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As the gold deposits of the Yukon
 are worked out prospectors are discov-
 ering fine coal beds. Thus do the use-
 ful treasures of earth turn up when
 most needed and when men are in a
 mood to take advantage of them.

An effort is to be made to remove a
 large red oak tree from the wildest
 section of Arkansas to Forest Park,
 St. Louis, without injuring it. The
 tree is 100 feet high and twelve feet
 in diameter at the base. A double
 tramway will be built from the tree
 to the river, where it will be floated
 and towed to St. Louis. It is esti-
 mated that this will occupy six
 months.

Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, Dean of the
 University of Chicago, in addressing
 the seniors, said: "We have no orators
 to-day; that is, no orators of the
 first class. The reason for the decline
 in oratory is the vast increase in read-
 ing. There are too many gabblers
 without sound knowledge. We need
 more thorough knowledge and clear
 thinking, and oratory will take care
 of itself. The newspaper and periodical
 press at the same time make much
 cratory needless and multiply the
 power of what is left."

The condition of being born a gentle-
 man naturally tends to develop an
 overnice discrimination in one's choice
 of company. It is nature, or second
 nature, any way, for birds of a feather
 to flock by themselves. Nothing but
 the grace of God, or intense innate hu-
 man sympathies, enable a man born
 to ease to realize his brotherhood with
 all the sorts and conditions of men.
 And if he does realize it, the chances
 are against his feelings being demon-
 strated and recognized, because a com-
 mon trait of gentlemen, and one more
 approved and applauded than it de-
 serves, is reserve. To be reserved is
 next door to being distinguished; and a
 gentleman who does not hedge him-
 self in a good part of the time with
 some assumption of aloofness is likely
 to seem eccentric to his fellows of his
 own flock. If he goes out of his way
 to cultivate fellowship with the "plain
 people," critics of his own social species
 will be sure to disparage him as a
 seeker after popularity. And yet fel-
 lowship must be cultivated if it is to
 be acquired, observes E. S. Martin, in
 Harper's Weekly.

Benefited by Superstition.
 Superstition has built up an odd and
 lucrative trade for a Kensington junk
 dealer. He makes a regular business
 of supplying horsehoes to people who
 think there is no luck around the
 house if the talkative iron is not in-
 cluded in the household furnishings.
 The dealer in old metals handles thou-
 sands of horsehoes in his junk trade,
 and many of these he cleans up and
 disposes of to believers in the supersti-
 tion. It may seem odd to the reader
 that anyone desiring a horsehoe
 shouldn't go to a blacksmith shop and
 get a brand-new one, but the junk
 dealer explains that a worn shoe is
 supposed to possess more virtue as a
 dispenser of hoodoo than a new one.
 Blacksmiths, he states, don't clean up
 old shoes, so the trade comes to him.
 He has all varieties, from the light
 flat iron of the trotter to the heavy
 caulked shoe of the draught horse.
 Being of an inquiring mind, the junk
 dealer has discovered that many peo-
 ple who call for shoes are small store-
 keepers, who believe the magic iron
 to have magnetic properties when
 placed in cash drawers.—Philadelphia
 Record.

There are 21,000 druggists in Eng-
 land, and 23,000 coach makers.

The English War Department has
 offered a \$4,000 prize for the best
 self-propelling military wagon.

The largest insect known is the ele-
 phant beetle of Venezuela. One has
 been found that weighed seven ounces.

THE BLOT ON POLLY'S BONNET.
 Next, wondrous fields of rustling gold
 Upon my merry come,
 The horses tugging through the mold,
 The reapers' busy hum;
 And skillful hands are picking straw,
 And rustic patterns gleam
 To make a dainty framework for
 What Polly calls her "dream."
 But what is this, with azure wing
 Upon the sunshine borne,
 A little bird, a beauteous thing,
 Trills gaily to the morn;
 I watch him bend his graceful head,
 As fitting blithely by,
 He darts away in merry play
 Beneath the summer sky.
 A shot rings out; the leaden rain
 Sheds darkness all around,
 And writhing in its cruel pain,
 The bird lies on the ground;
 A stream of blood its body yields,
 It quivers and is still;
 And murder stains the yellow fields,
 And fashion pays the bill.
 So, suddenly my fancy stays,
 No beauty can I see;
 Gone all the charming daintiness,
 The sham simplicity,
 And Polly's face seems grown less fair
 Beneath her dainty bonnet,
 For a little mangled body there
 Has set death's seal upon it.
 —John R. Rathorn, in Life.

