# METHODS OF INDUCING SLEEP

Relaxation of the Mind and Muscles is the Principal Thing to Keep in Mind.

How to get to sleep, when every derice fails and one feels desperate, is matter worth solving especially if there be simple methods that can be

bried. A well-known lecturer on hygiene, whom a very sleepless woman consulted on the subject of bad nights. gave her valuable advice, the efficacy

of which she has proved. "Stretch out your limbs to the full length, with the arms rather close to the sides of the body, and straight down," said he, "or if that is not comfortable, in any downward fashion."

"Sometimes you may find it for the moment restful to clasp the arms shove the head, but on no account give way to the habit of doing so, for this position drives away the blood From the heart and sends it to the head, causing uneasy dreams, and therefore restlessness, and may even prevent sleep altogether.

"Gently close your mouth and breathe through your nose. This is highly important. Then let all the muscles of the face and neck be rebaxed, and all muscles of the body,

200." Women of mature age should be as careful as girls to see that they sleep with the mouth shut, for this habit combats a tendency, growing with the years, to drop or protrude the jaw as the face is settling to sleep. A closed mouth and relaxed muscles help to heep you young looking.

Above all, sleep on your right side. Wonderful for inducing sleep is a sup of hot milk sipped slowly in bed the very last thing.

# DRAWS LINE AT INKY STAMPS

Lincle Sam Ready to Redeem Them, But They Can Not Be Used to Carry a Letter.

"How dirty can a postage stamp become and still retain its usefulness in the eyes of the government?" was a question propounded to muddle the algready overworked brain of a busy man. Happening to meet a postman who was collecting mail, the man handed him a stamped letter.

"That won't go," said the postman. "Stamp's dirty." As was his wont on special occasions, he busy man resorted to sar

"Since when," he demanded, "did the United States government become so immaculate that it requires mone but unsuliled stamps stuck on

its letters?" "Well, they've always been pretty **particular** postman, "but there are some kinds of dirt that count for more than others. That stamp's got ink on it. Inky stamps won't go, because an ink spot could be used to disguise a canceled stamp." \

"Then I suppose every stamp I happen to drop a speck of ink on is wasted?" "Oh, no. Turn it in to the office

where you bought it, and after a ceritain period you will get your money back. "How long will that take?" the man

asked. "About three months."

"I'm afraid I can't wait," said the man, and over the discredited stamp he stuck a spotless one.

On Acting. Acting is not a trade which tends to stability and dignity of character, but encourages sensibility and flashes of warm instinct. Extreme alertness to praise and blame, harmoniously combined with vanity and absorption in one topic, are almost a necessity of the occupation; but this existence, however narrow and distorted, has the primal virtues of vividness and vitallity. It not only depicts human passions, but it also requires in its servants a varied and constantly ready fund of emotions and instincts. Lacking the free air of independence and impartial thought, it has to the full the warm breath of crude but passionate humanity. In feeling, however blind, in life, however fragmentary, the enlooker finds more to love in the players' world than in all the dead decorum of a Philistine prosperity.-Norman Hapgood.

Tact. Mrs. Smith and her little daughter: Margaret, aged two, were spending the summer at the lake. The mother often spoke of the excellent quality of the milk she fed the child. While out walking with little Margaret one day, Mrs. Bmith happened to meet the wife of the farmer who supplied the superior

milk. "What do you say, Margaret, to the lady for bringing you such nice milk?" prompted Mrs. Smith.

"How's the cow?" asked Margaret politely.-Women's Home Companion.

Not So Nice. "I know a girl who made a \$2 gradmation gown and captured a husband

on the strength of it." "There's a good argument for \$2 BOWDS."

"The trouble is, she caught a \$2 hus hand. He has expected her to dress on that precedent ever since."

Too Tenuous.

"There is only one family line in This country which can bear the bur-Mens which are put upon it." "What is that?" "The clethesline."

