

### TOOK TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED

How Sir Andrew Clarke, by Hasty Prescription, Taught Patient to Smoke.

The late Sir Andrew Clarke was so confident in his crusade against over-eating and overdrinking, and so firm in his belief that in a large majority of cases diet would do far more than drugs, that he was a little too much inclined to take it for granted that his patients were self-indulgent to the point of their health. Among the many anecdotes to which his views have given rise the following is one of the most amusing.

A patient came to consult him, and was at once overwhelmed with directions on the subject of the life he should lead and the diet to which he should adhere. "Now, remember, only one glass of wine at each meal," the physician concluded, "and just one glass after dinner won't hurt you. Good morning. Be sure you keep strictly to one cigar."

"One cigar!" said the patient. "But—"

"My dear sir," broke in Sir Andrew, somewhat testily, "I must insist. If I am to treat you, you must follow my directions. I know quite well you will find it hard, but it is absolutely necessary for your health."

The patient heaved a deep sigh. "All right, Sir Andrew. Since you insist, I will do my best. Good morning."

He went his way, but his health did not improve, and at the end of a few weeks he returned to the physician's consulting room.

"No better?" said the doctor, surprised. "But have you followed all my directions?"

"Absolutely," replied the visitor. "I must admit that the cigar was rather hard work at first, and in fact it made me feel ill, but I soon got used to it, and now I rather like it."

"Good heavens!" said Sir Andrew, on whom the truth dawned; "do you mean to tell me—"

"Yes, I had never smoked before."—London Telegraph.

### PRINCE MIGHT GET SHOT

But Mrs. Pattison Was Willing Her Husband Should Face the Burglar Alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Pattison awakened suddenly. Both thought the noise came from the basement.

"Better go and see what that is," said his wife uneasily. "It may be a burglar."

"Oh, I hardly think it's a burglar," Pattison said as he turned over in bed.

"Yes," his wife returned, "but then it might be. Oughtn't you to go and investigate?"

Pattison never had gone in much for burglar chasing, but he wasn't afraid of a burglar. Or if he was he wasn't going to let his wife know it. He arose from his bed and strode bravely forth, stubbing his great toe as he did so.

Then he paused to think what would be the best way to approach the burglar. He thought and thought and by and by a thought came out. He would call little Prince, Mrs. Pattison's pet dog, and have him go on ahead and bark an occasional bark.

"Then," thought Pattison, "if there really is a burglar in the basement like as not he'll run before I get there."

Prince up to that time didn't know there was a burglar around. Pattison called the dog softly: "Heck, Prince," he whispered, "heeh! heeh!"

Mrs. Pattison heard the hoarse whisper for the dog. "Why, George," she exclaimed in alarm, "you're surely not going to take Prince down with you after the burglar!"

"Why, er—ah—the fact is," bluffed Pattison, "I thought if I took the dog along he might help me find the burglar."

"Yes," retorted his wife, "but Prince might get shot!"

After the report had been current for a week that Jim's wife, whom Jim had met and married and was still secluding in Chicago, was ugly as sin, a friend who had Jim's interests at heart, ran down the author of the rumor with the intention of making her retract.

"How do you know she is ugly?" he asked. "Have you ever seen her?"

"No," said the experienced gossip. "I never have. Neither have I seen her picture, nor anybody who has seen either her or her picture, but I know she is ugly, because I had it straight from a person who lives in Chicago that when she ordered a dozen pictures taken just a while before the wedding the photographer made her pay in advance, and a photographer never does that unless the subject is so ugly that she is apt to be discouraged when she sees the pictures and refuse to pay for them on the ground that he hasn't done good work. If you don't believe me ask any photographer."

But Jim's champion let the matter drop.—New York Times.

### Beauty Undorned.

"A pretty girl can wear almost anything."

"Yes; or quite the contrary."—Judge.

### A Suitable Name.

"Why do you call your country 'The States'?"

