

DEEP BREATHING BEFORE BED

English Physician Gives Some Simple Rules That Will Aid Seekers After Health.

A correspondent of the Medical Times sends an interesting note on deep breathing. The best time (he says) seems to be immediately before retiring to bed, as doing nothing more before lying down, the habit continues and becomes fixed; the window, of course, should be open more or less. After breathing in as much as possible through the nose (out, anyhow, either mouth or nose), the nose should be held by the thumb and forefinger with a handkerchief for about fifteen seconds to prevent the escape of air, and thereby force the contents of the air over the system. This should be repeated four to eight times at intervals of about half a minute.

The particular proof of this being more effective than other methods is seen in the following experience: After following the above method I notice that at the heaviest meal of the day my pulse quickens the same whether I take fish or a strong meat, such as beef or mutton; before observing the above points in deep breathing as to time and holding the nose my pulse quickened much more after strong meat than after fish.

BYRON FOND OF CHILDREN

Frances Lady Shelley Describes the Famous English Poet as She Saw Him.

Frances Lady Shelley, who knew most of the celebrated people between the dates 1787 and 1817, gives a description of Lord Byron as she first saw him in 1813:

"From Althorp we went to Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, for the shooting. We stayed there a few days. The house is far too small even for the company it contained. Lord Byron was there. Mrs. Leigh told me that she spent most of the night writing a poem which is to be called 'The Corsair.' As he did not leave his room until after midday our intercourse was restricted.

"He is decidedly handsome and can be very agreeable. He seems to be easily put out by trifles and at times looks terribly savage. He was very patient with Mrs. Leigh's children, who are not in the least in awe of him. He bore their distracting intrusion into his room with imperturbable good humor. Mrs. Leigh has evidently great moral influence over her brother, who listens with a sort of playful acquiescence. But I doubt the permanence of their effect upon his wayward nature."

Cornelle Not in Want.

It has long been a literary tradition that Cornelle, the great French poet, died in want. But it seems clearly established that this is a mistake, dating from an apocryphal and ill interpreted letter, since a recent study of various old documents at Rosen shows that he was possessed of property in lands and houses which would have made many a latter day poet happy. In addition he had his pension from the king, although it apparently wasn't very regularly paid. And following the fashion of those days he was recompensed for his dedications to noble persons.

As for the sale of "Polyeucte," "Horace," "Le Cid" and the other dramas over which so many youngsters have groaned, through the mistaken policy of forcing students with scarcely a smattering of French grammar to wade through the classic, they doubtless had small sales, as sales are reckoned now, but we are assured that all they did, and they may even have been the best sellers of their day.

Looks In Ancient Egypt.

The Egyptian look, states the Ironmonger, was an assemblage of wooden pins or bolts. It is possible that this suggested to Bramah his remarkable invention. The Roman look was practically a pediclock; and it seems probable that the key was of Green origin. In Latin countries the locksmith never confined himself to mere door furniture. At the very beginning—as nowadays in France—his art embraced all the wrought ironwork which serves to please and secure our dwellings, from a monumental garden gate and railings to a simple latchkey. That art reached its apogee about the fifteenth or sixteenth century, so far as the former class of work was concerned. Some medieval specimens—the hinges of the doors at Notre Dame, for instance—are so remarkable that engineers have not failed to hint that the smith who executed them must have sold his soul to the devil.

Tennyson's Pension.

Our note published in this column on Peel's contempt for literature recalls the fact that it was Peel who obtained Tennyson his pension of £200. It was not, however, from love of poetry—Sir Robert in fact never read a poem of Tennyson's. Messieurs Milnes, prompted by Carlyle, was the lever.

One is reminded how Milnes at first demurred, protesting that his constituents would think the affair "a job." And of Carlyle's persuasion: "Richard Milnes," he stormed, "on the Day of Judgment when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you who will be damned."—Westminster Gazette.

LIKE SO MANY GREAT MEN

Napoleon's Handwriting So Bad That He Himself Was Unable to Decipher It.

"As showing Bonaparte's carelessness as to correctness in writing and spelling, Las Cases says: 'One day he said to me: 'You do not write orthographically, do you? At least, I suppose you do not; for a man occupied with public or other important business—a minister, for instance—cannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them; he has only time to place his points; he must put his words in letters, and phrases in it words; and let the scribes make it out afterward.'"

"He indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do; he was their torment; his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics, and he often could not decipher it himself. My son was one day reading to him a chapter of the campaign of Italy; on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing.

