THE SHIPWRECKER.

His Life Made Up of Hardships, Adventures and Accidents.

The career of the shipwrecker consists of a series of hardships and adventures and accidents and narrow escapes from the first day he enlists with a big wrecking company up to the time he is brought ashore from the grim ship he calls "home" crippled or fatally injured. Of all the professions that demand heavy toll of human life none, not even mining or powder making, is as dangerous as the one of these wreckers. Every year these daring men, who brave storm and wave and tempest to save the stranded liner, to raise the sunken ocean greyhound, to rescue the ship impaled upon rocks and, if nothing else, to salve what valuable cargo may be removed from helpless wrecks, meet death by the score. Many of them, exposed often for days and nights to the icy blasts of winter seas, to driving blizzards and to drenching storms that bite to the marrow, succumb to pneumonia. Others at work on the pitching, tossing barges have legs or arms shattered during the risky operations of removing masts or of slinging wrecking pumps or other castings that weigh tons. Others have hands or feet so dreadfully frozen that these must be amputated, and still others are wiped out of existence after suffering hours of untold agony and exposure before the eyes of their helpless comrades.—Appleton's Magazine.

HICCOUGHS.

A Simple Treatment by Which They May Be Cured.

Did you ever take nine swallows of water to cure the hiccoughs? Do you remember the time some one scared the hiccoughs away by telling you of a whipping due for some meanness?

Well, science has been studying hiccoughs and caught the hiccoughs by the "nape of the neck." The nine swallows of water had a little science in it, and so did the scare cure. The scientific hiccough cure consists in pressing down to numbness the nerve that connects the stomach, heart, lungs and brain, the pneumogastric nerve. The pressure partially and locally paralyzes this nerve and of necessity the hiccoughing must cease.

Have the hiccoughing patient sit down and be at ease, with the muscles of the neck relaxed as much as possible. Grasp both sides of the neck somewhat toward the back part and press down steadily and as hard as the subject may permit for about one minute, having the patient work the head from side to side. Within about one minute the nerve will be numbed and rested, and the spasmodic motion will cease. It may require longer pressure in some cases, but the result is sure if patience is maintained.—Ohio State Journal.

A Thirteenth Century Drink.

Thirteenth century tastes in food had few limitations. Besides the "fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia" mentioned by Fitzstephen, gourmets in the time of King John used to regale themselves on herons, cranes, crows, storks, cormorants and bitterns. Some would wash their meals down with wine, but the majority drank mead or metheglin. Mead, according to Holinshed, was only the washing of the combs after the honey had been taken from them and so poor a beverage that it had to be spiced, peppered or made palatable with sweetbrier or thyme. But metheglin contained one hundredweight of honey to twenty-four gallons of water and must have been much more intoxicating than the strongest old ale of the present day.—London Chronicle.

Calling the Deaf.

"To waken a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking, for the same reason, is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open so we can walk right in and shake him, but even if he does appear to be dead game there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient. It seems to me the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."—Exchange.

To Save the Tablecloth.

Nothing is more provoking to the careful housewife than to have a perfectly clean tablecloth liberally bespattered with gravy the first time it is used. Get a large table napkin—one to match the tablecloth if possible—and a piece of white oilcloth cut an inch shorter and an inch narrower than the napkin. Place the oilcloth where the meat dish will stand and spread the napkin over it. The gravy cannot penetrate the oilcloth. Thus there is a considerable saving in the washing bill.

How It Looked.

"I think you ought to turn the lights up a little when your beau comes," said the boy who is beginning to use big words to his older sister. "I wouldn't sit in the dim light if I were you. It looks too conspicuous."—New York Press.

The Real Reason.

"Why don't you go down Mill street?"

"Well, you see, on one side of it lives my tailor and on the other side my shoemaker, while a canal runs through the middle."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

YOUR BRAIN.

Keep It Plastic by Not Overeating as You Grow Old.

