

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain—
Alas too quickly did they wane!
For each some loon, some blushing bore,
Of smiles and tears had its own share,
Its share of bliss and pain.

Although it lide to bed and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore—
The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can't er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again!"
The sweet, sad years!
—Canon Bell in Leisure Hour.

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and commodious villa and Dovecot a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous habit of gasping at the gas meter when it was in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be, by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass that nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter—he would on no account allow any one else to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes—but timidly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the turlur that never came.

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might with a little scream, she would seek her hand readily on the matches—and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, or proceeding with her search and her devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions where the gas meter meted out its dode to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him right soundly for so gentle a little body for what she styled his "absurd gas" about turning the gas off.

"What do you fear extra feet of gas signify, when three precious lives might seem to be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit instead of a blue tinted, corrugated candle and a mildly scornful husband.

When Maurice wished to be withholding, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to peep-pooch the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moonshine," and that there were "crowds of costlier crits to crack than Vernal Choice, you bet."

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense—except upon the meter question—could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resigning filling the baby's feeding bottle and tucking the little cherub, with sundry croonings, in its bedside cot, retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the baby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hand breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green, as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand and the influenza sneeze of her husband on the other—"I wonder if the little one is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little chest, bless him. I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so. What could I do to prevent him from taking cold fresh? Happy thought! There's that little wicker wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing table or in the wardrobe, I know. Poor Maurice! He would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him tonight for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus, colloquially she quietly got of bed—for where baby came in fear flew out—pushed the turned back bed clothes gently against her husband's back, so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. Not a match. "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when baby is unwell?" she sighed as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

Slippers she could not find. Nil desperandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The little cherub in the cot coughed in a choking manner. Light or no light, the wrap must be found, and without further delay the little mother walked gingerly into the next room.

No one could fail to find the wardrobe, as it was the first article of furniture encountered on entering the room. When its door stood open, it was possible to view oneself from the bedroom

door, for it consisted of a three quarter length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her latest costume.

"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness and assisted by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this thought, she ignored the wardrobe for the present, crossed the room to the dressing table, and after sundry clinkings of little brass handles and tentative pulls at wrong drawers at last opened the right one, but failed to feel the wrap.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and accordingly closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the wardrobe door with some difficulty and buried herself in its spacious recesses.

Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and consequently apt to be a bit benumbed on first awaking—more especially in the dark. On this particular night, after apparently dreaming for a full fortnight of "excursions and alarms," he awoke with a violent start. The room, to him, was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sinew taut now. He was fully awake.

"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt the cold sweat start to his brow, "she was right! They've come." He put out his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the wifing bedclothes at his side. He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only one other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare bedroom? No, they had come, after all. Mrs. Green was right. It was burglars.

Maurice withdrew his hand, which rested on the hilt of his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the worst first." So thinking, and with a sort of infatuation—which was perhaps bravery—to get a glimpse of the marauder, he stole out of bed, buttoned up his dressing jacket, took the little bedside chair by the back, and thus armed, his heart beating like a muffled drum, stealthily turned the corner between the two rooms.

A faint light came through the landing skylight. Heavens! The villain was at the other end of the room, right opposite the door. What he was doing he could not make out, for he looked like a man seen through mist. The wretch! Just then the draft along the landing took Maurice shrewdly on the bare legs. The influenza asserted itself. He fought against it desperately for a moment. It and augmented the force of the explosion. Like a thunder-bolt he sneezed.

There was a muffled exclamation in the room. Maurice rushed forward with uplifted chair. The burglar, too, had seized a chair and was making at him with equal fury. Crash! The house seemed to have fallen. There was a fearful clatter of falling glass, a piercing shriek, the sound of a body falling on the floor, and all was still but for the wail of the frightened babe in the room he had left.

What had he done? He knelt down, careless of broken glass, and his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick with apprehension, he groped elsewhere and encountered a plaited head and a few curling pins. "A match, a match, my kingdom for a match!" he would doubtless have said had he not been so terribly upset.

