How to Read.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon aesthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper, putting a blunt interrogation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a rational proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him. While the reader's surrender to the author must be complete, his attitude should not be passive, but that of active responsiveness and partnership.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

Accounting for It.

Imogene—Why is it that so many weddings happen on Wednesday?

Esmeralda—Well, on Sunday everybody wants to sleep, you know; Monday is wash day, and Tuesday is ironing day. Wednesday is the first day in the week when there's really any time for marrying.

No Honey Factory.

"That was an error," said Senator Beveridge, apropos of an opponent's argument, at a dinner in Indianapolis. "Our friend made an embarrassing error. He reminds me of John Winslow. John spent his honeymoon at Niagara. He left the bridal apartment late one night to bathe, and on his return knocked, as he supposed, on his wife's door, calling softly:

"'Honey!'

"There was no answer. Winslow knocked again.

"'Honey!'

"Still no answer. Winslow thundered on the door.

"'Honey!' he cried, in a voice of agony.

"Then a reply came at last.

"'Sneak, you blooming idiot!' a male voice growled. 'This is a bedroom, not a blooming beehive!'"

Forgotten.

O, don't you remember poor Trilby, Ben Bolt,
How you wept o'er her trials so sore?
The world has passed on and forgotten her, Ben,
And we hear of poor Trilby no more.

Explicit Directions.

The Langworths lived in a corner house so easily accessible from the street that they were being continually annoyed by persons ringing to ask where other people lived. At last the son of the house, says a writer in the New York Times, decided to put an end to the nuisance.

"I guess," he said, complacently, "there won't be any more folks asking if the Browns, the Biddles or the Hansons live in this house. I've fixed 'em."

"What have you done?" queried Mrs. Langworth.

"Hung out a sign."

"And what did you print on it?"

"Just five words," replied Harold, proudly. "'Nobody lives here but us.'"

A Pet Anyhow.

The family lived in the suburbs of the city, and, much to the joy of Lulu, a little pig was given a home in the stable cellar. A few days later the little one was calling at a neighbor's, where she showed great interest in the bird.

The lady said, "Don't you keep a bird at home?"

"No," said Lulu, "we keep a pig instead."—Delineator.

Hard to Locate.

"How about this new student's ideas of orthography?" said one professor.

"He has me puzzled," replied the other. "I can't decide whether he is simply illiterate or a spelling reformer in advance of his time."—Washington Star.

As He saw It.

On the advertising sign was the picture of an athletic feminine individual arrayed in a flaring and abbreviated gown of intense blackness.

"O, papa!" exclaimed the 3-year-old boy; "doesn't that lady look funny wearing an umbrella!"

Belonged to the Union.

"Tell me—ah—are you a—er—ah—a good, careful, excellent cook and a—er—a very superior laundress?"

"Ah-h-h! Wot d'ye make me fer—twins?"—Harper's Weekly.

MOUNTAINEER'S SAVINGS.

Mostly in Gold, and Some of It Has Been Buried for Fifty Years.

The First National Bank of Logan, W. Va., has received a deposit to-day which has an interesting story behind it, the Roanoke correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says. The amount is $6,020, of which $5,000 is in gold coin, some of which is fifty years old. Twenty dollars is in silver and there are fifty $20 bills. The money had been accumulated by Milton Mullens and represents the savings of a lifetime.

Mullens began hoarding his savings when a young man. This was before the civil war. All his surplus he converted into gold, which he buried in the yard. A few years ago, when gold coin was scarce and almost out of circulation, Mullens began to exchange his smaller money for $20 bills.

These were hidden in a safe place in his barn. It was believed for many years that he was hoarding his money and on numerous occasions marauders have endeavored to force him to reveal its hiding place, but without success.

A few days ago his wife died and believing that he would not live long he called his grandson, J. M. Perry, and told him where to search for the treasure. The young man, after digging for some time, found the treasure, and this snug little fortune went into the bank to the credit of the now aged and infirm mountaineer.

Short Breath.

Respiration in health and under normal conditions of rest or moderate exercise is an unconscious act, almost as much so as digestion or the beating of the heart, but it is very easily disturbed, even in health, and in certain diseases its disturbance is often one of the most distressing symptoms. The short breath following violent exertion, such as running or hill-climbing, is familiar to every one. It is due to the increased call for oxygenation of the blood and the temporary inability of the heart to pump the blood in sufficient volume through the lungs.

