BLDVICE FOR NERVOUS MAN

sek Relief In Work, Says One Whd Has Found It to Be Successful Cure.

The famous Harvard geologist, Nachapiel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of minkularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diwerse as national politics, the seeds of the fossil Conferse, and the question. whether there might not be some ethhological considerations bearing on

mathematical studies. Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him. and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy.

"No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home, and ever since I've been trying to work it off.'

Asking advice from Shaler was a wery different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occawion-apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity school how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly-graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity.

After a moment's thought, the professor said, in substance:

"Go to Colorado, get down into a mirit, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now."

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

SYMPATHY NOT IN ORDER

Most People Will Agree That Ungenerous Woman Got Merely Her Just Deserts.

It seems a pity to attempt to point out the moral of the following story. for its lesson so much depends on the experience of the individual reader. A gentleman, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, wished to make his wife a present of a lace scarf, but had no desire to pay an extravagant inrice.

"I want you to buy a new lace scarf for Cousin Amelia," he said to his wife. "Choose something nice some

thing you would get for yourself." he wife, however. d her own Meas as to generosity in buying presents, and the purchase, when she made it, consisted of a very simple

"H'm!" said the husband. "Is that what you would have chosen for your-

"Exactly!" she replied. "Well, my dear, keep it. I meant it for you!" he exclaimed, with an amiable smile.

A Nice Calculation. Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights, but alas! those for the second evening; were all gone. This was the more pouular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We aid want to go, didn't we, and we wantand to go both nights."

"You couldn't give us two tickets for mach night?" inquired the other, of the elerk. "No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose coom." A great resolution beamed upon her

gentle face. "Then," said she firmly, "give me. four tickets for the first night. We

will make them do." "Why, sister," quavered the other, "you going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights-" She paused, bewil-Mered, quite out of her calculation. Then a happy thought struck her, and the added, "We'll go twice the first leight."-Youth's Companion.

Just Exchanged Flats.

"I heard an entirely new one to me the other day," said a man who hears all kinds of queer things in his business. "I was standing near the telephone booths at the Grand Central when a woman began to talk to a friend, apparently uptown. She said that a friend of hers was coming to New York in a few days and didn't.

want to go to a hotel. "I hear you are going to Chicago." the said. 'Well, my friend has a nice Mat on the Lake Drive and just like yours, with a good servant. Why don't you two swap. You take her flat while you are in Chicago and let her take yours.' "And the uptown woman seemed delighted with the arrangement."-New York Sun.

Would Be More Popular. If the ladies' tailors will make it the

fashion for a woman to wear dresses she can put on without the help of her kusband, the cook and a monkeywrench, they will be popular with the gallows who pay the blils.—Washington Times

TURNED TABLES ON ROOT

Secretary's Familiar Little Remark Didn't Seem as Funny as Idealt Used To.

Senator Depew told a little story on himself and Senator Root in his speech at the dinner in Washington to Mr. Root by the New York Republican congressional delegation.

"When Root was secretary of state," said Senator Depew, "I went over to see him and asked him if he couldn't do something for me in the line of consular appointments. He said: 'Senator, I'm sorry, I would like do something for New York, but (and Mr. Root picked up a paper from his desk) I see that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent!'

"Well," continued Senator Depew, "I kept going to see Senator Root for a year. Every time I went to see him he would remind me that New York's quota was exceeded by 14 per cent. Finally I said: 'Mr. Secretary, I think you're a great statesman, but your mathematics are inclined to be sutomatic '

"After Mr. Knox became secretary of state." Senator Depew said, when, the laughter had subsided. "Benator" Root went up to see him about consular appointments. 'Tim sorry,' said Mr. Knox, but (and he turned to a document file) I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'

BOY'S LOVE OF ADVENTURE

Not the Slightest Reason for Alarm If He Looks Forward to the Life o ... of a Pirate.

The love of adventure is an expression of boyhood's abounding vitality; there is always hope for the boy who looks forward to being a pirate and carrying the Jolly Roger through the seven seas-provided that at the same time his mind is making acquaintance with other aspects of life which may finally prove almost as desirable as piracy, declares a writer in the Delineator.

