

VIEWED LIFE FROM DARK SIDE.

Strong Vein of Pessimism in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"However meager our knowledge of the life to come, this one we understand. This we know, better, perhaps than we wish we did. I remember to have heard Dr. Holmes say: 'Outside, I laugh. Inside, I never laugh. The world is too sad. How can the Creator hear the hum of its misery forever in His ears? 'Oh, the poor women!' he added, with tears starting down his cheeks. 'When all is said, this is our own case. Outside, we laugh. Inside, we cannot laugh. The world at its best is too sad, and at its worst it is too bad and mad' for any but a superficial mind to take a comfortable view of it. It was by way of this admitted fact that Longfellow once said: 'No truly sensitive person can ever be perfectly well in a state of being like this, that is probably true.'—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

HAD HIS FULL MONEY'S WORTH.

Youngster's Enjoyment from the Expenditure of a Cent.

It is delightful, remarks a kindly philosopher, to think how much fun a bright and healthy boy can get out of one cent. I saw such a boy the other day. He first bought a red top. After a while he remembered that he wanted a green one, and he went back and exchanged the red top for a green one. Later he thought he didn't want the top, after all, and he carried back the green top and exchanged it for candy. It would be waste of space to tell what he did with the candy, but it may be mentioned that he took the empty fancy wrapper back to the toy shop and offered to exchange it for a full one. This, however, was a little too much for the benevolent shop-keeper, who said: "We do everything we can to please our customers, but we can't give something for nothing."

Voice Building in Children.

What kind of a speaking voice have you? A singing voice is a gift rarely bestowed, and it is to be regarded by those favored as a priceless possession; but those of us who are less fortunate may try for a no less desirable accomplishment—the ability to speak in a pleasing voice and in an agreeable manner. Habit has much to do with this. The cultivation of a pleasant voice should begin in childhood. Parents and teachers must start the work. No child should be allowed to talk in a high shrill key. While some voices are pitched higher than others, the lower tones can always be used, avoiding the nasal tones. We Americans are severely criticized for this latter defect, and justly so.—Practical Ideals.

Minstrels at a Premium.

A well-known minister of Philadelphia accepted an invitation to lecture in a small town in New Jersey, but afterward discovered that he had a prior engagement on the same date, and he notified the committee accordingly, and offered to make good any loss the society might incur through his delinquency. In reply the secretary said that no harm was done, and inclosed a hand bill which read as follows: "As the Rev. Mr. Blank is unable to give his advertised lecture as announced, a sextet minstrel troupe has kindly volunteered to give a performance. Any person who has bought a ticket for his lecture can have it exchanged for this on payment of ten cents extra."

The Living Present.

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very meek in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—Jeremy Taylor.

Pat's Donkey.

At a certain railway station in the North of Ireland, a farmer was waiting for the train with a donkey he had purchased. On the arrival of the train at the station the farmer asked the guard where he would put the donkey. The guard, who was in a hurry, replied: "Put it behind," meaning to put it into a horse van. Pat tied the donkey to a buffer, and then got into the carriage himself. As the train was flying along at express speed, Pat turning to a companion, said: "By josh, boy, Neddy's footin' it now!"

The Dominic's Fall.

A Carthage minister jokingly told a friend an interview would cost him ten cents. The latter pretended to take the matter seriously and presented him with ten pennies. The minister then arose to protest and while rising his chair skidded and he tumbled. And now the friend is telling everyone he meets how upset the minister was at having to refuse a contribution.—Kansas City Star.

Rather Tedious.

Caller—Do you think the doctor is going to help you, Mr. Jones? Jones—He may, if I can only follow his orders. He told me to drink hot water 30 minutes before every meal, but it is hard work to drink hot water for 30 minutes.

HABIT OF FOLDING THE ARMS.

It Causes Flat Chest and Round Shoulders—Natural Position.

By folding your arms you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself down drops the chest. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continuously folding your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back. Here are four other hints which should be made habits. Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times each day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day.—Family Doctor.

OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BOYS.

Poetic Name of Cottage Furnished Fun for Neighborhood.