How I Became Best Man.

By S. Ten Eyck Prince.

HERE is an old German re-
 frain that runs somewhat as
 follows:
 "The paradise of earth
 Is found on horseback."
 That morning it occurred to me, why
 I know not, for I had heard no Ger-
 man for years. Anyway, as I say, it
 occurred to me as I walked along in
 the spring sunshine, clad in faultless
 riding attire, toward a well-known
 riding stable where I intended to pro-
 cure a mount for a long ride.
 It was still quite early, and I found
 the groom lazily pilloved against the
 stable door, whistling softly to him-
 self. He glanced at my high boots
 which reflected the morning sun, and
 smiled, while I explained my intention.
 I chose a beautiful roan, called Dar-
 ling. "A horse that was as gentle as
 a lamb," pertinently added the groom.
 "I generally pay in advance," I re-
 marked, "do you charge by the hour
 or by the morning? I expect to be out
 a couple of hours."
 The groom parried my question.
 "We know you, sir, and will charge for
 the time the horse stays out," he con-
 cluded maliciously, with a friendly
 pat on Darling's flank that sent him
 flying down the street.
 I had intended to ride along the
 drives, where the shade was thick and
 the young ladies wandered up and
 down during the morning hours, but
 Darling held other views, and carried
 the day with gentle persistence. What
 could I do with the beast? And, after
 all, what difference does it make
 where one rides so long as one does
 ride? So we hastened to the outskirts
 of the town where the sun was hottest.
 That was Darling's choice. Darling
 paused before the first inn and abso-
 lutely refused to budge, so to give
 myself a countenance, I ordered a
 glass of ale from the waiter who hur-
 ried out, and found it as poor as I had
 expected.
 "Wonderful what them beasts do
 know, sir," he commented, patting
 Darling's glossy neck. "Now, this one
 allus gets sugar here and he knows
 it, sir, he do."
 So, Darling munched his lump of
 sugar and then consented to trot along.
 This earthly paradise presented
 many pitfalls for me. At first Darling
 skirted a never-ending wall so closely
 that the polish vanished from my left
 boot and my leg felt as if it had been
 plunged in an electric bath. Then he
 carried me under a row of low-spreading
 apple trees that coquetted with my
 hat, which I saved only at the risk
 of life and limb, and rumbled my well-
 brushed hair. I breathed with relief
 as we entered into a grove where the
 trees arched high above me, and walls
 were a thing unknown. But, alas!
 there was a pond, and Darling paused
 dreamily beside its reedy, swampy
 shores. I was terrified. Suppose the
 horse should suddenly decide to take
 a bath! I patted, coaxed, twitched at
 the bridle, all in vain. Darling refused
 to advance. At last my patience gave
 out, I plunged my rovels into him,
 setting the springs of his rear legs into
 violent disorder. The turf flew around
 my ears, but always in the same spot.
 Fortunately I had thoughtfully pro-
 vided myself with sugar at the inn,
 and with its aid succeeded in calming
 Darling so far that he consented to
 stand still.
 I soon discovered a slender figure in
 the distance, approaching at a swift
 gallop. I tugged at the reins—un-
 availingly, of course; then, to make the
 most of my sorry lot and lend some
 shadow of reality to the ridiculous
 figure I must cut stationed before this
 swamp pond, I fastened my eyes upon
 the swaying branches, apparently lost
 in meditation. Trot, trot, echoed be-
 hind me; the lady was close at hand;
 in an instant she would have passed
 me. But Darling whirled suddenly,
 almost flinging me over his head into
 the water, and flew along after the
 other horse. I consoled myself that at
 this pace we should soon out-distance
 her; but as we came neck to neck my
 mount slowed up and trotted along,
 contentedly sulking himself to the other's
 pace.
 I knew the young lady by sight, and
 felt forced to bow. She nodded stiffly,
 and urged her horse on, while I en-
 deavored to check Darling. As well
 try to curb the thunderbolts. I was
 powerless. She dashed on, I following

