

Young Folks

HINDOO JUGGLING.

Wonderful Feats of Balancing Performed by an Acrobat.

The Hindoo jugglers and acrobats are the most skillful in the world, and we are always hearing new stories of them, says the Chicago News. One of the latest stories is about a performer who went through many wonderful feats perched on top of a single bamboo stick about fifteen feet in height. The top of the stick was tied to a girdle around his waist, and a leg rest was provided by a cushion a few feet down the pole. Perched on this slender stick, he hopped and danced around in the liveliest way, accompanied by the tapping of a drum. It would be considered a skillful feat to walk about with ease on a pair of stilts fifteen feet in height, but this Hindoo showed a marvelous power of equilibrium on a single stick.

He did other things even more wonderful. For example, he balanced a light stick on his nose and a heavy one on his chin and then threw the heavy one into the air with his head and caught it on the end of the light one. While balancing the two sticks thus, and on end, he made one revolve in one direction and the other in another direction. Another feat was to place his hand on a flat circular stone, throw his feet up into the air and balance a stick on each of them, at the same time revolving rapidly on the pivot made by his arm and the stone.

Who's Who.



Youth's Companion.

Writing Games.

When you are tired of romping play "story teller." All agree upon a title to the story. Each writes a few lines, turns down and passes it to his neighbor, telling him the last word. So on it goes around the circle, when the last one reads the story.

Have you ever tried this? Each takes a letter, beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, and writes a line in any meter chosen, all the words of which must begin with that letter (A). The papers are then passed, and the next in turn writes a line, beginning every word with "B" to rhyme. Every two lines should rhyme, and the game kept up as long as possible.

The critic is played thus: Each writes the name of a book, turns down the slip and passes it to his neighbor, who writes a second title; then the author's name is written and then a review.

Meaning of Fabian Policy.

A Fabian policy in war consists in wearing out the enemy by delays, misleading movements, feints of attack, etc. It is called Fabian because it is the policy that was adopted by Fabius Maximus, who commanded the Roman army in the second Punic war. He was appointed to the command just after the army had suffered a defeat, and he knew that in its demoralized condition and with its complement of raw recruits it could not successfully oppose troops flushed with victory and led by their great commander, Hannibal. He therefore attempted to tire out the enemy by countermarches, ambuscades and skirmishes, avoiding a pitched battle. This he continued until the Roman senate interfered.

Two Bird Problems.

There were sixty-seven blackbirds sitting in an oak tree. Willie shot into the flock with his new shotgun, killing nineteen. How many were left?

(None, because the rest flew away.)
On another occasion there were also sixty-seven blackbirds in a tree (but this tree was a maple), and nineteen flew away before Willie could get his gun. How many left? (Nineteen "left" at first, and the rest left when Willie came with his gun and shot at them.)

Emblem of Turkey.

When Philip of Macedonia approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium the moon, then new or in crescent, shone out and discovered his designs. The besieged, who repulsed him, the crescent was after that adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

Where Women Are Wanted.

What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men than women, and lots of men have to go without wives. —New Zealand Herald.

Not Sanguine.

Majestic Person—Do you know, my lad, that every British boy has a chance of becoming prime minister of England? Youngster (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a shilling. —Tit-Bits.

MEAT IN ITALY.

The Way the Slaughter Houses Are Operated by Law.

Slaughter houses in Italy are public institutions. The law proscribes that every town of more than 6,000 inhabitants shall build and maintain a municipal slaughter house, where all butchers are compelled to bring their live stock to be killed. The slaughtering itself is done by the individual butchers and their assistants. The conveyance of the cattle, the removal of the carcasses and the dressing of the meat are likewise the affair of the butchers. The city provides the building, keeps it clean and furnishes veterinary inspectors to examine and pass upon the carcasses.