"Oh, it gives me nothing but trouble."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### HAD NO PERMIT FOR DOGGIE

So the Woman Dropped Her Pet Off Her Seat.

The little woman with the laundry blue and gangrenous green flowers on her hat all scrambled up into a Wilton rug design got on the car carrying a dog. It was one of those aristocratic, foolish-looking dogs that couldn't overtake a Welsh rabbit.

"Got a permit for that dawg?" asked the conductor when he came around for the woman's fare.

"Haven't. Then you'll have to get off the car."

"Well, I'll not get off the car," retorted the woman.

"You can't stay on here with that dog unless you've got a dog permit," insisted the conductor.

The woman got up, dog under one arm, as if to get off. But as she rose she repeated: "I'll not get off. So there!"

Still, she walked to the rear platform as if in contradiction of her own assertion. The conductor was ready to signal the motorman to stop.

But the woman had declared she wasn't going to get off, and she intended to keep her word. She poised the dog carefully in her palms, tossed him off into the street, at the same time bidding him "Go home!"

Then she came back into the car and dropped languidly into her seat with a bored tilt to her face.

### MOUNTAIN GOAT A NUISANCE

Armed Alaskan Miners by Getting Into Their Tunnels and Eating Their Location Stakes.

Mining in Mineral Gulch, Alaska, are having considerable trouble with mountain goats.

During stormy weather the goats crowd into the tunnels that are being driven on the claims well up on the mountains, and it is only by throwing a dynamite cartridge into the tunnels in the morning that they can be driven out and the contractors get in to go to work.

It is also stated that they are likely to be the cause of considerable litigation among mine owners next year, as they have destroyed a number of location stakes by eating them.

Owing to the fact that alder and willow comprise the only food in the gulch, nearly all the location stakes are of these woods, which, in the absence of other food, the goats attack eagerly.

A great many of the animals have been killed by the men at work in the gulch, but the number seems to increase rather than diminish.

The Quickest Way to Rest.  
Do you know how to rest? A very busy man I know takes 20 minutes every day to lie flat on his back on the floor to rest and relax. That is very good, but I have found an even better way, which is to lie flat on the floor with legs up to the knees resting on a chair. This changes the entire circulation, and is the quickest way to rest. Try it. When you lie down to rest at night, and the mind insists upon working, try to relax thoroughly. Turn the thought to the weight of your body; think your hands heavy; keep the thought on the weight of your hands until the nerves tingle as if the hands were going to sleep. If you can feel this tingling sensation you have shown the power of relaxation of the body. Think different members of the body heavy, until you can let go every nerve as if the entire body were so much jelly ready to melt on the bed. This requires practice, but it pays richly. To rest the eyes and make them bright, while lying down have them bandaged with a soft black silk handkerchief. This was advice received from an eminent eye specialist.—Harper's Bazar.

The Collector.  
The late Edwin A. Abbey had no sympathy with those American millionaires who pay \$400,000 or \$500,000 for a doubtful Rembrandt or an imputed Fragonard, while painters of genius in their own towns are starving for lack of orders.

Mr. Abbey, at a dinner at his London residence in Tite street, said last year, apropos of the purchase by a New Yorker of a doubtful Titian at an inflated price:

"This type of man knows nothing about art. A man of this type, when Whistler was not yet famous, wanted his wife's portrait done."

"How much will you charge me, Mr. Whistler?" he said, "for a fresco picture of the madam?"

"My price," said Whistler, "will be \$2,500."

"The millionaire took up his hat and stick."

"Why," he snorted, turning to go, "you expect to be paid for your work as if you had been dead 400 or 500 years!"

