

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

The simple life does not need lentils or cellular clothing. It needs those rarer things, gratitude and humility.—G. K. Chesterton.

She wore far too much rouge last night and not quite enough clothes. That is always a sign of despair in a woman.—"Sebastian Melmoth."

Keep your hand on your shoulders. It's bound to rest on some one else's occasionally. Still, keep it mostly on your own.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

If you feel that you're really got to tell a secret, go somewhere where it's dark and you'll be alone. Then keep your mouth shut.—"The Middle Wall," by Edward Marshall.

Not that marriage is so beautiful, but it is necessary a girl should find that out for herself, so that she can turn her mind peacefully to other things.—"A Pagan's Love," by Constance Clyde.

ERRONEOUS BELIEFS.

SOME ODD NOTIONS THAT ARE FIXED IN MANY MINDS.

Popular Ignorance as to Law in Everyday Occurrences—Cashiers' Mistakes in Banks—The Finding of Dead Bodies—Sunday Contracts.

It is an American predilection to believe the outlandish and freakish stories that are based solely on hearsay testimony and to reject often the commonplace matter of fact. A list of the cheerful lies that are commonly believed would fill a volume. Only a few of them are given below.

How often have you been inflicted with the story of the man who was overpaid when cashing a check at the bank and the cashier telling him that no mistakes would be corrected after the customer left the window? According to the story, the cashier left down the mandate before the cashier knew the mistake was in his favor. It makes an excellent yarn, but diligent search discloses that it never had any foundation in fact. Banks have no such rule. If a customer is underpaid or overpaid the mistake will appear when the balance is struck at the end of the day's business, and the error will be cheerfully rectified. But the majority of the public believe the fictitious story of "how the fellow got the best of the bank" simply because it is a good story and they like to believe it.

Probably the most common error on the part of the public is the belief that when a dead body is found no one has a right to touch or move the remains "until the coroner comes." There never was any such law, is not now and probably never will be. The citizen who is of an inquiring turn of mind has a perfect right to examine the dead bodies he runs across in the course of his travels, to move the remains and even search the pockets of the deceased, provided, of course, that his motives are honest. That is all that is necessary.

There is also a prevalent belief that a note signed or contract entered into on Sunday is void and that either party can plead the fact of the sacred day to get out of a bad bargain. This is not true. If a man enters into a contract or signs a note on Sunday he is legally bound and can have no defense that he would not have if the transaction had occurred in the middle of the week.

"I had my back against my own house when I struck this man," says the defendant in police court. He believes that his proximity to his castle gives him more rights than he would have if he were in the street. This belief has been the cause of much cantankerous litigation, and it has ever resulted in the ruling that a man has a right to defend himself in a reasonable manner if he is attacked, whatever may be his geographical position, and the incidental contiguity of his home "cuts no ice" in the case.

The public has great confidence in the magic number three, and without any reasonable basis for the belief. It is commonly believed that if a drowning person sinks for the third time he is gone for good and all. The facts contradict this. Many persons die in the first sinking, and if one has the strength and vitality to rise to the surface of the water twice it furnishes an excellent presumption that he will be able to do so again. In an eddy or rapidly moving waters people have sunk from sight a half dozen times and lived to tell the experience to their grandchildren.

Then there is the third congestive chill, commonly believed to be fatal. Most people who die from this cause succumb to the first or second attack. If a man succeeds in weathering two of them the odds are in favor of his coming out victor in the third. Almost every community possesses a citizen who boasts the fact that he has a silver plate in his skull. Surgeons say that very few attempts were ever made at such an operation, and all of them were failures. There does not exist a man who has a silver plate in his skull, although many men honestly believe that they are carrying this species of paraphernalia in their craniums. The hole of the skull cannot live and be healthy in the presence of a foreign body. It is said by surgeons to be a physical impossibility, but this serves in no way to overcome the common and erroneous belief.