#### AVOID THE MAN THAT SNEERS

Whole Existence Spoiled for Unfortunate Wife Tied to Such an Individual.

How would you like to be tied for life to a snake whose fangs slowly poisoned your blood, though it is not avowedly dangerous?

Silly question, say you? Cleopatra with her asp-which they say is only a myth these days-is no surer of extinction than is the wholesome woman who marries a man who aneers.

So often this sneer is hidden under polished exterior. The girl does not at first realize the sting. She calls her lover critical or particular, or perhaps thinks his cynicism a sign of breeding or great intellectuality.

She begins by heeding that sneer, first in trifles such as behavior or dress; later it gets in its deadly poison on ideals and principles.

It takes a brave woman and an exceptionally strong-minded one to stand out against the cynicism of the man she loves. Unconsciously she is influenced. Before she realizes the deadly influence her whole view of life is changed. A girl of sweet nature but not too much brilliancy, married to a sneerer, becomes nothing more than a faint record of his warped vision. She may start out trusting, unsuspicious, loving, but life with the sneerer leads her to wonder if there is such a thing as honor and truth and goodness in this bad world.--Exchange.

### ONCE THE HOME OF AUDUBON

Beautiful Mansion Where Great Naturallst Died Is Now a New York Tenement.

In a dismal hollow, at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, New York, overlooking the Hudson, is a great square house that looks as if it ought to be haunted-and perhaps it is. It was once magnificent. Its lawns were perfect and its fountains played in the sunlight. On every side of it were other handsome homes, and all the owners were friends of long standing. Now the granite wall of Riverside drive almost cuts into the roof of this fine old mansion. Italian laborers live in it and unkempt babies sprawl upon its porches. A giant apartment house towers over it and only the rays of the western sun ever reach its

windows. It is the old home of John James Audubon, the American naturalist, which he purchased in 1842 and lived in for some years with his sons Victor and John and their families. He died there in 1851 and was buried in Trinity cemetery, near the woods that formed part of his estate and which were later called "Audubon park. For five or six years Aubudon park has been but a memory, only a few dilapidated homes remaining in a hollow hemmed in by modern bureaus where people live in the drawers."

Satan's Publi.

The wildcat of the north woods, red lynx, bay lynx, bobcat, or however we may elect to call him, has been described as a bundle of live wires actuated by the spirit of Satan. Running up to over 40 pounds in weight, he is as big as his finer-furred cousin, the tufted-eared Canada lynx, far handsomer and much more savage. I have seen them fight dogs desperately, and a full-grown wildcat will play havoc with a flock of sheep. But no cat has ever been known to attack man except in the effort to get away when cornered. Some time ago I found a man in Maine willing to swear before a notary that a bobcat had attacked himwithout provocation, but I concluded to abide by the advice of Manly Hardy, gone from us now, who wrote me that a man who would swear to anything of the kind was a born liar anyhow.-Edward Breck, in Outing.

Handy Book Marker.

Nothing hurts a book more, especially a new book, than laying it down open to keep the place. Instead of doing that, if you are liable to interruption in your reading get a stout rubber band and cover it with ribbon, gathered full enough to permit the band's stretching. Then when you need to lay it down it takes hardly a second to stretch the band and slip beneath it the pages read. Upon taking it up again you find your place automatically, moreover, the book mark cannot get lost. Take care to have the band strong enough to hold and big enough not to mar the end of the cover.

Sir Walter's Good Fortune. Sir Walter Raleigh had called to take a cup of tea with Queen Eliza-

beth. "It was very good of you, Sir Walter." said her majesty, smiling sweetly upon the gallant knight, "to ruin your cloak the other day so that my feet should not be wet by that horrid puddle. May I not instruct my lord high treasurer to reimburse you for

"Don't mention it, your majesty," replied Raleigh. "It only cost two and six and I have already sold it to an American collector for £8,000."-Lip-

Not in the Market. "Did you hear of the recent cut in

fron?" "No! Is it a fact?"