The Jewel Box Alarm.  
An ingenious invention, which will undoubtedly prove useful to the possessor of valuable jewels and trinkets, is the jewel box alarm, recently put on the market. In the bottom of the box is fixed the small instrument, which is to be electrically discharged by moving a small lever. The sound is made by means of a bell and clapper, resembling those found in a telephone. In the center of the box hangs a small pendulum. If the box is moved the pendulum swings, the circuit is closed and the alarm goes off. The noise resembles that of an alarm clock, and does not cease until it is shut off again.

### DEVIL BIRD HAS AWFUL CRY

Natives of Ceylon Are Not to Be Blamed for Being Terrified by Its Scream.

Of all the awe-inspiring sounds emitted by wild creatures, none, it is said, is to be compared to that of the "devil bird" of Ceylon, whose cry has been likened to the scream of a human being undergoing the most frightful torture. Naturalists have identified this bird with the brown wood-owl found in Hindustan.

The natives of Ceylon regard the cry of this bird with superstitious horror, for, it is claimed, its scream heard at night presages the most dire misfortunes.

A British official of the Ceylon civil service has given some study to this curious bird. Its ordinary note, he states, is a magnificent clear shout like that of a human being heard at a great distance, and producing a fine effect in the silence of the night.

But the sounds that have earned for the bird its bad name, and which this officer reports he heard to perfection but once, are said to be well-nigh indescribable, the most appalling that can be imagined, and scarcely to be heard without a shudder. It has been compared to the cries of a boy in torture, whose screams are being stopped by strangulation.—Scientific American.

### MYSTERY OF THE HOUSEHOLD

Disappearance and Return of Lady's Summer Dress Couldn't Be Laid to the Servant.

Up spoke the woman who likes to keep her apartment in order:

"A household mystery happens once in awhile," she said, "I had one a few days ago about a summer dress that I bought last fall when the weather was too cold to wear it. I packed it away and forgot about it until the other day. Then I went to the box in a certain closet where I knew I had put it. The dress wasn't there. I looked through the rest of the closet without any better success. Then I got excited and turned everything upside down everywhere that I thought it could be. Finally I went into the storeroom and looked through all the trunks. Not a sign of it. So I had to give it up."

"Later my servant brought me a box which had come up the dumb waiter. Inside was my dress. There wasn't a mark on the box to show that it belonged to me. The only explanation I could think of was that some one had taken it, found that it didn't fit and had decided to return it."

"It never occurred to you, did it, that that some one could have been your servant?" she was asked.

"No, it didn't," said she with a smile. "You see, he's a Jap."—New York Sun.

Algerian Bargaining.  
Americans who travel in eastern lands are amused as well as aggravated by the business methods which prevail there. A recent traveler in Algiers concluded to buy a mule, and finally found one for sale.

He went to the owner, with an interpreter, and a dialogue then ensued, as follows:

The interpreter, with a yell: "I will give you ten dollars for that mule."

The Arab: "Ten dollars! Murder! Thief! Brigand!"

The interpreter: "I will make it eleven dollars. Do you hear, you scoundrel! I offer you eleven dollars for your mule, which will die in about a week. You are a robber and a thief to take that much; but I am a generous man, and I serve a great man, so I offer you eleven dollars, you scum of Africa!"

Then they both yelled and shook their fists at each other, and to the American it looked as if they were going for each other, hammer and tongs.

The row they made was terrible, but no one seemed to notice it.

Finally a bargain was struck, and then they fell upon each other's necks and embraced.

And the American got his mule for eleven dollars.

Looked the Part.  
Sir Thomas Robinson, a wealthy Englishman of the last century, was a tall, unorthodox man, and his appearance was rendered still more striking by his hunting dress, which consisted of a tight green jacket, buckskin breeches and a fur cap. He once set off in his hunting suit to pay a visit to his sister in Paris, and he arrived at the house while there was a large company at dinner.

The servant announced "Monsieur Robinson," and in walked this remarkable figure, to the amazement of the guests.

One of them, a French noble, lifted his fork three times to his mouth and each time laid it down without tasting the food. Unable at last to restrain his curiosity he burst out eagerly:

"Excuse me, monsieur, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable in history?"