The Milan slaughter house is situated within the city and occupies several acres of ground. It consists of a number of long, single story buildings made of cement and stone. The buildings consist of either a single large hall or else a row of small box stalls about twenty-five feet wide and either fifteen or thirty feet deep. Each stall has a wide double door in front and a window behind. The buildings are arranged in parallel pairs, each pair being connected by a covered passage thirty feet wide, whose roof is raised many feet above that of the buildings, being supported by pillars rising from the roofs on either side. The air thus circulates under the roofs of the passages or corridors and over the buildings.

WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS.

The Chief Dangers Lie in Panic and Overexertion.

Let the man who is lost in the woods be very careful not to overexert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and overexertion, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, I must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without overfatigue and its attendant dangers, overheating and perspiration. By exercising caution a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing.

To make this article brief, however, we shall suppose that he regains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. If being afternoon, he must follow in the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction. Had it been morning he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.—A. B. Carleton in Outing Magazine.

The Cure.

He talked too much—far too much. Already he had driven his taciturn companion nearly wild. He had touched on subjects innumerable, discoursed with volubility on anything and everything. Onward went the unending stream of speech. And all the while the voluble one danced about and fidgeted and squirmed until the other was well nigh beside himself with disgust.

Finally the walking dictionary took from his pocket a cigarette.

"I'm a great smoker," he remarked. "Yes, I'm one of those nervous men, you know; one of those high strung, restless fellows who always must have something in their mouths. Yes, you see, I'm so nervous, as I said, that I simply must—yes, must—have something all the time in my mouth."
"Try a gag?" suggested his companion.—New York Times.

Hairs and Feathers.

Hairs are found on almost everything that grows, and, if we may so call the fine fibers of asbestos, they even invade the mineral world. From a piece of mineral asbestos quarried from the earth and looking like a stone with a satiny fracture the silken fibers can be rubbed with the finger till the lump is worn away.

Secure a feather somewhere—it will be much better than a picture—and you will see that it has a main stem or midrib. Along each side of this extends the thin part known as the vane. Look closely and you will see that this vane is composed of tiny feathers, called barbs, fastened together throughout their whole length from where their bases join the midrib to their tips. You can easily separate one of these from the rest, when you will see how like a tiny feather it is, with what seems a fine fuzziness along each edge. —St. Nicholas.

Astronomy.

If there were any money to be made in astronomy everybody would be studying it. About all we can see is figures, and these are so big that they stagger the understanding. Every child in the United States knows how to find the north star (Old Polaris) from the pointers of the dipper, but no child can appreciate the statement that this star is distant from the earth 210,000,000,000 miles—two hundred and ten trillions! The Twentieth Century Limited, traveling at one mile a minute, would have to run without stopping for 479,000,000 years in order to traverse this distance. If light really travels 187,500 miles a second, a ray from the north star would be thirty-six years in reaching the earth.—New York Press.

The Head of the House.

It is folly to call the husband the head of the house; he is not. It is but a courtesy title at best, since in truth he is but an incident in the home life, while the wife and mother is its whole existence. Literally the sun of domestic happiness rises and sets in the face of the wife and mother.—Clara Morris in Housekeeper.

Not an Advertiser.

"Did you hang up any mistletoe last Christmas?" asked Erastus Pinkley. "No, I didn't," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I got a little too much pride to advertise for ordinary courtesies that a lady has a right to expect."—Exchange.

Isn't This Rough?

Ella—A poet wrote a sonnet on my face the other day. Stella—Did he write it on the lines?—Bohemian.

COSTUME SUPPER.

Guests Come in Character and Act It During the Evening.

An old fashioned supper, served at 8 o'clock by candlelight, makes an interesting change from conventional dinners.

Ask your guests to come informally and in old fashioned attire. The women will don their grandmothers' clothes for such an occasion and look lovely.

A man, alas, usually hates "dressing up," but suggest that he wear a jacket of lace over his immaculate white, stiff bodied shirt and sew lace ruffles in his sleeves, and he will be pleased with his appearance at once. But, mind, this is only in confidence in case one or two truly object. Otherwise beg them to come in the picturesque, romantic dress of long ago.