"Yes. A lot of prisoners sawed through their cell bars."

## ABIDING PLACE OF MICROBES

Eliminate the Vacant Seat and the Church Will Bloom Into Splendid Health.

There are microbes that are menacing the church with dire defeats: they're bacilli that produce the plague entitled Vacant Seats. There's an influence arising from these weary, dreary pews, that's as postilential as the breath of rank, malarial dews. If diagnosis we would make of churches void of heat, we'd find the mercury had dropped down in the vacant seat. The doctors ought to busy get, the church's health to save, because this situation is becoming very grave. Napoleon wished once, 'tis said, to break a conquered bell: his soldiers swung their hammers free, and pounded hard and well; but firm, uninjured, strong, it stood, resisting every stroke, until they hit from the inside, and then, it quickly broke. Thus what the church needs most to fear, is not the outside sin, but spineless, lackadaisical inanity within. And that which blocks and trips the church, and rolls her down the stair, is the nominal adherent who, however, isn't there. If we could but eliminate this stunting empty seat, the church would soar in glorious flight, amazingly complete. There is a remedy that works at any time and place; it's every one, at every time, and always, in his place. If you would give this formula a keen, conclusive search, just try it well, next Sunday, at the Presbyterian church, or any place of worship where you feel you'd like to be, and the medicine and healing you'll find tally to a T.—The Conti-

## REMEMBER THE LOVED ONES

Pathetic Religious Ceremony That Is Observed by People of the isle of Ushant.

In the Island of Ushant-the "Isle of Fear"-there exists a custom probably unknown in any other part of Christendom. When a native dies abroad or is lost at sea, his relatives have a small wax cross made, some seven inches long. This is solemnly taken to the church and presented to the priest, who deposits it in a box, shaped like a cinerary urn, that hangs on the south side of the altar of St. Joseph. This is called the "Pro Ella" cross, and is supposed to stand for the spirit of the dead. These memorial symbols are allowed to accumulate in the box till the next church mission comes round. As these revival services are held only once in every four or five years, the number of crosses may be very considerable. A day is then set apart for their solemn interment. It is the great day, the climax of the mission. The church is draped in black and crowded with a mourning congregation, many of whom break out into loud wailing. The crosses are brought from their urn in solemn procession, a requiem mass is said over them, and then they are carried to the churchyard, the iron door of the tomb is unlocked, and they are interred with full honors. Throughout the year hardly a day passes but some pious soul comes to sprinkle the tomb with holy water and say a prayer before it for the dead.-Wide World Magazine.

Treland's Big Cavern. A Frenchman made the first complete exploration of one of the largest caverns in the world, that at Mitchelstown, Ireland. The explorer was Martel, who is also famous for his discoveries in the caverns of France. The Mitchelstown cavern is formed in limestone, and is remarkable for the number and extent of its connected passages, which, when plotted on a chart resemble the streets of a city. The length of the cave is about a mile and a quarter, and it contains some animal inhabitants, including a species of spider, which are peculiar to it and have their entire existence within its recesses.-The Sunday Magazine. .

Hurt of Unkind Words.

Unkind words are sharper than swords. If you cut your finger there is but temporary pain. If your heart is burt with sarcasm or brutal speech the suffering continues as long as your memory is working. Since we all know the agony of injured feelings it certainly behooves all of us to be sparing with stinging conversation. As one grows wiser and older one pays little heed to what others say. Unkind things then apparently don't have the power to hurt. The older, wiser ones just twirl their thumbs and smile. It is a great relief when one gets to that point of perfect tranquillity.

Relief From Influenza.

Influenza, as is believed by the majority of medical men at present, is caused by a microbe which is present in the atmosphere, when the epidemic is raging. The surest safeguard against a disease arising from a microbe is to use antiseptics; of these carbolic acid and eucalyptus oil have been found of most use for the prevention and cure of influenza. The best way of using these is in the form of a smelling-bottle containing, in addition to carbolic and eucalyptus, camphor, charcoal and ammonia.

