

Lebanon Express.

The Salt Rub.

Various sanitariums and private hospitals are using "the salt rub," and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction. It is just as good for well people as sick ones, is the most refreshing of all the baths and rubs ever invented, only excepting a dip in the sea itself, and is matchless in its effect upon the skin and complexion. With all these virtues, it is the simplest, most easily managed of all similar measures, and can be taken at home easily.

Put a few pounds of coarse salt, the coarsest you can get, sea salt by preference, in an earthen jar, and pour enough water on it to produce a sort of slush, but not enough to dissolve the salt. This should then be shaken up in handfuls and rubbed briskly over the entire person. Of course it is better to have it rubbed on by another person, but any one in ordinary health can do it for herself or himself very satisfactorily. This being done, the next thing is a thorough douching of clean water, preferably cold, with a brisk rubbing with a dry towel.

The effect of elation, freshness and renewed life is felt immediately, and the sunny and increased clearness and brightness of the complexion swell the testimony in favor of the salt rub.—New York World.

An Error in Punctuation.

The ancient church dedicated to the pious memory of St. Helena, who, tradition saith, went to "Jerusalem, my happy home" and found the true cross at Helland, is a comfortable hour's walk from Bodmin town. The rector, a good sort of a fellow, had a touch of the rheumatism while since and was recommended the waters at Bath. So there he went. But Saturday came round, and no "supply" for Sunday's pulpit could be found.

At the last moment, however, and after the rector had been wired to return, a worthy cleric named Smith, who had come to Bodmin as a witness in an assize case, volunteered his services as a locum tenens. So another telegram was dispatched in haste to Bath to stay the invalid from coming back. It was handed in at the Bodmin office and read thus: "Smith has gone to Helland. You stop where you are."

When the messenger boy handed the orange envelope up to his reverence at the other end, the latter tore it open and read with astonishment:

"Smith has gone to Hell and you stop where you are."—Christian Adviser.

Blessing in Disguise.

Bad Boy (gruffly)—I had the scratches this morning.

Good Boy—What good is that?

Bad Boy—My mother put cotton in me ears, and now I don't hear 'er when she calls.—Good News.

A Translation.

A German student wrestling with the English language rendered a text as follows, "The ghost is willing, but the meat is feeble."—Educational News.

Mistakes About Alcohol.

There is a common belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue sets in. The sensation of fatigue is one of the safety valves of our machine. To stifle the feeling of fatigue, in order to do more work, is like closing the safety valve so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result. It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks aid digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proved that a meal without alcohol is more quickly followed by hunger than a meal with alcohol. In connection with the sanitation of armies thousands of experiments upon large bodies of men have been made and have led to the result that, in peace or war, in every climate—in heat, cold or rain—soldiers are better able to endure the fatigue of the most exhausting marches when they are not allowed any alcohol at all. That mental exertions of all kinds are better undergone without alcohol is generally admitted by most people who have made the trial.—Westminster Review.

The Servant Problem Not New.

Students of household management will learn with satisfaction that in 1666 many of the evils now to be complained of were distinctly recognized. Some of the more curious fines which were imposed by a country gentleman upon offending servants were a penny for leaving a door open, missing prayers, leaving beds unmade after 8 (presumably a. m.), and cooks could only have followers at the rate of a penny fine for each one. A curious custom seems to have then existed that entree to the house was denied during the family meals, and as the fine for allowing a breach of this custom was heavy it may be presumed that the sin was esteemed great.—Lady's Pictorial.

No Use Wasting It.

He—Why do you always wear a smaller hat when we take a box than you do when we sit down in the chairs?

She—There is no one behind me when I sit in a box.—Truth.

The Conscience Fund.

Every little while conscience stricken individuals refund to the treasury department certain sums of money confessed to have been ill gotten from the government in various ways. It is astonishing that notwithstanding the thousands of dollars that have been sent to the treasury on this account no special record has been taken of them; that there is never proof to those who have thus "squared themselves" that the money ever reached the proper disposition. Treasury officials now recognize this delinquency, and separate accounts will be kept in future, if for no other purpose than to enable public officials to vindicate themselves from anonymous applicants who may lay claim to their trustworthiness.—National Tribune.

The Rising Generation.

