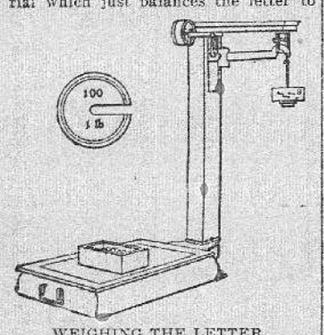
WEIGHING A LETTER.

How It May Be Done by Means of the Ordinary Platform Scale.

To use the style of scale that is designed to weigh barrels of merchandise for ascertaining the weight of a letter is like setting a tiger to catch a fly. Still, a correspondent of the American Machinist has done it successfully, and he shares the secret with the public. The plan described works equally well in measuring corresponding amounts of merchandise—an ounce of nutmegs, for instance.

Some of the best known platform scales are made so that the addition of a pound to the tip of the beam counterbalances 100 pounds on the platform. Anyone who is aware of this fact, says the Farmer Tribune, can apply the principle without much trouble, but he must reverse the order of procedure. He first puts the letter or parcel the weight of which he wishes to find out on the pendant at the end of the geam. Then he places on the platform enough of any kind of material that is handy to raise the beam. Having thus weighed the letter, he divides the result by 100. Says the correspondent:

Suppose the weight of the material which just balances the letter to



WEIGHING THE LETTER.

be five and three-fourths pounds. Then 5.75 divided by 100 equals .0575 pound. Reducing this to ounces, .0575 times 16 equals .92 ounce, which is the weight of the letter. On the other hand, if we wish to weigh out exactly one ounce of something, we have only to remember that it will require 100 ounces on the platform, or six and one-fourth pounds, to balance one ounce.

If the ratio of the weights is not known, it may be found by weighing one of the weights. If the weight which is marked 100 pounds weighs 1 pound, the ratio is, of course, 1 to 100, or if the 100-pound weight actually weighs one-half pound, the ratio is 1 to 200.

Where made to the metric system the calculations can, of course, be made mentally from one denomination to another. For instance, if 27 kilos are required on the platform to balance the weight on the counterpoise, then the latter is .027 gram; or, .27 decigram; or, 2.7 centigrams, or 27 milligrams.

QUEER PAPUAN DRESS.

How the Natives of New Guinea Ornament Their Persons with Odd Trinkets.

The dress and ornaments of the inhabitants (called Papuans) of New Guinea are very interesting. Necklaces and armlets of cord, beads, brass wire, teeth, shells, seeds, etc., are worn, and also shell anklets, earrings of bone or bones and sticks put through the nos-

GROTESQUE NATIVE ORNAMENTS.

trils. The men's hair is often specially dressed in a great variety of the most fantastic methods, says Good Literature, and ornamented with feathers, bones, etc., while the women mostly cut the hair short. The skin of the face and body is tattooed or scarred, some daubing their faces with red and white clay, some burning-in variously colored patterns and figures with glowing coals.

LARGEST KNIFE IN WORLD.

Gigantic Piece of Cutlery Which an American Firm Has Turned Out.

The largest knife in the world has, at a cost of several thousand dollars, recently been made in America. As a mere printed statement of its size might, perhaps, hardly convey an ade-

THE KNIFE AND A SIX-FOOT MAN.

quate notion of its proportions, we give a small diagram showing such a knife being wielded—if one individual could wield so huge an implement—by a six-foot man. The blade, it will be noticed, is five times as long as the man is high. The manufacture of this giant knife was undertaken just to prove what American cutlers could do.

Why, Sure.

The Senator—Why mustn't I vote for that bill?

Henchman—Because the people don't want it, senator.

"What have the people got to do with it? Ain't election over, hey?—Chicago Sun.

At the Soiree.

"Have you any of my works in your house, madam?" asked the long-haired gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady, "are you an author or a clockmaker?"—Yonkers Statesman.

CHARMING EXPERIMENT.