The Limit.

"Well, I see that that fackass Eltlerberry has gone and put his head in the noose again," said Hawkins. "Worse than that," said Banta. "He's got it in the noose papers"

## VALUE OF FORESTS PROVED

in Addition to Conserving Rainfail, They Are of Other Aids to Agriculture.

While the rainfall of any region is dependent on dynamic influences in the atmosphere, and can be affected only in a very slight degree, if at all, by the extent of that region covered by forests, it has certainly been shown that woods and forests conserve rainfall. The briefest consideration indicates the likelihood that this must be so, because vegetation and the ground covered with vegetation absorb water and allow it to percolate slowly to the lower levels, whereas on bare ground the rainwater runs quickly away to sea. But trees serve another purpose in aid of agriculture; because, as some recent experiments show, they act as windbreaks and shelters to growing crops. The distance to which the protective influence of trees extends is estimated at twenty times their height, though complete protection. such as might be afforded to growing wheat in a gale, extends only to a distance eight times the height of the trees. Partial protection is about twelve to fourteen times the height. They also check evaporation of rainfall, their influence extending five times their height to windward and eighteen times to leeward, and preserve as much as 70 per cent. of moisture ordinarily lost. Finally, their influence heats both air and soil, increasing the diurnal range of temperature by as much as nine degrees Fahrenheit.

Writers of the Nineteenth Century Responsible for Valuable Addition to Literature.

GIVE REALITY TO THE CHILD

Children were only found yesterday. Before the nineteenth century the child mind and the child heart were not supposed to have enough in them to interest the majestic adult. It is true that you find a delightful baby in Homer; that in Vergil there is the prettiest glimpse of a little girl, and up and down in the classics you may meet half a dozen other pleasant shadows of children. But they are only shadows, only at the most charming pictures. They give you as much as if they were painting or sculpturefor in children's bodies art has always had interest enough-only what a child looks like, the pretty weakness, the instinct for play, the native gesture and movement. Not till the 'return to nature," not till the spirit of romance moved on the waters at the end of the eighteenth century, do you find poets beginning to tell of the thought and faith in a child's mind, the mysteries of the child's heart, the fancies that are dreams and the fancies that are visions. You may think that they have gone too far, that they read into childhood the laborious philosophizing and sometimes the labored sentimentality of the adult. But no one who loves children will deny that the best of the children in nineteenth century books have a far richer reality, a far fuller life than any that were born in earlier words. And some of the best are in Dickens.

About the Camel.

In a school in the South of Ireland a schoolboy of tender years is said to have produced the following essay on the camel:

"The cannimal is a sheep of the desert. It is called a backteria because it has a hump on its back. The cannimal is very patient, and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets its back up, which is called taking the hump. The shepherds of cannimals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they are called street Arabs. When the cannimal goes on a journey it drinks as much as it can to last for many days. Such animals are called accoulducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebriates."

United Through Literature.

More than one literary man owes a happy marriage to his books. Long before she first met her future husband had Elizabeth Barrett felt herself drawn toward the author of "Belis and Pomegranates," of which she makes the hero of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" say: "Some Pomegranate of Browning's, which, if cut deep down the middle, shows the heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity." Nor was Browning insensible to the charm of the lady's work, so that the inevitable, thugh delayed, meeting, resuited in a love which, overcoming all obstacles, resulted in the happiest of unions.

History as She's Told.

When Jean Leon Gerome's painting of the dead Caesar was on exhibition in the Corcoran gallery a Chicago visitor heard this conversation between a woman and her ten-year-old son, who were looking at the stricken Caesar lying at the foot of Pompey's statue while the conspirators were disappearing in the distance.

"Mamma," said the boy. "what is the matter with the man?" "When you get older." answered the

mother, "you will read all about it in history. The man is Julius Caesar. He has just been shot by Mark Anthony."

Its Moral. "The thermometer is much like men

in one respect."

