

EASY TO OVERCOME WORRY.

Simple Mental Treatment to Do Away With Evil Habit.

Being human, happily or unhappily, we cannot deny the comfort to be found in the reflection that misery never lacks the company it loves. We all have our troubles, and some of us derive much satisfaction from the contemplation of them. Indeed, there are those who are happy only when wretched; but these we believe to be as few in number as they are disagreeable in association. The vast majority of humans are normal, and disposed, therefore, in conformity with natural law, to smile when the skies are clear and to grieve under the portent of clouds. Hence the ease with which worry takes possession of the mind, colors the disposition and makes a cripple of effort. That causes about we know and must admit, as we do almost unconsciously the certainty of death; but too little cognizance is taken of the fact that the effect of worry really is, may be subjected to simple mental treatment and be overcome.—George Harvey in the North American Review.

HAD TO LIFT UP HIS VOICE.

Worshiper Furnished Good Reason for His Ferocity.

The successful merchant invited his parents to visit him in New York City. They came gladly, and on the following Sabbath were escorted to a fashionable church in Fifth avenue. Some of the hymns were familiar. In their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father. Although not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of this good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowing looks of nearby worshippers or the beet-like face of their devoted son. "Father," explained the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was talking to an acquaintance, "in our churches the congregation do very little singing. It is left entirely to the choir." "I know, my boy," said the old man as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did, the people would have heard your mother."

Bootsacks in Livory.

There is a new office building in Wall street that is piling luxury on luxury in the way of fittings and general accessories to the point where it bids fair to be a close rival to the marble and plush palaces of hotels uptown. The latest outbreak in this direction is the uniforming of the official bootsack of the building in a livery, blue trousers with a gold piping on the seams, a page's short tunic with ever so many round buttons down the front and a dark blue straight visored cap with the name of the company that owns the structure in gold letters on the front. Of course, this bootsack page is an Italian, and he looks extremely hot and uncomfortable in his gaudy coat.

What the Foolish Wife Does.

It is astonishing how many women allow the smallest trifles to break up the harmony of a home. A wife separated from her husband recently, after 20 years of happy married life, merely because he refused to give up smoking. He had enjoyed his pipe in peace all these years, but she took an unreasonable wifely whim against the weed. And now comes the Austrian archduke who threw away a large fortune and the chances of a throne to marry a wife for love. And she spoils the whole romance and happiness of both, and brings a beautiful love story to the divorce court because she insists that her husband shall lead the "simple life," including a dress of sack, and vow never to shave or cut his hair.—Chicago Journal.

The Essence of Dullness.

It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull; but there is no occasion whatever that they are dull because they are learned. True dullness is seldom acquired. It is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in substance the same. Fill a dull man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine, but neither will he become clever. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dullness would if left to itself, have been merely venous, it may have become under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.—Balfour.

Quinine in Sunflower.

An eminent Spanish scientist has made the recent discovery that the sunflower yields a splendid substitute for quinine. More than ten years ago Monceno reported to the Therapeutical Society of Paris with relation to the same subject. Accordingly the sunflower should not only by its growing exert great fever-dispelling effect, but also yield a product which is used advantageously in all fevers.

Sure Enough.

"Slick Pete seems to have got next to that young dude," said the first looko man, "but I wonder what's the use." "Oh, there must be something in it," replied the other. "For Pete can't waste his time." "Well, no, how it looks as if he was trying to do something foolish."

QUITE A NEAT EVASION.

Pastor Could Not Be Drawn Into Giving Direct Testimony.