A child's nonsense is his mind's play and safety valve, which may be developed into a sense of humor that will help to keep him sane, or degenerate into a mere habit of foolish and cruel practical joking. His curiosity may prove a key wherewith to unlock stores of wisdom, or a means of purveying base and even vile things to his mind, while his sentiment-and we may be sure that it is present in the average boy's strangely assorted spiritual baggage—may sink to a sentimentality which shall sap his manhood or be refined into an attribute. of honor and devotion.

Baby "Owns" All Holland.

It is questionable whether there is a royal child so adored as the little Princess Juliana of Holland, whose birth set all hearts at rest in that little kingdom. It is painful to think of the disruption of the state had Wilhelmina remained childless, but now all, from the mother to the humblest subject, are blest indeed. The little princess is nearly eight months old, is and has been from the first a vigorous and promising child; the queen is said to exercise the most constant and lealous oversight of everything that pertains to her welfare. The cutting of the first tooth of the little princess was known all over Holland as soon as it was through and inquiries as to its health and its growth in every way, mentally as well as physically, is of the greatest importance. It is noted as an instance of the kindness of heart of the queen that when the child was baptized all of the queen's former instructors were present. They are now white-haired men, but greatly gratified to be so remembered.

Kossuth Disciple's Wealth to Poor. A few days ago, at the age of 82, there died at Zombor in Hungary, one of Kossuth's followers named Stefan Komjovits, who had always led an eccentric existence and had been regarded as a man of merely moderate means. But on his death his will showed that he was one of the richest men in his province and had husbanded his wealth chiefly for the purpose of distributing it at his death in benefiting his fellow citizens.

His bequests include 80 morgen of land and 60,000 kronen for an institute for the blind, 200 morgen and 400 -000 kronen for a school, 1,200 morgen and 30,000 kronen for a cadet training institution and 250,000 kronen for a

church. Two hundred and fifty thousand kronen was left to a priest, his servant and stewards receive 200,000 each. and 120 other persons 3,000 kronen each.-Lokal Anzeiger.

A Bit of Negro Humor.

Robert Edeson tells the following story of a negro servant that is worth

repeating: One day last summer, Mr. Edeson noticed that Lindy was in an unusually good humor while doing her work-singing all the time. He called her in the room and saw she was arrayed in colors that would have shamed Solomon, including as they did all the bright hues of the rain-

"Lindy," said he, "why are you so happy to-day?" This evoked the reply: "Marse Bob,' I just buried my fourth husband yesterday." "You did." said Mr. Edeson. "Well, it seems to me that it would be more befitting you to array yourself in garments of a somber hue."

"Dat's alright," said Lindy, "but Fin' one of dose folks dat caries dere grief in de heart instead of on dere clothes."---Utica Observer.

"SETTLER" FOR THE ORATOR

Boy's Question Ended the Speechmaking, and Almost Put Stop to Banquet.

Daniel H. Grady, the brilliant young Portage lawyer, comes to Milwaukee almost every week, and usually has at least one new story to tell, says the Free Press of that city. This is the last one Mr. Grady passed out for the delectation of a group of Democratic politicians.

Col. "Jim" Burke of Mauston, was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an orator who believed in using "the floor" as long as he could keep it on the rare occasions when his fellow townsmen permitted him to make a speech. The colonel responded to the toast, "The Emerald Isle" at a big St. Patrick's day banquet some years ago, and he made good his ancient reputation as a iong-distance talker. After recalling the history of Ireland during all the distressful centuries with close attention to details, the speaker paused for breath. The audience was glad of the respite.

"And now I've told ye a few of the great evints of the glorious history of the ould sod," said the colonel, mopping his brow. "Is there anny wan who wishes to ask anny questions?" A little lad at the far end of the

room stood up timidly. "If Oi'm not out of ahrder," he piped shrilly, "if Oi'm not out of ahrder, Oi'd lolke to ask just wan question."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'd be happy to answer if I can." "Well, thin," said the lad, "would yez be so kind as to tell me what toime o' the night or the marnin' it

is?" said the lad. The band struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head off the incipient

BETTER THAN GOLDEN EGGS

Figures Prove That Product of Prize Hen Was Far Greater Than That from Fabled Goose.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the holders that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her but refused it. At about this time the henlaid an egg and, that it might be evident that she was a producer as wellas a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the pen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purloined: shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well-known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of his facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury at Washington which visitors are allowed to lift to get the idea of just how heavy that much money is. It weighs something like thirty pounds. Now, if the egg of this hen, with the prospect of being hatched into a creature as valuable as the parent, is estimated as being worth one-tenth as much as she is, the stolen egg would be worth \$1,000—which amount of money would weigh three pounds or as much as two dosen eggs. So the egg of the Pennsylvania hen is worth 24 times as much as the greatlytouted goose egg and deserves fame in accordance.