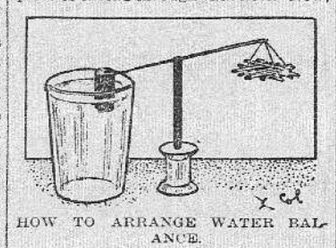
Mystic Trick Performed with Spool, Pencil, Needle, Thread, Cork and a Tumbler of Water.

Here is a charming little experiment with which you can entertain a party of friends for a good half-hour, and which you will find full of interest for yourself.

All you need is a spool, a pencil, a knitting needle, some thread, a cork and a tumbler of water—things which any of our readers, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, can easily find about the house, with the possible exception of the knitting needle, which you can replace by a hatpin, if you wish, and if your big sister is not wearing hers.

Fill the tumbler with water, nearly to the brim. Stick the pencil point first into the spool and stand the spool by the glass. Trim the top of the pencil with your jack knife, so that its top is a half-inch higher than the rim of the tumbler.

Get a card or a bit of pasteboard, and from it cut a triangular piece with sides each two inches long. In each corner make a pinhole, and pass the end of a piece of thread through each hole. Now,



HOW TO ARRANGE WATER BALANCE.

knot the other ends of the thread together.

Stick one end of your hatpin into the side of the cork near the top, and lay the knitting needle across the top of the pencil, with the bottom of the cork resting on the surface of the water in the glass. You would better have a tiny groove in the top of the pencil.

On the other end of the knitting needle suspend the triangular bit of pasteboard, as the picture shows. Now you are ready for your experiment.

Ask each of your friends to guess how many matches can be laid on the pasteboard without overbalancing the needle and drawing the cork from the water. They will guess absurdly low numbers—two, three, four, etc., for the weight of the card alone will make the cork bob up and down and look as if it might be lifted from the water at any moment.

Now pile match after match on the cardboard, and you will find that a good-sized pile will be required before the cork can be lifted from the water; a pile weighing much more than the cork.

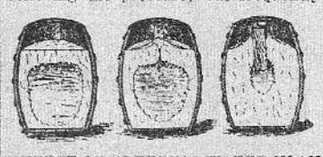
This is due to a quality of the water called "surface tension," which holds on to things with a very real force, and by weighing first the cork and then the matches on a small scale, you can find out just what is the surface tension of the water in the glass; it will be just the difference in weight between the cork and the matches.

POWER OF FREEZING ICE.

A Study of the Problem Why Barrels Are Broken by Ice Expansion.

Correspondents who have studied this question have found that suspending a piece or stick of soft wood in the center of the cask prevents the breakage of the cask when the water is solidly frozen. It is asserted by some that a cask open at one end cannot burst, since the upper layer of ice has a free end to expand, but a correspondent of Scientific American shows this is not conclusive in the set of sketches herewith.

He states: There is a resistance very soon. A barrel of water placed on a flat surface without air circulating under it forms ice first at the open top, then at sides, last at bottom. This difference continues, increasing the thickness at top and angles until there is formed an egg-shaped chamber around the remaining water. The ice is heaviest at top and thinnest at middle of bottom. As the increased pressure caused by expansion of freezing presses against the barrel, the weakest surrounding wall must give. If the bottom with its thin layer of ice is stronger than the top ice, this last will break, relieving the pressure; but frequently



EFFECT OF FREEZING WATER IN AN OPEN BARREL.

the greater thickness at top resists at the expense of the bottom.

A piece of wood two or three feet long, suspended with lower end at center of barrel, the water under pressure will escape between it and the surrounding ice to top, congealing there in layers, forming an elevation several inches high. This escaping water prevents the wood from becoming tightly fixed in ice, and the increased pressure beneath may cause it to rise several inches through the ice, as seen in Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 shows the first stage of the ice formation. Fig. 2 is the second stage, showing the extra thickness at the top and the beginning of the ice uplift.

