Miss Short says she's thirty, but I'm sure she is thirty-six, every year of it."

Noblest Birth

By Honore Willise

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Harvell lay in the bottom of his canoe. The canoe was tied a few feet out from the shore, and the river, deep, powerful and mysterious, tugged at the frail little craft.

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

"No, but isn't that true?" persisted Harvell. The moon was well above the treetops and in its light he could see the look of pride with which Margaret drew herself up.

"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 as every American is finely born, and I am proud of it."

"I know it, Agnes," she repeated, as if to herself. "Oh, nonsense! Peggy, you are too fine and wholesome to talk so. I wish— Agnes stopped as if not daring to go on."

"I want you to help me to steal off tonight," Agnes said. "I want to go home, and I mean to go home, and I mean to go home."

"I must be almost on the rapids," he thought. With the thought the boat turned the bend that had shut off the sound of the falls and the man was in the whirlpool.

Then he gave a cry of remembrance. He, with the other men of the camping party, had been planning a footbridge across the rapids.

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half mile run through the woods to the bungalow. "If the moon would only come up," he thought as he tore his way through the heavy underbrush.

"Margaret" he cried. "Margaret," 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.

"You have no right to speak that way, Paul," said Margaret, in her quiet voice.

"No, but isn't that true?" persisted Harvell. The moon was well above the treetops and in its light he could see the look of pride with which Margaret drew herself up.

"You have no right to speak that way, Paul," said Margaret, in her quiet voice.

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Marta's Interference

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas.

"Heaven deliver me from neighbors!" grumbled Marta to herself as she studied Professor Travers' study.

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"Oh, Dick!" she cried, an unmistakable thrill of surprise and joy in her voice. Of the rest Travers saw and heard nothing.

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

"In an old fool," groaned Travers to himself. "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 dusty volumes and class rooms, and now—"

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