Just then a rectangle of light appeared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little maid in the doorway, a farthing dip in her hand, amazed to see the following to-be-nuptial vivand: A wardrobe door swinging open upon its hinges, with its long mirror smashed to fragments; a chair, with a broken leg, lying close by; a horrified man in a nightshirt and dressing jacket, kneeling at the feet of a prostrate woman in a dead faint, a dressing gown and plait, who was none other than the horrified man's wife.

Maurice Green never turns the gas off at the meter now except when he takes his wife and family away for the summer holiday. Mrs. Green still looks under the bed for possible burglars before retiring for the night, but Maurice has never dared to chaff her since he mistook his own faint reflection in the wardrobe mirror for a desperate burglar.—London Tit-Bits.

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Reasons Given For Allowing It to Remain In Its Present Condition.

Benjamin Franklin's grave is in a neglected condition. No appropriate stone rises over it, the ground round about it is unenclosed, and the tomb of the great scholar and statesman is as obscure as that of a man whose name and fame were no part of the glory of his country.

His grave is destitute even of a headstone. It is covered by an old fashioned marble slab which was placed there 100 years ago and is now worn and discolored by age.

Nothing has been done to it since Franklin was buried there, and even the modest arrangements of the grave are not kept in the perfect condition that is expected of a great man's tomb. The earth on all sides is bare of grass, the common thatching of the common grave, and an air of desolation is about the whole place.

The sexton said that the descendants of Franklin would not do anything to repair the grave, neither would they allow anybody else to do anything. Every day he has received offers of subscriptions from visitors, who are distressed by the forlorn appearance of Franklin's resting place and who would like to see it improved. In reply he says, as he has been instructed, that Franklin wished it, so "being a plain man averse to display of any kind."

Not long ago, at his own expense, he had the fading inscription reset, or else even the only distinguishing mark, the name, would be gone.

If he had not done so, the last resting place of the greatest man, outside of Washington in American history, would have been forgotten and unknown. Who is responsible for this condition of affairs? Not the living relatives of Franklin. The responsibility rests with the American people, to whom the man belongs. They should see to it in the future that what little is there to mark the grave is kept in better order than it has been in the past.

Before he died Franklin provided for his own gravestone and instructed a stonecutter of his acquaintance in every detail, even to what inscription was to be placed upon the inscription which was to be placed beside his wife, who had died some years before, and a common slab was to be placed over them both. The inscription arranged as he ordered it reads:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
DECEASED
1790

Everything was done as he desired, and the work was paid for out of his estate and stands today the same as when he died.—Philadelphia Times.

Wobbled When He Came to Possum.

Old Uncle Claybrook is a very religious old dandy and holds converse with his Maker twenty times a day or often. His habit is to pray and then turn off to what appears to be a one sided conversation with the Lord, but it is evident that there is another party to it as far as he is concerned. To hear him reminds one very much of a telephone conversation.

The other day he was going through his customary devotions, and when he got to the point of expressing thankfulness for the many blessings of life he broke off into a recanting of them, says Cicero T. Sutton of the Owensboro Inquirer: "An den, dar's possum, Lord—how'd you ever think of makin' possum! Possum jes' beats all. You jes' couldn't be! Yes, dar's watahmillion I hadn't thought of dat. Hit's jes' great. You couldn't beat hit neither, could you, Lord? Now, how's dat, could you jes' fix it so dey bote git ripe at once? Ef you fix it so dey wouldn't go out an' shet do do, Dey wouldn't be no mo' sin an no mo' sorrow an no mo' tribulation Jes' try hit onet, Lord, an jes' see what a diffence hit would make."

And then "old uncle" began to hum a quaint negro camp meeting tune and stopped to look at a piece of liver in a butcher's stall as the best substitute for his loved possum or as best suited to the small piece of money which represented his total movable wealth.

Rugs and Moving.

A certain man who owns a row of dwelling houses over in the northwest quarter of the town has learned wisdom by bitter experience. A friend of mine went to him not long ago to rent one of the houses.

"Do you lease it by the month or by the year?" she inquired.

"That depends on what you are going to have on your floors," answered the landlord. "Are you going to have carpets?"

"No," answered my friend; "we have rugs."