It adds greatly if the guests come in character and act it throughout the evening. But it must be borne in mind that the guests must not number more than twelve or fourteen if a single table is to be used. The chance for real fun and informality lies in a small party. If a large costume supper be given the small tables should be used.

Have no light but candlelight, always the most becoming, and a bare table. A large bowl of old fashioned flowers may adorn the middle of the table on a plain linen centerpiece, serving as little as possible.

Large wooden plates of bread cut thickly, butter made into small flat pats, dishes of apples and nuts and homemade candies complete the table furnishing. Coffee and tea should be served by the hostess, the guests helping to pass the cups.

For the supper:
Broiled Oysters on Toast.
Broiled Chicken and Sausage.
Baked Potatoes. Apple Sauce.
Cold Slaw. Corn Bread.
Vegetable Salad.
Hot Waffles, with Syrup.

After supper the guests may enjoy old fashioned games, either quiet or romping, and in the middle of the evening, if an open fire is available, popping corn is a simple pleasure, and while eating it hot lemonade may be served.

LOVE YOUR WORK.

A Kind of Affection That Carries No Danger of Idolatry.

Try to find work that you like. If you are not indolent there is some useful employment that will give you pleasure. Seek your work and find it. That way lies abiding happiness. A man who had tried every other road concluded at sixty, "Happiness is complete absorption in some effective form of work."

Our closest friends are liable to disappoint us. Those whom we love best may grieve us most. But work never disappoints us. Its reward may be inadequate, but the work itself, if it be the work for us, never disappoints.

You can readily recognize the girl who loves her work by the way she lifts the lid of her desk or takes her sewing chair or opens her ledger. If she does these with a drawn face or a sigh there is one of two reasons—either she hasn't found her work or she has chosen to be a drudge.

If in her face, no matter how physically weary, there is the glow of satisfaction, the pleasure of the congenial task, she is indeed a happy girl. Happy is the man who has found his work, and thrice happy the girl. There is no trouble too great for the work you like. Artistry is doing a thing as well as you can and afterward trying to do it still better.

Work is the grave in which you can bury your griefs. It is the mantle that covers the ugliness of life. It is the great absorber of the humors and moods of the moment. No matter how hard the work—all work worthy of the name is hard—it is a bright jewel, whether in the dull setting of dismal or the bright frame of splendid surroundings.

Find your work! Be sure whether you have not already found it, for what you think is dislike for your work may be the consciousness of having slighted it.

Having found it, perfect yourself in it. Never fear that you love it too much, for love of work is the only kind of love that carries with it none of the dangers or penalties of idolatry.

DIANA OF THE DIRECTOIRE.

Bring me my new fur hat, mamma, for I it is wider than the widest hats we wore in years ago.

It is three feet wide, and the brim is thick, and it has a lot of weight. And it makes me wear three heads of hair just to keep it sitting straight.

My shoes? Ah, yes! I have put them on, and the heels are good and high, and they press against my tender feet till I feel that I must die.

Yet I wear them as if I come and go, and I force a pleasant smile. For one has to be in style, mamma—one has to be in style.

And now my directoire gown, mamma. I've managed to don my stays. You will have to slip me into it, for my arms cannot raise.

And I'm willow, as you may see, with the willowiness of steel. It will be tonight ere I take a bite, for I cannot hold a meal!

And now I go for a little stroll, and I go to make a call. And I shall not sit upon a chair, but shall lean against the wall. For I can't sit down in my nice new gown, for I know that if I do I'll be certain to break in two. —Wilbur Nesbit in Chicago Post.

Preserving Lingerie Waists.