always, at infinite peril to life and
 limb, for I was not accustomed to this
 rapid pace. Besides, I am a man who
 dislikes to appear forward. I was
 mortally ashamed of myself, but no
 power on earth could check the beast
 I was riding. Darling neighed scorn-
 fully as I nudged at the bit, and kept
 on in his mad career.
 Miss Van Deemen glanced com-
 temptuously at me and turned down a
 sidepath. Darling clung to her skirts
 with a deplorable fidelity. And I had
 noticed a placard warning all tres-
 passers off under penalty of the law!
 The law was, then, to be added to my
 other miseries; but I consoled myself
 with the thought that his representa-
 tives could scarcely control my horse,
 since I myself had failed in the at-
 tempt.
 But Miss Van Deemen had reached
 the limit; she reined in her horse, and
 Darling stood immovable. "Sir," said
 she, anger and fear in every line of her
 pretty face, "I must ask you to leave
 me at once."
 Heavens, if I only could! I would
 even have climbed a tree, but Darling
 was not to be persuaded.
 "Sir—"
 "Pardon me; it really is not my fault;
 it is purely accidental that our paths
 lie in the same direction," I replied,
 hypocritically.
 "Then I will return," said she, glanc-
 ing at the placard in silent comment
 upon my excuse. But Darling whirled
 too, knocking me headlessly against
 the nearest tree, thereby barking my
 knee in painful fashion; then trotted
 determinedly on by the lady's side,
 out on to the broad highway that was
 equally forbidden to me at that in-
 stant.
 Miss Van Deemen bit her lips in
 silence, growing alternately white and
 red, and I kept on in overpowering
 shame, but helpless as the infant in
 its cradle. At last she turned to me
 with tears in her eyes.
 "I beg you, sir, to leave me. You
 cannot imagine how dreadfully you
 will embarrass me if you persist in
 this unwarranted pursuit. I appeal
 to your chivalry, for I—I expect my
 fiancée here, with whom I am secretly
 engaged. He is dreadfully jealous, so
 I beg of you to leave me!"
 She almost sobbed as she spoke, and
 in the distance I could hear echoing
 hoofbeats, which she, too, must have
 distinguished. I knew the gentleman
 to whom she referred, at least by
 sight; and I confess I had no desire
 for closer acquaintance under such cir-
 cumstances.
 I used my whip unsparingly, but to
 no purpose. Darling would not budge.
 In the meantime the rider appeared
 at the turning and greeted the young
 lady pleasantly enough, though he
 glanced at me disapprovingly.
 "Pray introduce your companion,"
 he said sharply. Miss Van Deemen
 turned purple and looked reproachfully
 at me.
 "I don't know the gentleman," she
 stammered. "He happened to be rid-
 ing in the same direction as I."
 "Purely accidental," I repeated,
 bowing, inwardly praying that the
 earth would open and swallow me up.
 "Indeed!" said the gentleman, and
 turned his back deliberately on me.
 "Permit me to accompany you, Miss
 Van Deemen," I heard, as I bent low
 over Darling's neck, apparently ab-
 sorbed in a saddle buckle. I heard
 them trot off, and then felt myself car-
 ried along at a furious pace, and an
 instant later I landed beside Miss
 Deemen, breathless, but still in my
 saddle. Mr. Courtney—so she had
 styled her escort—glared at me, mut-
 tering something between his teeth.
 "Sir," I ventured, overcoming my
 embarrassment.
 "Will you have the goodness to leave
 us?" he shrieked.
 "The road is free to all," I replied,
 annoyed by his manner, for I had not
 started upon an explanation.
 "But yours is not beside this lady,
 whom you are insulting," he raged.
 "I regret it exceedingly, but—"
 "I forbid you to ride beside her," he
 snapped, angrily.
 "You can forbid me nothing. I am
 not your servant."
 "Sir," he shrieked, "you are an in-
 solvent puppy, and I must insist upon
 an explanation for you—!" Here Miss
 Van Deemen interferred.

