Entire Family in Small Swiss Village Becomes Insane.

A strange case of a family suffering from religious mania is reported from the Swiss village of Offringen. There are eight grown children in the family, and recently they were conwerted by an itinerant preacher. Thereupon the whole family began to meglect their farm and domestic dution, and to spend the day and night in prayer. The cattle were neglected, would have been starved had they not been fed by the neighbors. One girl named Bertha declared that sche was the bride of Christ, and always went about clad in a garment of white. Strange rites, too, were practiced. Once at midnight the whole family, dressed in white clothes, asmembled around a wood pile altar in is field and burned a white calf, meanwhile dancing around the burning pile. This was called "immolation." Then Bertha expressed a wish to be immodated, and it appears that an atmempt was made to crucify her. The malice, however, got to know of this and arrived in time to prevent fur-Wher mischief. Bertha was found ill in bed with nail wounds in her hands. She and two sisters and a brother corers promutly removed to the lunatic asylum at Koenigsfelden.

CAN YOU TAKE YOUR MEDICINET

Determine to Succeed, and Eventually You Will "Get Thers."

A man should start out in life with a firm understanding with himself Sthat he is going to succeed; that he has undertaken to do a certain thing. and no matter how long it takes, or how difficult the process, he is going to do it.

He should resolve at the very outset What if he fails in anything he will make the best possible use of his failare get the best possible lesson from Sa; that he will make of it a steppingstone instead of a stumbling block. He should resolve that every setback schall ultimately prove an advance.

There is everything in starting out with an understanding with yourself that there is nothing else for you but the goal, that you are going to get where sooner or later no matter what stands in your way.

If you are only half committed to your proposition, however, if you are to leosely attached to your vocation that the least opposition will shake you from it, you will never get anywhere.-Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

Charm of the Apron.

Nowadays, when woman wishes to subdue man or win him to her whims. she puts on her finest frock and wooes im. Foolish girl so to trouble hermelt! She could do it twice as easily and many times as cheaply if she were to top off an old gown with any pattern of apron. Every kind is an arrow in her quiver. At least the Cleveland Leader says so. When she wears one mf the kitchen brand that runs from collar to hem of skirt, bares her white arms and mixes up a batch of flapfacks, she fascinates man with her domesticity. When she dons the par-Mor or gold thimble pattern, resplendent with the lace, coquettish of pockand so trim and provocative about the waist that a man has to grind his seeth and grip hard at the arms of his chair, he is perfectly willing to abase bis head and let her put her Cuban beels on his neck.

Women Who Work Hard.

More than half of the several hundred neonle taking the course at Lowell institute under Harvard pro-Messors, says a Boston paper, are womgen, and these courses require an atbendance three times a week. And wherever one goes the same thing is true, only as a general thing the proportion of women in such classes would be greater than one-half. This does not look as though women were wasting all their energies in the "dehanch of whist." Many women play whist and bridge, but it is generally those who want mental occupation that entails little solid brain work. The majority of bridge players prefer moen partners, so that one sex spends ms much time as the other over cards.

Just Suit Him.

"I don't believe you'd work if your Mfe depended was it," snorted the angly housewife.

"And dat's where yer do me a great injustice, mum," responded the tall pramp, blandly. If I could have conditions as I'd like dem, I'd work all de

"Why. I'd like to shovel snow down fin Florida and run a lawn mower up 掩 Alaska, mum."

Have You Noticed?

Harker-Say, Coggwood, you are up can automobile lore. When you have to supin out five or ten miles over smooth booads to tow in a broken down riend what do you call it?

Coggwood—Blamed lot of trouble and hig sacrifice

Harker-And then when you start on a thirty-mile spin through rain and zarud what do you call it? Coggwood-Why, man, that's fun!

A Legitimate Kick.

"Do you know that we are on the yearge of a milk famine?" "I should say I do. Our baby is firsting about it all the time."

"What does your baby know about "He is being weaned."—Houston

CRAZED BY RELIGIOUS MANIA. . STUCK TO THE PIGS AND HENS. ...

Good Thing About Artist Was, That THE Knew His Limitations.

When any one asked Mr. Hobart about the New York painter who spent one summer at the Hill Crest farm. Mr. Hobart's reply always held a mixture of liking and contempt.