"That little blockhead," said the emperor, 'cannot read his own handwriting.' 'It's not mine, sire.' 'And whose, then?' 'Your majesty's.' 'How so, you little rogue? Do you mean to insult me?'

"The emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying: 'He is right, I cannot tell myself what it is written.'"

TRAINING FOR LIFE'S WORK

Adoption of Ruskin's Views Would Mean the Making of This Into a Different World.

As to the distribution of the hard work, none of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought to, but because we have chanced to fall into the way of it and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing; work is only done well when it is done with a will. And no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should and is in his place.

And, depend upon it, all work must be done at last, not in a disorderly, scrambling, dogged way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way—a lawful way. Men are enlisted for the labor that kills—the labor of war; they are counted, trained, fed, dressed and praised for that. Let them be enlisted also for the labor that feeds; let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed, praised for that.

Teach the plow exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held as much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death, and all is done. But troops of this nor any other right thing can be accomplished—you can't even see your way to it—unless first of all, both servant and master are resolved that some what will of it, they will do each other justice.—Ruskin.

Step by Step.

To follow the course of any measure undertaken for the good of the children is to see how the sense of civic obligation deepens and widens, becomes more intimate and personal, as the child is recognized by the state as a possession of value. The compulsory education law is much to the point. The state said the child shall have education. That edict brought hungry children to school. Then the state had to begin to see to it that the child, made to come to school, was in fit physical condition to learn. Forthwith opened out a far-reaching state paternalism that must follow the child from the school, back in the home, and eventually concern itself with making the home a proper one, with visiting nurse, school doctor, and school lunch are the natural sequels of the compulsory educational law, and even more nearly, it would seem, we approach the plan of reimbursing the needy family for the child loaned to the state during the educational period.

Guanaco Unique.

I have seen the Indian guanaco-skin capes (cloaks) sold by the fur dealers of Punta Arenas, but this was my first glimpse of the animal itself, many thousands of which I saw later during my expeditions through Tierra-del-Fuego and Patagonia. "You are a queer animal, indeed," apostrophized an Argentine lieutenant as he and Captain Mustangs once viewed a solitary guanaco. "You have the neck of a horse, the wool of a sheep, the neck of a camel, the feet of a deer and the swiftness of the devil." Yet withal a graceful animal and at a distance not unlike red deer, though larger.—Charles Wellington Furlong in Outlook.

Strange Guests at St. Bernard.

An enormous flock of swallows was overtaken by a heavy snowstorm near the famous Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps last winter. When the good monks saw the birds, they opened the doors and windows of their building that the little feathered strangers might have shelter.

All the rooms were crowded with them, thousands remaining until sunrise. The next day proved fine and the guests pursued their way toward Italy. This is very pleasant to learn, but it saddens one to know that a vast number of less fortunate birds failed to reach the Hospice and were found dead in the snow by the tenderhearted brothers.

"HE'S ME BRUDDER!"

Pathos in the Self-Denial of Small, Neglected Waif.

Act of Officious Clerk, However, Resulted in Securing for Both of Them a Few Brief Moments of Pleasure.

Piercing walls were the rather unusual sounds in the toy department of one of the large city stores. "He stole this, didn't he?" asked a clerk who held the elder of two future Americans citizens firmly by the collar of a remnant of a coat, indicating, as he spoke, a poor little painted toy held tightly against the breast of the smaller of the children; and whose walls were caused by a vague fear that he was about to lose his treasure.

"He paid for it," quietly responded the lady of the toys. The officious one's grasp upon the elder ragamuffin relaxed, while the latter promptly delivered a kick upon his captor's shins at one and the same instant. The clerk, looking a bit sheepish, drifted away.

An old man, tall and white haired, looked kindly at the two poor little specimens of neglect and poverty. "Why didn't you buy it for yourself?" he asked the older one. "Wasn't there anything you wanted?" "Sure 'nough, but he's me brudder, an' he's a kid," replied the future citizen. The old man took from his pocket a worn purse of the lank, lean variety. Abstracting from it a silver dollar, he handed it to the boy. "Here, son," said he, "use it as long as it lasts." With no other thanks than a shine of teeth and eyes through the grime of his face, the small ragamuffin turned to the toy counter, the baby ragamuffin toddling after. Soon the small one's arms were full of remarkable green horses and purple cows, for there are wonderful possibilities in a dollar at a five and ten cent counter, and this time the older boy did not forget himself, but held high carnival with jumping jacks and jacks in a box, etc.