"For mercy's sake, no violence!
 There must be a mistake somewhere,
 but I am sure it is not intentional."
 "Nothing could be farther from my
 thoughts," I assured her, truthfully.
 "Then prove it by leaving us," she
 implored.
 I bowed. Then, overcome with rage
 at the brute that had led me into this
 pitfall, I lashed Darling unmercifully.
 But Darling merely whirled around in
 a bewildering tarentella until I could
 scarcely see or hear, then finally flew
 across country in a wild gallop. And
 behind me came a steady tramp,
 tramp. Was Mr. Courtney deter-
 mined to punish what he called my in-
 solence, or—
 Darling stopped as suddenly as he
 had started, and a tear-stained face ap-
 peared at my elbow, and behind her,
 like an avenging angel, stormed her
 furious admirer, and then we three
 halted once more.
 "So this was prearranged," he
 snapped. "I thought so. You have
 simply been leading me on, to make a
 fool of me at last, forgetful of every
 womanly—"
 "Jack, Jack!" cried Miss Van Dee-
 men, imploringly.
 "Confess it," he shouted furiously.
 "But I don't even know him," she
 sobbed.
 "Then, sir, answer like a man!" he
 said, turning to me. "Confess that
 you know this lady."
 A silvery laugh startled us both at
 this juncture.
 "We don't know each other," cried
 Miss Van Deemen, "but our horses
 apparently do."
 And, indeed, in the midst of this
 anger and strife our two horses pre-
 sented an idyllic picture as they stood
 gently rubbing noses.
 "Yes, so it seems. But how could
 it happen? Isn't that your own?"
 asked Mr. Courtney.
 "Why, Jack, how could I ever have
 gotten away? Of course I had to hire
 a horse. You know papa never lets
 me ride without the groom. I got this
 one at Patterson's."
 "So did I," I exclaimed; "that's why
 the brutes stick so close."
 And then we all laughed together.
 After which, as we could not separate,
 we continued our ride together, and
 at the close had cemented a friendship
 so firm that when Miss Van Deemen
 finally married Jack Courtney I was
 asked to officiate as best man.
 But in spite of this happy conclu-
 sion I determined to take no more
 morning rides until I knew a little
 more about the art. It doesn't do to
 tempt fate too often.—New York
 Commercial Advertiser.

Phenomenal Memory of Great Men.
 Many of the greatest men have had
 phenomenal memories. Caesar knew
 the names of thousands of soldiers in
 his legions. A modern man of science
 often has a prodigious memory for
 special terminology. Professor Asa
 Gray assured me that he could at once
 recall the names of something like
 twenty-five thousand plants; Professor
 Theodore Gill can do the same for
 fishes. Our memory for mere words
 is itself much more extensive than is
 generally admitted. The average well-
 to-do child of two years of age has a
 vocabulary of some five hundred
 words, and his father may have com-
 mand of twenty thousand more. The
 ten thousand verses of the Rig-Veda
 have, for three thousand years, been
 accurately preserved in the memories
 of the Brahmans. Not one Brahmin
 alone, but thousands, can to-day recite
 it word for word. Thousands of Mo-
 hammedans, likewise, know the Koran
 by heart, as all learned Chinese know
 their classic books. The chiefs of
 Polynesian can do repeat hundreds
 of thousands of words in their gene-
 alogies—taking days and even weeks
 for the recitation.
 Hundreds of pianists can play all
 day, and many days, by memory; and
 I have myself seen Von Bulow conduct
 Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without
 a score. Chess-players have a visual-
 izing memory; musicians have an au-
 ditive and a motor memory; while
 arithmetical prodigies may have any
 one of the three, as we shall note in a
 future discussion of the subject, or a
 combination of all.—Professor E. S.
 Holden, in Harper's Magazine.

