

CURIOUS PLEASURE.

Sympathy That May Be Excited by a Paroxysm of Hysterics.

Some persons derive pleasure from receiving sympathy, and this often causes them, especially if they are women who have suffered some affliction, to affect a very demonstrative grief, its paroxysms timed with shrewdly selfish cunning so as best to attract the attention and secure the sympathy of those about them.

And there are other persons who derive a strange satisfaction from exciting the anxiety and even the distress of their friends. This is not uncommon among small children, who are, however, easily cured by ignoring their outbursts. Petting them makes them worse.

ESCAPED THE MADHOUSE.

Daguerre's First Photograph Came Just in the Nick of Time.

If old Mme. Daguerre had been as quick to act as she was to suspect, Louis Jacques Daguerre might have ended his days in an insane asylum, and the world might have waited a century longer for a means of preserving family likenesses on bits of paper or glass.

Up to the early thirties of the last century M. Daguerre had behaved as any well balanced decorator and scene painter and steadygoing husband should have behaved, and then he began to experiment with liquids and attempted to fasten sun shadows on glass or copper sheets.

In great trepidation Mme. Daguerre hurried to a doctor and, weeping, told the medical man these symptoms. To the doctor's discerning mind they spelled nothing less than insanity, and in 1838 they set about preparing M. Daguerre for a visit to the asylum at Bicetre.

But just then the unsuspecting victim of this plot succeeded in fastening the shadow on the copper plate, and the art of photography was born.

The Oldest Book.

The oldest book in the world to which a positive date can be assigned is an assortment of proverbs somewhat after the style of the proverbs collected by Solomon. The work is accredited to Ptah-hotep, an Egyptian king, and Egyptologists assign to it an antiquity of at least 3000 B. C.

Trousers Forbidden.

Strange though it may appear to the present generation, it seems that trousers when first introduced into England were regarded as anything but a mark of respectability. In the original tract deed, drawn up in 1820, of Bethel chapel, Cambridge street, Sheffield, there was a clause containing the following prohibition: "Under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers."

Reassuring.

The family of Mr. Torrance was about leaving the town of Strathaven for America. Tibby Torrance, an old maiden sister of Mr. Torrance's, was to accompany them. Before they left some of the neighbors were talking to Tibby of the dangers of the "great deep," when she suddenly exclaimed, "Aweel, aweel; it's been a dry summer, and I think the sea'll no' be very deep."

Shaky Collateral.

An advertisement taken from a morning paper shows to what a pass a genius may come in a great city: "Wanted—A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

A Linguist.

"Mrs. Gabber speaks seven languages." "Fluently?" "Almost simultaneously."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Pretty Busy.

"Is he making good?" "He must be. He never seems to have time to stop and tell anybody about it."—Detroit Free Press.

To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world.—Charles W. Elliot.

The Makings of a Diplomat.

A Labouche anecdote is given in the volume of recollections by Sir Henry Lucy (Toby, M. P.), to whom it was told by Labby himself. It concerned the younger son of a peer, who thought that a berth in the diplomatic service was as desirable a place as any for one who took life rather easily.

The Dangerous Age.

As the thirties slip behind him the wise man will train himself to realize that the "good old days" when he could do exactly as he liked and not pay for it have gone forever. Gone are the days when fatigue from extra work and loss of sleep speedily passed off when the stress of work had ended.

Three Ideas of Nothing.

In an Irish school not long ago a schoolteacher asked a class to define "nothing." He wrote the question on the blackboard and did so quickly and rather carelessly. A little red-headed fellow's hand shot up.

Down From Noah.

The smaller a nation the longer the pedigree of the native. Thus every Scotsman of decent lineage is descended from the Bruce, every Irishman from the Red Kings, and every Welshman from Noah.

Future Troubles.

Brounder—Funny what ideas come into a fellow's head. This morning while dressing I was wondering how, in the future life, I could get my shirt on over my wings. Brounder—Don't let that worry you. What you want to think about is how to get your hat on over your horns.

Plausible Theory.

"How do you suppose Steggins ever came to write me such an elaborately sarcastic letter about so slight a matter?" "Very possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "he has just employed a new stenographer and is trying to show off."

The Boss' Idea.

"Young man," said the boss, "I like to see you arrive in the morning feeling fresh." "Yes, sir." "But let it end there. You have a bad habit of keeping your freshness up all day."—Kansas City Journal.

Didn't Believe It.

The Young Man—Yes, I kissed her when he wasn't expecting anything of the kind. The Elderly Man—A young man, a young woman, nobody about and the young woman not expecting to be kissed? "Hal Rubblish!"—New York Telegraph.

Fine Recommendation.

Miss Simdlet—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh. Did he recommend any special diet? New Boarder—No, madam; he simply recommended your boarding-house.—London Tatler.

Every Man Carries Gasoline.

Every man carries gasoline—some more, some less—and the spark of inspiration, if touched at the right time, is apt to start something.—Trail Blazer.

Toward evening the lazy man begins to be busy.

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WAIL OF THE DONKEY.

Harken to It in China if You Want to Tremble in Terror.