The wealthy parishioner had with him his pastor, and miles of road were thrown into clouds of dust by the plunking automobile. "Halt!" commanded the officer, but no more attention was given to him than to the sizzling telephone poles. Over those poles, however, sped a message, and at the next crossroads a barrier was encountered and also another representative of the law. "Not only did he break the speed law," complained the constable, when the party had assembled in court, but he also told me to go to the devil." "You lie," thundered the wealthy parishioner. "I never used such language." "We must protect our officers from profanity," intoned the justice. Then turning to the clergyman, "Perhaps this gentleman, who will not make a statement, will tell us whether or not the devil was mentioned in this controversy." "Your honor," pleaded the clergyman, "I and my brethren refer to his satanic majesty so frequently that any additional allusion to him would not impress itself upon me sufficiently to remember the incident."

NO LIVING IN THE PRESENT.

Devotion to Business Precludes All Nonsense Like That.

The messenger from Mars surveyed the multitude which had gathered to meet him with undisguised interest. Nor did he hesitate to propound such inquiries as his curiosity prompted. "Where do you all live?" he asked, speaking generally. "I live in the future," said a young man, good humoredly. "And I in the past," said an old man. "How odd! And does none of you live in the present?" "Fardon me," said the Martian, hastily. "Perhaps I press my questions too closely." At this a voice from the outskirts of the crowd spoke up, saying, "We have not yet learned how to live in the present without interruption of business. Don't you know?" Buck.

Ancient "Public Penance."

One of a number of ancient manuscripts which have just come to light at Taunton, in England, bearing the date 1424, refers to "orders of public penance," imposed on persons behaving badly in church, calling each other names, and other offenses. The offender had to stand in the middle aisle of the church during the whole service and sermon, generally wearing a white sheet and holding a white wand. After the sermon a full confession had to be made and pardon asked before the whole congregation. One instance of this form of punishment occurred at Skilgate in 1703, when Jane Webber made a confession of quarrelling and fighting with another woman in church during service.

Where Mark Twain Had Gone.

When Mark Twain was working hard on one of his earlier books that brought him fame he sailed for Europe with his family. He kept up his writing on shipboard, leaving it only for brief recreations. One day an approaching storm drove him to the cabin, and as he retired to work he left word with his daughter, then a very little girl, to explain his absence. "If they ask for me," he said to her, "say that I won't be long; I have only come to write an anecdote." A little later a passenger accosted the child: "Where has your father gone?" "He won't be gone long," replied the child; "he's only going to ride a nannypop."

Tin Mines in Malaya.

A correspondent from the Malay peninsula states that the projected railway from Hongkong will be likely to traverse the rich mineral regions of Siamese Malaya. Lang Sun has a tin supply that cannot be exhausted in a hundred years to come, while the same may be said of Benang. There are 20 mines in the region of Lang Sun, most of which are worked by natives, but the European concessions in the latter place, as well as in Benang, are exceptionally excellent returns. There is no lack of capital, even the natives making themselves better acquainted with modern machinery and bringing it into use.

Giving Herself Away.

"Gracious, Katherine, why are you blushing?" "I—I never was so embarrassed in all my life. That handsome young man kissed me in the back hallway and then said, 'I beg your pardon, I thought it was your sister.'" "And what did you do, my dear?" "Why, why, I was so flustered I thought I was being introduced to some one and said, 'The pleasure is all mine!'"

Annoying.

"I suppose your family had a good time in Europe?" "Well, answered Mr. Dumox, "I don't think mother and the girls enjoyed themselves all the time. You see, they had so much trouble fighting foreign money back into dollars that they now and then they were embarrassed by finding they had accidentally ordered some thing that wasn't expensive."

The Result of Habit.

"Just think what professional habit will do for a man!" "In what way?" "I know a fellow who used to belong to a minstrel troupe and he says daily custom so hardened his sense of shame, that he never heard mention of the family skeleton in the closet without wanting to rattle his bones."

CHANGE IN SCHOOL METHODS.

Consolidated Temples of Learning Is Now the Order.