A Feilible Father-in-Law.  
Two of the glided youth of Providence, R. I., were in Newport and came upon a bewaboy.

"Let me have a paper," said one of them, giving the boy 50 cents.

"I can't change that," said the boy. "Lead me a nickel," the glided youth asked his companion.

"Oh, bother, let him have the 50 cents."

"No, indeed! You let him have it if you like. My father-in-law is not dead, and yours is."—Life.

### ROSSINI FAMOUS AS A WIT

Some of the Whimsicalities With Which the Great Composer Made Life Jollier.

Rossini's witizens bubbled forth at all times and under all circumstances, says Musical Opinion. On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him "play," and it was agreed that he should show off in the overture to "Semiramide."

When the very first bar of the overture contained a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the player remarked, "Now I have a rest of 78 bars—these, of course, I will skip. This was too good a chance to be lost. 'O, no,' said the composer, 'by all means count the 78 bars; I particularly want to hear those.' Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on February 29, in leap year, he had, of course, a birthday once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan made his acquaintance in Paris. One morning when Sullivan called to see him, he found him trying over a small piece of music. "What is that?" asked Sullivan. "It's my dog's birthday," replied, very seriously, "and I write a little piece for him every year."

When Rossini was once rehearsing one of his operas in a small theater in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice. "Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father!

### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HOME

Some of Them Are Traced to Domestic Economy and Others to Thrifty Habits.

The signs and wonders of the household have markedly diminished in the last quarter century. Many of them were picturesque and diverting. Few of them were taken seriously enough to be harmful.

It is easy to trace some of them to their sources in domestic economy. A group of them, for example, had to do with the approach of an unexpected guest. The scissors or a knife sticking up straight in the floor, a dropped dish cloth, or a long floating stem in a cup of tea—all these foretold arrivals. They had the agreeable double effect of keeping the household up to a high mark of preparedness and of breaking monotony by the pleasure of called society. If the prophesied caller followed the dropping of scissors the sign received an increased authority. When the promise failed, the failure was promptly forgotten.

Another group of superstitions rests upon the thrifty habits of former times. To pick up a pin brought good luck. To neglect to snuff a candle until it was wasted by a "weeper" was sure to involve misfortune. An overabundance of tea grounds in the cup spoke of careless measures, and so threatened debt. A second helping of food before the first was eaten foretold an undesirable beggar.

The woman's mind, if left to itself, turns naturally to believe the make-believe. A housewife likes to pit her unreason against her reason. The mere act of absurd illogic gives variety and charm to an otherwise dull afternoon of housework, and nobody is the worse for stretching the arm of imagination to include a little mild superstition of the old-fashioned sort.

Outspoken Youth.  
On a recent railway trip a boy of perhaps seven years and his mother occupied the seat directly in front of me. The boy kept up a running fire of questions as to the name of the next station. The mother was either unfamiliar with the name or too indifferent to be accurate.

When the station was reached the boy demanded the name and on receiving the correct answer said: "You told me a lie before." A similar conversation was several times repeated, the boy each time saying, "That's another lie," and finally he shouted: "You've told me lies ever since we started." A man seated near, becoming exasperated, leaned toward the boy and in threatening tone said:

"Young man, if you don't keep still a while I will throw you out of the window," and the boy, boldly facing the man, said:

"And that's another lie!"

Life's Three Questions.  
The three great questions of life are, "Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly?" These our education should help us to answer, and in so much as it fails it will lack in reaching a proper physical and moral standard. When the college girl returns to her home, whether it be her parents' or her own, her college training should have fitted her to answer these questions in relation to the fundamental needs of life, in food, clothing, and shelter. This education I believe the teachings of home economics to give. General culture not alone means the capacity to understand and appreciate, but to react on the resources and problems of modern civilization, and these problems in the large mean the preservation of health, the prompting of physical vigor, and the material well-being of the race.—Harper's Bazar.

