Aunt Sally's Conscience

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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Never was there a better natured, more conscientious woman than Aunt Sally Warner, relict of Joab Warner, who departed this life after a fall from the roof of his barn. Aunt Sally had no children of her own, but did have half a dozen nieces and nephews, and among the latter was the rollicking, frolicking Joe Henderson, who was twenty years old at the time the great calamity fell upon the house of Warner. Reference is not made to the fall from the roof of the barn, but to a calamity that overtook Aunt Sally's conscience.

One day nephew Joe, whose parents lived five or six miles away, arrived at Aunt Sally's on an errand. She was about to set out for the village of Rawsonville to do some "trading," and Joe volunteered to go along as driver of old Robbin. Aunt Sally had not been over that road for a month, and she was surprised to see circus pictures pasted up on every barn on the route. Since childhood she had had a fondness for circus pictures, but had been brought up to believe that eternal punishment awaited every one who passed the doors of the circus itself. During his lifetime Joab had discharged various hired men for staying a day off to go to the circus, and he had refused to deal with certain men who had accepted free tickets for the privilege of posting pictures on their barns.

As the good aunt and her nephew jogged along the dusty highway and came to barn after barn decked out in gayest colors of printer's ink Joe heard her sighing. He didn't stop to ask himself whether she was sighing over the death of Uncle Joab or the fact that she couldn't attend a circus promising so much entertainment, but he forthwith proceeded to concoct a plan.

If a single person could conspire it would have been called a conspiracy as well as a plan. He made no comment on the barebacked riders, on the women jumping through hoops, on the rhinoceros grazing along the banks of the African river and the hyena sneaking about in the Indian thicket. He just sat still and chuckled, and when he wasn't chuckling he was talking about going to Alaska to dig for gold.

When they reached town and found things in a bustle he had to make some explanations. He explained that an exhibition was to be given that afternoon for the benefit of widows and orphans, but he didn't say too much. While Aunt Sally was making her purchases the merchant might have referred to the "exhibition" and called it by some other name if nephew Joe hadn't given him the wink.

When ten yards of calico, fifteen of sheeting, three towels, one table cloth and thread, pins and needles had been bought Aunt Sally suddenly remembered something and turned to Joe and said.

"If there is anything going on for the benefit of widows and orphans I ought to be interested, being as I am a widow myself. Is it a spelling bee or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no. They have got a tent and a collection of wild animals. It's what you might call a natural history exhibition. Did you ever see a live lion or tiger, Aunt Sally?"

"No, I never did."

"Ever see an elephant or a zebra or giraffe?"

"No."

"Well, you can see them now and help the widows and orphans the same time. It's 50 cents apiece, but I've got the money for my ticket."

"But I shall pay for both of us," replied Aunt Sally as she handed over a dollar. "When I set out to do anything for the benefit of charity I'm not one to scrimp at it. There won't be any gambling or horse racing, will there?"

"Mercy, no. The bills say there will be nothing to offend the most fastidious. Come on."

They had a quarter of a mile to go to reach the tent, and during the walk Aunt Sally was puzzled that so many people should have turned out in the cause of charity. If she had had her glasses on she might have read signs on the gayly painted wagons to arouse suspicion, but she passed into the tent with the innocence of a child of five.

It was the menagerie, and Nephew Joe guided her around and saw that she missed nothing. It was a real treat to the woman, and she felt herself growing a bit reckless under the wave of enthusiasm. She ate peanuts and drank lemonade, and after taking another look at the Bengal tiger which had killed seven men and was anxious to finish off seven more as soon as possible she said:

"Joe, this is real nice, and I'm glad we came. What are the folks going into that other tent for?"

"Oh, that's part of the show, you know. There are folks who don't care to look at wild animals, and so they have some riding and tumbling in there for them."

"But why can't we see it?"

"We can, and it won't cost a cent more."

They went in and found seats, and the circus performance opened. How was the guileless Aunt Sally to tell that it was a circus? It was her first attendance, and she had never even had a performance described to her. She grinned from the time the clown first appeared, and the hurdle jumping and bareback riding brought "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from her until everybody around her was delighted. She bought lemonade and peanuts every time the boy came along, and when the performance was over at last she said to her nephew:

"Joe, I could go to such a show every day in the week and not see enough. I don't know who got it up for the benefit of the widows and orphans, but I'm telling you he was a mighty sensible feller. If it had been a husking bee he wouldn't have taken in half the money. If you hear of any more shows like it this summer you let me know, and we'll go."