"What is that?" "When it once begins to take a drop, it falls by degrees."

## DICKENS AS HE WAS IN 1839

Interesting Description of Great Writer Published in the Knickerbocker of That Year.

In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tail. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face. that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, is bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome: an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickliness, is in repose extremely agreeable and indicative of great re-

finement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens' manners and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice, and quiescent, evincing habitual attention to etiquette and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after and. possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London, but with a lovely wife and two charming children occupies a retreat in the vicinity. He is about 26 years of age but does not look more than 23 or 24. Mr. Dickens is entirely self-made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius and his industry.-From the Knickerbocker, August, 1839.

#### CROWDING TO SEE TENNYSON

Congregation Would Not Leave Westminster Abbey Without a Glimpse of the Great Poet.

Sir James Knowles accompanied Alfred Tennyson to the funeral of Dickens at Westminster abbey and he deacribes in "Tennyson and His Friends" the scene when the crowd identified the distinguished visitor. "There was an immense congregation that day in the abbey and when the service was over we stood up waiting a long time to pass out through the rails. But instead of dispersing by the outer door the people all turned eastward and flocked toward the altar, pressing closer and closer up to the sacrarium. The chances of getting out became less and less, and I turned to Tennyson and said: 'I don't know what all this means, but we seem so hemmed in that it is useless to move yet.'

"Then a man standing by me whispered: 'I don't think they will so long as your friend stands there. Of course I saw at once what was happening-it had got to be known that Tennyson was present and the solid throng was bent on seeing him. Such a popularity had never occurred to me or to him, and justified his nervous unwillingness to be seen in crowded places.

"I was obliged to tell him what was going on upon which he urgently insisted on being let out some quiet way and putting an end to the dilemma."

Blunders of Royal Authors, Royal authors sometimes need a deal of editing. A glaring instance is Frederick the Great, whose spelling and punctuation astounded Carlyie, says the London Chronicle. "A steure" for "a cette heure" was a specimen of the former, "and as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it; he merely scatters a few commas and dashes as if they were shaken out of a pepper box upon his page and so leaves it."

How, asks Carlyle, can such slovenliness be explained in a king who "would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff belt, indignant that any pipe clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipe clayed?" He can only conclude that Frederick really cared little about literature after all. Also "he never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches." "I am a king and above grammar," said another monarch.

Man Converses With Animals. Charles Kellogg of California has started out to convince the Harvard faculty of his ability to taik with animals. His life has been spent in the Sierra Nevadas, and his studies include the vocal sounds made by bears, squirrels, lizards, rattlesnakes and crickets. Indeed, he claims proficiency in fifteen animal languages. He has a peculiar palate, with no tonsils, and entirely lacks the cord connecting the teeth with the lips. To these peculiarities he partly ascribes the ease with which he imitates the sounds of insects and animals. Some of his observations and ideas are, it is said, at least interesting, if not convincing.

Serious Omission. The new millionaire's banquet table was spread, and the guests about to be summoned.

"Are you sure there are no reporters present?" anxiously asked the host of the butler.

"I've made cerain of it, sir." "Then go out and get a few," rejoined the host.—Canadian Courier.

Their Rule. "Doctors are the meanest class of

"What makes you say that?" "Even when they treat a man they make him pay for it."

#### BLIND TAILOR REGAINS SIGHT

Had Given Up Hope When Baltimore Doctor Undertook Operation, Which Was Success.

Baltimore.-The "Little Bind Tallor" of Spruce alley now sees the sun shine for the first time in more than fifteen years. Louis Haley was dismissed from Franklin Square hosnital. where he had been under treatment for his eyes for several weeks. When he registered he was totally blind.

Haley told how it felt to be blind so long and suddenly to realize that; he had regained the use of his eyes.

"The first thing I remember," he said "was being in St. Andrews Orphan asylum, which is run by the Catholic sisters. I haven't got any: people, you know. After I got to be a good-sized kid they sent me over to St. Marv's Industrial asylum, where they taught me to be a tailor. When: I was about 21 I was a graduate tailor, and they sent me out to get a job.