### PEIGNOR'S CHURCH GOWN

Beatrice Grimshaw's South Sea Island Laundress Couldn't Resist Temptation of the Garmet.

It would be hard to find a spot where the subject of dress does not sway the feminine mind. To the world at large its observance causes either a great deal of pleasure or a good store of amusement. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the dusky belles described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas."

A lace-trimmed garment of mine, usually worn at night under the shelter of sheets and quilts, went to a Sunday morning church as a best dress in full daylight, on the person of the laundress entrusted with my wash. The funny side was so conspicuous that she never got the reproof she deserved.

A certain flower toque, made of poppies—a bloom unknown in the Pacific—first drove the women of the island half-distracted with excitement; then led 35 native ladies to appear simultaneously at a dance wearing excellent copies of my Paris model, done in double scarlet hibiscus from the bush.

A wedding, from which, unfortunately, I was absent, furnished the finest display of native dress that took place that year. The bride wore 14 silk dresses, not all at once, but one after another, changing her dress again and again during the reception, until the white spectators were fairly giddy.—Youth's Companion.

### MAKING WORLD VERY SMALL

Moving Pictures Give Us the Familiarity With the Globe That Breeds Contempt.

"There is one thing I object to about moving pictures," said a Cleveland man who is fond of the films, "and that is the fact that they are gradually pinching up the world until the old ball doesn't look much bigger than Mrs. Bob Cratchit's plum pudding. When a man can see teakwood cut in India, and pearl diving off Ceylon, and lion shooting in mid-Africa, and herding in Australia, and mining in Nevada and kite-flying in China, to say nothing of close familiarity with all the great cities of the globe, he begins to feel considerable contempt for the little old planet he calls home."

"And then he is afflicted with another sort of familiarity, a familiarity that attacks the ordinances and hedges that are built up around the chosen great ones of earth. Yes, as I sit in the darkened hall, prying into the hidden corners of the earth and hobnobbing with the great, the terrestrial ball grows smaller and smaller."

"It's a pity, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For Nifty Dressers.  
To the man with a small income economy is essential. Why throw away your old socks because the heels and toes are worn out? Cut off the legs, and (after washing of course) sew them to the tops of your new pair of socks. Do the same when the lower pair is worn out, and so on as long as possible. A man who becomes attached to his hosiery may, by this simple process, in time become the owner of a handsome union suit, without any extra expense.

When you cut off your beard save your whiskers. Shoulders are to be wider, and human hair, especially when curly, makes the best possible padding. Or keep friendly with your barber and get him to save his clippings for you.

Avoid aniline dyes when you wish to recolor your light spring suit for fall wear. Vegetable dyes are much softer and more delicate. Almost any of the leading brands of canned soups will give a rich, mellow tone to worsted fabrics. Tomato, mock turtle and gumbo will be the prevailing hues next season. Use hot water for cotton goods and milk for woolens. Use no salt.—A Haberdasher, in Leslie's.

Queer Face Facts.  
"Why do you photographers always photograph the left side of the face by preference?"

"Because it's the best looking," was the prompt reply. "The left side of the face is always the more regular, and it always shows least the marks of time."

"But," he continued, "if you want to bring out the real character of a face photograph the right side. There nature sets her print. There the lines are bold and unmistakable. There every defect, no less than every excellence, is stamped deep."

"The left side, where everything is softened down, for beauty. The right side, where everything is well rubbed in, for character. Those are the portrait artist's two chief rules."

Retaining Self-Respect.  
There is a beautiful harmony between the good of the state and the moral freedom and dignity of the individual. Were these interests in any case discordant, were an individual ever called to serve his country by acts debasing his own mind, he ought not to waver for a moment as to the good which he should prefer. His soul he must never stain or enslave. From poverty, pain, the rack, the gibbet, he should not recoil; but for so good of others ought he to part with self-control or violate the inward law.—W. E. Channing.