Then came the little fellow's "thank you" which he had not known how to express in words. Coming to the old man, the baby as usual close at his heels, he selected from among his possessions the most gorgeous of the toys, a red and yellow monkey which would climb a string, and gravely presented it, the tall old man receiving it with grateful and dignified thanks.

Water-Shoes.

A German cabinet-maker has constructed a pair of water-shoes, with the help of which he walks upon the water. He has already crossed Lake Ammer, in Bavaria, 12,000 feet wide, in two hours.

These water-shoes are really two long, narrow boxes of pine wood, squared off at the rear end and shaped like the bow of a boat in front. To preserve his balance the traveler grasps two upright posts. At the outer edge of each boot or shoe three small paddles, shaped like rudders, are fastened. These move on hinges and are worked by a sliding mechanism that is operated by the traveler pushing his feet forward alternately, somewhat like a boy learning to skate.

He can travel rapidly and with safety on smooth water, although the apparatus is probably not fit for use in stormy weather. Those who have tested it assert that it does not tax the strength as much as rowing a fair-sized boat. The inventor uses his water-shoes every day for crossing the lake and transporting his tools and a moderate amount of baggage.

How to Tag Your Trunk.

A vacation crowd was sitting on the porch of a hotel and the discussion centered to the subject of baggage. Several had told of their annoyance at having trunks come a day or a week late and how hard it was to get baggage through on time.

"I don't have any trouble," said a woman who had been around the world and then some. "I work it this way: On every piece of baggage that I check I tie a conspicuous red tag, one that can't fail to be seen. I can always pick out my trunk and valise this way and I then hunt up the baggage man.

"See that trunk with the red bow on it, I says to him. 'Here's 50 cents if you get it on the same train with me.' And I never have any trouble with trunks coming late."

Wanted Information.

For three solid hours the captain had been lecturing his men on "the duties of a soldier," and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood of his discourse. Casting his eyes round the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim. "Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

Private Murphy scratched his head for a moment, and then a smile of enlightenment crossed his face. "Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

Matter of Doubt.

"What's the matter with Foddsleigh? He looks as if he had lost his last friend."

"I haven't been able to find out whether his depression is due to the fact that he became the father of twins last week or to the poor showing of the home team."

NEW PAPER MONEY.

Robert C. Bailey, assistant secretary of the treasury, has completed a list of former presidents and other prominent men whose names are to be used on a new series of paper money that is about to be issued.

The face of George Washington will appear on the \$1 bills, Thomas Jefferson on the \$2 bills, Abraham Lincoln on the \$5 bills, Grover Cleveland on the \$10, Alexander Hamilton, \$20; Andrew Jackson, \$50; Benjamin Franklin, \$100; John Marshall, \$500; Henry Clay, \$1,000; and U. S. Grant, \$10,000.

It is Mr. Bailey's plan to have all three branches of the government, executive, legislative and judicial, represented on the paper money. All the men named were presidents except Hamilton, Franklin, Marshall and Clay. Marshall for years was chief justice of the Supreme court and will be the jurist represented on the bills. The face of Henry Clay will be there for the legislators.

All of the bills of the same denomination, under the new plan, will bear the faces of the same men. That is, all treasury notes, silver certificates and national bank notes of the same amount will be alike as far as pictures go. This, it is believed, will be a check on counterfeiting.

Officials at the treasury department admit that the most dangerous form of counterfeiting is bill raising. By having bills of the same denomination bear the same pictures it would be impossible for any one to add another cipher to a \$10 bill and pass it as a \$100 bill.

TEETH AND MATRIMONY.

Dr. Jacob S. Wells of Fargo, N. D., who entertained the National Dentists' convention with original ideas about tooth and character, says he is preparing a work on the subject of tooth and character.

"Chaucer, the old English poet, said, 'She was a great tooth licious woman,'" declared Dr. Wells.

"He meant, of course, that her teeth projected in front. Chaucer recognized, away back yonder, the fact that women with large mouths and projecting teeth invariably marry. The fact that this woman married five times substantiates his statement.

"You will find that men with long, white, narrow teeth like to marry. Such men make good husbands and provide well.

"Men and women of the type of teeth described drift together naturally, like positive and negative steels. They get along excellently.

"Men with broad, white teeth are not fitted for matrimony. Such men make our captains of industry, but they have a contempt for women and are not good lovers."

SPOTTED FEVER GERM.

Dr. John F. Anderson, director of the hygienic laboratory, is preparing to begin experimenting upon the Rocky Mountain spotted fever ticks, which were turned over to him after they had caused the death of Dr. T. B. McClintock. Dr. McClintock contracted the disease while experimenting upon the ticks at Victor, Mont.