It is a well-known fact that water begins to expand while it is seven degrees above its freezing temperature, and the expansion continues as it becomes ice. In the change from water to ice the expansion is about one-ninth, and this amount of space must be provided somewhere. Usually a strong barrel will hold, and the ice will give away at the top, but the use of a stick of timber no doubt is helpful in preventing possible breakage.

Enough.

Richly—I want to propose to a girl, and I don't know how to go at it. What would you suggest?

Friend—If I had your income, I'd tell her to look me up in Bradstreet's and then ask her what sized ring she wears.—Detroit Free Press.

Secret Out.

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the very young man.

"In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—Chicago News.

WHOLESOME ADVICE

YOUNG GIRLS AND OLD LADIES SHOULD NOT OVERDRESS.

SOME POINTED INSTANCES.

Gorgeous Costume Worn by a Sixteen-Year-Old to a Party—Companions Teach Her a Lesson—The "Trimming" Season — Fashion Slavery vs. the Happy Medium — An Appeal to Women's Clubs.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

(Author of "Bringing Up Boys," etc., President of the Wheaton Club, New York.)

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The other night my beautiful young friend, Eleanor, went to a party. She wore a pale-blue gown, low-necked and short-sleeved. The rather wide blue strips over the shoulders were edged with lace, headed by pink rosebuds. The square neck was entirely outlined in pink rosebuds. The draperies were full and fluffy to a degree, and caught up here and there by bunches of pink rosebuds. Yards and yards of insertings and edgings and narrow ribbons entered into the composition of this gown—and, to crown all, the skirt was thickly spangled with silver stars. Yet Eleanor is only 16 years old—and not yet through her "prep" school!

Now, for a fancy dress ball, as belle of the Second Empire, or as a bird of paradise of the Megatherium epoch (if there were birds at that time), Eleanor would have been appropriately attired. But for the simple little "kid" dance (as her older brothers called it) to which Eleanor actually wore her marvelous combination of chiffon and lace ruffles and insertings and ribbons and pink rosebuds, it was hardly better suited than it would have been to take a journey in the cars. And this was what struck the 30 or 40 other young people who constituted the "Junior Patriarchs"—or whatever fine name it was by which this particular club of "nice" boys and girls called themselves.

"Hi!" laughed one of Eleanor's most privileged playmates, a boy who had grown up almost next door to her, "Sky fell on you while you were coming over, didn't it?"

"Sky?" chuckled another. "Don't you know a Christmas tree when you see it? This is a living Christmas tree. I bony for my present the big pink rosebud that sticks up on the right shoulder!"

"Come on!" called out another. "Let's dance around the Christmas tree!"

And before she knew it, Eleanor was surrounded by a laughing ring of boys and girls, scampering around her and chanting, in a most inharmonious chorus, "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house."

It was noticed that at the next gathering of the club Eleanor wore, as did most of the other girls, a simple gown, with almost no trimming upon it. When the roguish boys asked what had become of the Christmas tree she smiled back to them, "You will never again behold that vision of beauty. It is too good for you. I am casting my pearls in other directions just now."

Privately, it may be stated that the wholesome lesson was not lost upon the young lady. The trimming upon the blue frock has all been ripped off, and will be judiciously distributed among three others. In point of fact, there is enough for four.

* * * * *

At a recent reception, among several highly overdressed elderly women, one shone preeminent. She could not have been a day under 70. Her hair was white and beautiful. Her face bore the wrinkles which the faces of all well-regulated old ladies should bear; but above it towered a ridiculous creation of white lace and pink flowers, so high and so elaborate that it was almost impossible for the polite women to suppress a smile as she moved among them like a peacock in full regalia. Her gown was made to match. It was probably supposed to have for its foundation some sort of gray or lilac silk, but this was quite buried and lost sight of beneath the loads of lace and passementerie with which some ambitious modiste had endeavored to hide it. Pink and silver figured largely in this ornate trimming.

The present season is, we are told, one of "trimming"—and there is a pronounced movement on foot, and by no means a bad movement, to make all the old ladies look "young." But, again, let us plead for the "happy medium."