"You'll have to sign a year's lease then, the landlord made reply, smiling craftily. "If you bought carpets and had them fitted to the floors, I know you'd stay in the house as long as you could, but these rugs are too easily adjusted to any sized room. You'll have to sign a year's lease if you have rugs. There are seven houses in my row, and six of them have I kept a tenant longer than two years at a time for the last five years. The seventh house—well, the people in it had carpets made and laid for it five years ago, and they haven't thought of moving. Carpets I'll rent by the month, rugs, a year's lease."—Washington Post.

Lion Taming.

Men who have had long experience with lions give them a very bad character. There is said to be no art in so called lion taming but the art of terrorism, and no rule but keeping the lion's stomachs full and their minds cowed. There never has been, and there never will be, any appeal made to the lion's intelligence, because the limited amount of that quality which his possessors is entirely dominated by his feelings.

A Remarkable Cat.

Professor Hill of Princeton university once owned a very remarkable cat. It had but two legs, having been born that way, but in spite of this deformity it was a most engaging pet and walked about as lively as cats blessed with four legs. When she died, her skeleton was mounted and now hangs in a glass case in the university museum.

A STARTLED MOTHER

Strange Happening to Her Four-year Old Daughter—Did not Realize the Danger Until too Late.

While busy at work in her home, Mrs. Williams, most prominent physician of Freeport, Me., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her.

Turning quickly she saw creeping toward her, her four-year-old daughter, Beatrice. The child moved over the floor with an effort, but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother.



The rest of the happening is best told in the mother's own words. She said: "On the 28th of Sept. 1896, while in the bloom of health Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech however was not affected. We called in our family doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one.

"The child's body was bandaged to keep her in position. Soon it was seen that other means must be adopted. Little Beatrice, much against her will, was housed up in a plaster paris jacket which she wore for several months.

"In the hope of receiving some help for the child we consulted in turn nine of the

Liver Pills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

HORSES IN HISTORY.

SOME OF THE NOBLE STEEDS THAT HAVE ACHIEVED FAME.

The Four Footed Friend For Whom a City Was Named—Roman Horses That Lived Like Princes—Chargers Who Won Renown Amid the Carnage of War.

It is hard to say with any near approach to accuracy how long the horse has been a domestic animal. We can only say that he has been so from time immemorial—that is, from the earliest times of which we have any records. The Assyrian sculptures—and they are about the most ancient of which we know anything, for some of them are estimated to date from 4200 B. C.—contain more representations of caparisoned horses than even man. Still, we do not get any examples of favorite horses until a long time after this.

Even the first examples, indeed, are only legendary, for, though there is no doubt that Hector of Troy existed, it is not improbable that Homer invented the names of his three favorite horses, Podarge, the cream colored Galathea and the fiery Ethon. But the horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, is an individual as historically real as his master. This famous horse was, says Plutarch, offered to Philip for 13 talents (about \$2,518), but he displayed such noble viciousness that Alexander's father was about to send him away when the young prince offered to tame him. He agreed, in the event of failure, to forfeit the price of the horse and began by turning his head to the sun, as he observed that the horse was frightened at his own shadow. In the end he completely tamed him—so completely, indeed, that Bucephalus, though he would permit nobody except Alexander to mount him, always knelt down for that purpose to his master. He died at the age of 30, and his master built as his mausoleum the city of Bucephalia.

Readers of Macaulay will remember the famous black Auster, the horse of Mermion, and the dark gray charger of Manlius, whose sudden appearance in the city of Tullus without his master brought the news of the defeat of the allies at Lake Regillus. Connected with that battle, too, were the horses of the great "Twin Brothers," Castor and Pollux, oak black, with white legs and tails. But these are legendary. Not so, however, the well known horse of Caligula, Incitatus. This animal had a stable of marble; his stall was of ivory, his clothing of purple and his halters stiff with gems. He had a set of golden plates and was presented with a palace, furniture and slaves complete, in order that guests invited in his name should be properly entertained. His diet was the most costly that could be imagined, the finest grapes that Asia could provide being reserved for him. Verus, another Roman emperor about a century later, treated his horse almost as extravagantly. He fed him with raisins and almonds with all the dignities of gold to him, while all the dignities of the empire attended the funeral.