Big Turtle Caught with a Light Rod. L. L. Betts, John Miller and H. J. Saxon made one of the most remarkable fishing catches vesterday ever recorded. The gentlemen went out on the yacht La Poupee and while trolling about Mr. Betts hooked into a 150pound loggerhead turtle.

The monster put up a game fight and for fully two hours it was nip and tuck between turtle and man, but the man triumphed, as nearly always be does, and his turtleship was hauled aboard and brought to port. The capture of the turtle is remarkable, first, because they seldom take a hook, and second, because Mr. Betts had only a light rod and reel and slender tackle and was not prepared to undertake such a "killing." It was skilled manipulation of the reel more than anything else that made the capture of the turtle possible.-Miami News-Record.

"The Old Man in the Belfry" to Dead. John Denham, known for many years as the "old man of the belfry." and for 40 years elder and trustee of the Church of the Sea and Land, is dead. He was a familiar figure on the East Side, and his time was solely devoted to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. Mr. Denham was born in Scotland in 1826, and came to New York in 1860, working for many years thereafter as a tallor. He became eldar and trustee of the church, and when he retired from business, fifteen years ago, he took up his residence in the belfry of the building, so that he might be near the needy persons in the neighborhood.-New York Post.

Table Rapping New Fad. "What in the world is that noise?" asked a visitor as a continuous dull

thumping sounded just over her head. "That is the family above us," said the hostess. "They are interested in psychical research, and are making a table rap, as they often do of an eveming. Yes, it is quite annoying, but they are good neighbors and we don't complain. The two daughters of the house are quite expert in this line and last week a society woman hired them to entertain her guests for an evening. They tell me it was a great REFUSE TO BE DISCOURAGED

Japanese, Taken Either as a Race or as Individuals, Are Ever ...Optimistic.

The Japs are the most optimistic people on the face of the earth. Kick a coolie and he will get up smiling; tax him and he will wonder why he wasn't levied upon long before; give him a disaster and he will say it might have been worse. He knows no discouragement. Few races in history have been so heavylly taxed as have the Japanese to overcome the cost of the last war. They look upon their huge debt lightly, and when the government told them they would have to pay it they laughed cheerfully -and went at it. Commercial activitles were doubled, even trebled. A smart legislative body put exceedingly heavy taxes on cigars and tobaccos, luxuries all Japanese forego. In doing this the white foreigner was made to help out the struggling masses. Horses are as rare in Japan as buffalo are in this country to-day. One may walk a dozen blocks down the principal street of any Japanese metropolis without seeing a single horse. The owners of what few there are pay dearly for the privilege of keeping them. The friend of man in most other countries, here the horse is judged man's worst enemy. If the country were overrun with horses thousands of 'rickshaw coolies would be out of a job. Now a condition in which people are out of jobs is not good for any country, and particularly is it bad for war debts, as it lets them run on indefinitely drawing princely interest.—Bookkeeper.

THE WOMAN AND THE DOG

Simple Explanation That Made Crowd of Frightened Men Look Rather Foolish.

A crowd gathered at Tenth and Barton streets to watch a handsome for terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man. The fox terrier stood in the center of the group, with wide-open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to MOVE

At this functure, the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad: that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet-looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her. two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with: "Madam, that dog is mad. He must

be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth." "Foam," she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was cating." -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Undisturbed Femininity. "Women may be catty in little things, yet they have a childlike trust in each other's honesty," said the man. "If they hadn't they could never have sat serenely through the situation that faced several of them the other night at the opera. I had a balcony seat. Beside me sat a woman who discovered at the end of the first act that she had lost her purse. She thought it had slipped to the seat in front. The woman occupying that seat stood up, shook her wraps and looked under the seat, but couldn't

find the purse. "'Still, it may be here some place,' she said. 'My own bag has slipped down to the seat in front of me. I'll

get it when the opera is over.' "Then other women began to hunt for handbags and purses that had fallen. Some found them, others didn't. But nobody seemed to mind. They had a perfect faith that the things would turn up later and settled back tranquilly for the second act. Imagine a lot of men letting their purses lie around like that."