"My first task," said Dr. Anderson cheerfully, "will be to isolate the spotted fever germ. The germ has never been isolated as yet. It is so small that it has been impossible thus far to detect it under the microscope. I shall continue my experiments in the hope of discovering an antitoxin for the disease."

Dr. Anderson has in his office 50,000 of the deadly ticks, sealed in glass tubes—enough to wipe out the population of Washington should they be liberated, it is said.

"CONSCIENCE" FUND GROWS.

A conscience-stricken club member in Chicago the other day contributed to the conscience fund of the treasury the sum of \$100 as duty on a watch which he brought into this country without declaring. The letter in closing a \$100 bill is written on the letterhead of a prominent Chicago club. This is the letter, addressed to Secretary MacVeagh:

"When in Europe I bought a watch which I used with pleasure. It was not \$100 to cover the duty on same, believing that I shall never be needed otherwise, and having no use for you to add it to your already large conscience fund, an' obligé."

HUSBY TOO MUCH?

Princess Catherine of Russia, who is in Washington with her husband, had caused a small commotion in social circles by criticizing the fairer ones for being "blonde."

"American women of good breeding are so remarkably heavy," said the princess. "They heavy too much. That is the reason. Everywhere you see the American woman, whether she is going shopping, visiting or elsewhere, she is wearing hats, as if she did not have a strand to lose."

STOP POTATO IMPORTATION.

Real Irish potatoes from Ireland will not be eaten in this country hereafter. The department of agriculture, the other day issued an order prohibiting importation of Irish potatoes from Ireland, England, Germany and Austria.

The department's action was caused by the discovery that the potatoes grown in these countries are infected with "potato warts," which makes them unfit for human consumption.

ALL DUE TO THOUGHT

Health or Sickness of Body Reflection of the Mind.

Men of the Future, Orison Sweett Marden Asserts, Will Be Free From Many Weaknesses Inherent in Present Race.

The coming man will radiate health and gladness as naturally as the rose exhales beauty and fragrance. He will radiate life and vigor as naturally as he breathes. Because he cannot possibly radiate anything unhealthy. We reflect only the results of our thinking.

Few people realize how largely their health depends upon the saneness of their thinking. You cannot hold ill-health thoughts, disease thoughts in the mind without having them outpictured in the body. The thought will appear in the body somewhere and its quality will determine the results—sound or unsound, healthful or unhealthful. As it is impossible for a person to remain absolutely pure who habitually holds pictures of impurity in the imagination, so it is just as impossible to be healthy while holding the disease thought. There cannot be harmony in the body with disease in the mind.

The belief in weakness, in feebleness, the conviction of physical inability always precedes the actual condition; the weakness, the deficiency appears in the thought before it is manifested in the body.

As long as you think you are a weakling, you will be one. If you think deadly negative thoughts, they will produce corresponding pictures in the body.

Not only do our own thoughts and convictions tend to bring about corresponding ones in the body, but the thoughts and convictions of others as to our condition have a similar effect. Continue to tell a man that he looks haggard and worn and stolid, and that he must do something for himself; keep constantly asking him what is the matter with him and you will very soon produce a mental picture of bodily illness which will be reflected in his body.

Sound health is based upon sound thought. If our thinking is faulty, our health must necessarily correspond. If our thought is not solid, our health will be faulty.

Health is harmony, and we cannot have perfect health while there is discord in the thought. The body is just a reflection of the mind. It will be weak or vigorous according to the thought.

The future physician will be a trained psychologist, a real educator of the people, showing them how to think properly; explaining how their thought makes right life; that their bodily conditions are simply reflections and outpourings of their mental attitudes, present and past, and how, by changing the thought they can change the life.—Orison Sweett Marden in the Nautlius.

Experience Unnecessary.

The fashionable practitioner threw a glance at the dust-covered road and rubbed his hands gleefully. His trunk was packed, his professional attitude was laid aside, and his carriage was due. But the assistant who was to act as administering angel during his absence did not share his master's good spirits.

"I hope everything will be all right while you're away, sir," he said, nervously.

"Sure to—sure to," replied the great M. D.

"I've—I've had such little experience," stammered the young man, desperately. "Nonsense! You don't need experience with fashionable patients," exclaimed he who knew their ways, grabbing his hat. "They're as simple as A, B, C. Find out what they've been eating and stop it. And ask them where they're going for their holidays, and send them somewhere else!"