When shortness of breath is brought about by moderate exercise or mental excitement, it is due to some abnormal condition, such as anemia, obesity, a weak heart or indigestion. This tendency is relieved by attention to the weak point, whatever it may be, and a judicious system of exercises—a sort of modified training.

Permanent shortness of breath, or dyspnœa, as it is technically called, is a more serious affair, and is usually due to some actual disease. What the disease is of which this dyspnœa is a symptom can often be discovered only by a careful and thorough medical examination of all the organs of the body.

It is often called asthma, and treated at home by inhaling the fumes of burning niter paper or by some other of the ordinary remedies. But asthma is a distinct disease, although its true nature is not yet definitely determined. It occurs in paroxysms, usually at night, in the intervals of which the breathing is generally easy and quiet. Permanent dyspnœa is another matter, and is an indication of something wrong.

It may be due to a great variety of causes, only a few of which can be mentioned here.

Anemia, or poverty of blood, may give rise to permanent dyspnœa, as well as to shortness of breath on exertion. The symptom is a regular accompaniment of diminished lung capacity, either through consolidation of more or less of the lung tissue in tuberculosis or pneumonia, or through compression of the lungs by an accumulation of fluid or air in the chest.

Anything that interferes with the free action of the heart, such as weakness of the cardiac muscle or disease of the valves of the heart, pressure by fatty deposits, an enlarged liver, or gas in the stomach, will produce shortness of breath.

Short breath in children is commonly the result of obstruction in the air passages, caused by enlarged tonsils, the presence of glandular tissue in the pharynx, called adenoids, or a swollen condition of the mucous membrane of the larynx.

Persistent shortness of breath is a symptom that should not be neglected.

Buddha.

The origin of Buddhism, which ranks in numbers among the great religions of the world, is wrapped in much uncertainty, and the personality of its founder is more or less obscure. It is generally believed that Buddha was a prince of a petty Indian nation and that he was born about the beginning of the fifth century before Christ. He was named Siddhartha and was also known as Sakya, his family name. The title of Buddha, which was given him, means "the enlightened." He spent many years in study and solitary meditation and finally evolved the philosophy which he preached for over forty years in northern India. He was about eighty when he died.—Youth's Companion.

Sunken Roman Galleys.

Beneath the waters of Lake Nemi, in Italy, lie buried two pleasure galleys. They belonged to the Emperors Tiberius and Caligula, and it is said they contain art treasures that have been covered for many centuries. Systematic efforts were made to recover the contents of the old hulks by Signor Borghi in 1895. Divers were engaged, and the two galleys located, measured and carefully examined, and from both bronzes, pieces of wood, anchors and ornaments of all kinds were collected. The larger vessel measures about 230 feet in length and 80 feet in beam, and the smaller 200 feet in length and 65 feet in beam. Some pieces of lead pipe were found in the vessels. They bear the inscription, "Caesaris Aug. Germanice," the official name of Caligula.

No Use.

"Can I interest you in the subject of noiseless sewing machines?" asked the man at the front door.

"No, sir," said the man of the house; "my daughter always sings when she's using a sewing machine, no matter what kind it is."

Then he slammed the door in the caller's face.

Our Own Minstrels.

"Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween a lady's gown an' de driver of a public libr'y delivery wagon?"

"No, George; I give that one up. What is the difference between a lady's gown and the driver of a public library delivery wagon?"

"De one has hooks in de back, an' de uddah has books in de hack."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the gifted tenor, Mr. Stannup N. Howell, will now sing the popular sentimental ballad, 'Baby, Please Don't Scatter Cracker Crumbs in the Bed!'"

A Literal Distinction.

Bishop Potter was known as quite a wit, and often took delight in turning his humor loose on his associates, but here is an instance where the joke, although quite unintentional, was on the bishop. He was to preach at a certain parish in the West in the evening, and the congregation was not a little amused at the somewhat ambiguous announcement of their worthy pastor, who said:

"Remember our special service next Sunday afternoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and Bishop Potter in the evening.—Success Magazine.

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