No Beggars is Copenhagen. Copenhagen is a city of 500,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or bootlaces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms-not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the stums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unkempt women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirts houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper, and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain-Denmark let-

Oslertzing Society. A friend from Donmark who declares he knows tells me that the late king and queen of Denmark put down their undoubted and even extraordinary youthfulness of subcarance and character to the fact that they never had anybody about their court who was over 40 years of age. Any gentheman or lady over that ago was supperannected.—The Gentlewoman.

ter in London Express.

Child-Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side!

Mamma (to nurse)-Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side.

Editor .achdo madate Y .53.86.

MADE THE AUDIENCE LAUGH

Singer's Selection of Ditty for an Encore Was Too Manifestly Inappropriate,

During the present musical season much popularity has been gained by a little song with the odd title, "It Is Not Raining Rain to Me; It's Raining Violet." It is a tuneful bit of melody and has been used for encore purposes with great success. It was during a recent recital that the quaint bit attained real distinction. The affair took place at the Rittenhouse on a wet, blustering evening, and as the night wore on the storm increased to the proportions of a blizzard. The wind arose until its roar blended weirdly with the music and the intermissions were punctuated by boisterous clatterings of hallstones against the windows. During the tenor solo by Paul K. Harper the storm reached the height of its fury and the applause which followed his effort was mingled with shrill echoings of the storm king's wreath.

As the singer arose for an encore a perfect deluge of rain smote the windows and when the orchestra struck up the unkling prelude of the familiar air a smile broke over the audience. "Seeswish!" went the torrent out-

side. "B-r-r-r!" shivered the audience.

"It is not raining rain-" began the tenor, but it was too much for even the politest of audiences and a storm of laughter followed that even included the soloist .- Pittsburg Gasette-Times

IRISH VS. ITALIAN METHOD

Former is Decidedly the More Effective, Taking the Related Incident as Proof.

Rev. Sanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a streetcar incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change.

"I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform. The Italian sat meekly in silence.

but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway. "Gimme five cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp! Gimme five cints."

And he got it.-Judge.

He Could Not Recommend It. The editor of the Plunkville Argus was seated at his desk, busily engaged cessity of building a new walk to the cemetery, when a battered specimen of the tramp printer entered the office. "Mornin', boss!" said the caller. "Got any work for a 'print'?"

"I have," answered the editor. "You happened in just right this time. I've got only a boy to help me in the office and I need a man to set type for about a week. I have to make a trip out west. You can take off your coat and begin right now. I start to-morrow morning."

"All right," said the typographical tourist, removing his coat. "What road are you going to travel on?"

"The X., Y. & Z., mostly. I've never been on it. Know anything about it?" "I know all about it. I've traveled it from one end to the other."

"What kind of a road is it?" "Punk!" said the printer, in a tone indicative of strong disgust. "The ties are too far apart!"-Youth's Compan-

Russian Wheat Production.

An enormous crop of wheat has been grown in Russia this year, placing that land for the first time at the head of wheat-growing countries. Its harvest of 783,000,000 bushels exceeds that of the United States by 26,000,000 bushels, and is greater than its own previous record by about 100.000.000 bushels. The development of wheat growing has been most rapid along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway. As the home consumption is small in proportion to population, this has made Russia one of the great sources of supply for the rest of the world. France consumes much of the wheat that it grows. The present price of wheat in the United States, when placed against the surplus product of Russia, makes it more difficult for this country to hold its place as an exporter of that cereal.

Unfairly Taken Up. John W. Gates was discussing his address before a Methodist conference, wherein he advocated hard work and condemned cambling. "The papers," said Mr. Gates, with

his good-humored smile, here taking me up for that address. I'll have to be careful what I say.

"I'll have to be as careful as the young Altoons viveur who was sued for breach of promise because, at supper after the theater, he saked his lady friend if she would have a little. lobster."

Nas a Balloon Record. The Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord is an Englishwoman who has a balloom record not likely to be soon equaled by any other woman. She has crossed he English channel in a balloon, and as made over a hundred ascents, beissee taking part in six balloon races. She owns two balloons, which are "stabled" near Battersea.

IN CHILDHOOD'S BRIEF HOUR

Children's Sweet Illusions Should Not Be Shattered Prematurely by Their Elders.