Governed by the ruling passion for giving country places and city homes sweet, poetical names, a man who lives in the central part of Pennsylvania built a handsome little villa and called it "The Nutshell." This was the home introduced to his friends, and it became widely known, but to the surprise of all it was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Rook," and naturally a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in. "Say, old man," remarked one of his neighbors on noting the change, "why have you given your home a new name? What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?" "Why?" responded the man, with some warmth, "because I was tired of being jollied! Because I was tired of being kidded! There isn't a boy for a mile around who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell every time he passed to ask if the colonel was in!"

The Meanest Man.

"The meanest man has come to town again," remarked a Harlem (N. Y.) cliff dweller. "He's a new tenant in the same apartment with me, and occupies the adjoining flat. 'It has been my habit in the morning to sprinkle the stone coping outside the dining-room window quite liberally with broken bread crumbs for the benefit of the army of sparrows. Well, sir, yesterday morning the meanest man threw open his window and across the narrow airshaft growled that if I didn't stop that sort of thing he'd have the board of health after me for maintaining a garbage nuisance. 'Now what do you think of that? Can you beat it?'"

An Old Campaigner.

On the occasion of his last visit to New York a western writer of stories for the magazines dropped in on an editor, an old friend with an old friend's frankness. The editor said, among other things, "It seems to me, Blank, that in your last story you are guilty of an extremely faulty figure of speech. In that you constantly refer to 'a brave old heartstone.' How can a heartstone be brave?" The author smiled complacently. "Why," said he, "the one I wrote about was under fire for nearly 50 years."

Realism.

The defenders of this pitiable stuff uphold it on the ground of truthfulness. Taking the thesis into question, this truthfulness is the one overwhelming defect. An original idea that to laud the accuracy with which the stone is hurled that knocks us in the head! A little less accuracy might have left us more brains. And here are critics absolutely commending the truthfulness with which only the disagreeable is conveyed! In my view, if an artist must paint decayed cheeks, his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeks as possible.—Edgar Allan Poe.

Napoleon Believed in Destiny.

History tells us that Napoleon was a firm believer in destiny. In the midst of a battle he is said to have noticed a soldier duck his head as a round shot came flying that way. "My friend," exclaimed Napoleon, "you are putting yourself to needless trouble. If that shot is intended for you you may just as well stand up straight. If it is destined for you it will find you, though you should bury yourself a hundred feet below the surface of the earth."

New Attachment.

"And what is this lever for?" "That is to use when I run over a pedestrian." "You press that and stop your machine?" "No, indeed! I jam my foot on it and it turns my number up against the teneous so that it cannot be read while I make my get-away."—Houston Post.

Approval.

"Bliggins is constantly repeating the things his children say." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and I must say I enjoy hearing them. They are really much more entertaining than any original remarks of which Mr. Bliggins would be capable."

LIVED INTO SECOND CENTURY.

Many Cases on Record of Truly Remarkable Longevity.

For the deaths of three British centenarians to be chronicled on the same day must surely be an almost unique occurrence. The names and ages of these veterans are: Mrs. Margaret Fagan, 104; Samuel Goldstein, 106, and Mrs. Honor Coleman, who died from the effects of a fall at the reputed age of 107 years, thus recalling the similar fate of the famous Catherine, countess of Desmond, whose life of 140 years was brought to a tragic close by a fall from a cherry tree. But the records prove conclusively that Sir Moses Montefiore and Admiral Provo Wallis lived into their second century; that M. Conerbe, a French farmer, survived his one hundred and twelfth birthday; that M. Soule, another Frenchman, died at 115; that a Rumanian, one Pascal Vicarn, lived 120 years, and that an Armenian nun entered a convent at Jerusalem at 17 and never passed its threshold to the day of her death, 98 years later.

CLOCK MADE FROM BICYCLES.

Really Remarkable Timepiece Put Together by Parisian Mechanic.

Alphonse Duhamel of Paris has constructed a timepiece, standing 12 feet high, which is composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts. The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, around which are arranged 12 ordinary sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank-rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated spokes. The top of the clock is an arrangement of 12 handle bars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle bells, of course, making the chimes. The pendulum is made of various parts of a bicycle frame. It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece. It adorns one of the public buildings of Paris.

The Scene Painter's Retort.

The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium theater. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well-known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas' librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work. "Mr. Thomas' compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal." To which Mr. Burridge replied, suavely: "Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas; and please inform Mr. Thomas that, if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra, he won't whistle at all."—The Argonaut.

Scarcity of Statues to Ministers.