In all the east today the donkey is a favorite means of transportation both for travelers and merchandise. It was so in the days of the patriarchs Isaac and Jacob, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, and so it will probably remain for ages to come.

But nothing in China is just like the same thing anywhere else in the world, and the donkey is no exception. Dr. Chester of Nashville, who while evangelizing in Arkansas in his younger days had become familiar with the easy amble of the long eared American species, was induced to make trial of the Chinese type during a visit to China a few years ago.

"The power of heredity, working through millenniums of isolation, with no modification from foreign admixture, has developed in the bray of the Chinese donkey a quality all its own. There are no words in English to describe the heartrending pathos of it. It was as if an appeal to heaven against the cruelty and oppression of ages were at last finding utterance in one long, loud, undulating wail.

HOW TO GROW STRONG.

The Eight Natural Exercises Give the Best Physical Culture.

It is not logical for a man to swing in the air hanging on two rings by his hands, according to George Hebert, a French naval lieutenant who has devoted himself to the study of physical culture. Such exercise demands abnormal efforts, which must be harmful because they do not respond to any necessity.

For the same reason it is poor gymnastics to raise and hold the arm in the air while holding the rest of the body motionless. The result of such action is incomplete development. The arm should be exercised by throwing something, by climbing or by boxing, and the legs should be exercised by running or swimming, because these essentially natural movements have a happy reaction on the whole organism.

A particular movement may be interesting in the case of invalidism when the subject is capable of ordinary exercise, but when people are in health and anxious to become strong there is only one means of obtaining physical improvement and only one form of efficacious physical culture.

That is to carry out such exercises as were imposed by nature upon the men of the forests and such as are in use now among savages. These are walking, running, leaping, climbing, lifting, jumping, boxing and swimming. All the obligations of primitive life have a place in these eight natural exercises.—Harper's Weekly.

How Did She Know?

When the boarders were all gathered about the table fussy little Miss Mac—gushingly stammered to Mr. Mac—, her namesake, but who was no relation: "Oh, Mr. Mac—I! You must pardon me for opening your mother's letter. I feel awful about it! But I didn't read a single word, I assure you. When I saw the heading 'Chicago' and 'Dear mother' and the signature I knew it wasn't for me, so I wouldn't read a bit of it, for I'm sure I wouldn't like any one to read mine." "Oh, that's all right," "Twas only from my sister. There's nothing a daughter writes to her mother that anybody couldn't read." After again apologizing half a dozen times Miss Mac— said: "Your sister wrote that she was going to be married. I hope she's making a good match."—New York Tribune.

Dictionary at Fault.

An east end father interested in the home education of his children bought a little dictionary for his clever little twelve-year-old boy last week. A few days after the child had received his gift he brought it back to his father. "The dictionary is no good," he said. "You'd better take it to the store and get your money back." "What's the matter? Is there some slang term you can't find?" "Now, I can find all the words I want, but they ain't arranged right. In this dictionary divorce comes before marriage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mean Thing.

"I don't like that disagreeable Mrs. Parker." "I thought she was very pleasant. What's happened?" "We lunched together downtown today. She said she'd pay, and of course I mumbled 'Let me,' and she said 'Very well.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boiled Down.

"It used to be forty acres and a mule." "Intensive farming has the call now—forty square feet and a hen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Last Words.

"Does your wife always have the last word?" "Um, no. I most always say, 'Yes, dear,' or 'Very true, dear.'"—Puck.

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

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Tippling the Cook.

In old times to dine with a nobleman cost more in tips to the servants than a club dinner. Lord Poor, a well-natured Irish peer, excused himself from dining with the Duke of Ormond upon the ground that he could not afford it. "If you will give me the guinea I have to pay your cook, I will come as often as you choose to ask me"—which was accordingly done. The duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the tippling practice. Lord Taaffe, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door. When they put their hands into their pockets he said: "No, if you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner."

Worry Fills the Asylums.

An eastern alienist told the Mental Hygiene society that if worry could be eliminated the number of our insane would be decreased by 40 per cent. His assertion is corroborated by other experts. The diagnosis, one sees, is delightfully simple, but the remedy is hard to apply. Worry is of two sorts—that which comes from within and that which is imposed from without. The nervous specialist treats the first, and mental suggestion succeeds in a certain proportion of cases. As for the worry incident to our mad scramble to survive, the doctors we look to in that case are the economists and the sociologists. The problem of the nerve specialist is not an easy one, but it looks almost simple when compared with the problem of the economist. Both sets of doctors are making headway, and at present we may look for much improvement in our insanity statistics. So let us not worry about worry, but work to remove its causes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Nelson Love Letter.

Mr. Algernon E. Aspinall in "West Indian Tales of Old" gives some notes about Nelson when at English Harbor, Antigua. It was while on the Leeward Islands station that Nelson was taken with what he himself had described as "the disorder which is what the world calls love" and became engaged to Miss Frances Nisbet, whom he married at Nevis. Here is part of a love letter to his "dearest Fanny."

An Overhead Picture Gallery.