The women of the orient cling desperately to the veil; and in the foot-binding countries, it is almost impossible to get mothers to spare the feet of their daughters. It is said by missionaries that it is hard to induce women in certain countries to believe or admit that they have souls. They will seldom do so, until instructed by their converted husbands. Women are everywhere the conservators of custom. Wise leaders must arise to drive them, or else they will never discard a once cherished idol.

And now, in addition to all this furore of decoration, instigated by the "drygoods trust," comes the hirsute campaign, instituted by the dealers in human hair. The bodies of the dead are being rifled, we are told, and all the peasantry of Europe are being shorn, in order that our thrice-demented women may pile upon their heads coiffures which rival those of the middle ages.

Lately, many clubs have launched out into forms of philanthropic endeavor. This is well. But there is another greater and far more essential work than even making soup for the poor, founding kindergartens or beautifying our cities. It is the proper control of this senseless, shameless, soulless Juggernaut of fashion, so that the health of half our women shall not be sacrificed to it, and their bodies chopped up by the surgeons; and so that all of them, at least our girls and our grandmothers, may be relieved by a strong and definite public opinion from any danger of making themselves into silly spectacles.

FOR HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

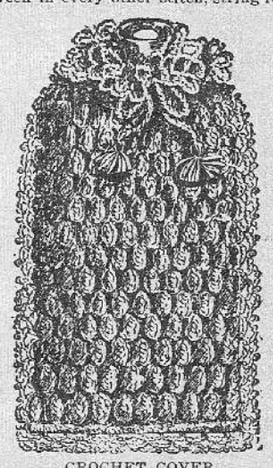
A Crochet Cover for One of These Household Necessaries Adds to Invalid's Comfort Materially.

About eight ounces of white double Berlin wool and thick bone hook.

Work a chain of about 12 inches or a little more than the width of the bottle for which the cover is required, and along one side of this work a row of trebles, taking up two threads of each stitch, then back along the other side of the chain still with trebles, but passing over the chain and working into the spaces between the other trebles; join round with slip-stitch, four chain five double trebles on the nearest stitch of the preceding row. Both threads must be taken up throughout. *Slip the loop from the hook, take up the top threads of the first five double trebles, pick up the other loop again and draw through, thus joining the first and last stitches of the group together: one chain, pass one, one double treble on next, five double trebles on next, and repeat from * all round; join with slip-stitch, a double crochet through both threads of each stitch of preceding row, join round.

Repeat these two last rows until the work is about 17 inches in depth.

A double treble with one chain between in every other stitch, string row.



CROCHET COVER.

Five chain one double crochet on each double treble all round, five chain one double crochet in the middle of each loop.

Two more rows same as last row of top, three chain into nearest loop, three chains into same as last, *3 chains into next loop, 3 chains into same as last, repeat from * all round and fasten off. Work down one side of the bag with six chains from one double crochet row to the next, then along the lower edge with six chains into every sixth treble, and along the other side like the first; turn and work a row of five chains from loop to loop, and finish with a row like last row of the top.

For the string wind the wool six times round the hook and two fingers, secure with chain stitch (for tassel), work a chain of about a yard and a half in length, wind the wool six times round the fingers, secure with a chain-stitch as before and cut off the wool. Tie each tassel round close to the chain and cut the loops, work a second string like the first and thread both through the string row, but commencing each string from opposite sides of the bag. When in use the strings should be tied together over the top, thus forming a handle.

CHILD'S DRESS OF CLOTH.

Ornamented with Narrow Bands of Fur This Little Gown Is Very Effective on Raw Days.

This child's frock is of dark green cloth. The skirt is made with box plaits and trimmed with a band of ermine and straps of black braid. The blouse is box-plaited at the top (where it is trimmed with straps of braid) to a yoke of black astrakhan bordered with a band of ermine.

The yoke is finished around the neck with a little collar of the cloth forming tabs in front, ornamented with buttons

CLOTH AND FUR.