Something really new had come into Aunt Sally's life, and she talked of it all the way home. Joe let her do most of the talking. He was preparing for the impending calamity.

It came within fifteen minutes of their arrival home. Mrs. Bronson, a neighbor, was at the house on an errand, and as soon as Aunt Sally began to describe the show given for the benefit of the widows and orphans the cat was out of the bag.

"Do you know what you've done, Aunt Sally Warner?" asked the caller in serious tones.

"Why, I've had a good time."

"Yes, you've had a good time, and you are going to pay an awful price for it. I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money this side of Jericho."

"But what do you mean? Isn't it everybody's duty to help the widows and orphans?"

"Not if it's going to send your soul to the bad place. Aunt Sally, you've been to a circus!"

"No, I haven't! I wouldn't go to a circus for a thousand dollars, and you know it."

"You've been to a circus—a regular circus—with all its wickedness, and how on earth you are ever going to get forgiveness for it is more'n I can say."

Nephew Joe was called in from the barn and the matter put to him, and he had to acknowledge that he had worked a plot.

"I never would have believed it of you—never!" wailed Aunt Sally. To think that one of my own kith and kin would take me to a circus and make me lose my chance of going to heaven!"

"But the animals interested you."

"Yes, they did."

"And you liked the peanuts and lemonade."

"Alas, but I did!"

"And you thought the clown was funny and the riding good."

"Heaven forgive me, but I did!"

"Well, I don't see where the kick comes in. I don't believe you are any wickeder than before."

But Aunt Sally could not be comforted. Her conscience was roused and she could eat no supper. She thought of the sacred bull of India and wept hot tears. She thought of the two horned rhinoceros and the girl who jumped through hoops, and hid her face. She had an accusing night of it and never shut her eyes, and early the next morning she walked over to the house of the village minister and told him all. He asked many questions in a kind way, and when he had got to the root of the matter he said:

"Well, Sister Warner, being as your nephew deceived you and being as there were animals and peanuts and lemonade, and being as there might not be another circus along here for five years, I think the Lord will let you off this time, but if your hired man plays dancing tunes on his fiddle you watch your feet and don't let them get to shuffling!"

A Famous Duel.

One day the famous duelist Pierrot d'Isaac went to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," said D'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?" "It precisely does," said the marquis. "My choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." As if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from the trees, the seconds standing on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way, and D'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.

Culinary Art Aids Health.

The Russian physiologist Pavlav clearly demonstrated, in his researches on digestion, that the ingestion of substances with a purely nutrient value does not sufficiently satisfy the demands of the body. Taste and appetite must also be taken into consideration. These are satisfied only by the addition to the food of spices and salt, and it is largely due to the influence of these condiments that the proper amount of gastric juice is liberated by the mucous membrane of the stomach. The action upon the stomach of reflex stimuli is shown by the favorable effect on the flow of the gastric secretions made by mental impressions induced by the mere sight and odor of a well prepared dish.

In this manner Epplen leads up to the broad claim that the proper preparation of all food, as demanded by the essential requirements of the culinary art, is not a luxury, but a physiological necessity, and to develop and disseminate this knowledge is an act beneficial to the public welfare.—New York Medical Record.

HORSESHOE NAILS.

The Way They Are Turned Out by Expert Workmen.

Three million separate shoe nails are often cast from a ton of metal. Of the smaller sizes 2,000 nails are molded in a single mold, and an expert workman will make eighty molds in an ordinary working day, thus turning out 160,000 separate nails.

When the metal in a liquid state is poured into the mold it runs through the sand in passages provided in the molding process. The whole of the nails are cast together and are, when removed from the sand, connected by a network of iron one with another. In this condition the iron is as brittle as glass, and very little force is required to separate the nails from the network which holds them together.

They then have to undergo the process known as annealing. They are mixed up with hematite iron ore, which is in a powdered state, put into iron pots and placed in an annealing furnace, a sort of kiln. Here they remain for some days, care being taken to so regulate the heat to which they are subjected that the iron will not be remelted, but brought very nearly to that condition. The action of the raw iron ore upon the brittle casting is marvelous. After cooling it can be bent without risk of breaking, and it becomes a useful and serviceable article.

Her Unhappy Way.

"That girl has an unfortunate idea of repartee."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "She has an idea that she is saying smart things when she is merely saying things that smart."—Washington Star.

Do You Get Up Early?

