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NEW OATH IN ENGLAND.

Kissing the Book to Become a Thing of the Past.

If the oath bill is passed "kissing the Book" the present insubstantial and undignified form of oath taking, will practically become a thing of the past in England. Every witness will be sworn with his hand uplifted, unless he voluntarily objects to being sworn in that fashion or is physically incapable of so taking the oath.

The witnesses who will avail themselves of their option to "kiss the Book" will be even less numerous than those who have been accustomed to exercise their right to be sworn with uplifted hand. The right has not been exercised, nor contemporary adds, because the majority of witnesses, however, great their dislike to the insubstantial oath, have been unwilling to make themselves conspicuous in a court of justice by making an unusual request.

With the abolition of "kissing the Book" in England the insubstantial oath will practically disappear from the civilized world.

The Hidden Corner.

Let mystery have its place in you; do not be always turning up your whole soul with the plowshare of self-examination, but leave a little fallow corner in your heart ready for any seed that the winds may bring, and reserve a nook of shadow for the passing bird; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guest, an altar for the unknown God. Then if a bird sings among your branches, do not be too eager to tame it. If you are conscious of something new—thought or feeling—wakening in the depths of your being, do not be in a hurry to let the light in upon it, to look at it; let the springtime germ have the protection of being forgotten, hedge it in upon its darkness; let it take shape and grow, and not a word of your happiness to any one? Sacred work of nature as it is, all conception should be enwrapped by the triple veil of modesty, silence and night—Amiel.

Case of Chew.

"Whah's det ornery bull pup yo' own'd, Mistah Simpson?" asked the neighbor with the bucket and whitewash brush.
"Huh!" granted Mistah Simpson. "Dat dawg got so vicious Ah traded him off for a plug ob tobacco."
"Gosh, dat was a queer trade. wasn't et, Mistah Simpson?"
"Not et all sah. Ah knew of Ah kept det dawg he'd chew me, so Ah thought Ah'd trade him off for a plug ob tobacco en do sum chewing mah-self."

As to the Kindergarten.

A writer in a current magazine thinks that the kindergarten child lacks the power of concentration. The effort is to make it learn things easily, and as an education cannot be acquired that way, she thinks the kindergarten unnecessary for children whose home surroundings are what they should be. For other children she can see how the school would awaken dormant faculties that their lack of proper environment would not otherwise develop.

A Little Too Early.

Senator Spooner of New York is a famous story teller and invariably original. He was telling a new one to a group of senators at the New Willard shortly before he resigned.
"Isn't that one of Senator Depew's stories?" asked one of his audience.
"Not yet," was the retort that turned out the laugh.

Innocence at Home.

The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.
"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.
"Why, how do you know?" was asked.
"Because in his sleep he said, 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't know what to draw.'"

An Exception Noted.

"Honesty is the best policy," she sighed softly.
Whereupon he stole a kiss. Later she admitted that there are exceptions to all rules.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Wardrobe.

First Moth—Hello, neighbor! I see you are dressed for the ball.
Second Moth—Yes. How do I look in this dress suit?

"LADIES AND GENTS."



"Have you many married salesladies in this store?"
"Yes, quite a few."
"What do their husbands do for a living?"
"By—their wives are still salesladies."

Imperfect Philanthropy.

Klecker—Did your father give you an auto?
Bocker—Yes, but he didn't endorse it.
At a negro ball, instead of "not transferable" on the tickets, notice was posted over the door: "No gentlemen admitted unless he comes himself."

WHERE WAS BILL?

Jones's Goods Gave an Awful Shock to His Wife.

Bill Jones is a country store-keeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and he was home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman, his wife happened to look at the largest. She offered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "Bill inside."

What Was Missing.

An English drill sergeant whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of a cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so, "Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention. Having reached the end of the lane, he turned round, regarded the recruits with a scrutinizing eye and then remarked, "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'av'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

Down in Arkansas.

In a part of Arkansas where the natives take life easy, a young man and his sister were one day sitting on the porch when a funeral passed.
The boy, who was sitting whistling in a chair tilted comfortably back against the side of the house on his hind legs, remarked, "I reckon ol' man Johnson's got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hereah."

"A purty good sized one, is it?" questioned the sister.
"You betcher," the boy answered.
"I would like to see it," replied the girl. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way."

Excusable.

School children in Greater New York were required some time since to bring to their teachers vaccination and birth certificates. Frequent forgetfulness made one teacher impatient, and word went out that the certificates must be there on a certain morning. On that day an anxious little girl raised her hand the moment school opened, and on being told to speak, said tremblingly:
"Please, teacher, don't get mad at me. I've forgot my excuse for being born."

WAS NOT TO BLAME.



She—Did you tell that photographer you didn't want your picture taken?
He—Yes.
She—What did he say?
He—He said he didn't blame me.