The vest is of the material braided with black soutache, and over this is a little scalloped waistcoat, also of the material, embroidered with soutache.

The sleeves are box-plaited and trimmed with the braid at the top, then are plaited in at the bottom to form cuffs finished at the wrists with bands of astrakhan. The girdle is of the material or of silk to match.

A Toothsome Dish.

After sweet potatoes have been parboiled and sliced lengthwise they should be sprinkled lightly with white pepper, given a dash of salt and placed in the oven for a few moments. Then they are to have a dressing of egg and bread-crumbs poured over them and put below the flame of a gas range where they can broil. Minced parsley is to be strewn over them just before they are sent to the table.

A Stitch in Time.

To save the knees of boys' ribbed stockings one mother reenforces them by sewing a piece of strong black cloth behind them before they are worn at all. It is remarkable how much longer stockings wear when treated in this way.

CHOSE DEATH IN AWFUL FORM

WOMAN FACES FAST ENGINE AND IS GROUND TO PIECES.

A PLAIN CASE OF SUICIDE.

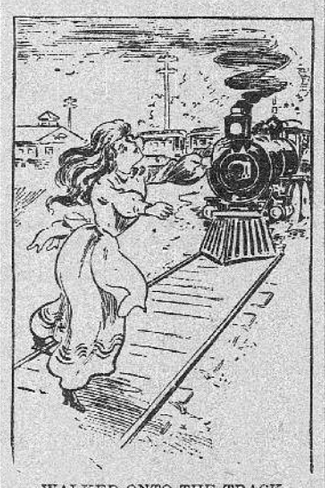
Fails to Heed Warning of Engineer Who Is Unable to Avert Tragedy — Remains Scattered Along the Roadbed.

New York.—With bloodless cheeks, staring eyes and hands raised as if in supplication, Mrs. Sadie G. Hanrahan, 42 years old, of this city, deliberately walked in front of a fast-moving train on the Manhattan Beach branch of the Long Island railroad, at Moffat street and Central avenue crossing, and was ground to death beneath the wheels. In this shocking manner the woman ended a life which had been made wretched through an unfortunate marriage. The manner of her death leads the police and her relatives who are prostrated over her horrible death to believe that long years of worry had unbalanced her mind.

The death of the woman was quick, and as the train rolled on under its momentum the road bed for many feet was strewn with portions of her body. It was a ghastly sight for the women and even the men passengers on the train who leaped to their feet when the frantic engineer applied the air brakes in his efforts to stop the train. The speed of the train was reduced with a bad jolt, which at first threw the passengers from their seats, and as they scrambled to their feet they rushed for the doors.

They all insisted on getting off, and many of the women regretted this step when they caught sight of portions of the woman's body and clothing, which had left a horrible trail behind the train.

Several women uttered piercing shrieks and were carried into the train again in a hysterical condition, while men were compelled to turn their heads to shut out the awful sight. The tumult caused a gathering of people, who crowded about the spot, and in doing so drew the attention of a policeman. The curious onlookers were at once driven back, while the police and train hands picked up the dismembered remains,



WALKED ONTO THE TRACK.

which were placed in a canvas stretcher provided by the police, who conveyed them to the station house.

Engineer Eagan Salzman was in charge of engine No. 23, which drew the train. It left the Long Island City depot, bound for Manhattan Beach, shortly after 12 o'clock. Nothing occurred until the train was approaching the point where the tragedy occurred. The tracks of this branch skirt the rear of a cemetery and are protected by a railing composed of three rows of heavy wire, while the crossing is protected by a gate composed of two long arms which are worked automatically from another point. No regular flagman, it is understood, is stationed at this point.

As the train approached within a few hundred feet of the crossing Engineer Salzman was for a moment unable to believe his eyes when he caught sight of the form of a woman clad in deep black deliberately walking across the track and turning her face in the direction of his train. His hand clutched the whistle rope and he blew several shrill blasts.