Up to a certain age the brain remains plastic enough so that if an injury occurs to the thought brain the person can begin over again and create new knowledge centers in the other hemisphere.

This has happened in many cases where young people have lost certain powers or faculties by cerebral lesions and have afterward recovered these faculties by developing new centers in the other brain. It rarely happens after the age of forty-five, and the reason is because most persons after passing that age soon clog their brains with calcareous matter by overeating and destroy the plasticity of their brains by filling them with food waste.

If all people past the age of forty-five would live on twelve ounces or less of solid food per day we should soon find that one may receive new ideas as readily at seventy-five as at fifteen. You cannot do it, however, if your brain is a hardened mass of waste matter. If you overeat you will be "sot" in your ways and a has-been at fifty. Keep your phonograph records soft and receptive.—Nautilus.

A STAGE VILLAIN.

His Reputation Clung to Him Outside the Theater.

An actor in a small company was unable one night to get accommodation at the only hotel in an English town, it is said, because its proprietor, a remarkably slow going person for such a place, recognized him as the villain in the melodrama who had stoken a cash box, set fire to a house, killed a detective, damaged a race horse and betrayed the hero's sister.

But something like this really did happen to George Scott, manager of the Alhambra in London. In his younger days Mr. Scott was a stage villain of the deepest dye, and one of his favorite parts was that of the wicked Levison in "East Lynne."

After playing the character a few nights in Blackpool he had occasion for wishing to change his lodgings and, knocking at the door of a house in the next street, was greeted by the good lady who opened it with a shriek and the subsequent exclamation:

"What! It's Levison, the dirty villain. Ye can't 'ave rooms in my 'ouse! Get out or I'll call the perlice!"—London M. A. P.

Steel Pen Helps Forgers.

The crime of forgery has been facilitated and increased by the modern introduction of metallic pens, gold and steel, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. The old fashioned quill pen was smooth and pleasant to write with, though it sometimes balked and sputtered, but it did not lend itself to skillful imitations as easily as the metallic pen does. The crime of forgery doubtless has been promoted by the almost universal education of modern times. In an age when everybody writes and when many are skillful penmen forgeries are much more frequent than they were centuries ago, when the person who could handle a pen was an exception. Many modern criminals make a living by committing forgeries, victimizing hotels, banks, capitalists and business men generally.

Domestic Economy.

"Hey, mon," exclaimed the braw, bonnie north countryman, "thrift is a wunnerful thing!"

"Yes," replied his English traveling companion. "You're right there. Now, I gave my wife a ten pound note to manage on last time I was away, and —would you believe it?—instead of exceeding it she saved nearly a sovereign out of it to buy herself a hat!"

"That's nowt," replied the Scotsman. "My wife gives the kids ha'pennies apiece to go to bed supperless; when they're asleep she takes the ha'pennies off on 'em ageean, and then she makes 'em do wi'out ony breakfasts for losin' 'em! Hey, mon, that's thrift!"—London Scraps.

The Mendicant.

There are those who ascribe the word "mendicant" to the silly appellation put forth as a conundrum, meaning a poor wretch beyond the power of mending. But something very close to the term was in use as long ago as when Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales." In the "Sompnoure's Tale" this occurs:

Therefore we "mendiants," we sely freres,
Ben wedded to poverte and continence,
To charitee, humblesse and abstinence,
etc.

The "sompnoure" of Chaucer was, of course, a summoner, or apparitor, and a person of low estate, and here we have, it is believed, the origin of the word, which came into common employment later.

How About a Good Back View?

"Auntie Liz had a hard time having her picture taken today," said her nephew, who had just opened a photographic studio and had very courteously asked his aunt to come and pose for a new picture.

"Why, what was the trouble?" asked his brother.

"Well, you see, when I told her to look pleasant she didn't look natural, and when I told her to look natural she didn't look pleasant." — Ladies' Home Journal.

Not a Romance.

"Dear heart," she murmured.

"Only 20 cents a pound," explained the butcher.

"I think I'll take some liver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

A Rather Roundabout Way to Prove the Proposition.