The medical fraternity has another false belief to combat in cases of "shingles." This disease consists of a skin eruption, always following affected nerves and commonly appearing on the body. It is a very common belief that if the "shingles" completely surround the body and strike a meeting point the patient will die instantly. The belief is untrue.—Kansas City Times.

Never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.—Jameson.

They never grip or sicken, but cleanse and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels.—This is the universal verdict of many thousands who use Dewitt's Little Early Risers. These pills relieve biliousness, jaundice, torpid liver, sallow complexion, etc. Try Little Early Risers. Sold by Williams Pharmacy.

To the Voters of Baldwin Precinct. The registration books for Baldwin precinct are now open. I will be prepared to register you at any time at Gribble's store. O. Fredenburg, Notary Public.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Way Nan-ab-beju Made the New Earth After the Flood.

"I will tell you the story of Nan-ab-beju. He is the man who made the new earth after the big water came and covered it.

"Big waters came, and there was nothing anywhere except water and the sky and the sun and the stars," said the old Chippewa. "Nan-ab-beju made a great raft and put on it some relic of everything that had been on the earth—specimens of each kind of animals, of all the trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, birds, rocks, and one man and one woman. In short, he did not leave anything except sand. He forgot to save some sand, and yet he could not do anything without it. He sailed out far into the flood and made a little island, very, very small. Then he found he had no sand. He made a very big line, longer than hundreds of deer-skins cut up into ribbons and tied together, and he took a muskrat off the raft and tied the line to it and threw it into the water. The frightened rat dove down and down, and when there was no longer any pulling at the line Nan-ab-beju knew the rat was at the bottom of the sea. Then he began to pull the line up. At the end of it came the poor muskrat, stone dead, drowned. But Nan-ab-beju saw that the little black paws of the animal were clenched as if there was something in their palms and that the rat held tight hold of even after death. The little paws were forced open, and in them were found half a dozen grains of sand. One grain would have been enough for the great Nan-ab-beju.

"Nan-ab-beju blew his breath on the muskrat, and its life came back to it. Then he mixed the sand in the little island that he had made and blew on that, also. As he blew and blew it swelled and swelled until it was so big that Nan-ab-beju could not see the sides or end of it in any direction. Nan-ab-beju was not quite certain whether he had made it as big as the old earth before the big water came. He had to make it as big as it had been—so big, in fact, that no man or creature could find the end of it. He had plenty of animals that could travel over the earth and find out how big it was, so he decided to take two huge buffaloes off the raft and send them to see whether there was any end to what he had made. The buffaloes ran off with all speed, and Nan-ab-beju sat down and waited. In a few days the buffaloes came back and said they had found the end of the earth. So Nan-ab-beju blew and blew on the ground again, and it swelled so fast that you could see it broadening. When he had blown until he was tired he took a crow off the raft and sent it to see if it could find the end of the earth. The crow was gone a very long time, but at last it came sailing back on the wind and said it had flown till it was tired out and there was no sign of any end to the earth.

"Nan-ab-beju, to make sure, blew again and swelled the earth a great deal bigger. Then he untied and untrapped all the animals and drove them from the raft on to the land and left them free to roam where they might. He took all the trees, plants, bushes and shrubs and planted them around, and he blew the grass out of his hands as hard as he could blow it, so that it scattered all over. Next he let loose all the birds and beetles and bugs and snakes and toads and butterflies, and finally he invited the man and woman, both Chippewas, to go ashore and make the new earth their hunting ground. And Nan-ab-beju's task was done."—St. Nicholas.

Titles in Germany. The question of title is one of the most delicate in Germany, a fact of which the stranger is constantly reminded in intercourse with the people, particularly with the women. Frau Professor, Frau Director, Frau Doctor, are most particular about their husband's titles being attached to their own names. But when it comes to military titles it is different, and both men and women protest vigorously against this sharing of titles. Lieutenant von B. objects to having his wife addressed as Frau Lieutenant, which title belongs as well to the wife of Lieutenant Schmidt or Hauff of a less aristocratic regiment.