It is not healthy in any country, at any season of the year or at any time of life, to get up early habitually. The old are better rested by lying late, even if not asleep, while the young require all the sleep they can get. In all latitudes, in warm weather, the morning air, although feeling cool and fresh, is laden with the pestiferous miasma. In winter the atmosphere before breakfast is so cold and chilly and searching that it fairly shrivels up man and beast, chilling to the very marrowbone sometimes; hence the average duration of human life would be increased and the amount of sickness largely diminished by late rather than early rising, as all the older nations full well know and practice.—Exchange.

The Silence

By John Barton Oxford

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It hung conspicuously on the south wall—the only picture in the little bedroom. In the foreground, between two walls of water which reared themselves on either side in defiance of all natural laws, fat, bearded, complacent, stalked a herculean Moses. Behind him trailed the children of Israel, looking very like a mob of German peasants, while on the horizon the Egyptian hosts—sadly out of perspective—were threatened on every side by curling waves of gigantic proportions.

It had hung there in the same place for years, but it was only since the day he had been brought in from the barn, his right side useless from a stroke of paralysis, that Daniel Crosby had given the ancient, smoke streaked wood cut more than a passing thought. He had been aware of its existence in a vaguely familiar way. If it had been taken down he would have missed it. He knew from the title underneath it was supposed to represent the passage of the Red sea by the children of Israel, but heretofore he had never taken the trouble to notice further detail, save that it was yellowed by age and badly smirched in places by smoke from the adjacent kitchen.

But now it was different. As he lay there on the bed practically helpless and the June days went by in monotonous succession, he found himself examining the picture minutely during the long, wakeful daylight hours when the breeze fluttered the chintz curtains at the windows and the bees droned among the blossoms of the syringa bushes just outside.

It came in time to have an unwholesome fascination for him. He began to wonder just how many children of Israel were represented in that cut, and to satisfy himself on this point he tried time and again to count them, beginning with the two patriarchial gentlemen just behind Moses, but always at the thirty-fourth the heads resolved themselves into a blurred mass that defied further enumeration. Day after day, hour after hour, he counted patiently, and steadily his anger at his own helplessness in the matter and his resentment of the blurred heads grew stronger. Try as he would to divert his mind to other things it always returned pertinaciously to the picture and the all absorbing question of how many children of Israel there would be if he could once succeed in counting them all. He grew by slow degrees to hate that picture, yet with this hate the fascination was no whit lessened. Indeed, the stronger grew his hate the more frequent became his countings until at last he realized he could know no peace of mind until the picture was taken from the room.

It seemed the simplest of matters to have a picture removed from the walls of a bedroom, but in Daniel Crosby's case there were complications, and these complications lay in the fact that the only person to whom he could suggest that the picture be taken down was his wife, and between Crosby and his wife there had existed fourteen years of stubborn, unyielding silence.

It had come as the climax of numerous petty differences. They had wrangled long and fiercely. At the end of it Abby Crosby had burst into a flood of bitter, rebellious tears.

"You can rest assured of one thing, Dan'l Crosby," she had sobbed wretchedly. "I won't never, never open my mouth to you again 's long's I live!"

He had smiled in superior fashion. "So be it," he had acquiesced. "It'll suit me perfec'ly. An' I'll see to it you ain't troubled with any remarks from me."

And from that bitter day, fourteen years before, they had lived together in silence with never so much as a word passing between them. Not even this paralysis which had stricken him in his advancing years could shake the stubborn pride of either of them. He had wondered vaguely that day the neighbors had borne him into the house and laid him on the bed if perchance in the excitement of the moment she would forget herself and speak to him, and he was rather proud of her self restraint when she had not.

Silently she prepared his meals and brought them in to him; silently she massaged him and used the battery as the doctor had directed. He watched her narrowly day by day, all his longing for companionship in these hours of his helplessness carefully concealed beneath a cold exterior.

"If any one speaks first, it'll be her," he told himself over and over.

So day after day as his wife came silently into the room and went silently out Daniel lay feebly fingering the sheets with his left hand, striving to conjure up some scheme which might rid him of the troublesome Israelites who refused to be counted above the thirty-fourth. At last in desperation—he had been counting, counting all day long—he decided to take the matter into his own hands. In the early dusk when he heard Abby go out the back door to shut up the barn and the henhouses for the night he managed, by the use of his sound left arm, to slide himself out of the bed onto the floor.

Slowly, painfully he contrived to reach the corner where an old cane with a crook handle leaned in the angle of the walls. Then with indomitable patience he wormed his way along the floor until he was beneath the picture. After several unsuccessful attempts he managed to hook the handle of the cane securely onto the frame, and, rowing his whole weight upon it, he dragged the picture crashing to the floor.