"It keeps one so busy making a living," said a man of family, "that I don't perhaps pay as much attention as I should to the forms of speech, but I think that my children more than make up for anything I lack in this respect, and I wish they wouldn't insist as they do upon my conforming in this matter to what they call the usages of polite society." The latest phase of this subject occurred last evening at dinner. My wife looked across the table at me and said:

"Not 'doanchoo,' you understand, but 'don't you,' with the don't and the you pronounced separately and distinctly. Not being prepared for this, it made me laugh, but my eldest daughter frowned, and when my eldest daughter frowned I don't laugh, so I said 'yes' and stopped laughing."

"I've been accustomed all my life to saying 'doanchoo' for don't you, and 'et' for at all, and things like that, but the children tell me that nobody talks that way nowadays, and so I suppose I have got to give it up."

"They had before insisted that I should have my clothes stylishly cut and with the trousers sharply creased; that I should wear stylish hats and fashionable shoes, and now they insist that I shall speak correctly. Take it all together, I think they are making life pretty hard for their poor old father. Still they're nice children, and I suppose I'll have to try to keep up with the procession."—New York Sun.

Tattooing.

That the old world custom of tattooing heraldic and other designs upon the arms, back and chest of men is coming into fashion here is shown by the presence in the daily papers of advertisements offering to tattoo crests, coats of arms, monograms, etc., at the client's residence for the moderate sum of from \$5 to \$10. There are a large number of royal and imperial personages in Europe who are tattooed, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark having an anchor tattooed on her shoulder as emblematic of her husband's seafaring profession, while several well known Parisiennes have their fair shoulders adorned with flowers-de-luce in token of their monarchical preferences.

Grand Duke Alexis, the czar's brother, has his entire right arm tattooed from wrist to shoulder, while the wrist of King Oscar of Sweden is not free from decorations of this character. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has his left arm tattooed, as has also his nephew, Prince Henry of Prussia, while the Duke of York has the union jack and St. George's ensign indelibly marked on his forearm.—Vogue.

A Famous Bible.

The family Bible of George Washington's mother is owned by Mrs. Lewis Washington of Charleston, Va. Six leaves from this historic volume were torn out and deposited in the corner-stone of the Mary Washington monument at Fredericksburg a few years ago.—St. Louis Republic.

Wanted to Applaud.

There was immense applause at the first performance of a new play. Suddenly a one armed gentleman turned to the person sitting next to him and said, "Caballero, be good enough to clap this hand, as I want badly to applaud myself."—Sobremesa.

Attempt.

Critic—Is that meant for a mountain? Artist—No; only a bluff.—Detroit Tribune.

The Worship of Ugliness.

The worship of ugliness in material things explains a great deal in shop windows that would otherwise be puzzling. Hundreds of tasteless or called art objects are displayed, because it has been discovered that they will sell. One of the richest shops in New York, and indeed in all the world, includes among a multitude of beautiful things, many large and costly objects that, tried by any known canons of taste, are ugly. The salesmen who have these things in charge apologize for them to persons of taste, but there are people in New York and elsewhere who give hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars for these confessedly ugly things.—New York Sun.

More Critical.

The Wife (pouting)—You're cruel to make fun of this hat. I had one like it before we were married, and you said it was lovely.

The Husband—In those days I didn't look at the hat, but what was under it.—Chicago Record.

His Age.

A broker, whose mind was full of stock quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was. "Well," said he abstractly, "the old gentleman is quoted at 80, but there is every prospect he will reach par."—Journal of Education.

A Slight Impulse.

He—I should think it would be very hard work to write a modern society novel.

She—What can there be so hard about it?

He—To restrain the impulse to kill off all the leading characters.—New York Herald.

Works Both Ways.

Goodman—Do you ever think of the good old saying that it's more blessed to give than to receive?

Pogony—Yes; when I've got the boxing gloves on I do.—Vogue.

Diplomatic.

Porter of Sleeping Car—Your berth is the top one, lady.

Passenger—What do you take me for, a bundle of old fashioned dry goods that you want to put out of sight on the top shelf?

Porter of Sleeping Car—No, madam, only an angel, who ought to be as near heaven as possible.—Boston Gazette.

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION.