The lacy lingerie waists so popular of late are "things of beauty," but, alas, not "joys forever" by any means, says Housekeeper. They are easily ruined in the laundering, and the broken lace is difficult, well nigh impossible, to mend. To greatly prolong their usefulness by common waist net, cut in strips or the shape of the insets, and sew upon the underside of the inserted lace when the waist is new or as soon as it begins to break. Even badly torn pieces may be mended. In this way, the pattern being darned down invisibly upon the net, many very open patterns are really improved in looks by the addition of the net.

"He draws from real life."
"Artist?"
"No; dentist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
Editor (in daily office)—Say, Buck, have you read my last editorial?
"I hope so," was the crusty reply.—Minneha.

WHITE PLAGUE SHOW

Tuberculosis Exhibition an Object Lesson in Cleanliness.

NOTABLE FOREIGN EXHIBITS.

A room that is dark and dirty, containing a rickety wooden bed with heavy, musty coverlets; a smoky oil lamp in a bracket upon the stained walls; a ragged, grimy carpet tacked to the floor; an old trunk and broken chair, with threadbare garments hanging over it; a dingy table, with stale bread and sour milk in unclean dishes; a single window, with a black cloth shutting out the sunshine and an atmosphere that is heavy and dangerous; another room of the same size wherein all is sweetness and light, neat iron bed and clean sheets, incandescent lamp and snow white walls, a rug on the floor, furniture that is sanitary and good and air that is healthful and pure.

This is the sermon without words, prepared in a manner worthy of a master of stagecraft, that will be preached until Jan. 15 at the international tuberculosis exhibition, which was recently opened in the American Museum of Natural History at New York.

The main theme of the fighters of the "great white plague" who have raised aloft their standard of the "double red cross" in New York is to put to rout the old fashioned vendors of potions and instead let care and sanitation stamp out this "preventable" disease, which claims more victims annually than typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined. The new methods of caring for patients in the Rhode Island exhibit on the third floor, says the New York American. The same idea is used also in the display from several other states and foreign countries.

The exhibit that will first attract the attention of the thousands who are expected to visit the exhibition is the model cow barn that has been built outside the Seventy-ninth street entrance. Here two fat, well fed cows, sturdy sentinels of the plague fighters, stand peacefully in their stanchions, eating the best hay the market affords, chewing their cud, waiting for the evening milking that will illustrate to the dealers and consumers of New York how tuberculosis can be prevented by a proper handling of the milk in the barns.

Both of these animals are carefully groomed before milking, their tails are partially shaved and the remainder done up in the semblance of a marcel wave—all this to prevent germs from entering the pails, which, by the way, are not the large, old fashioned variety, but small topped affairs that no dirt can enter. The floor of the barn is cement, with proper drains, while the place is ventilated with cold air drafts that would do credit to a well regulated flat.

Another exhibit that will prove of interest to the out of town visitors is the arrangement of the country farmhouse shown by a model of the New York state department of medicine. The first floor of this building illustrates the manner in which the parlor, with its black haircloth furniture and pictures of the family ancestors on the walls, which should be made the comfortable living room, is used only when visitors come, while the rest of the time the family crowds itself into the kitchen. Upstairs the "spare room" is shown, and also the small space used by the family for sleeping quarters. The hired help are placed in an ill lighted attic, above which is the legend, "This is Why Help is So Scarce."

The Nathan Straus pasteurizing exhibit is one of the attractions on the main floor. Here is gathered all the machinery used in the prevention of tuberculosis by the proper care of milk. The exhibit will be in charge of Mrs. Straus.

In the bureau of animal industry is another striking feature. Arrangements have been made to have meat actually condemned at slaughter houses in New York city taken each morning to the exhibit, where purchasers will be shown how to guard against the purchase of the infected article.

Throughout the entire three floors of the building given over to the exhibition is a remarkable collection of articles used in the prevention and cure of the disease. There are hospital tents and the most approved beds, a portion of which can be placed outside the house window; also complete models of great tuberculosis camps throughout the country. In the New York state exhibit is a most interesting collection of statistics showing the spread of the disease and its cost to the state of \$33,000,000 annually.