STEEL IN FARM IMPLEMENTS.
 Little Yet in the Wagon, But It May
 Come There Some Day.
 The substitution of steel for wood in
 agricultural implements, which has
 taken place of late years, is not yet
 finished. It is still going on. But the
 transition was chiefly effected between
 1880 and 1890. As yet the farm wagon
 is almost untouched by this great
 movement. Steel axles and pressed
 steel gears have been on the market
 for several years, but nineteen farmers
 out of twenty still prefer oak and Hick-
 ory in a wagon for general use. Metal
 wagon wheels with wood tires are, as
 however, meeting with an extensive
 demand for use in hauling over soft
 fields and around the farm, and they
 may be the forerunner of the all steel
 wagon.
 Theoretically, wood will last a life-
 time, and yet it has been abandoned
 for cultivator beams, harrow frames,
 most of the wheels and a lot of other
 parts of agricultural machines. But
 there is a difference between the rail
 fence, which has been known to last
 thirty or forty years without being
 painted, and the wood which was once
 put into a harvester frame. The latter
 was full of bolt holes, which let water
 in and thus induced rot. Perhaps the
 reason why wood works so well in a
 wagon is the fact that the latter has
 so few bolt holes.
 L. R. Arley, writing from Chicago
 for The Iron Age, says:
 "The harvester companies show
 great diversity in the forms of bars
 that they use. The McCormick com-
 pany indicates a preference for square
 pipe, which can be fastened together
 in a compact frame by bolts, like the
 members of a wooden frame. The
 Deering and Champion companies use
 flat bars, riveted together to form very
 strong frames. Other companies use
 Z bars, angles and round pipe, each
 company claiming their design to be
 "the best in the world." The old wood-
 on "bull wheel," with wood rim and
 sawed spokes extending clear across,
 dodging each other at the hub, has
 been superseded by metal wheels, some
 of the Bettendorf type, others with
 "hairpin" steel spokes that are held by
 nuts, either in the rim or hub. Steel
 guard or finger bars have replaced the
 old wooden bars and sheet steel is
 used for platform bottoms. Some com-
 panies still make the deck or binding
 table of wood, but others use sheet
 steel. Perhaps half of the wood now
 used in the construction of a binder is
 in the pole.
 "In modern riding plows, cultivators
 and corn planters no wood is used ex-
 cepting for poles. The wheels are
 generally of the Bettendorf type, in
 which spokes of mack bar iron or mild
 steel are upset into malleable hubs
 and steel tires. These wheels are also
 coming into general use in place of
 wood for corn shellers, hay presses,
 corn huskers and other heavy ma-
 chines. The oldtime horse power with
 wooden wheels and frame is seldom
 seen in the West, having been replaced
 by modern traction engines, which are
 now generally built in sizes that de-
 velop twenty to thirty horse power.
 Wood is still used principally in build-
 ing threshing machines, but the wood-
 on straw carrier has been replaced by
 the steel pneumatic stacker."

POPULAR SCIENCE.
 Ants and bees in Trinidad have been
 observed carrying off congealed rub-
 ber fluid. Some species use resinous
 exudations from trees as ready-made
 wax for their nests, and in some cases
 actually cut the bark so as to cause a
 flow of the desired fluids.
 Dr. Bizarro, of Gorz, has published a
 pamphlet in which he tries to prove
 that the Adriatic has for more than
 1000 years been rising and encroaching
 on its shores. The lower parts of
 Trieste are experiencing trouble al-
 ready, and in course of time Venice
 will be buried in the mud of the la-
 goon.
 It has often been claimed that the
 presence of nickel in dust is a sufficient
 criterion to distinguish it as of cosmic
 rather than of terrestrial origin. It
 has lately been shown that nickel is
 found in soot, and hence that nickeli-
 ferous dust may be terrestrial. Gal-
 lium, also, is found in all aluminous
 minerals, in many fine dusts, in many
 iron ores, in soot and in atmospheric
 dust.
 Some fifteen years ago Sir William
 Crookes called attention to an anomalous
 band in the spectrum of samar-
 ium. Lines were also found in its
 spark spectrum by De Boisbadrant.
 The element causing the band and the
 lines has lately been isolated by De-
 marey and named Europium. Its
 atomic weight is about 151, and its
 properties are analogous to those of
 gadolinium and samarium.
 German papers state that Herr
 Szeepanik, a former Polish professor,
 now serving in the German army, has
 invented an impenetrable breastplate,
 of which he has sent a specimen to
 the Emperor William. It consists of a
 silk fabric, and weighs less than four
 and a half pounds. A ball fired by
 a Mauser rifle at a distance of
 five paces is said to have penetrated
 less than one-eighth of an inch into
 the substance. So many attempts
 have been made to invent impenetrable
 shields and clothing that further
 information must be furnished the
 wise and wary before entire credence
 can be given to the report of Herr
 Szeepanik's success.
 A mineral wax, called ozocerite, or
 native paraffin, is one of the queer
 deposits found in connection with rock
 salt or coal. Consul Hossfeld, at
 Trieste, says that deposits of it have
 been discovered in Austria, Russia,
 Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico,
 but not in quantities that would pay
 for mining except in Austrian Galicia
 and on an island on the west coast of
 the Caspian Sea. In mining it shafts
 are sunk until a bed is struck, and
 then connecting galleries are driven.
 It is a dangerous business, for the
 pressure underneath often forces the
 soft wax up into the shafts, and lives
 have been lost in this way. The wax
 is used for making ceresin, which,
 with beeswax, is used for making wax
 candles, phonographic cylinders and
 other similar things.
 Absolute zero is the point at which
 a substance loses every atom of its
 heat. No one has ever produced it,
 but the scientists believe that it may
 be found at 461 degrees below Fashi-
 renheit zero. Professor Dewar, of
 London, who succeeded in liquefying
 air, six or eight years ago, at a tem-
 perature of 335 degrees below zero,
 and hydrogen more recently, at a tem-
 perature of 443 degrees below, is now
 experimenting with helium. To freeze
 hydrogen he used liquid air as the
 agent, and is using liquid hydrogen
 in his efforts to freeze helium. He ex-
 pects to get a temperature of 452 de-
 grees below in freezing helium, which
 will leave him nine degrees short of
 absolute zero. To overcome that a
 gas more volatile than helium must
 be discovered, when he will attempt
 to freeze it with liquid helium.