"The old country schoolhouse of not so long ago will soon be a relic of the past," said James Tighe of Altoona, Pa., according to the Washington Post. "Although one traveling through the country sees many of these old fashioned structures, he does not realize that they are rapidly being deserted and that a consolidated schoolhouse will be met with farther up the road. These new buildings are graded, and many have several high school courses, so that one teacher now teaches only one class, whereas in the old days the pedagogue taught everything from the alphabet to Latin. Of course, the consolidated schoolhouse is not so convenient to all the children, as they have to go a greater distance, but all of them ride to school nowadays. The consolidated school is much cheaper to the community, and what the farmer saves in taxes he puts in sleighs and wagons, so his children may ride. Pupils can also remain at their home school much longer than they formerly could, and this also is a great saving. We may expect great results from this change, for the farmers with their poor schools have turned out some wonderful men, and they should do even better under the new conditions."

STAND BY ONE ANOTHER.

One Place at Least Where Woman Be Friends Woman.

"There is just one place," lamented the grocer's clerk, "where woman is the friend of woman. That is in a grocery. If a woman happens to get 'stung' with a poor brand of tea, or coffee or soap or anything else, she takes precious good care no other woman whom she can influence shall suffer from the same cause. In buying anything else women go on the principle that misery likes company, and allow their sisters to run into all kinds of errors that themselves have been guilty of. But in the matter of buying groceries they treat each other like Christians. For that spirit of helpfulness the grocer usually pays. It is responsible, for example, for all those packages of coffee over there in the corner being thrown on our hands. One woman tried a sample. She didn't like it, and she made it her business to see that no other woman whom she met in here should throw her money away on that sort of coffee. And it is the same way with everything else—if one woman sees another in doubt as to the quality of any article, she advises to the best of her ability."

Capacity of a Munich Porter.

An English family touring in Havaria, called at the world-famous Hofbrauhaus, the pride of Munich, recently, writes our correspondent. To the waitress serving them the head of the family in a matter-of-fact way, simply held up his five fingers. To the family's astonishment the waitress came back with five quart pots filled to the brim with beer. The visitors bravely struggled with the beer, but only managed to dispose of about one quart between them. Knowing that it would be considered an insult to leave beer, they called a porter and ordered him to finish it. In less time than it takes to relate the Bavarian accomplished the task. Wiping his mustache, he demanded sixpence for the "job," and, having obtained the money, instantly ordered and emptied another quart pot.

A Celebrated Celibate.

A young and handsome rector was recently engaged for a fashionable church. One of the vestrymen with a keen relish for a joke circulated the rumor that the new parson belonged to the order of celibates, thinking thereby to baffle the spinsters and widows of the congregation who were many. One matron, with several marriageable daughters, assembled these and a few young friends about her, and gave the group a solemn warning. "Now, girls," she said, "you must not fall in love with the rector. You know he is a celebrity." And a celebrity the poor man remained so long as he was rector of that church.

Farmer Fools the Bee.

John B. E. Wright, who lives on a farm two miles north of Elmer, N. J., has the third story of his house bored with holes, which swarms of honey bees have found, much to his delight. The holes lead to closets in the bed rooms, and the unsuspecting bees make honey where it can be gathered from the inside by simply opening a door. It is Wright's fondest delight to take a friend and a loaf of bread to the third floor, open a closet door and start a feast of bread and honey.

Centenarian Killed by Wasp.

Mrs. Cox of Gloucester Place, Forest Hill, was stung on the neck by a wasp while entertaining a number of friends in celebration of her 105th birthday and died the same night. Mrs. Cox was able to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and had not known a day's bad health for the past 37 years. Her husband, who died last year, was 98 years old.—London Express.

Feeling His Loss.

Higgins—I see Tighe is wearing a mourning band on his hat. I wonder if it is for his first wife? Wiggins—Of course not. He married again last month. Higgins—Yes, I know he did, and I am under the impression that he is just beginning to feel his bereavement.—Chicago News.

GOOD TEST FOR NICOTINE.

Experiments That May Be of Interest to Smokers.