He listened for a moment, half expecting to hear his wife's footsteps on the back steps, but no one came. He dragged himself into the kitchen, pushing the picture before him. The cellar door was ajar. Thither he made his painful way and pulled it wide open. The mingled smells of damp earth and last season's vegetables greeted his nostrils. Without a pause he thrust the picture through the doorway and listened with many delightful chuckles as the children of Israel went bumping downward. Halfway down the frame stuck fast. That would never do. He pulled himself back to the bedroom to get the cane. With the aid of the cane he was sure he could reach down and complete the descent.

He had scarcely regained the bedroom when he heard his wife come in. He lay on the floor, spent and breathing hard. Perhaps she was going out again. He would lay low and wait. He heard her moving briskly about the kitchen for a time; then a door squeaked raucously on its hinges. There was only one door in the house that creaked in that fashion. It was the cellar door.

He heard her descending the cellar stairs cautiously, step by step, as if she were going down in the dark. Good Lord! She was going down, and that picture was lying there on the stairs. In the darkness she would never see it. It would send her headlong down more than half the flight.

Well, whatever happened, he wouldn't speak before she spoke to him. He thumped the floor lustily with his fist. Undoubtedly she would come back, thinking he wanted something. He listened breathlessly. Creak, creak! She was still going down. She must be close upon that cursed picture. His fist was clinched; he bit his lips. But he wouldn't speak first, not if she went down a thousand flights of stairs. In an agony of suspense he thumped the floor again, and in his excitement he did not notice that this time he used his right hand.

"Abby, Abby! Come here, quick!" The words broke from his lips almost involuntarily. He heard her coming, floundering up the stairs in her haste, and he sank into a huddled heap, relief and shame struggling for the mastery of him.

Abby came running into the little bedroom. Her eyes fell first on the empty bed, then on the huddled figure on the floor.

"Father, father," she cried, sinking to her knees beside him, "what has happened?"

"Abby," he said severely, "do you know you're a-talkin' to me?"

"I don't care. I'm glad of it," she confessed recklessly. "You spoke to me, father. You called me."

She sat down and lifted his head to her lap, stroking it tenderly as if he had been a child. "How came you to be out here?" she asked.

He smiled up at her sheepishly. "I took a notion to git that picture of the children of Isra'l out of the room," he explained. "It's bothered me a good deal of late, so I yanked it down with the cane an' slid it down the cellar stairs. Then you come in an' started to go down them stairs, an' I hollered to you. I was afraid you'd break your neck over it."

"Ten minutes ago I shouldn't 'a' cared much if I had broke my neck," she said, "but now!—"

She drew him to her hungrily. Something warm and wet splashed on his forehead. Daniel coughed huskily.

"I guess you'd better git the children of Isra'l off the cellar stairs an' hang 'em on the south wall again," he said. "Somehow I feel 's if I could stan' 'em now."

The Word "Dollar."

According to one authority, the word "dollar" is a corruption of the German word "thaler," the form in Dutch being "daalder." All these different forms were derived from Joachim's Thal, a Bohemian town, where the Count of Schlick, A. D. 1518, coined some excellent pieces in silver of an ounce in weight. "From the name of the town came Joachim's thaler, applied to the above named coins as well as that of Schlicken thaler; hence Joachim's thaler pieces were first contracted into Joachim's thalers and then into thalers. These coins gained such a reputation that they became a pattern, so that others of the same kind, though made in other places, took the name, the word assuming different spelling through the Low Countries, reaching Spain as dollars and through its provinces transmitted to the western hemisphere, where it was applied to coins prior to the adoption of the federal currency. In colnage, the word 'dollar' is a favorite, being found under various spellings in almost every part of the globe."

Surgery In the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the twelfth century priests were the only doctors. By an edict of the council of Tours surgery was separated from medicine and the practice of the former forbidden to the clergy. The latter then employed their barbers to perform surgical operations. This arose from the fact of the monks having their heads shaved frequently and observing the dexterity acquired by the barbers in the use of edge tools. The knights of the razor from cupping and bleeding passed on to tooth drawing and finally to other operations requiring skill and deftness, if not much knowledge. They knew practically nothing of anatomy. It is said surgery was denied to the clergy by a canon of the church which forbade them to shed blood. This was considered the dark age of medicine and somber, indeed, it must have been to the worthy citoyen who, perhaps, placing himself in the hands of his barber for relief might at the same time that he was getting rid of a tumor also part company with his head.