His Possession.

A rustic, who did odd jobs for the village blacksmith, asked leave of absence for the following day, which was granted.

During the morning his employer noticed him, dressed in his Sunday best, coming down the road from the direction of the church, sheepishly followed by a woman who kept about two paces to the rear, on the opposite side of the road.

Jarting his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his companion, and at the same time indicating her with a movement of his head, the yokel solemnly ejaculated: "Get 'er!"

Another New Idea.

"That man is a dangerous radical—he is always picking up some foolish or dangerous new idea."

"What is his latest?"

"When his first grandchild was born the other day, he wasn't disappointed in the least because she was a girl and, in fact, insisted that the luckiest man was the one whose children were all daughters."

A Complete Change.

"Do you mean to say that you flirted with your wife all the evening at the masked ball and didn't know her?"

"That's right. But she was so annoyed agreeable—how was I to know her?"—The Sun.

PATHETIC PLEA FOR CHILDREN

Words of Charles Kingsley Worth Heeding by Every Man and Woman of Any Worth.

Do not despise yourselves about the little dirty, offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you, they are not to him that made them. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven. Is there not in every one of them, as in you, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? And know you not who that light is, and what he said of little children? Then take heed, I say, lest you despise one of these little ones. Listen not to the Pharisees when he says: Except the little child be converted, and become as I am, he shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. But listen to the voice of him who knew what is in man, when he said: "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough and fresh enough to shame anyone who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt of what we miscall civilization. But take them to the pure stream, strip off the ugly, shapeless rags, wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and like graceful and capable—capable of how much God alone who made them knows.—From Charles Kingsley's Address on Human Soil.

GAVE HIM SOME NEW IDEAS

Pessimistic Man of Forty Wonderfully Cheered by a Few Remarks Made by His Wife.

"Darnation, I'm forty today," he groaned. "Look at my wrinkles. Look at my bald spot. Look at the gray hair about my ears. Youth is gone—the grave approaches—and I'm so wretched that I think I'll go and drink 50 beers."

But his good wife responded: "Cheer up. Intelligent men, thinkers and brain-workers like yourself, have always been distinguished for a hale and happy longevity. Solon, Sophocles, Pindar and Anaxoron were octogenarians. Goethe, over eighty, did some of his best work. So did Kant, Buffon, Newton, Fontenelle and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

"Lauder wrote his most beautiful Imaginary Conversations at eighty-five. Isaac Walton at ninety had a fluent, forceful pen. Hahnemann at eighty married, and at ninety-one made some of his most fruitful discoveries. Michael Angelo's canvases when he was eighty-nine were as vigorous as they had been at sixty years before. Titian was doing good work at ninety. Newton at eighty-three—" But here the man, wonderfully perked up, interrupted her. "I guess I won't get drunk after all," he said. "Get my hat, my dear, and we'll go to the movies and wind up with an oyster supper."

Oldest Order.

What is the oldest order in existence? The claim is made for that of the Holy Sepulchre, the grand order of which has just been conferred by the pope on a member of the Irish Nationalist party. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmond. It appears that no date or the name of a founder can be ascribed to the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, though there is a legendary tradition that traces its origin to the time of Charlemagne. In the middle of the last century, however, when the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem was reestablished, the office of grand master of the order was transferred to it by Pope Pius the Ninth, who many years later, in 1838, created by statute three ranks of the order—the grand cross, commander and knight. The costume is a white cloak with the Cross of Jerusalem in red enamel. The pope himself is grand master of the order.—Westminster Gazette.

Prevention Rarely Taken.

A German medical journal draws attention to a possible factor in the spread of infectious conditions of the mouth, nose, and pharynx that is not sufficiently recognized in many households. It points out that common table utensils, such as forks, spoons and glasses, which come into contact with the mouth, are usually washed altogether, often with little care, and dried on the same cloth. This gives great opportunity for the distribution of infective agencies. For this reason particular care should be exercised in families where any member may be suffering from an infectious disease to sterilize the table utensils used in bathing water. People who complain of "aching cold" in many instances are merely catching infection from little understood and preventable sources.

Sheridan's "Debt of Honor."

A "debt of honor" story that may be worth recording concerns the prince of debtors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. One day a creditor came into Sheridan's room and found him seated before a table strewn with gold and notes.

"It's no use looking at that, my good fellow," said Sheridan, "that is all spoken for debts of honor." "Very well," replied the creditor, tearing his security and throwing it in the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor." "So it is, and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, and handed him the money.