Men say women are angels; women say women are cats. Let us pause a moment and reason upon this thing.

If women are angels—however, that does not seem to be the proper starting point. Let us try again.

If angels are cats—but, no; that is hardly reasonable, for angels have wings, and cats do not fly. We must begin again.

If women are cats—but that isn't possible, for cats do not talk, and how could a dumb animal express an opinion in words of a woman? Whatever cats may think, they never say a word about a woman, while women—well, women are not cats.

Now let us return to the first proposition.

If women are angels, they wouldn't say women are cats. Angels don't talk that way.

Once upon a time a man married a woman. He said she was an angel; the women said she was a cat. Happy man, not to know the difference between an angel and a cat!

Men say women are angels, and by this token women say angels are cats. Therefore, angels being cats, cats must be angels, and, both being the same, women are women.

Which is precisely what they are.—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

NEW MEXICO.

How That Portion of Northern New Spain Got Its Name.

The country now called Mexico was not so called till 1810, when the revolt against Spain began. Up to independence the country was called New Spain and was divided into the same number of provinces as Spain, each with a name of a province in Spain, with the prefix of "new," but New Mexico was not included in this division. It got its name in this way:

In 1561 Francisco Ibarra was in charge of an expedition of exploration into what is now northern Durango and southern Chihuahua and discovered an Indian village near where Santa Barbara now stands in which the houses were whitewashed and the people made and wore cotton cloth, raising the cotton in the neighborhood. He wrote an account of his discovery to his brother in the City of Mexico, telling him he had discovered "una nueva Mexico," a new Mexico, another Mexico, meaning that he had found another town like the City of Mexico, and thereafter all this portion of northern New Spain was known as "Nueva Mexico"—that is, New Mexico—which name it has retained, though now much reduced in extent.—Las Vegas Optic.

Muskrats For Meat.

Of all animals that supply meat to man the muskrat has been the most abused and the least understood, says the Baltimore Star. Its name had bred in the public mind a prejudice that has been almost unconquerable, but truth will prevail in spite of fate. As a fact the muskrat is one of the neatest and most delightful of animals. It is a crank in cleanliness. It dines with the care of an epicure. It eats only the whitest and tenderest morsels. And its flesh has qualities that can be compared only to terrapin. Indeed, there are good people along the Chesapeake, where all the best things live and grow, who find in the well served muskrat satisfaction that is equal to the diamondback. Only the ignorant and the prejudiced think differently, and they may be educated.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

The Prisoner's Retort.

It is a prison chaplain's duty to give a departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future. In the course of one of these interviews a chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Didn't Need a Doctor.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Are you suffering? Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured. "It's only a cold, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheering Her.

Macdougal (to his new fourth wife)—The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too! But, as I tell'l him, I canna be aye buryin', buryin'.—Punch.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

SPARING HER NERVES.

A Careful, Considerate Visitor and Her Timid Friend.

The mistakes which were plentifully sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career were never regretted by any one more than by Mrs. Comer herself. "I used the very best judgment I had," she said, referring to one unfortunate occurrence, "but, as usual, everything went wrong.

"You see, I went to Greenville in the morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending to go on to Nashua, but I changed my mind when the weather turned cool and spent the day with Anna Woods, going home at dusk. I'd forgotten my little bag with my key in it, so I went right over to Mrs. Hobart's.

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs. Cole's, but I found her key behind the left hand blind and went right in.

"The house was dark, but I said to myself, 'I won't light a lamp for fear of scaring her, a timid woman, living all alone, as she does.' So I sat in the dark till I heard her coming up the walk.

"When she found the door was unlocked she gave a kind of a gasp, so I stepped forward and then, long as I had a cold so my voice didn't sound natural and I was afraid 'twould scare her, she being so timid, I put out my hand and laid it on her arm.

"And, if you'll believe me," finished Mrs. Comer plaintively, "she fell right over in a faint and cut her forehead on the edge of the rocking chair, and I though I'd never bring her to!