As we come to later times, so we get more examples of favorite horses. William the Conqueror and one which he rode at the battle of Hastings, about which almost everything seems to be known except his name. He was of huge size and was a present from King Alfonso of Spain—"such a gift as a prince might give and a prince receive." This gallant horse, however, did not survive the battle, for Gyrth, Harold's butcher, "clove him with a bill, and he died." Richard I's horse was called Malleck, and was jet black. He bore his master through the holy war and returned in England before him. In fact, he survived the king several years. The second Richard, too, had a favorite horse, called Roan Barbary, which was supposed to be the finest horse in Europe at that time, and it was on Roan Barbary that the young king was mounted when the incident wherein Wat Tyler was stabbed by the mayor of Walworth took place.

About a century later we get the battles of the Roses, and in the many battles of that civil disturbance a couple of horses played important parts. These belonged to the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker. His first horse was Malleck, a beautiful grey, which he rode at the battle of Towton. It was this horse whose death turned the fortune of the battle, for Warwick, seeing Malleck spring from his favorite horse and killed him. Then his men knew that the kingmaker was prepared to conquer, but not to fly. They rallied and finally won the battle.

There were two horses belonging to highwaymen which were famous in their time. One of them belonged to the celebrated knight of the road, Paul Clifford. He was called Robin and was Irish. In color iron grey, he was reputed by judges of horseflesh—and there were some who were quite as competent to give an opinion, if not more so, as any of the present day—to be absolutely without blemish and to be second to none. Another famous horse, or rather mare, was Black Bess, her own name, Dick Turpin, or to give him his correct name, Nicks, committed a robbery in London at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, fearing discovery, made for Gravesend, ferried across the river and appeared at the bowling green in New York the same evening, having accomplished his ride of 300 miles in 16 hours on one horse. At least so says the legend, and this is certain—that on his trial he was acquitted, the jury considering it impossible that he could have got to York in the time.—London Standard.

THE LEADING PAPER OF THE PACIFIC COAST

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States.

THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It leads all in ability, enterprise and news.

THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are the latest and most reliable. Its Local News the finest and most complete. Its Editorials from the ablest pens in the country.

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people against combinations, cliques, corporations or oppressions of any kind. It will be independent in everything, neutral in nothing.



THE DAILY
By Mail, Postage Paid.
Only \$6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle
The Great Weekly in the Country.
\$1.50 a Year

(Including postage to any part of the United States.)

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE has the largest and most complete Weekly Newspaper in the world, printed regularly 81 columns, or twelve pages, of news, literature, science, information, also a magnificent Agricultural Department.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE.

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE

Reversible Map?

SHOWING
The United States, Dominion of
Canada and Northern Mexico
ON ONE SIDE,
And the
Map of the World
ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Send \$2 and Get the Map and Weekly Chronicle for One Year, postage prepaid on Map and Paper.

ADDRESS
M. H. de YOUNG,
Proprietor, 5 F. California,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Poor Old Man.

"That's a strange case of the aged gentleman who moves in the highest circles, isn't it?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Hadm't you? Why, the Verkes telescope is authority for the story that the man in the moon is all buried out"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Quaint Reminder.

Mistress: That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you?"

Mary:—Tell him, mum, if you please, that when I get my eyes raised, your wedding mugs will be as good as dead.

BECOMING INDIANS.

CLAIM THAT AMERICANS ARE DEVELOPING ON THAT LINE.

It is an extraordinary question in anthropological science which has been propounded popularly of late. The influence of environment upon the race resident in the United States must, in the course of four centuries produce certain marked and undeniable physical results. It is not generally acknowledged by American anthropologists that there is a tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil. But foreign students of race, with more perspective, have offered interesting food for reflection. A writer in the Chicago Times Herald, commenting on the assertion of the French authors that on this continent the American white man has varied toward the Indian type, offers a supporting study which is curiously fascinating—possibly vastly important.