One of the attractive features is a model of the children's school farm, which is to be inaugurated in De Witt Clinton park, New York. The model, covering an oblong table, shows a farmhouse, a yard, barns and a field with tiny models of children at work.

Another exhibit which will attract much attention is the sleeping envelope or blanket for out of door use. This envelope covers the sleeper from head to feet. Even the head is covered, leaving only the face exposed.

Every civilization under the sun and nearly every state in the Union has its separate contribution of models and statistics. Notable among the foreign exhibits are those of Germany, England, France, Russia, and Sweden.

Just inside the Seventy-ninth street entrance is the German exhibit, with Dr. Hamel of the Berlin board of health in charge. A model of the building and grounds of the great workmen's sanitarium in the suburbs of Berlin is on view. This sanitarium was built and is maintained out of the tax of 10 cents a week which the German government makes every employer pay for each employee's insurance against disease or permanent invalidity.

Every two minutes and thirty-six seconds throughout the entire exhibition a great red light will flash across the hall. This is to signify that one more victim has been claimed by the disease. Many prominent physicians will act as demonstrators, and no admission is charged.

MONOMANIACS ARE MANY.

We Meet Them in Our Daily Life, Says Student of Insanity.

"In my judgment," says a student of insanity, "there are hundreds of people walking the streets of all the big cities today who are insane upon some one topic and who only need a reference to it in conversation or otherwise to throw them into a severe irrational tantrum, and my experience satisfies me that the asylums are crowded with persons who appear to be the most reasonable beings on earth until their attention is directed toward some subject that disturbs their mental apparatus and makes them dangerous subjects."

"The most striking incident of this kind that has ever come under my observation occurred when some years ago I was visiting an inmate in Edinburgh. I was introduced to a patient who had been a physician. He was intelligent, and I had a long conversation with him on general topics without the slightest knowledge on my part that he was a patient. When bidding him adieu I remarked that we were likely to have a beautiful moonlight night. In a second his whole demeanor changed. Instead of being a cultured, amiable gentleman he became a raving maniac and was quickly seized by several attendants. My simple allusion to the moon had done the whole business."

"It seems that this doctor, who had a large practice at one time, had become enamored of a study of astronomy and had for some years been endeavoring to invent a telescope which would enable him to get an interior view of the moon. He became crazy on that subject. His case was held to be incurable."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A FAMOUS CARPET.

The First One That Was Used in Old New York City.

"I haven't learned everything about my business yet," said the young carpet salesman, "but I've picked up some information that's interesting even if it isn't new."

"For instance, not everybody knows that it isn't so very long ago—only about 200 years—that nobody had a carpet in New York city. They didn't use rushes strewn around for floor covering, as they used to do in England, partly, I suppose, because rushes, whatever they are, were not plentiful and partly because they preferred sand. Certainly sand sprinkled on a bare floor seems cleaner and better than rushes, and it has some advantages over a regular carpet. Anyhow, that was what they used in the houses of the aristocracy."

"But carpets came in fashion in New York at the very end of the seventeenth century, and the man who introduced the fashion was Captain Kidd. He wasn't a pirate then. He was captain of the Antigua, a packet ship plying between here and London, and was a citizen and a householder in this city. In 1692 he married Sarah Port, the widow of another ship captain, and set up housekeeping in Hanover square, then an aristocratic quarter.

"In that house on the floor of the 'best room,' as they called it in those days, was the first carpet known to have been in use in New York. It was valued at \$25, which doesn't seem extravagant even as money was then valued. That may not be an important fact, but it's interesting."—New York Times.

Queer English Laws.

"No statute law of England ever can be obsolete," a legal journal says. "Once enacted, it continues in binding force until repealed."