If your mother had let the housework go and taken you on her lap and explained away all the pleasures of the Mother Goose book of rhymes. would you have grown up to be any, better man or woman? asks the Wichita (Kans.) Beacon. What if she had: explained that the cow never jumped. over the moon; that there was no Little Miss Muffet, and if there had been: there was no tuffet for her to sit on; that Jack didn't violate etiquette by sticking his thumb into a plum pie; that Jack and Gill's parents used hydrant water and they never went up a hill to get the drinking pail filled; that Jack Sprat could eat any kind of meat set before him instead of only lean meat; that Old King Cole was a., grouchy dyspeptic and the very opposite of a merry old soul; that no. blackbird ever disfigured the king's' washerwoman by picking off her nose?

Would you have been a better boy or girl if your mother had done all these things-has explained away the delightful book of childhood and had told you that the amusting, jingling rhymes were written by some hard-up story-writer who wrote them for money and not for truth's sake? Would

you? Is anything accomplished by squaring a child around and setting it face to face with the realities of life before it has come into the years of responsibility? Let the children enjoy in a childish way, for it is brief and comes not again.

POSITION LONG IN FAMILY

Members Have Been Organist in English Church for More Than # Century.

A remarkable record has been commemorated at Teignmonth, England, by the presentation to Miss Linter, organist of the parish church of St. Michael, East Telgumouth, of an illuminated address and a purse of 130 sovereigns, subscribed by parishioners. and others. The post of organist in the church has remained uninterruptedly in the Linter family since the year 1809, when Miss Linter's father, William Linter, became organist of the church.

The pet dog show at the Royal Horticultural hail, in London, drew a great crowd, chiefly of women, and the old. familiar scenes of luxury were witnessed in every avenue of the nearly 1,000 pens. But all records in this direction were surpassed by the miniature iron bedstead, with mattress. sheets, blanket, quilt, hangings and all complete, in which a four-monthold Pekinese spaniel reposed. The smallest dog in the show was Messrs. Willson's miniature black-and-tan terrier. It weighed only two pounds twoounces, and was brought to the exhibition in a man's coat pocket. The lightest dog, however, was a Yorkshire terrier of one pound 14 ounces, with a delightfully groomed coat of silken fleece.

Uses Animals Make of Their Talls. Horses, cows and other creatures. use their tails as fly flappers, says a

writer in Dumb Animals. Cats, squirreis and many more twist them around; their necks for comforters. The rat: has raised the use of the tail to a fine! art, for by its means it guides the blind and steals jelly, oil and cream; out of jars and bottles.

The macaco plays as merrily with its tail as a kitten does, and the marmoset while it sleeps uses its tail as a sort of blanket.

The raccoon catches crabs with its tail. Every one knows how the monkeys journey through pathless forests by swinging from tree to tree while the fishes steer their way through the water by their tail fins. The ant eater puts up its big bushy:

Great New England Willow.

its tail.

tail for an umbrella. The vanity of

the peacock is fed by the beauty of

There is an enormous willow tree on the estate of the late Thomas Groom, Humphrey street, Dorchester, Mass. Probably it is the largest will low in the commonwealth and perhaps in all New England. More than breast high from the ground or to be exact five feet, its girth is 28 feet 2 inches and its tallest twig is about 70 feet from the ground.

It is a great shadow maker on sunny days, having a branch spread of 110 feet, and its limbs, all of which have been broken by years and the storms of years, are greater in diami eter than many old trees. Nobodi knows the age of this ancient willow Seventy-five years ago when Mry Groom acquired the place this huge tree was one of the neighborhood at tractions and was mentioned as the ble willow.

Owr That Kills Sparrows. A trapper in the southern part of

town reports that he caught a wood-chunk in one of his traps last week and that when found the animal's head had been enten by one of the large owis that are so plentiful bereabouts this sesson.

The next day the man in making his rounds saw the own in a tree above the trep, apparently waiting for the trap to provide him with another meal The woodchuck-eating owl is of the variety that is said to be destroying so many English sparrows this winter. -Waterville correspondence Rome Sentinel.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS de fenne to Louisians at dans tons lori Bints du Bade file publishis after donn fan avantages l'expertionnelle. Prix de l'abernoment fon l'anni le Bath'ul Guetidiorne 23 2.05