FRANKING.

The Way the Privilege Has Been Abused In England.

American legislators are not the only ones who abuse their franking privileges. Recent history in England has caused the London Chronicle to say: "Franking had its birth, honestly enough, in 1660, in the desire to relieve members of parliament of the expense incurred in the discharge of their national duties, but the practice rapidly widened until it became possible for members to transmit their household goods at the public charge, as the following extract from old postoffice records testifies: 'Fifteen couple of hounds going to the king of Romans with a free pass, two maidservants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen, Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessaries; three suits of clothes for some nobleman's lady at the court of Portugal, two bales of stockings for the use of the ambassador to the crown of Portugal, a deal case with four flitches of bacon for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam.'

"This form of abuse died when the postoffice stable underwent a purification, but it speedily gave place to another variety. Members signed packets of letters wholesale, gave them away to their friends and sometimes paid their servants' wages in franked envelopes. In fact, they became a valuable form of currency, subject to the art of the forger, who did a roaring trade. In 1715 £21,000 worth of free correspondence passed through the postoffice.

"Fifty years later the nation was staggered to discover that the amount had increased to £170,000, and stringent laws were passed to mitigate the immoral tendencies of the houses of parliament. But all was in vain until Sir Rowland Hill managed in 1839 to abrogate the privileges altogether."

Rheumatism and Tan.

The discovery of a remedy for rheumatism by means of tan was accidentally made by a tanner of Ulm, Wurttemberg. One day he fell into one of his own vats, and, as no one was near, he had to remain in the tanning liquid for over half an hour. When rescued he found, it is said, that his rheumatism had entirely left him. He then turned doctor and treated by means of a system called electrotannotherapia.

THE GYPSIES.

They Are a Separate People, a Tribe Quite by Themselves.

"Such as wake on the night and sleep on the day and haunt taverns and ale houses and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." So quaintly describes an old English statute against the gypsies. Ever since the year 1530, says a writer in the London Standard, Great Britain has tried to get rid of this strange people without appreciable success. Every year or so some county is up in arms against them, yet they persist in returning and apparently thrive under persecution.

The gypsies are popularly supposed to come originally from Egypt, as their name indicates, but their origin is traced farther east than the land of the Nile. Wherever they come from, they are a separate people, a tribe quite by themselves.

They appeared in England about 1505, and twenty-six years later Henry VIII. ordered them to leave the country in sixteen days, taking all their goods with them. "An outlandish people," he called them. The act was ineffectual, and in 1562 Elizabeth framed a still more stringent law, and many were hanged.

"But what numbers were executed," says one old writer, "yet notwithstanding, all would not prevaile, but they wandered as before, uppe and downe." They got into Scotland and became an intolerable nuisance. Both in that country and in England legislation proved quite ineffectual. The acts gradually fell into desuetude. Under George IV. all that was left of the ban against the gypsies was the mild law that any person "telling fortunes shall be deemed a rogue and a vagabond."

"Gypsies are no longer a proscribed class," says a recent writer. "Probably the modern gypsy does little evil beyond begging and petty theft, but his determination not to work is as strong as ever, and it seems curious that an industrial people like ours continues to tolerate a horde of professional idlers." How numerous the horde is may be gathered from the fact that the number who wintered in Surrey one year was estimated at 10,000.

The language as well as the life of the gypsy tribe has a tenacity of its own. Many of their words have taken firm hold in a half slang, half permissibly way. Shaver is the gypsy word for child. Pal is pure gypsy. Codger means a man. Cutting up is gypsy for quarreling, and cove stands for "that fellow."

"TEMSE" AND "THAMES."

Origin of the Saying About Setting the River on Fire.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hardworking boys who could make it go so fast the people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After awhile these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire.

Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word temse, and so after many years those persons who had never seen or heard of the old fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and traveled far and wide until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town, and that is how it is that people today talk of setting the river on fire.

Speaking of Ancestry.

Mr. Chase has such an exaggerated respect for the blue blood of Boston which runs in his veins that his manner is slightly patronizing. He was lately introduced to a Syrian of good birth and education who lives in this country.

"And may I inquire," he said blandly in the course of the conversation, "if you are of the Christian religion?"

"My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon," quietly replied the Syrian.—Youth's Companion.

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With a Little Care They May Easily Be Cleaned.