First, the familiar faces of the caricaturists' creation are called in as witnesses. The Yankee and the southern—large and loose limbed—of these pictures are types, even as the stout, full faced John Bull is a type found in another environment. Both American varieties of the cartoonist have high cheek bones and usually excellent straight noses. These witnesses are not, of course, scientifically admissible. The faces given us by the caricature makers are impressions, not testimony.

Scientific, however, is the study of the Pennsylvania Germans—a happy, thrifty, frugal people, who have been subjected to American conditions for nearly two centuries, with very little intermingling with other races, much less than the English people in New England or in Virginia.

It is true that the pervasive and beguiling Irish have intermarried sometimes with these old Pennsylvania settlers, but in the main it is a very exclusive, pure blooded Palatine stock. Data have been secured relative to a large number of school children and to adult males from 25 to 50 years of age, and many copies of portraits of original settlers. It appears that stature increases and that other important generalizations may be made, tentative of course. The increase of finger reach is marked, and the head measures are important.

"The anthropologist places considerable value upon certain proportions or relations between measures," says the student of the subject. "Thus the length of the head and the breadth of the head, when compared, give numerical expression, which is called the cephalic index. To find it the length is divided into the breadth and the result multiplied by 100. A head one-half as wide as it is long would have an index of 60; one three-fourths as wide as long would have an index of 75; one as wide as long would have an index of 100. There is no race whose head is normally so wide as to have an index of 100 or so narrow as to have one of 60. The higher the index, of course, the broader and sounder the head; the lower the index, the longer and narrower the head. Germans generally are notably round headed. Topinard gives for some people of Lorraine the index of 85.8. The average index of 100 Pennsylvania Germans is 81.9, which is notably less and narrower. The heads of our northern and eastern Indians are still longer and narrower. We cannot at present make a further comparison with profit. What we have already said may prove erroneous when we learn the actual Palatine type. We assume now that the Palatine Germans were of medium stature, light haired, blue or light eyed, round headed, with a finger reach of 1.043. We find that the Pennsylvania German children are dark in hair and eyes, that the men are probably of increased stature, that heads appear to be lengthening, that arm reach appears to be increasing. In all these respects the assumed Palatine type and in the direction of the Indian. If our assumption proves valid, we may claim that our evidence shows a change, which, if continued, may form an Indian type from the German."

All this, it must be noted, is absolutely distinct from any of the reasons for discussing the tendency of Americans to revert to original types from the infiltration of the red Indian blood itself in the veins of the white race. From the days of the old French and Indian wars, the blood of New England intermixture of that sort have been common enough. A recent novel has expressed the country knowledge in New England that there is an occasional "streak" from ancestry that approached New England from the west as well as that which approached it from the east across the Atlantic. In the western states and territories the great numbers of half breeders whose descendants find their way into the life of cities bring to bear a curious and unreckoned force in the development of the fiber and sinew of the race in North America.—Boston Transcript.

Great Luxury In Africa.

The greatest of all luxuries in central Africa is salt. To say that a man eats salt with his victuals is the same as saying that he is a rich man. Mungo Park says: "The long continued use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it."—Chicago Tribune.

The Care of Clothing.

"Always shake, brush and fold your clothes at night," is Walter Germain's advice to men in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Never hang coats—fold them. Trousers should be folded by putting the two waist buttons together and preserving the crease. Fold lengthwise and then double. Coats are folded lengthwise, the sleeves in half first, then each half of the coat to the sleeve line, then the two remaining halves, the lining being in half. Lengthwise. Never lounge about your rooms in your clothes—nothing destroys them so much. When you come in during the afternoon or at night, remove your coat, waistcoat and trousers and put on a bath robe if you are to remain in your room for any time. Always have an old coat at the office."

Professional Advice.

"Doctor, I'm so nervous that I feel all night. What's the best remedy?"

"Just take a nap when you feel that way."—Detroit Free Press.

He Listened to All.

Fonselle listened to everything and he offended no one by disputing anything. At the close of his life he was asked the secret of his success, and he replied that it was by observing two maxims: "Everybody may be right" and "Everybody may be so."

Professionals.

"Doctor, I'm so nervous that I feel all night. What's the best remedy?"

"Just take a nap when you feel that way."—Detroit Free Press.