Considering how great a part the ministers of all our denominations have played in the national life for at least ten centuries, says the London Sunday Strand, it is simply astounding to find how few are the statues that have been raised to them in public places during the past 500 years or so. Whilst famous men in other ranks of life have had statues galore erected to their memories in nearly every town in the kingdom, there are to-day scarcely a score of statues, all told, of ministers, and in nearly each case such statues have been put up within the last 20 years.

Do Plants Breathe?

Respiration is a part of the life of all organisms, animal and vegetable. It is a series of chemical changes, the first of which is the absorption of oxygen into the body, and the last of which is the exhalation of carbonic acid. Any organ adapted to this double work—the inhalation of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid—is a lung, though, of course, the organ is much more rudimentary in the plant than in man. It is none the less true, however, that every living organism, whether plant or animal, breathes.—New York American.

Fear of Age.

Why do so many women regard age with so much fright? Viewed from the vantage ground of youth, it seems to them that the end of youth means the end of love, and to many women the end of love is even more appalling than the end of life. They forget that the love which depends only on youth and beauty is as likely to take to itself wings in the heyday of life as later. Nothing is potent enough to hold an emotion as evanescent and unstable as thistledown.—The Gentlewoman.

The Matrimonial Noose.

Jenks (gleefully)—I've got a conundrum for you, old man. Jenkins (wearily)—Well, what is it? Jenks—If a girl sues a fellow for breach of promise and compels him to marry her, isn't that what you'd call being lassoed into matrimony? And the only answer Jenkins made was: "Oh, go hang yourself."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Undoubtedly.

"The Pious One"—If you persist in your evil courses you will shorten your life. Truly, it is written that the wicked shall not live out half their days. The Wicked One—G'was! I've lived my whole life, so far!—Cleveland Leader.

COULD AT LEAST ENJOY GLAZE.

That Seemed About All Jackson's Neighbors Were Capable Of.

Mr. Jackson, who had but recently moved into the suburb, knew his neighbors on either hand by sight only, and, consequently, on a cold night, when his home caught fire, he was surprised and pleased by the alacrity with which they came to render their assistance, says the Youth's Companion. "Say," Jackson yelled excitedly to his right-hand neighbor "will you run down to the corner and turn in the alarm?" "I'm awfully sorry, sir," the man answered, "but I have a lunge leg and can't run." "While I'm getting out some of the things, will you yell fire?" said Jackson, turning to the other man. "Got laryngitis and can't yell," said the other, in a stage whisper. Jackson gasped; but pulling himself together, he exclaimed: "Well, both of you go into the house and bring out chairs, then sit down and enjoy the fire!"

CONFINED IN SACRED EDIFICE.

Women Finally Released After Nearly Scaring Boy to Death.

Screams and scuffles and other ghostly noises coming from the Methodist church of Torrington, Conn., the other night nearly scared the life out of Jimmy Akerson, a small boy who was passing the edifice at 11 o'clock. Jimmy dashed home to mother saying that the church was haunted and so aroused did the family become that an investigation was begun in the neighborhood. In the church were found three hysterical women who had been locked in by the janitor when he departed after the midweek prayer meeting. The women couldn't find the light buttons and wandered around frightened, seeking an exit in the dark. And after two hours, when they began to shriek, they nearly scared Jimmy Akerson to death, but procured their release by so doing. Now they will depart early from prayer meetings.

Quaint "How D'ye Do's."

A French journal has been looking into the question of how different races express "How do you do," and gives some curious examples. The Koreans, for instance, greet each other with the remark, "You do look old," and no offense is given or implied. Persians say, "May Allah preserve your beard and cover it with benedictions." Among a tribe of Fiji Islanders the correct form of salutation is to pull one's ear. A Canadian knave greets his friend, whose foot he grasps and slaps himself vigorously in the face with it. In the Soudan a traveler was addressed by a native chief as "Mighty sun," the said chief finishing up with "Glorious thee, oh, splendid moon!" the remark being accentuated by spitting in the traveler's right hand!

New York Has Dialect.

It is definitely established at last that a man from Oshkosh cannot go to New York for a few months, go to "New York" in large letters on his suit case and then pass himself off as a New Yorker, unless he keeps his mouth shut. "There is no reason why this city should not have a dialect," says Brander Matthews. "London speech is a shade different from that of the rest of England. The accent of a Maine man can be distinguished from that of one from Connecticut. I even think that it is safe to assert that you can tell, if able to distinguish sounds carefully, whether a man is from Massachusetts or Rhode Island, or Connecticut by the way in which he talks."