Many a good picture that has looked dark and dirty for years from having been exposed to the dust can easily be cleaned and freshened in a very simple way. The picture should be taken from its frame and dusted carefully with a soft cloth. Peel a large potato and cut it in half, go over the whole picture with a sponge that has been dipped in tepid water, then with the flat side of the potato rub the surface of the picture with a light circular movement, being careful not to press too heavily on the canvas. The potato will soon begin to loosen the dirt and the colors underneath will begin to show brighter. When all the stains and dirt have been removed the picture should be sponged again in warm water, care being taken to wash off any starch that may have been left from the potato.

In case the picture is badly cracked as little water as possible should be used, as it is apt to ooze under the paint and do some injury.

Many oil paintings are injured by the dampness from the walls on which they are hung. The dampness is apt to cause the canvas to decay, and there are few canvases made to resist its attacks. To prevent this particular form of decay the back of the canvas should be painted when perfectly dry with white lead.

Maria Mitchell and the Beer Man.

Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer, was once directed by her physician to use lager beer as a tonic. On the way to visit her sister, Mrs. Joshua Kendall of Cambridge, Mass., she stopped at a saloon and purchased a bottle of beer and afterward asked her brother-in-law to open it for her. The Mitchell family, according to the Boston Herald, spoke among themselves after the Quaker custom. "Where did thee get it, Maria?" questioned her sister. "At the saloon on the corner," replied Miss Mitchell serenely. "Why, Maria! Doesn't thee know respectable women don't go into such places?" "Oh," said Miss Mitchell, in the manner of one who has done all that could be required, "I told the man he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his traffic."—New York Tribune.

CARE OF THE EAR.

Never put anything in the ear for the relief of toothache.

Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging.

Never apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.

Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.

Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleansing the ears.

Never strike or box a child's ears. This has been known to rupture the drumhead and cause incurable deafness.

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness. Wear an oiled silk cap when bathing and refrain from diving.

Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil tips or anything of that nature.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body enters it. Leave it absolutely alone and have a physician attend to it.

All He Needed.

A number of Wall street men at luncheon one day were discussing the remarkable ability of a certain operator in the street to weather any financial storm.

"Why," said one of the financiers, "that chap's a wonder. I don't know how many times they've had him against the wall, yet he always contrives to get away."

"I have heard it said," observed another, "that Blank is resourceful enough to make a living on a desert island."

"Yes, he could do that, too," affirmed the first speaker, "if there were another man on the island."—Harper's Weekly.

WORK FOR YOURSELF.

Then You Will Have a Chance to Develop Your Individuality.

It is well known that long continued employment in the service of others often cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which come from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies or from adjustment of means to ends is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks or to plan for oneself when the programme is made for him by another.

Our self made men, who refused to remain employees or subordinates, are the backbone of the nation. They are the sinews of our country's life. They got their power as the northern oak gets its strength, by fighting every inch of its way up from the acorn with storm and tempest. It is the hard schooling that the self made man gets in his struggles to elevate and make a place for himself in the world that develops him.

Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But isn't even a small business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?

The sense of personal responsibility is in itself a great educator, a powerful schoolmaster. Sometimes young women who have been brought up in luxury and who have known nothing of work when suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the loss of property or compelled even to support their once wealthy parents develop remarkable strength and personal power. Young men, too, sometimes surprise everybody when suddenly left to carry on their father's business unaided. They develop force and power which no one dreamed they possessed.

We never know what we can do until we are put to the test by some great emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves we can fight with all the force of desperation.

The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality—the lack of opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines—because fear of making a mistake and apprehension lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties.—Success.

THE MACHINIST.

His Work Ranges From a Needle to a Battleship.

"There is, perhaps, no other trade and very few professions," writes William Haddow in the Technical World Magazine, "that require the high order of intelligence, the study, the application, the real hard headed common sense, the surgeon's delicacy of touch, for instance, in fitting of fine work, that the machinist's trade demands to give the excellent work and the interchangeability of parts found in the modern rifle or sewing machine. The range of his work is from a needle to a battleship; from automatic machinery that 'would talk French had it one more movement' to measuring machines guaranteed not to vary more than the fifty-thousandth part of an inch from the absolute. This precision will perhaps be better appreciated when it is remembered that 150 times this limit of variation is only equal to the diameter of the average human hair. Standard plug and ring gauges, to take a specific example, are so accurately fitted to each other than the expansion due to the warmth of the hand, if the plug be held in it for a few moments, will make it impossible to insert the plug in the ring, while if the ring be expanded in the same way the plug will drop clear through it.

"When the machinist has become skillful enough to fulfill the above requirements he may receive from $2.50 per day up to whatever he can make himself worth and prove it."

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