"Anyone who wishes to find out how much nicotine he might take into his system by smoking can easily get an idea by a very simple experiment," says an old smoker, who is rarely seen in public or private without a cigar in his mouth. "Puff briskly until the cigar smoke is clear white then draw a big mouthful, double your handkerchief, place it over your lips and blow out the smoke violently as though you were whistling. Look at your handkerchief and you will see a deep brown stain almost as big as a dime on the white linen. That is the nicotine and other oils distilled from the tobacco during burning. Now, of course, I don't mean to say that regular smoker would absorb all this oil into his system. Most of it passes away with the smoke, as shown by the brown deposit on the handkerchief, but still enough remains to affect the nerves, as any inexperienced smoker can testify after his first attempts to become accustomed to the weed. Whether the nicotine hurts anybody who is used to it is a question for the doctors."

EFFECTS OF THE FOG.

Even Blind Men Lose Their Way—The Ground "Sounds Different."

Nothing has such a bewildering effect as fog. Only animals which find their way by scent can get about in it with any certainty, says Chmura. Birds are entirely confused by it. Tame pigeons remain all day motionless and half-asleep, huddled up, either in or just outside their homes. Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird sings or utters a call, perhaps because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen foe. During one very thick fog a blind man was found wandering about a certain district of London. This man was in the habit of carrying ropes and parcels, and had scarcely ever lost his way before. Asked why he had gone astray, for he was quite blind, and it was supposed that wealth or would have made no difference, he said that in a fog the ground "sounded quite differently."

Mixtures of Thought in Dreams.

Consider the wild mixtures of thought, displayed both in the waking life and the dreams of mankind. How grand! How mean! How sudden the leap from one to the other! How inscrutable the succession! How defiant of orderly control! It is as if the soul were a thinking ruin; the devil verily is the angel and the demon life appears to be contending in it. The imagination reveals in beauty exceeding all the beauty of things, walls in images dire and monstrous, walls in murderous and base suggestions that shame our inward dignity, so that a great part of the study and a principal art of life is to keep our decency by a wise selection from what we think and a careful suppression of the remainder.—Horace Bushnell.

Crown of Great Britain.

The crown is already of great weight—29 ounces and 5 dwts. To add to it the Cullinan diamond would increase the weight by about three-quarters of a pound avoirdupois, which, it is estimated, is what the jewel would weigh after it is cut. The crown, as it is seen today in the Tower of London, contains 2,818 diamonds, 297 pearls and many other exquisite jewels. Its chief gem is the ruby, the value of which has been estimated at £100,000, which was given to the Black Prince in Spain in the year 1367, and was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

Law and Lickings.

In some of the districts of Prussia no father can dust the jacket of his boy without first securing the consent of an official appointed for the purpose. If the boy refuses to mind, the father goes to the officer and says: "My boy Fritz needs a licking. He will not mind me." How old is your Fritz? "He is 12." "Is he very obstinate?" "He is like a mule." "Then here is your permission to go home and take him by the collar and give him 15 good cuts across the back." And the father goes home and cuts a gad and Fritz gets his thrashing and is better behaved for the next three months.

Wanted the Worth of His Money.

"All we can afford to give you, miss," said the trustee of school district No. 16 to the young woman who had applied for the position of teacher, "is \$4 a month." "At that figure, of course, you wouldn't expect me to teach any facts," she said. "Facts?" echoed the trustee, taken slightly aback. "Why—hm—yes, if you can teach it well, that, too." "But it isn't in the curriculum." "You may as well understand, miss, that we ain't throwing any money away. The \$4 a month is to pay for the whole thing—fads, crickalum and everything else that's so!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Strategist.

A little girl in Cleveland was playing with her trinkets on the parlor floor, while an older sister, with much persistency, was drumming on the piano. "Play louder, Florida," spoke up the child. The girl at the keys felt flattered, and, with an elated smile, asked: "So you like to hear me play, do you, darling?" "No, I don't," came the unexpected and emphatic reply. "I wanted you to play louder so papa would tell you to stop."