Dumas' Scheme. Alexandre Dumas, Sr., was once visiting his son, who at that time lived in a villa near Paris. They sat in a tiny scrap of a garden behind the house under the one small tree it contained. It was a broiling hot day, and Dumas, who was very stout, said to his son: "I am suffocating with the intense heat."

"What shall I do, father?" "Suppose you open your chamber window and let a little air into the garden," replied old Alexandre, with gravity.

One Exception. "No," declared Mr. Nagget, "there never was a woman on earth who could refrain from turning around to rub her against some other woman's clothes." "No?" replied his wife sweetly. "Didn't you ever hear of Eve?"—Philadelphia Press.

Surf Bathing Abroad. Unlike Americans, Englishmen prefer to have their surf bath before breakfast. They slip out of their rooms and into the surf as a sort of duty and prefer a buff bath, or one without the incumbrance of a bathing suit, if they can be permitted to enjoy it. With them the bath, even in the breakers, is more of a duty than a pastime, as it is with the French and Americans. Neither do the people of continental Europe enjoy the pleasures of the surf with the same avidity as marks the summer day along the American coast. There is more or less of custom or fashion to dictate to the temporary dwellers along the seashore.

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"What a difference in the suffering at time of childbirth"

when Dr. R. V. Pierce's medicines are used.

Mrs. Edmon Jacobs, of Bargarville, Johnson Co., Ind. "I had not heard of Dr. Pierce's medicines three years ago when I was confined, so had to suffer almost death. Before baby was born I could not be on my feet without two persons holding me. The baby was a boy, weighing 9 1/2 pounds, and for some weeks after his birth I suffered severe pain. Last fall, following the advice of a neighbor, my husband bought me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I took during the winter, and in March I gave birth to a baby boy, weighing 8 1/2 pounds and was on my feet within thirty minutes before baby was born. He is now three months old and weighs 15 lbs. I know it was Dr. Pierce's medicine that saved me from suffering. I advise all women to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, also his Pleasant Pellets, if necessary."

Following the advice of a neighbor. "What a weight of confirmatory evidence there is in those six words. The neighbor had tried the Favorite Prescription and recommended it. Mrs. Jacobs has also tried it and proved its wonderful properties and now she recommends it. Beside such testimony as this its maker's words are unimportant. Mrs. Jacobs' experience is a fact. The written experiences of 500,000 other women are facts. There is no theory about it. There can be no question about it. In every neighborhood in this broad land there are women who have been cured by the Favorite Prescription." It has cured more cases of female complaint than all other medicines for women combined. It is the only medicine of its kind invented by a skilled specialist in medicine—a regularly graduated physician of more than forty years' actual experience.

The Guest and the Waitress. A dainty stranger waited in the dining room of a hotel in Smith Centre the other day and as the chair was held for him pulled out the seat carefully. Pulling up his trousers, he seated himself, wiped the knife, fork and spoon with a napkin, worried a few crumbs off the table and heaved a sigh of relief. Without hesitation the girl who stepped forward to take his order deftly wiped the stranger's mouth, which had been drawn into a pucker of dissatisfaction at the imaginary untidiness abounding, and planted a kiss thereon that was plainly heard in all parts of the room. The dainty stranger, when he recovered ordered meekly, ate hurriedly and left quickly.—Kansas City Journal.

Demean. Says a writer in the London Chronicle: "A vulgarism—one which, like 'grave' for 'grit,' has come into use by way of the kitchen-stairs—'demean,' with a sense of derogation or abasement. It is to be seen in many a paper and even many a book and heard in many a speech. It is the second syllable that has misled the popular understanding, but the noun 'demeanor' should have saved the education from their blunder with the verb. When the cook refuses to 'demean herself' she is excusable, because 'demeanor' is not in her vocabulary."

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