The Dublins and the Gordons.

From some "Personal Reminiscences of Irish Humor," by A. Stodart Walker, in Chambers' Journal, a quotation may be made. The story affects the mutual relations of Irishmen and Scotsmen. It was told Mr. Stodart Walker by a captain in the Dublin Fusiliers, who overheard it during the war in South Africa. A war correspondent was speaking to a Tommy of his regiment. "The Dublins have been doing great things," said the visitor to Mr. Atkins. "Well, ye see, sor, it's this way: for a time in the army it was all the Gordons, and now it's all the Dublins; and if ye have a reputation for getting up early ye may slape till dinner-time."

His Love All Right.

A young couple in Germantown, Philadelphia, had been keeping house for not more than a month or so, when one morning the mistress of the household observed, fearfully: "Richard, you don't love your wife as you did a short while ago." "Why this sudden missiving?" inquired Richard. "Because you don't eat the things I cook any more," was the sorrowful response. "Marie," rejoined Richard, with all the earnestness he could summon. "My love for you is unimpaired; but my digestion is quite ruined."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Not Bad for English Joke.

An old laborer was hurrying along a railway platform to catch a train when a porter suddenly collided with him, knocking him down. A minister happened to come along as he was slowly rising to his feet, and said to him: "Ah, my good man, is this the whiskey again?" "No, yer honor," replied the old laborer: "it was the porter."—Tit-Bits.

MADE LIVING FROM FEATHERS.

Maine Widow Evidently Endowed with Good Business Instinct.

A clergyman's widow up in Maine has supported herself and three children, sending two boys to college, by converting feather beds into pillows. Hunger and pride drove her to doing something for great need arising about the time the spring and mattress superseled the classic feather bed. Maine, it appears, is, or was, full of feather beds, the possession of a number of them having once caused a family's social standing. And every fluffy particle in those fat ticks was plucked by hand from the breast of a living goose, then washed in ammonia and soapsuds and dried in the sunshine in muslin bags fluttering in the wind. This woman has bought as many as 12 of these fine pre-revolutionary beds in one house, paying one dollar a pound, having, of course, first tested them. The beds weigh from 10 to 15 pounds. She sells the pillows for five dollars a pair, and has proved herself a very live business woman by making from \$40 to \$50 a week at times.

OLD ROMAN WALL DISFIGURED.

Relic of Antiquity Sacrificed to Comfort of Suburbanites.

A correspondent in Rome has taken the first opportunity of looking into, or rather through, the breach made under municipal authority in the Aurelian wall. It has been made quite frankly and candidly for the sake of the new Roman suburbs. See what it is to set up suburbs to a walled city! Rome is only partially walled, of course; but this piece of rather late antiquity—but still antiquity—the great brown range of brick, was, for a great space of the Pincian Hill, complete. The three gates piercing it were sufficient for the cars on their way to and from the outer world of the Campagna. And one might have thought that the few hundred yards that the suburbanites had to walk or drive in order to get in at one of those historic gates were not too great a tax to pay to history and archeology. But it is deemed too great, and the wall is broken, not by a new gate, but by a mere cutting, which disfigures as well as destroys.

First to Ascend the Mississippi.

It was not until August, 1817, that the "General Pike," the first steamer ever to ascend the Mississippi river above the mouth of the Ohio, reached St. Louis. No pictures and but scant descriptions of this pioneer craft are obtainable at the present time. But from old letters it is learned that she was built on the model of a barge, with her cabin situated on the lower deck, so that its top scarcely showed above the bulwark. She had a low-pressure engine which often was not sufficient to stem the current; in such a predicament the crew got out their shoulder poles and pushed painfully up stream. At night she tied up to the nearest bank. Only one other steamer reached St. Louis during this same year.

Mourning Canes.

"When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick, an ebony stick, simple and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle. "It was intended to go with mourning wear. There was a dull finish to the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could have been carried without any suggestion of being in mourning. "In fact, I never have seen anybody carry his mourning to the extent of a cane, and I imagine that most men would not care for it for that purpose."

In the Wrong Place.