HARRIMAN A GOOD SNORER.

Correspondent Ready to Declare That Is No Slender.

E. H. Harriman and party arrived from the west over the Union Pacific in a special train at 3.50 o'clock one recent Saturday morning, says the Omaha Bee. The party passed through Omaha several weeks ago on the way west on an inspection tour of the Harriman line. The dire suspicion that Mr. Harriman never sleeps, or at least that he sleeps with one eye open, has at least been proven fallacious. He does sleep and he sleeps with both eyes shut like other mortal men, and he lies on his back and snores in a fashion that would do any man's heart good to hear. These discoveries were made by a reporter for the Bee, who peered between the slightly parted shutters of his stateroom in hopes of getting a short interview with the great railroad magnate and perchance finding out the exact date of the starting of the new Union Pacific headquarters. On his way west he had said: "When I get the money." But—"There in the moonlight, cold and gray, Speechless and beautiful he lay."

THE OLD MAN'S MONEY.

Depositor Was Allegedly Too Suspicious of Bank Officials.

"Did you hear about the old man's experience in the banks business?" "No; what was it?" "Why, he put \$50 in bank—\$50 money he'd ever put there—am? the boys told him that he'd better keep an eye on the bank, as they failed mighty frequent, an' he was liable to lose all." "Well?" "Well, he hung round that bank so constant that the bank people got suspicious of him, an' thought he was goin' to blow the bank up; when-ever he seen the cashier come out, he followed him round town, always keepin' in him in sight; an' it was the same way with the bank president an' all the clerks, an' when he finally applied for a job as janitor of the institution—so he could be on the spot in case of trouble—they had him arrested an' the judge decided that he was crazy an' they wuz jest about to send him to the lunatic asylum when his friends explained things an' the bank folks give him his money, an' told him to git!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

\$35 for a Velasquez.

A popular illustrator lighted a dollar cigar with a two-dollar bill. "I make more money in a day than Michael Angelo made in a month," he said. "I have been studying up the wages those old chaps got. It is amazing." "Michael Angelo was paid \$30 a month while doing the cartoons of the battle of Pisa, and Leonardo, who helped him, got the same rate. They were both docked for lateness and off days, but there was no overtime allowance." "Correggio got for his 'Christ in the Garden' \$225. Carracci's 'Resurrection' only brought the painter \$850. Albert Durer, for his pen and ink portraits, was not paid in cash. A bag of flour, a hundred oysters, a pair of boots—Durer would gladly do your portrait on such a system of remuneration." "Rembrandt's top notch price was \$475. He got that for his 'Night Watch'." "Velasquez worked chiefly for the Spanish government. He was paid at the average rate of \$35 a picture. Think of it! \$35 for the 'Rokeby Venus'!"

Family of Fighting Sailors.

A few days ago there was a presentation ceremony on the British cruiser Cochrane, named after the great admiral. Two Cochranes are of this cruiser, and they joined with the rest of the family in giving to the cruiser a shield. The ceremony brought out the fact that within a hundred years six men of the name of Cochrane and of the blood of the liberator of Chile have held the rank of admiral in the British navy, and that for twice as long every male Cochrane has become a member of the service. Fighting families there have been before, are now and probably always will be, but the record of the Cochranes is one that would be hard to better.

The Shrinking World.

While The Hague conference has more diplomatic pretensions, the universal postal union is really doing more practical work just now toward organizing the world. It includes all civilized nations, and unites them, not with rhetoric but with actual business arrangements, whose value speaks for itself. On the first of October some of its latest improvements will go into effect. We shall be able to send letters abroad at five cents for the first ounce and three cents for each ounce additional, instead of for five cents per half ounce as now. That means that an ounce letter will cost five cents instead of ten and a two ounce letter eight cents instead of 20.—Collier's Weekly.

Interferences.

"There are pleasures in life that money cannot buy," said the cheery person. "Yes," answered the man who worries, "there are such pleasures, but as a rule the bill collectors keep butting in so that you can't enjoy them."