If such be really the case, there ought to be some lively times ahead for several classes of the community. For instance, what will builders have to say to the act which penalizes any person who erects a house without attaching to it at least four acres of land? This was one of "good Queen Bess'" laws, and it has most certainly never been repealed.

By another unrepented statute, which dates back to the first year of King James I., it is enacted that not more than a penny may be charged for a quart of the best ale nor more than a halfpenny for a like quantity of small beer. The penalty for each infraction of the act is 20 shillings, so that if it were rigidly enforced it would not need, apparently, a licensing bill to ruin the brewers. Then, again, a Catholic owning a horse is still legally obliged to sell it for 5s to anybody who chooses to offer that sum for it.—London Graphic.

The First Mourning Paper.

The oldest known letter written on black edged note paper as a sign of mourning appears to be one dated Jan. 5, 1688. In Addison's comedy of "The Drummer," 1715, reference is made to the fashion in the words, "My lady's mourning paper that is blacked at the edges." A few years later Allan Ramsay, who died in 1788, speaks in one of his poems of "the sable bordered sheet" as a messenger of sorrow.

Mann, writing from Italy to Horace Walpole in 1745, says that it was universally used in Florence at that time. The superior elegance of this Italian note paper, with its narrow margin of black, explains its ready acceptance in this country, where it superseded the quarto sheet with a black border sometimes a quarter of an inch wide. In this way it probably gave an impetus to the fashion. But it is a mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the fashion was introduced from Italy.—Protection For Appes.

A scheme is being arranged for the protection of the manlike apes in the German colonies of equatorial Africa. It is proposed in the first place that the shooting of these creatures should be strictly prohibited and steps taken for their protection. In connection with this it is proposed to establish in the Kameru's a special reserve for the fauna of the equatorial forest generally. This reserve would include a zoological tropical station, with gardens attached, in which attention would be specially directed to the protection and rearing of the anthropoid apes and other denizens of the forest zone.

Poor Eve.

Eve (in the garden)—Adam, I've got to have another dress. Adam—Eve, you're the most resolute woman I've ever known. You're always turning over a new leaf.—London Tatler.

A SAUCY DUCHESS.

Her Audacious Fight For Gay and His "Beggars' Opera."

When the "Beggars' Opera," by Gay, was produced in 1728 it took positively by storm. The king still clung to Handel, but the nobility, with the Duchess of Queensberry among them, flocked rapturously to the "Newgate pastoral." The "Beggars' Opera" had a run of sixty-two nights, unprecedented in those days, and as one result of its success Handel became bankrupt. Suddenly there came an order from the lord chancellor to stop the new piece. Why, is not exactly known unless it was because the prime minister considered himself to be too faithfully represented therein. However that may have been, the theater had to be closed, whereupon the Duchess of Queensberry took up Gay's cause and vehemently championed it.

Very busy was she in those days, driving about in her coach asking for guinea subscriptions for printing copies of the forbidden play. And so heedless was Kitty that she carried her list to the queen's drawing room itself and had the audacity to ask the king for a subscription. This was a little too much, and her grace was requested to withdraw from the court. Kitty announcing, with characteristic composure, that the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone there for her own diversion, but to bestow civility upon the king and queen.

Papua Island.

Papua Island was so named by the Malays, and the word means "frizzled." In reference to the hair of the inhabitants, it is generally supposed that Papua or New Guinea was originally part of the mainland of Australia. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1528, though it was probably sighted by A. Dabrun during his voyage fifteen years earlier. The Australian government, realizing the danger that would arise if an enemy seized land so near their coasts, frequently urged England to annex the eastern portion of the island, and after two or three unauthorized annexations a British protectorate was established there in 1884.

Philanthropic Misers.