Johnny's Sarcophagus.

"Johnny came mighty near choking to death the other day," said Mrs. Lappling. "He was eating popcorn, and he got a grain of it fast in his windpipe. At last, that's where I thought it was, but when the doctor came he said it wasn't his windpipe at all. The popcorn had lodged in his sarcophagus."

The Explanation.

"Charlie, dear," queried the fair maid at the ball park, "why does that man behind the hitter wear such a big bib?"
"That," explained Charlie, "is to keep his shirt front from getting mauled when the ball knocks his teeth out."

A Last Opportunity.

Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me, I bent my head and said nothing.
Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear, but never mind; you've made up for it since.

"Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?" asked Mr. Walthele.
"I am inclined to go further than Darwin did," answered Miss Cayenne, "and believe that some members of our species have started on a return trip."

TAUGHT TO BE HONEST.

Ransie Revealed the Method Used to Reform Him.

A few years ago there was a shifty, less colored boy named Ransie Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked:
"Well, what did they put you at in prison, Ransie?"
"They started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."

"That's good, Ransie, and I hope they succeeded."
"They did, sah."
"And how did they teach you to be honest?"
"They done put me in the shoe shop, sah, makin' pasteboard enter shoes to member so's, sah."

Helpful Beauty Hints

Dark Rings Under the Eyes—Some Lines On the Forehead—The Cause of the Face for Oily Skin—For Removal of Scars from Pimples—To Blacken Eye-Lashes—Develop the Bust.

There is always some internal cause for the black circles under the eyes. The tendency is sometimes hereditary, but dark lines are usually due to some congestion of the veins of the part, and are rarely, if ever, found excepting under one or more of the following circumstances:

When the subject is anemic and there is an impairment of the chemical constitution of the blood, or when the system is being drained, as it would in prolonged study, lack of sleep or dissipation of any description. The external treatment is sometimes effective temporarily, but cannot be permanent while the cause exists.

Baths frequently with cold water and use friction. A little turpentine liniment or weak ammonia, one part of diluted ammonia to four of water may be rubbed into the skin daily (once), but great care must be taken that it does not reach the eye proper.

Dieting as a Fad.

There is no denying that most of us eat too much; equally true is it that dieting often becomes a fad and not too healthful one.

Just now it seems as if dieting were the latest touch of smartness. Half the people you meet have cut off "fat" or are eating "that" in the interest of health, complexion or figure.

If dieting is under the advice of a doctor, eat and good; even so the rest of the world might be spared the logic and advice of special lines of eating. It is boreome to hear and as dangerous to adopt. Go on dieting if you must; cut off your daily menu meats, entrees, sweets and other dainties your passions and meal orderers; but do it on the advice of a reliable physician, not because of the enthusiasm of dieting friends whose course may be fatal for you.

Benzoin on the Face.

Friction of benzoin is an astringent drops of which in a basis of cold cream will make the complexion white firm. It may be used where there is a tendency to enlarged pores or active oiliness of the skin, but when the complexion is delicate it is very likely to be too strong. You can easily tell whether it agrees with your complexion or not after using it once or twice. If it stings at all or makes the skin look blotchy it should not be used. If it agrees with your skin it may be used every day, if you like, without harm. It has no effect on the eyebrows and lashes, but will make the eyes burn, and you should be careful to keep the eyes shut when washing with it.

A Skin Food.

The following is the recipe for an excellent skin food:

Orange-Flower Cream.
Oil of sweet almonds . . . 4 ounces.
White wax 4 drams.
Spermaceti 4 drams.
Borax 2 drams.
Glycerine 1-1/2 ounces.
Orange-flower water . . . 2 ounces.
Oil of neroli 15 drops.
Oil of bigarade (orange skin) 15 drops.
Oil of petit grain . . . 15 drops.
Mix the first three ingredients, add the glycerine to the orange-flower water and dissolve the borax in the mixture, then pour it slowly into the melted fats, stirring continuously.

Scars from Pimples.

If scars have entirely healed and the skin is perfectly healthy, the pores could gradually be absorbed. The action by massage either by hand or electricity and of the face scrubbing with will by increasing the circulation build up the cuticle. Below is the formula of a pomade which rub upon the scar with gentle friction. But do not use this pomade if there is the slightest eruption on face. This has been successful in erasing light scars, it will not remove deep ones:
Lanoline, 2 drams; ointment of "mercurio of mercury, 1 dram.

He Was Well Equipped.
A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, straightening himself to his full height, replied: "Brother, I am a fisher of men."
"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.—Success Magazine.

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong, now?" we ask.
"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggin's cured himself ten thousand dollars, and put his property in his wife's name so that Bennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."
"And last night Mrs. Spriggin's eloped with Bennett!"

Fulfilling Instructions.
The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.
"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."
And the editor, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.

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