### INSECTS HARMFUL TO MAN

Most of Them Are Worse Than Usual—and Should Be Killed at Sight.

Our instinct to kill insects at sight is perfectly sound, writes Dr. Woods Hutchinson. Out of the quarter of a million species now known to science, a mere handful are even remotely helpful to man, and most of these only by their power of living upon other and more dangerous insects. On the other hand, thousands of species are actively hostile to man, to his food plants and to his domestic animals. Whole tribes have been swept out of existence by the attack of insects carrying bacilli—within the last two decades in central Africa, by the dread "sleeping sickness" carried by the tsetse fly. Whole nations have been weakened and crippled, and whole civilizations retarded by another insect-borne disease, malaria.

Indeed, recent investigators have advanced the theory that the historic decline of both Greece and Rome was largely due to the ravages of this disease, brought into Europe by armies returning from wars in Asia and Africa. It may yet come, when we see things in their true perspective, that the warriors of civilized nations will turn from slaughtering one another to battling against our insect enemies.

Turn every battery of artillery in the world against that angel of the pestilence, the common house fly, and in ten years he would be exterminated, root and branch. With him would go half of our 50,000 deaths in the United States every year from the summer diseases of children, two-thirds of our dysenteries and cholera morbus, and one-fourth of our typhoid, with not a little of our tuberculosis, our tetanus and our boils and blood poisonings.

### PERSECUTION OF THE GIPSY

Forty-five Executed in Hungary in 1728 on the Charge of Being Cannibals.

The persecution of Gypsies recalls the old belief that the Gypseys are cannibals, and the methods of judicial confirmation of the belief are sometimes obtained. In 1728 a gipsy Gypsey was executed on this charge. First racked they confessed to murder, then taken to the place where they were supposed to be buried and re-executed. No bodies were discovered, and were duly executed. It sent a commission down to investigate the case later, and the innocence of the Gypseys was proved, but history does not say what happened to the witnesses for the prosecution.

Gypseys are still more or less "persecuted," though in our milder modern sense of the word. And no wonder. A couple of years ago it was stated on official authority that in Hungary most of the serious crimes—murders, kidnapping and robberies—were committed by Gypseys, and very few of the offenders were caught. Gypseys are mighty difficult customers to tackle. When it was proposed in France that all nomads should have identity cards, to be checked at each stopping place, one of them said to a Maitin reporter: "But I can't read, and I can't write, and I don't know how old I am, nor where I was born, and I don't remember the names of the places where my children were born, nor their ages exactly. We don't bother ourselves about such things." What can you do with people so astutely ignorant?

### The Conscience of Clara.

One day when Mrs. Bell was making a neighborly call on Mrs. Ellis, the latter, in the presence of her caller, discharged her colored maid, whose obstreperousness could be borne with no longer.

A few weeks later Mrs. Bell again called on Mrs. Ellis, and to her surprise her hostess informed her that Clara was back.

The services of the maid were required by her mistress, who pressed the button in the drawing room. There was, however, no response. Finally Mrs. Ellis went out and waited on herself. While she was gone, Clara, who was acquainted with Mrs. Bell, having served in her family also, put her head in at the door and explained:

"Mis' Bell, I heard Mis' Ellis all the time, but do you recollect the last time you was here she discharged me, an' said she'd never have me again? I said I'd never come back, too. But here I am, so we bofe lied. That's why I've ashamed to come in. I was ashamed for bofe of us!"

Salt on French Roads.  
As a general rule, the roads in and around French towns are tarred at the commencement of the summer in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has, however, been found that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where car lines exist and paved street crossings intersect the roads in every direction, as tarring cannot be carried out on stones.

The authorities, basing their action on the well-known hygrometrical properties of common salt, have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory, salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being impossible to tar the majority of the streets, as they are paved with rough stone blocks.