(Weekly Circular Letter—No. 57.) A big trainload of happy people went up into the Redwoods from San Francisco on the morning of Monday, May 7, with great white banners on the sides of the cars on which were emblazoned the words "California Midwinter International Exposition—Our Foreign Commissioners." The occasion of this expedition was an excursion tendered by the executive committee to the foreign commissioners, and including in the party the heads of departments of the exposition.

The executive committee themselves, to say nothing of the hard-worked heads of departments, have had their noses so close to the grindstone during all the months of preparation and of progress of the exposition thus far, that no one begrudged them a holiday, and the foreign commissioners, ever alert to recognize and accept every opportunity for seeing more of this land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, hailed with delight the announcement of an outing in the Redwoods.

An early morning start was necessary but there were 200 people in the party that met at the Tiburon ferry to cross over the beautiful bay of San Francisco and there board the train. Out of a morning fog that hung over the city and the bay when the excursionists started on their journey, the train sped up through the fertile valleys and among the pretty hills of Marin county into such a sunlight as even the Italian commissioners had never seen before. There were points of interest along the rugged banks of the Russian river in which the German commissioners saw a fancied resemblance to their own beloved Rhineland. There were long stretches of vineyards and fields of growing grain that the commissioners of the French Republic confessed could not be equalled in the fertile valley of the Loire, and the British commissioner general closed his eyes from time to time and opened them again to catch glimpses, as he said, of the hills and fields of Surrey and the picturesque hedges of Hants.

But out of these scenes, so suggestive of what many in the party were accustomed to at home, and fraught with so much in the line of reminiscence, the excursion party passed into a shaded stretch of forest unlike anything that had ever been seen by those in the party who were not used to California and California scenes. Now and then there came into the panorama a vista of clearing where the blackened stumps of giants of the forest stood out in bold relief against the green cloth of the still growing grass and grain. Then the train would cut through a belt of trees larger even than the blackened stumps just passed showed their superstructures to have been, and each advance brought bigger trees into view and heightened the effect of the advent of the exposition's foreign visitors.

The train came to a standstill in the midst of the great grove of Redwoods, historical in California annals as the scenes of many an official outing and many a popular picnic, but it is doubtful if the towering trunks of these mighty monarchs ever echoed and re-echoed the voices of a happier throng, and it is certain that the representatives of so many different nationalities never sat in their shade nor were the comments on their beauty and impressiveness ever expressed in more different languages than on this memorable occasion. The guttural of the German, the resonance of the Italian, the staccato of the Spanish, the graceful flow of French, the indescribable diction of the Chinese and of the Japanese as well—all these were heard in expressions of admiration, and each representative of all these nationalities manifested his or her delight in his or her own peculiar way.

Each invited guest had been asked to bring a lady and the result was a well balanced party. If there was a majority on either side it was in favor of the gentlemen, though, by the same token, the ladies profited thereby, for there were no wall flowers on this occasion, no lady lacked a knight and some had two or three. Now and then a couple would get strayed away from the rest of the company, but with characteristic continental politeness no foreign commissioner felt called upon to organize a searching party, and it came to pass in the course of the afternoon that all the wanderers returned to camp, and when the band sounded the "roast beef call" everybody gathered around the semi-circular tables which had been spread beneath the Redwoods, and on which the viands were so daintily served that surely nothing ever tasted better in banquet hall or at the hand of royalty.

The same rustic tables had been laden on more than one occasion with the provender which served to keep alive the spirit of the Bohemians who hold their yearly midsummer revels in this forest retreat, but on this occasion the excursionists were Bohemians all, and they proved themselves to be so by the manner in which they did their duty by the offering the caterer had made in the performance of his. Between the dishes, the bottles and the glasses, neatly arranged on the white table cloths, before the banquet began, sprays of forest fern had been gracefully interlaced, but the picture was spoiled a little at the expense of the inner man and woman, and when it came to the flow of soul that inevitably must follow such a feast of felicity, the debris was silently swept into the baskets of the caterer, while the foreign commissioners returned thanks in unorthodox fashion.

Three hours were spent in this lovely retreat, and then the cry was "all aboard" and "homeward bound." Back along the banks of the Russian river, on through the valleys and between the hills of Marin county, and across the Bay of San Francisco as the twilight fell, came the foreign commissioners and the hosts of the occasion. "It was an object lesson," said Director General de Young. "It was as much a part of the exposition as the electric tower itself," said a conclusions vacationist, "Amen" said all the commissioners.

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