"Well, my eyes had always been pretty bad, but I felt that I could make a living all right, and so I went to work... My eyes were bothering me, all; the time and finally they got so bade that nobody would have me around the shop because they said I dids bad work.

"When my savings were all gone, a lady got me a job at the door of the hospital. Finally it got so bad I could not tell light from dark and was about to quit when Dr. McConachie came along and told me he'd try the only chance there was to cure me.

"When I went on that operating table I believed that I would never be able to see again, so you can imagine what my feelings were when I got up and after a while found that my sight was as good as it had ever been before."

#### PARDONS AN HONEST NEGRO

Governor John Slaton Thinks Twenty --- Years Enough for Man Who Confessed Murder.

Atlanta.-Nearly 20 twenty years & convict is considered by Governor John M. Slaton as punishment enough for a negro, who, after committing a murder and fleeing from the state. paid his own railroad fare back from: Mississippl to the scene of the crime and confessed, expecting to be hanged for his trouble. In the case, that of James Foster, sent up 20 years ago from Early county, the governor has

granted a full pardon. Twenty-four years ago Seaborn Sheffield, a wealthy planter, who lived: alone, was found dead while at the supper table. There was no clew to the murder, and the crime remained a mystery until four years later. While court was in session, Fustor came to the sheriff and stated to him that he was the murderer. The negro had fied to Mississippi and remained. there four years. He said his conscience drove him to return and confess, and he said he expected to be hanged.

The negro claimed he had been forced to kill Sheffield by the latter's two sons-in-law, who feared he would divorce his wife. The negro was given a life sentence, but the white men. he implicated were acquitted. The negro has been an exemplary prisoner. and Governor Slaton thinks he should be rewarded for confessing the crime when he was in no danger. The pardon of the negro was urged by Justice Powell, of the Court of Appeals, who is a nephew of the murdered man

# TO ENJOIN A WORSHIPER

Priest Gets Restraining Order Against One for Deflance-Menaces Peace of Congregation.

Pottsville, Pa. - Declaring that Stephen Pecuch, of Minersville, sits in the front new at nearly every service in St. George's Greek Catholic church of that town and grins offensively and disrespectfully at the priest and worshipers, and that Pecuch "struts out of the church before the services are completed in an offensive, insolent, disrespectful, belligerent, irreverent and deflant manner, menacing the peace of the congregation." Rev. Andrew J. Kaminsky petitioned the Schuylkill county court today for an injunction to prevent Pecuch from entering the church or any part of it.

Sheriff Murphy served the injunction late this afternoon on Pecuch, and the community awaits the outcome. There has been oppositions shown against the priest, even to an attempt to dynamite his residence, and several suits are now pending between him and some of the church people.

# HER GOLDFISH ARE BOMBS

Weman in Letter to Commissionen Says Her Pets Are Given to Exploding Into Fragments.

Denver, Colo.-Finny McNamaras are probably at work on the goldfish tribe in Colorado, according to an opinion of Col. James A. Shinn, state game and fish commissioner. Colonel Shinm bases his theory of such probability on a letter received from a Colorado woman.

"I just wonder what's the matter with my goldfish," the woman wrotes to Colonel Shinn. "They are just as healthy and well fed as they can be. But lately they have been exploding.

"They will swim around in the mostsportive manner in their bowl and then suddenly they will come to the surface of the water, and-pop! bang! -explode into a thousand bits!"

# L'ABEILLEEDELLA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS 'I. Inciden im Louislans at dans lieur lost Eints idn Buss (Mo publishts lostre idenction from morestident avantages exceptionnels). Eftily de Cabennowcett une found i Mills and Spotisternes de l'abennowcett une found i Mills and Spotisternes de l'abennes de l'abennowcett une found i Mills and Spotisternes de l'abennes de l'aben

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