The woman paid no attention, but continued to walk toward the fast-approaching train, and Salzman realized that he must act quickly and immediately applied the air brakes.

At the time he was leaning half out of the cab window, and as the train drew nearer and nearer to the woman he saw her face and wild eyes and her hands raised as if to ward off the blow she knew was coming from the locomotive. Salzman was spellbound by the sight and he made frantic efforts to stop the train before it struck the woman and he not only threw back the throttle but reversed the engine wheels. The momentum, however, was too great and the great engine, one of the heaviest on the branch, struck the woman.

The pilot of the engine picked up her body and threw it some distance ahead, but it was again overtaken by the turning wheels and passed from sight to be ground up in the manner described.

With the assistance of the train hands the dismembered portions of the unfortunate woman were gathered together.

Quarreled Over 5,000 Times.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. Theresa Schujul, of Kansas City, Kan., gave her husband, John Schujul, $100 several days ago to leave her and never return. He kept his promise until the other night. In the police court the next morning they said that they were married in Germany 15 years ago and had quarreled every day since. This means a total of more than 5,000 quarrels. The police judge placed a fine of $50 against Schujul and gave him a stay of execution under a promise that he would stay away from his wife and give her no further trouble.

Song by Uncle Sam.

"My San Domingo maid, I'm very much afraid I'll have to keep your custom house until your bills are paid."—N. Y. Herald.

ENGLISH FOOTBALL CLUB HAS A GHOSTLY VISITOR

Enters Dressing Pavilion and Dons Jersey According to Story of Startled Groundsman.

London.—The Bradford football club, one of the best known in the Northern union, has its ghost. It was discovered by Mr. John Jennings, the groundman at the well-known Park avenue football inclosure, on the outskirts of the Yorkshire town.

He lives in a house which overlooks the ground. Just before midnight, looking out of his bedroom window, he was startled to see a light burning in the pavilion. Only an hour before he

DISTINCTLY SAW THE FORM OF A MAN.

had visited the building and was convinced that everything had been left all right.

His thoughts immediately turned to burglars, who were apparently making free with the club's property. Dressing himself in haste, he left the house, and, crossing the ground, approached the pavilion, where the light was still burning.

Through the window he distinctly saw the form of a man, who had donned a red, amber and black jersey, the well-known colors of the Bradford club.

Wondering what a burglar could be doing with a club jersey, Jennings produced the key and entered the pavilion with the policeman. A careful examination showed that everything was in order. Apparently nothing had been touched, and there was absolutely no evidence that anyone had been in the building.

But the groundman is sure he saw the light and the visitor. The story was the only topic of conversation among the crowd of spectators who watched the match which was played on the grounds the next day.

The more superstitious recalled the fact that only a few days before Joe Hawkridge, the one-time famous three-quarter, died in San Francisco from typhoid fever. "It was his ghost," they declared, "taking a last look around his old haunts."

It was even suggested that "Joe" desired to see his old club repeat some of the glorious victories in which he had assisted in the past, and, curiously enough, the match resulted in the Bradford team winning by 33 points to two. Was there a sixteenth player in the home team?

CAPTURE DUMB WILD MAN.

Tennessee Wanderer Believed to Have Been a Scout During Civil War.

Huntingdon, Tenn.—A wild man has been captured near Luray, Henderson county, in a lonely part of Forked Deer bottom, after giving his pursuers a hard race.

For some time the negroes of that section have claimed that they could hear a curious noise at night, but the white people paid little attention to them. They finally claimed they saw a wild man and four or five white men went to the bottom a few nights since in search of him. About 11 o'clock the wild man made his appearance, and, when spoken to by one of the party, fell flat on the ground and uttered shriek after shriek. He then disappeared in a canebrake.