"I prophisted he'd make a living," Mr. Hobart would say, "because he knew what he could do, little as 'twas,

and didn't try to fly too high.... "Yes," Mr. Hobart-would continue, with a thoughtful smile, "you couldn't get him to attempt any foolish flights. All that summer he set out in the hea yard, painting hens, or else out back o' the barn, painting pigs. And when I said to him, 'Look a-here, when Abe Fowler comes to paint the house, I'll get him to show you how, and let you take so much, and allow it on your board, he just shook his head and smiled that kind o' gentle sorrowful smile o' his, and says he, 'I couldn't think of it, Mr. Hobart. I should just ruin the looks o' the house,' he said. 'I'll keep to the pigs and the hens, for I know my limitations.'

"Well, 'twas a real relief to me, for I suppose likely he would have botched the job considable; and I said to him then, real hearty: 'Young man, you'll earn your living yet, for you ain't all et up with pride and ambition,' and my words have come true, by what I hear."-Youth's Companion.

RIGHT ONCE IN TEN ATTEMPTS.

Bad Speller Did Get It Correctly. Though He Wabbled Badly.

Some bad spellers hit on a phonetic version of a 'difficult word and stick to it; others are of the wabbly kind. One of these latter is an inspector for a fire insurance agency. He was ordered to visit a certain premises daily and report the amount of inflammable material stored there. In his first list be mentioned a certain number of gallons of "kereosine."

"Funny that he always gets these words wrong," said a man in the office. "You'd think that he'd get them right once in a while under the law of chances."

"Oh, he does hit the nail on the head sometimes." declared another man. Thereupon a bet of cigars was made that in his next ten reports the inspector would not spell "kerosene"

correctly. This unique spelling bee, in which there was only one contestent, and he unconscious of the match, aroused keen daily interest. Here is his exact list:

"Karosene, Coresene, Caresean (three times). Careosean. Kerosene. Careasean, Kareasean and Keariesene."

Thus on the seventh shot he hit the hullseve and the bet was won by the man who didn't believe that the devil was as black as he was painted.

Composite Beauty."

The classical face which is the model in art, is, according to the analysis of a recent writer, an ideal conception combining the largest number of good proportions. It is a composite of perfect individual features. Uzeuxis' "Helen of Argos" is a depiction of personal beauty in which are combined the charms of five beautiful virgins of that time. Cornova's "Venus" unites the beauty of 60 different women. Annie Wolf in her work, "The Truth About Beauty," says: The best recipe I have ever seen for complete bodily splendor is to study Greek models for the head, English for the complexion, Irish for the hands, American for the finger nails, Hindostanee for the feet, and Spanish for the gait." Now, the same composite principle obtains in the classical face.

Novel Idea for Getting Pennies. Probably there is no church in Philadelphia that is so original as a church located in the suburbs. This church has struck upon a novel idea for gathering in the pennies. There have been distributed a number of small envelopes to the various members, the idea being to make a mile of pennies. Each member is requested to put in his or her envelope 16 cents, or a foot of pennies when laid side by side. The church is called upon to meet an expense every Christmas for decorations and special music, and in the desire to raise enough money without going into the regular treasury the church officials struck upon this scheme.-Philadelphia Record.

Australian Pipe-Smoking Record.

Australia has captured yet another record. A Sydney firm of tobacconists offered a prize of £10 to the man who could longest keep his pipe alight Four hundred entered as competitors started at eight, and at 9:30 only score of pipes were still going. In less than an hour 19 more had re tired, leaving J. J. Graves of Surrey Hills the winner. He kept his pipe! going for two hours and 16 minutesone minute longer than the previous world's record held by Germany,

Over the Turkey, "Will father be an angel?" asked the little boy. "He's got whiskers, and angels don't have any."

"Well," replied the grandmother, "your father may get there, but it will be by a close shave."

Accounted For. Sunday School Teacher - Now, Johnny, what was the miracle of the loaves and fishes?

Johnny-The fish became as big as the men who caught them said they were.-New York Sun.

HIS SYMPATHY OUT OF PLACE.

Good Reason Why Author's Condelences Were Not Well Received.

At a meeting of the French academy a short time ago the "Immortals" had assembled and were conversing informally on the subject of the election of a new member when a wellknown writer entered the room. He greeted his colleagues, who smiled broadly upon him. Presently the smiles became laughter and it dawned upon the writer that something about him was the cause of the hilarity. Good-natured explanations followed and then, stroking his left cheek, the late arrival said: "I fancy you are right. I had not finished shaving when I thought of the election here to-day and rushed away, with the work undone." "Don't worry." said one of his friends: "remember Pasteur, who condoled with a woman who had just lost her husband, and thinking for the moment that it was the son who died. said: 'You are the more to be pitied because he was your only one.'

STORIES TOLD IN VENEZUELA. Gossip of South American City Is Racy in the Extreme.