In several remarkable cases real philanthropy has been a miser's motive in spending and saving to a grotesque degree. Thus when the first Pasteur institute was suggested in Paris to keep green the memory of the world famous scientist a poor wretch who lived in utter misery came forward with a subscription of \$200. And when the city officials called upon him with a message of thanks they found him in an evil smelling slum behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame. When the door was opened the miser philanthropist was found quarreling violently with his miserable looking servant for throwing away a match that had not been burned at both ends. A similar case, but on a much larger scale, was that of Jacques Gurgot of Marseilles. Every one in the city knew and hated him for his incredibly scrold life, yet when the old miser's will was proved all France was amazed to find he had left \$250,000 to his native city especially to furnish the poor with a good and cheap water supply. "I know," the old man wrote, "that 50,000 of our citizens died of the plague during the epidemic of 1720, which was generated by the noxious effluvia arising from filthy streets that were never cleansed."—New York Tribune.

A Poor Bath.

A Frenchman was talking in New York about the excellent bathing beaches of America.

"There are no such beaches in Europe," said he. "And the sea over there is not so pleasant to bathe in. Frequently, you know, great pipes empty sewage into it. They who stay late for the bathing in Nice, for instance, swim among lemon peel, orange skins, melon rinds, soaked but still buoyant newspapers—fearful rubbish. I once bathed in Nice. The Mediterranean was warm and pleasant, but it resembled soup or something worse. I heard an American after coming out say to the bathing master: 'Look here, friend, where do strangers go for a wash after bathing here?'"

How We Fall Asleep.

It is not generally known that the body falls asleep in sections. The muscles of the legs and arms lose their power long before those which support the head and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back. The sense of sight sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next the sense of smell, next that of hearing and lastly that of touch. These are the results of careful and lengthy investigation by a French scientist, M. Cabanis.

Making Practice.

"These mere versals of the town have the audacity to say my poems make them sick," said the proud bard. "You don't object to them, do you, sir?"

"No, indeed," answered the stranger, "And may I ask you are you?"

"Why, I am the town physician."—Chicago News.

Fundamentally there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public in themselves or in their consequences.—Bovee.

Parents and turkeys are always treated well before Christmas.—Atchison Globe.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.

Then Take a Long Think and Mind Your Own Business.

The other day a man traveling on a shore line train noticed, protruding from an overhead rack, a dress suit case which he recognized as belonging to a friend. He knew that his friend always got off at the station which they had just passed, and as he was not in the seat of the conclusion was inevitable that he had jumped off the train and forgotten it.

The man called the conductor and explained the case to him. After some discussion and a mild protest on the part of the conductor that it wasn't a part of his duty, the suit case was put off at the next station, with instructions to send it back on the first train the other way.

The man, feeling that he had done an able and friendly act, settled down for the rest of his journey.

But not for long. The face of his friend, who had been in the smoker and who happened on that particular afternoon to be going on to New London to attend a dinner party—loomed before him.

The moral of this is, of course, quite evident.

Be sure you're right and then mind your own business.—Life.

Overboard.

"Overboard" is engraved on a metal label fastened to many articles of paraphernalia seen about the decks of a modern war vessel. It means that the article so marked should be thrown overboard whenever action with an enemy's ship becomes imminent. Alcohol chests, turpentine tanks, paints, spare spars, unnecessary hatches and other articles easily destroyed or splintered by shell fire are thus labeled. The president of Occident college, California, is said to have given the word a new meaning in civil life when he used it to indicate those who are unfit, useless or inapt in the struggle of life. It is a strong word and as such can be appropriately applied to men and things which when a ship must go to battle are not necessary or material to the end desired.—Army and Navy Life.

The Arab Mare.

The Arab is regarded as the first of horsemen and the Arab mare as the perfect steed. The Arab's idea of horse taming is of the simplest. The colt is treated from the first as a member of the family. It goes in and out of the tents and is so familiarized with the doings of that extraordinary creature, man, that there is never any need of breaking it in. The Bedouin is very careful of his mare. He does not mount her when he sets out to play his usual tricks upon travelers. He rides a camel to which the mare is tethered. Not until the caravan is in sight does he mount the mare and give chase. There is, by the way,