Kuwait is situated at the head of the Persian gulf. It is an ordinary Arab border town, built of mud and plaster, with a few houses more than one story high and only the sheik's palace making any pretensions to elegance. One room in this palace is distinctly bizarre and, in a way, arabesque. It has a large and beautiful Persian rug on the floor and a ceiling covered with many chromos of queens and actresses and others in gaudy frames, picked up in the Bombay bazaar. Only an Arab would have thought of that place for the pictures.—Christian Herald.

A King's Jest.

King George of Greece once observed: "The boredom of royalty is that other people watch what one is doing." The king was quite bald, and once said that his hair had come off because "it was tired of standing on end to please other people's consciences."—Liverpool Post.

A Consoling Thought.

"When another man has succeeded where you failed to try you must feel horribly ashamed." "No, I don't. I simply go around telling everybody that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and it's very consoling."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mean Man.

James—You say you write dunning letters to yourself and sign them with fictitious names. What do you do that for? William—You see, my wife is always after me for money, and when she reads those letters she becomes discouraged.

Then She Gave Him a Look.

Mrs. Gableigh—The minister impressed upon us this morning that we must all in time join the silent majority. Her Husband—Yes, and in view of that I think we should begin practicing silence while here on earth.—Boston Transcript.

Extenuating.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and never did it before."

He Got Savage.

"No, I'm sorry, but I'll be a sister to you." "Pardon me, I have plenty of sisters. What I wanted was a mother."—Life.

Laws are made by old people and by men. Youths and women want the exceptions, old people the rules.—Goethe.

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A FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF.

Seattle, the Statesman, After Whom the City Was Named.

At Fort Madison, on Puget sound, fifteen miles northwest of Seattle, Wash., stands a monument to Seattle, or Sealth, chief of the Squamish and allied tribes. This aborigine was regarded as among the greatest of the many Indian characters of the western country. He ruled his people for more than half a century with superior talent and was looked upon as a statesman who had no equal among the tribesmen.

At the time of his death, in 1806, he was the acknowledged head and chief sachem of all the tribes living on or near Puget sound. He had reached the age of eighty when he passed away and had made many warm friendships with the white pioneers in Washington. Over 100 white men were in attendance at his funeral.

In 1800 his friends erected a monument of Italian marble, seven feet high, with a base or pedestal surmounted by a cross bearing the letters "I. H. S." On one side of the monument is the following inscription:

SEATTLE Chief of the Squamish and Allied Tribes, Died June 7th, 1806. The firm Friends of the Whites, and for Him the City of Seattle was Named by its Founders. —Magazine of American History.

FATAL ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

They Kill by Attacking the Heart or Respiratory Organs.

While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English magazine, quoting an authority on the subject, the whole matter is simple.

Death produced from electric shock, says this magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or muscular fibers of the heart or of paralysis of the respiratory organs. While doctors have been unable to find any treatment that will cure the former, artificial respiration often overcomes the respiratory paralysis.

The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body, and with alternating currents low frequency usually is more dangerous than high. The lower animals are more susceptible to electric shock than man, dogs often being killed by a direct current of seventy volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 to 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 620 volts stop respiration suddenly.—New York Press.

Mistress and Maid.

"Be the friend of your house servant and let her realize that you are interested in her well being," was the advice of a lecturer before a housewives' meeting at Vienna. A woman who attended and listened to the servant, problem discussion wrote a letter to the lecturer a few days later in the course of which she said: "I agree with you, but did you know that in this city a nursery maid, a mere child herself, threw the child intrusted to her care out of a window and then followed, intending to kill herself? And that on the same day another child servant attempted to take her life? And why? The first one had been denied a part of her earned wages because her lady wished to teach her thrift and the second was not allowed to leave the house after a certain hour at night. Our 'friendship' is often misinterpreted."

A Helpful Letter.

A letter that Rev. W. M. L. Evans, rector of Saxby, North Lincolnshire, wrote to the London Times added an amusing contribution to the discussion then going on in that newspaper concerning the alleged decay of handwriting. Mr. Evans says: "The name of Dean Stanley will occur to many of us as that of a celebrated caecographer of the pretypewriter period. When Mrs. Kingsley was lying very ill her husband received a letter from the dean.

A Durable Car.

"I've used my car twice a day to my office and back, a distance of six miles, for seven years," said Waggley, "and I've never had to pay a cent of repairs." "Great Scott, what a record!" said Blidd. "What car is it?" "Trolley," said Waggley, and Blidd rang for the waiter.—Harper's.

Told Him.

Lawyer—Have you ever been to this court before, sir? Witness—Yes, sir; I have been here often. Lawyer—Ha, ha! Been here often, have you? Now, tell the court what for Witness (slowly)—Well, I have been here at least half a dozen times to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe me.

In the Wrong Place.

Seedy Vagabond—Mister, I hain't had a blame thing to eat for two days, 'ceptin a handful o' peanuts. Dietetic Crank—That's all you need, you glut-ton!—Chicago Tribune.

Tac Happy Man.

The Debtor—Well, old man, I'm going to marry a rich widow next week. The Creditor—Indeed? Well—ah! Congratulate me, old chap.—Toledo Blade.

It May Be Done.

"It is impossible to satisfy a champagne appetite on a beer income." "It is—unless you own brewery stock."—Washington Star.