An American, who knows Venezuela pretty well, observes in an article, in the Atlantic that he wishes that he could retail some of the stories of Venezuelan life heard in the restaurant La India-of the prominent official (perhaps still alive) who loaded his loot in coin on a launch which he filled to the gunwales, and drove her across the ocean sea to a refuge in Curação: of the melancholy succession of American ministers who disgraced us in Caracas in the days when the spoils system was at its worst: X. who drank from fingerbowls and kept his neighborhood moist with tobacco juice; Y, who suffered from the delirium tremens; Z, whose wife, at dinner parties, used her napkin for a handkerchief. "But Caracas gossip requires a book for itself," he says.

A Magician Mystifies.

Two men sat in the hotel lobby glowering at the smoke which they blew toward the ceiling. At intervals they broke into argument, which involved personality.

"What's the matter with them?" asked a salesman.

"One is the proprietor of this hotel," answered the accommodating clerk, "the other owns the only newspaper in town.

Last night both went to the theater, where a magician asked for a handkerchief. A man jokingly handed him a his square of muslin. "The magician studied the cloth for

a few minutes, and then said, dramatically:

one clean sheet in this town. "And now the publisher says the hotel bedclothes were alluded to, and the other insists that it was the town's

Just a Suggestion.

A reader of the New York Tribune writes from London: "It is evident that some people in your country believe that military organizations in which a member must be of a certain religion are all right, your editorial opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The Chronicle of this city tells us that at Milwaukee a Jewish military company has been formed and named 'The Rothschild Guards,' and suggests 'this opens up some new possibilities in nomenclature, and then gives the names of prominent Jews which might figure as prefixes to organizations in various branches of the service. In your city you might have the 'Dinkelspiel Sharpshooters,' the 'Sullivan Cavalry Cadets,' or the 'Minzesheimer Muskeeters.' This and more will follow the emulation of the Milwaukee example."

A Free Advertisement. A Frenchwoman on her way to this country met on the steamer the principal of a well-known school of languages. After she reached Philadelphia she took some lessons at the school, stating that she meant to write a book of her impressions in America, and intimated that she should speak at length of the institution and its master. Thinking of the free advertisement that was to be his, the professor redoubled his affability.

When the book appeared he read with mixed feelings: "On the steamer I met Mons. X.,

who was seasick in seven languages."

The Point of View. "So you cling to that childish superstition about 13 being unlucky," said!

"Yes," answered the other. "Can't get away from it." "But see how completely it is disproved. This glorious country started with 13 colonies."

"Very true. But I am an Englishman."-Washington Star.

The Essentials. "I think," said Miss Cayenne, "that I will write a magazine story."

"Have you thought one out?" "Yes. I'm going to have a man named Hiram, another named Peleg, a sirl named Samantha and an old gray mase, and the rest doesn't matter."

Sufficient Ressen. "Don't you admire the old-time melo-

dies?" "No; I'm a fresh-air flend."-Dramatic Telegram.

GREAT VIRTUE IN THE ORIENT. 4

Filial Piety Highly Regarded in Japan and China.

Filial plety, as is well known, is the special virtue of China and Japan. From it springs loyalty to the emperor, who is regarded as "the father and mother of his people." There are no greater favorites with the Japanese than the "Four and Twenty Paragons of Filial Piety," whose acts of virtue are the subjects of Chinese

legend. One of the Paragons had a cruel stepmother who was very fond of fish. Never repining at her cruel treatment of him, he lay down on the frozen surface of a lake. The warmth of his body melted a hole in the ice. at which two carp came up to breathe. These he caught and took home to his stepmother.

Another Paragon, a boy with a most sensitive skin, insisted on sleeping without any covering at night; so that the mosquitoes should fasten on him. while his parents slumbered undisturbed.

female sex, clung to the jaws of a tiger that was about to devour her father until the latter escaped. The drollest of all these stories is that of Rorashi. This Paragon, though 70 years old, used to dress in baby's

Another Paragon, who was of the

clothes and crawl about on the floor. his object being to delude his parents, who were over 90 years old, into the idea that they could not be so very old after all, as they had such an exceedingly infantile son.—The Sunday

ANATOMY FOR THE BEGINNER.

Little, Lesson Wherein Subject Is Brought Up to Date.

Proceeding in a southerly direction from the torso, we have the hips, useful for padding, and the legs. The legs hold up the body, and are sometimes used in walking, but when riding in automobiles they take up valuable space which otherwise might be employed to better advantage.