British Municipal Undertakings.
 A report shows that in England and
 Wales 265 cities have already engaged
 in productive undertakings, and in
 Scotland seventy-four. This means
 that nearly half of the municipalities
 of the island have entered competitive
 industry. Scores of towns and vil-
 lages are supplied by the existing mu-
 nicipal trading companies, and have no
 incentive to go into productive indus-
 try on their own account, while if they
 had to compete with or depend on private
 enterprise they would follow the
 example of their larger neighboring
 communities. The aggregate capital
 invested is nearly \$500,000,000, and one
 is quite prepared to read that ninety-
 four per cent of this total is borrowed
 money. As in Australia, so in Great
 Britain the experiments in socialism
 are conducted on capital raised by
 loans, and the municipalities expect to
 clear a net profit after paying the
 market rate of interest and providing
 for gradual extinction of the debt.
 In 1890 the British municipal debt
 was \$1,250,000,000. It is much higher
 now, and the increase in twenty years
 has been 200 per cent. Municipal rates
 have, of course, also increased
 steadily. The annual expenditures au-
 thorized by parliament and the local
 government board have increased from
 \$25,000,000 ten years ago to \$105,000,
 000 in 1890. The municipal authorities
 are not deterred by these figures from
 enlarging the scale and multiplying
 the number of their operations, but
 there were some witnesses who ques-
 tioned if the game was worth the candle,
 and whether the advantages were
 or were likely to be, great enough to
 justify the risk, expense and the in-
 direct consequences of this sort of social-
 ism.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sleeping in Spectacles.
 Some people wear their eyeglasses
 or spectacles to bed, for the simple
 reason that they cannot sleep without
 them on. At least, that's what an
 optician says, and he ought to know,
 for confessions were recently made
 him upon the point. A woman had re-
 peatedly come to him with the bows
 of her spectacles so badly twisted that
 he asked her how under the sun she
 ever managed to get them in such a
 state. He says that he had visions of
 some childish hands having a part in
 the work, some little one that liked
 to play with mamma's glasses. But
 the woman said that she had been
 wearing glasses so much of recent
 years that finally she had taken to
 wearing them to bed as the only way
 of getting to sleep. She said that it
 was only within the past few weeks
 that she had had any trouble from the
 custom, as she ordinarily managed to
 keep the front part of her face off the
 pillow, but lately she must have had
 had deep sleep, with more or less night-
 mares. Of his customers he has two
 who have been addicted to this habit
 of wearing glasses to bed, both for the
 same reasons. Imagine some people
 trying to wear glasses to bed, and the
 condition of things in the morning.
 Speaking of unusual cases in the
 wearing of glasses the optician said
 that some of those who undertook to
 wear glasses when in bathing had spe-
 cial frames made for the purpose,
 some that had a tighter grip, and others
 having them made with nickel
 frames on the principle that if they
 are lost, the cheaper the better.—Bos-
 ton Herald.

Stand Up When Fitting Shoes.
 "People would find less difficulty
 with ready-made shoes," says an ex-
 perience salesman, "if they would
 stand up to fit them on, instead of sit-
 ting down. Nine persons out of ten,
 particularly ladies, want a comforta-
 ble chair while they are fitting a shoe,
 and it is with the greatest difficulty
 you can get them to stand for a few
 minutes, even after the shoe is fitted.
 Then, when they begin walking about,
 they wonder why the shoes are not so
 comfortable as they were at first trial.
 A woman's foot is considerably small-
 er when she sits in a chair than when
 she walks about. Exercise brings a
 larger quantity of blood into the feet,
 and they swell appreciably. The mus-
 cles also require certain space. In
 buying shoes this fact should be borne
 in mind."—Pittsburg Dispatch.