RAN WILD DOWNTOWN AND MADE GOOD ITS ESCAPE.

Philadelphia—Two women were injured, one of them seriously, by a mad steer that, escaping from a herd, ran amuck in the lower section of the city. On her road to early church Mrs. Helen Zimmerman, of 1908 South Fourth street, encountered the mad-dened beast in Tasker square, at Third and Tasker streets. She ran screaming from the animal, but it soon overtook her, knocked her down and was about to gore her when a large dog caught the animal's leg. Turning on the dog, it ran out of the square, followed by a large crowd that had been attracted by Mrs. Zimmerman's screams.

At Moyamensing avenue and Moore street, one block away, Mrs. Christiana Morganstine, 71 years old, of Second street and Snyder avenue, was crossing the street and walked directly in the path of the steer, which knocked her down and inflicted painful injuries about the face and back. In the meantime, the police had arrived. The two injured women were put in the Twenty-fifth district patrol wagon and hurried to the Methodist hospital. Mrs. Zimmerman has sufficiently recovered to go home, but Mrs. Morganstine is in a serious condition.

After injuring the two women the steer made good its escape, and when last seen was going up Tenth street at a gallop.

CLAIMS DEAD KING'S LOVE.

Mistress of Humbert of Italy Wants Pecuniary Compensation.

Rome, Italy.—The tribunal of first instance has decided to permit Countess Cesarina Gaddinorland to prove in open court her assertion that King Humbert acquired a profound affection for her when she was only 16 years old. She claims that the king's affection for her not only did her deep moral wrong, but injured her pecuniary by preventing her from pursuing the musical career for which her parents had designed her.

She asserts that King Humbert promised her often and expressly to provide handsomely for her future, but that his assassination by anarchists prevented him from doing so. The countess claims a colossal compensation.

A minister of the royal household had orders to settle the affair quietly, but the countess, inspired by certain lawyers, made demands too exorbitant.

Engineer Lost His Train.

Paris, France. An amusing incident occurred on the Western railway at Loriet. The Paris express stops at this station to drop a post office van, which is shunted on a siding to be attached to the local train for Rennes. This had been done as usual, but before the rest of the train could be joined up again the driver thought he heard the signal to start and went off with nothing but two first-class carriages attached to his engine. The authorities of the station officials and the yells of the disappointed passengers left behind had no effect.

Half an hour later the engine steamed into Quimper. The station master, who had been advised by telegraph, planted himself in front of the engine, and with difficulty controlling his features, asked the driver where his train was. "My train, why, it's here, of course!" was the reply. "Here or elsewhere? You must have lost it on your way," retorted the station master.

French Regiment Wins Honor.

Paris.—French army officers are proud of the feat performed by the seventy-ninth infantry regiment in crossing the River Neurthe without special equipment.

The river is over 200 feet in width and nine feet in depth. A soldier swam with a rope to the opposite side and then a raft was made of rough planks and sacks filled with hay covered with the canvas which is used on the regiment provision carts. All the soldiers crossed safely and there was not a single accident. It took each company three-quarters of an hour to cross, as only a limited number of soldiers could go on the raft at one time.

Reconciled in Police Station.

New York. Dr. Charles A. Whitney, a wealthy physician, was reconciled to his son Lloyd, 22, as a result of the young man's arrest for begging. The son who has lost a leg, has been away from home for a year, owing to differences with his parent. When Dr. Whitney informed Magistrate Breen that he was willing to take his son home, the magistrate signed the discharge papers. They were signed by the father and son met. They were escorted for nearly an hour, and when they opened the door they were arm in arm.

Boy of Eight a Suicide.

St. Albans, Vt.—Stephen Plinn, the eight-year-old son of Silas W. Plinn, formerly judge of the city court, who had been eccentric for some months, disappeared. After a search his body was found hanging from a beam in his father's barn.