Attached to the legs are the feet. Some varieties of feet are cold. Some people are born with cold feet, others acquire cold feet, and still others have cold feet thrust upon them.

with cuticle, which either hangs in graceful loops or is stretched tightly from bone to bone. On the face it is known as the com-

The surface of the body is covered

plexion, and is used extensively for commercial purposes by dermatologists, painters and decorators. Between the cuticle and the bones

are the muscles, which hold the bones

together and prevent them from fall-

ing out and littering up the sidewalks as we walk along. Packed neatly and yet compactly inside the body are the heart, the liver and the lungs: also the gall, which in

Americans is abnormally large. These organs are used occasionally by the people who own them, but their real purpose is to furnish surgeons a living.—Lippincott's.

Intricate Japanese Knots.

The Japanese have no use for buttons, buckles or hooks and eyes. Cord serves every purpose of fastening and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end. The Japanese have hundreds of knots. Some are as old as the time when history was recorded by a series of knots, just as it was in China and Peru before the invention of writing. There are dozens of knots in common and ceremonial usage, and these every Japanese child can tie. To name but a few, there are plum blossom, cherry blossom, iris, chrysanthemum and pine tree knots. Also there are Fujiyama knots, turtle and stork knots: the "old man's," which is easy to tie; the "old woman's," which is difficult, and many others.

Bingham Has Sense of Humor.

Police Commissioner Bingham is a great believer in training and discipline as aids to efficiency. It is his ambition to make the policeman of New York as perfect a model of training as a German infantryman. At the same time he is a martinet who possesses a sense of humor, and one of his favorite stories is about a hospital nurse who was being discussed by two physicians.

"Was she a trained nurse?" asked the first medico.

"She must have been," replied the other. "She had not been in the hospital two weeks before she was engaged to our richest patient."

Coloring an Abyssinian Bride. Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin.

From ebony she has to become the color of cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with woolen stuff, with the exception of her head; then they burn certain green and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive forcemeat bails.

A First-Class Post. "Who is he?" she whispered to the man at her side. "D'Rhymer? Why, he's a poet," was the reply.

"A really, truly, first-class poet?" she breathed. "I should say so," approvingly. "Why, he writes those condensed soup advertisements."—The Bellman.

CIVILIZED MAN-ALONE SNORES.

Unpleasant Habit Absolutely Unknown Among Savages.

It is a truism that n one ever heard of a snoring savage. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly, he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more quietly sleeping adversary. With civilization. however we have changed all this, declares a writer in Health. The impure air of our sleeping rooms induces all manner of catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to become affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on the way to the lungs, and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded, the nose becomes obstructed. A part of the air enters and escapes by the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents-that through the mouth and the one still passing through the partially closed nostrils-like a torn sail in the wind The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, that his nose is partially closed, and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified. From the continued operation of these causes-the increase of impure air in sleeping rooms and permitting habitual snorers to escape killing and scalping-some scientist has predicted that in the future all men (and all women, too) will snore. It goes along with decay of the teeth and baldness.

FEW WORDS, BUT TO THE POINT. Elder Evidently Meant There Should Be No Misunderstanding.

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an English lady who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon-such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple part's.

There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders-who had great loeal reputation as a man of partsshould be deputed to settle the ques-

On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her anpearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, entreating her with an upraised finger, said, sternly:

"The first toot-ye're oot!"-Har-

A Good Inheritance. No boy or girl can ever come to be utterly bad who remembers only love and tenderness and unselfishness and sweetness as associated with father them manly and womanly examples, give them training give them the inspiration of devoted lives, give them these higher, deeper things. Do not care so much as to whether you are accumulating money, so that you can leave them a fortune. I really believe that the chances are against that's being a blessing for a boy. But leave. them an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then, if you happen to leave them the fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil and will become an instrument of the higher and noblergood.-Minot J. Savage.

Was He Delirious? "Almost every man," says a Baltimore specialist, "learns sooner or later to think of his doctor as one of his hest friends, but this fact does not hinder the world from laughing at the profession.

'How is our patient this morning? asked a physician, a fellow-graduate

of mine, of a patient's brother. "'Oh, he's much worse, came from the other in a tone of dejection. 'He's been delirious for several hours. At three o'clock he said: "What an old woman that doctor of mine is!" and he hasn't made a rational remark since:""-Lippincott's.

Pistois for Twe.

Mr. Burr to Mr. Hamilton: "You must perceive, sir, the necessity of & prompt and unqualified acknowledgement or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper."