A merchant of a certain town in Illinois one day entered the office of the editor of the city newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading-matter." "And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity. "No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

An Apt Answer.

"Civil service examinations," says a government official, "are not infrequently the source of no little amusement. "Some years ago there was an examination of candidates in New York for the position of park grass cutter. To this question: 'What are the cubical contents of a room 15 feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high?' one applicant returned the answer: 'One bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. If such a room was a kitchen or a parlor, it would be sger and contain more articles.'"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Not That Brand.

"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist. "I am not," said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English if I want to." "It is a very fine language," said the linguist—"condensed, concise and easily acquired." "No doubt," said the idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."—The Catholic Mirror.

TAKE THE EXTRA FORTY WINKS.

Men of Science See Danger in Arising Too Early.

We have been imposed upon. It seems. Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man nervous, grouchy, subject to insomnia, and a neuroathetic. After suffering all these years from the bonnies of the early-rising mania, this news is welcome. When next the fond presents himself at the bedside, disguised as an alarm clock, and armed with a panoply of proverbs, he may be put to rout by two shafts of scientific authority—one from Dr. Savary, who told the members of the French Academy that early rising is most likely to drive a man insane; the other from Dr. Forbes Ross of London, who comes on the scene with the awful warning that persons with weak hearts who have jumped up, awakening early, have sometimes fallen back dead. Defy the alarm clock, therefore. Science has spoken. Ninety per cent. of the early risers end by suffering from insomnia, says science. Rarely do science and inclination so coincide. When they do, the opportunity ought not to be missed.

PEOPLE SHOULD EAT MORE FAT.

So the Lancet of London Says—Praise for the Suet Pudding.

The London Lancet condemns the modern tendency it discovers to exclude the fatty portions of animal foods from the ordinary diet. "Every piece of fat," says the Lancet, "is carefully cut out of steaks, ham, mutton and beef, and only the lean parts are eaten. Indeed, for some unaccountable reason, the eating of fat is regarded by not a few people as positively vulgar. "Such an attitude of course displays ignorance of physiological facts. Man's minor oils of the body would be avoided if only care was taken to include a sufficiency of fat in the diet. "The introduction of the old-fashioned suet pudding into the diet is in perfect accordance with scientific teaching and, from a dietetic point of view, especially in the feeding of young and growing people, it does a really beneficial service to the country."

Record of the Auto.

Few people in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automobile, so when one of these "red devils" stopped for a few moments in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the sporting demon with a mixture of fear and awe, and the owner, who had entered the one general store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark: "It bet it's a man killer!" "Of course it is," assured another. "Look at that number on the back of the car. That shows how many people it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now if that fellow was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1234—to the next town ahead." "And what would they do?" demanded the interested auditor. "Why, the police would stop him and change his number to 1235."

The Ever Inconstant Sex.

A public school teacher had noticed the strong friendship that existed between Tommy and Mary, two of her small pupils. Tommy was bright enough, but not over diligent, and the teacher saw that unless he applied himself he could not be promoted at the end of the term. "You must study harder," she told him, or else you won't pass. If you would you like to stay back in this grade another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?" "Ah," said Tommy, in a blase tone, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

Couldn't Do It.

"A father should be the friend and companion of his son," said Mrs. Compoussel, who had been reading a magazine. "Mandy," answered the farmer, "you're askin' too much. There's no use of askin' a man at my time of life to let his hair grow out over his forehead like a back porch on a four-legged cloth that ain't mates hollieria 'Rah! rah! rah!'"

Self-Made Men.

All men who achieve anything must be self-made. No accident of birth or wealth can make any of the sons of men a man. All of us are born children. Powerless we must remain to death unless we take the tools at hand and not only learn to use them, but use them, and go on using them until we have wrought out some work worth while in the eyes of men.

An Explanation.

"You and your husband seem to be very popular in society," said the lady who lived in the flat below. "You are out nearly every night." "Oh, it isn't society that keeps us out. We merely prefer vaudeville to some of the pianolas in this building."

Then We'd Hear Things.

"It's in the world of politics," said the talkative man, "that the truth of the old saying 'money talks' is most frequently proven." "Yes," replied the wise citizen, "but if hush money would only talk what sensations we would have."

Necessary Sacrifice.

"I don't see," remarked Miss Gadd, "why she should go and marry this old man for his money." "Why," asked Miss Gidday, "have else could she get it?"