"There's no use trying to be careful with a woman like her."—Youth's Companion.

CIRCUS CHILDREN.

The Making of Acrobats Begins at an Early Age.

It is nothing unusual for the larger circuses to carry thirty and forty children, ranging all the way from mere babies to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age. The majority are traveling with their parents, both the father and mother doing daily duty in the ring, and while often they are trained to follow in the steps of their elders they are seldom allowed to perform in public.

It is a common belief among circus men that the performer whose training is not started until after the age of six will seldom make a distinctive record. Following the afternoon show I often saw groups of boys, some of whom could not have been over four and five years old, practicing rudimentary somersaults and hand springs, while their parents looked on with a gratified smile. These were the families of the circus aristocracy, who treasure the records of their ancestors with the pride of a son in his father's sword and who see no more inspiring calling for their own children than that of the great white canvas.

Not that their education is neglected in other respects. Several of the families often hire an instructor—perhaps one of the performers who has the time and ability for such work—to coach their children in the standard studies. One circus has a traveling school for the youngsters. If they are to be acrobats, they are to be educated acrobats.—Bohemian Magazine.

A Sponge That Works.

"Here is a clever notion—a fog bell," said an old New England fisherman.

On a bleak, gray afternoon they stood at the seashore—the old man and his city cousin from Boston. A great bell hung from a scaffold, and under a sentry-box hung a great sponge.

"This here machinery is wound up regular," the fisherman explained, "and this here sponge is kept under cover so as the rain can't get at it. In dry weather, natch'rally, the sponge is dry and light; in foggy, though, it gets heavy with fog satch'rations, just heavy enough for to press down the lever that starts the machinery a-going. Then, ding-dong, ding-dong, sounds the bell in the fog, savin' many a fisherman from wreck on this rock bound coast."—Exchange.

A Dickens Manuscript.

H. F. Dickens, K. C., tells an interesting story concerning the original manuscript of his father's famous "Carol." The novelist presented the MS. to Thomas Milton, an old school fellow. In 1875 Mr. Milton sold it to Francis Harvey, a bookseller, for £50. Then it passed into the hands of George Churchill, an enthusiastic autograph collector. Mr. Churchill treasured it until 1882, when circumstances compelled him to part with it. After photographing every page of it, it was sold to Mr. Bennett, a Birmingham bookseller and curio dealer, who eventually found a purchaser, who readily signed a check for £200 for it. Finally it was bought by Stuart M. Samuel of Kensington Palace Gardens for £300, who is said to still retain the precious document.—London Tit-Bits.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Little Helen Bentley of Los Angeles, aged five, dearly loves her grandma, who has been living with her and her parents. Recently grandma went to Seattle for a visit and caught cold on the way. When she arrived there, she wrote back to Helen's parents that she had reached Seattle, but had had a hard fight with the grip. Helen wanted to hear what grandma had to say, and the letter was read to her. Soon afterward she saw one of her neighbors and exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, we've had a letter from grandma. She got to Seattle all right, but she had a terrible fight with her valise!"—Los Angeles Times.

What Counts In a Story.

As I heard a famous raconteur telling a story I had heard in one form or another for many years I could not but recall the statement of some one to the effect that there are but five stories extant and that all we have are merely variations from the original five. As General Taylor, who is something of a story teller himself, puts it: "The story doesn't amount to anything. It's the edition that counts."—Boston Herald.

A Hint.

"You seem to be very fond of your dolly," remarked the visitor.

"Yes," replied small Margie. "She's so different from most people. She never interrupts me when I'm talking."—Chicago News.

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CAUSE FOR ALARM

Loss of Appetite or Distress After Eating a Symptom That Should Not Be Disregarded.

Appetite is just a natural desire for food. Loss of appetite or stomach distress after eating indicate indigestion or dyspepsia. Overeating is a habit very dangerous to a person's good general health, and insatiable appetite is a sure symptom of diabetes.

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