Mr. Hamilton to Mr. Burr: "Your first letter, in a style too peremptory; made a demand, in my opinion, unprecedented and unwamantable.... But by your last letter, containing expressions indecorous and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation intrinsically incident to the nature of your application."

To Be Original Be Honest and Sincere To be original, we must be natural, that is enough; and if we are honest and sincere we shall be original; begin each day with a mind as open as a child's negatively alive to the new world and the new year that begins with every dawn; reverence our impulses, respect them as we would the tenderest shoots from our costliest bulbs. Theory, knowledge, precedents kill impolse, even as certainly as life murders youth .- Gutson Borglum in Crafteman.

Crusty Old Crossus-You do not appreciate in the least what I flid for you when I made you my wife. elay Young Wife-But 1 will when I'm your widow.

The second secon

Flattering

MERE MATTER OF INFORMATION.

Irishman Seemed to Have Good Reason for His Inquiry.

Officers have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might curtail or forego the privilege, suggests Youth's Companion. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston city hospital relief station in a great hurry. He stepped up to a man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?" "Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor." "Are you married?" questioned the

officer. "Yis, sor, but is this the relief station?" He was nursing his hand in

AGODY. "Of course it is. How many children have you?

"Eight, sor. But, sure, this is the relief station?" "Yes, it is," replied the officer, a

little angry at the man's persist-"Well," said Patrick, "sure an' I was beginning to think that it might

LONDON'S WEALTH AND POVERTY 8ad Extremes That Prevail in the

be the pumping station!"

World's Richest City. The London county council, according to yearly custom, has just published some suggestive statistics. In them the British capital is put down

as probably the wealthlest city in the world. Its property is insured against fire for about six billions of dollars. It takes about 419,037 tons of killed meat and 58,735 live cattle, 375,950 sheep, 174,332 tons of fish and 80.826,-330 gallons of milk to feed the population, which uses 82,152,249,000 gallons of water for drinking and other pur-

But besides being the "wealthlest," Lendon is also, to use a word made famous by Bernard Shaw, the "Illthiest." Of the 4,795,789 human beings that live on its 74,816 acres of land and water, 1,453,266, or one in every 33, are paupers. But more appalling still is the fact that 20 persons in every 100 die in an almshouse or almshouse infirmary. No wonder the city is obliged to distribute through its charities more than \$50,-000,000 annually.

Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 has a remarkable cold weather record and is known as "the year without a summer." In that year there was a sharp frost in every month, and the people all over the world began to believe that some great and definite change in the earth was taking place. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen-hundred andstarve-to-death." Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost everygreen thing was killed and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. During the month snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine: There were frost and ice in July in New York, New England and Pennsylvania. and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. Ice half an inch thick formed in August. A cold morth

wind prevailed all summer.

Men the Umbrella Losers. "If the umbrella is for a gentleman I suggest that it be cheap," the cierk said. "For a lady, the costlier the um-

"Ladies, you know, never lose umbrellas, never leave them in cars or shops, never carelessly allow them to be swiped. Why, there are gold and stiver handled umbrellas, the property of ladles, that have been coming back

to us for repairs for 40 years. "But men-dear me! Men are liable so lose an umbrella the first day they take it out.

"For a man, you say, sir?" Then I recommend this strong and serviceable article at 74 cents, reduced from

Tall Lofting.

Many remarkable but yet properly vouched for feats of skill are recorded of professional golfers. Thus on one occasion when in his prime the late Tom Morris, Sr., undertook todemonstrate his ability in lofting a ball. For this purpose he stood in a quarry underneath the familiar Ballochingle bridge and sent a number of "gutties" in succession up to the footpath at the top, a height of nearly 150 yards. Probably without knowing it in doing so he was emulating am earlier performance of an Edinburgh player who once drove half a dozen balls over the spire of St. Giles' cathedral from the level of the street.

Given the Mitten.

One cold day a lovesick young man, who had for some time barasand a young lady with his attentions, was hurrying along the street behind this very young lady when he perceived, with delight, something drop from her muff to the sidewalk.

man rushed shead and, accounting her, smilingly held out her recovered prop-Without deigning to accept it, she

Picking it up, the gallant young

eyed him coldly a moment, then said: "You may keep it, it's my mitten."

Bad Scoring.

"Yes, he's one of the worst marks-"Never musses up the target, eh?" I should say not. Why, when he

goes to vote he can't even get the cross in the circle."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS Transpar of Louisians of tan. Tom tot titing in But the Dauffeite afre done in Committee des avantages! exceptionnels. Friz in l'abornes and us l'angue ! Butt vi Cratidionne 232 A

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