The party, with lighted lanterns, followed the tracks in the mud and twice got a glimpse of the man. After a long chase the party came to a hollow poplar log that had been blown down. An investigation revealed tracks in the log and later the form of a man was discovered in the far end of the log in a stooping position. He was captured and proved to be perfectly harmless. His only covering was a long growth of hair. The man seemed to be rational at times, but had lost his power of speech. In a niche of the tree was found an old federal cap and in another place was found what appeared to be paper, but on closer examination proved to be writing. It was dated 1863, and was an order to Gen. Grant, but it could not be told who it was from.

It is the general opinion around Luray that the man was a scout during the war and got lost in the bottom and finally became mentally unbalanced and later wild.

Chronic Yawner; Wants Damages.

Chicago.—Robert Thompson, a negro 45 years old yawns once a minute. Therefore he is suing the Roebling Construction company, of Chicago, in the Geneva courts for $5,000 because of a fall that has made him a chronic yawner. Thompson says that because of his affliction he is mistaken for a lazy man by those to whom he applies for work and that he can get no employment. He was employed by the company on an Elgin building, and last August fell, hurting his back and neck. Where the doctors have been puzzled the court is called in to render a verdict.

Describes Dying Pain.

Boston.—Dr. W. R. Read, a graduate of Edinburgh university and of the University of Pennsylvania, is dead here at the age of 70 years. He was found sitting in a chair beside a table upon which lay a note showing that he had diagnosed his own case as the attack came on. It read as follows: "Nothing suspicious. I died of rheumatism of the heart. My effects go to my wife, Annie Read, Hickory, N. C. The pain is terrible. The rheumatism has reached the vital organs."

NOTES ABOUT NOTABLES.

John Sparks, governor of Nevada, is the largest owner of range cattle in the United States.

Miss Ethel Bret Harte, daughter of the famous writer of early California life, will devote herself to concert work because her father's estate at his death was too small to support his family.

Theodore S. McLellan, Maine's oldest printer, and the friend and companion of President Franklin Pierce, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the poet Longfellow, observed his ninety-third birthday recently at Brunswick, Maine.

Mrs. Anna C. Fall is the first woman lawyer to appear before the full bench of the Massachusetts supreme court. She was there a few days ago as counsel for plaintiff in a damage suit against the city of Malden. The case came up on appeal from the superior court.

Henri Dunant, now 76 years old and living in ill health near the Lake of Constance, was the originator of the Red Cross movement. It is 45 years since he began his work and 40 since the international convention at Geneva. Dunant was first influenced by what he had read of Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimean war.

Frederick Vanderbilt seldom goes anywhere in society. He dislikes it extremely, and it is said he frequently goes away when his wife has house parties. They are a devoted couple, and Mrs. Vanderbilt herself is not much taken with society of to-day. She is fond of literary people and of entertaining men and women of brains.

According to newspapers published in the far east Gen. Stoessel, defender of Port Arthur, is of Jewish origin. His grandfather, Abraham Stoessel, a goldsmith by trade, went to St. Petersburg from Moravia about 1835. His son on reaching manhood embraced the Russian orthodox faith and he whose name is now famous the world over was brought up in the same belief.

TARTARIC TRUTHS.

A man must have sublime faith to buy a bottle of hair restorer from a bald-headed barber.

A man with a broken heart is interesting to maidens. But it must be the heart, not the pocket that is broke.

Most any man can make shift to do without the necessaries of life. But he must have his unnecessaries or expire.

No showman would make any money exhibiting two-faced persons in his collection of freaks. They are too common.

To genuinely appreciate the kindness and generosity of Providence it is necesary to first realize your own insignificance.

A good resolution is a very fine and brittle Venetian glass. Tamper with it ever so little in careless mood and it is liable to break.

The best sign of a man's ignorance of a language is a habit of uselessly introducing certain very commonplace expressions from it into ordinary conversation.

The core of the unhappiness of the world's workers is not that they have to work, or that they are deprived of things that they would like to have, but the eternal haunting vision of the time when their working days will be over.

SUCCESS SUMMED UP.

"Push," said the Button.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Find a good thing, and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.