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...Army and Navy Journal.

...E HAS PASSED AWAY

...ians in Canada Now Make Use of Canvas Tents and Iron Stoves.

A novelist would find a veritable mine of data for stories of the severe life in the woods among any of the northern Indian tribes. During my stay among the Montagnais at Lake St John two families descended from their winter hunting grounds to the post, being forced on the way to boil their moccasins and pelfries for soup to avoid starvation. Yet these same people were strong enough to travel and attend to the necessities of their camp. Within five days they returned again to the forest.

The canvas tents, which have entirely replaced the native birch bark wigwams, came into general use about twenty-five years ago. The first Indians to introduce them set up their tents and made camp in the space of an hour without having to cut the numerous wigwam poles or dig away the snow underneath, while the old bark lodge required the snow to be cleared to the ground on account of the fire in the center, the whole task consuming about two and one-half hours. The iron stoves heat the tents very well and consume less wood than the open fires.—Southern

...ering Smallpox Scourge.

Smallpox is no longer feared by civilized mankind. This is partly due, no doubt, to the immunization of the races through vaccination, and partly to the better methods of sanitation and preventive treatment generally. In the first year of our occupation of the Philippines, where smallpox was then an endemic or constant disease, there were 675 cases among our soldiers and 240 deaths. A system of rigid vaccination was adopted, and in the last five years there have been only five cases and not a single death. The army records in Porto Rico tell the same story, and seem to prove beyond question the efficacy of vaccination. Dr. S. C. Rockhill of Cincinnati reports that he has had much success in preventing the pock marking of the face in smallpox cases by painting the pustules with a lotion of nine parts glycerine and one part iodine. By this treatment also the patients get over the attack in from eight to fifteen days. Others prevent the pitting by keeping the patients in a room where no light whatever but red light enters.—Pathfinder.

Manufacture of Maniacs.

At a recent congress of neurology a paper was read in which the movement by which the growing young man caresses the first shoots on his upper lip was labeled moustachiostrepsomania; the habit of twirling the cane seen in old drum majors, strepsorhabdomania; that of putting the little finger into the ear, otodactylomania. Then we have "stomatodactylomaniacs" who put the finger into the mouth, "rhoghagomaniacs" who ... the nails, "harmonikomaniacs" who ... with their fingers on window panes or tables and "trepodomaniacs" who nervously move their

TAKE TIME TO ENJOY

LITTLE SENSE IN OVERWORKING TO THE BREAKING POINT.

Virtue That Is Excellent, In Moderation, Can be Transformed Into a Vice—How One Woman Conserves Her Strength.

"She's making big money," said a man to me the other day, speaking of a mutual acquaintance, a woman who, beside editing a magazine, had recently undertaken to write a series of articles that would require a lot of research, "but what she needs is to learn to spend some of it. What's the good of money in the bank to a dead person. She is overworking herself to the breaking point."

The savings bank habit is a mighty good one, but you don't want to let it get the best of you. You can overdo prudence just as you can anything. A virtue that grows to be an obsession cannot be distinguished from a vice.

There are times when you ought to be extravagant, ought to give yourself "the best there is," and think it none too good. We all know what it is to feel stale. If we realized that severe nervous breakdowns often start with that same "stale" feeling we might learn to regard it more seriously than we do.

When you feel "all tuckered out" cash a check at the bank and run down to Atlantic City for a couple of days. They'll do you more good than a month after the doctor has ordered a rest. One woman I know takes four days every month to play in, going off Wednesday night and returning Monday morning.

As she doesn't take the half holiday on the other Saturdays to which she is entitled, you see she doesn't really lose much time. She leaves town either alone or with a chum who won't expect her to be "sociable," goes to the sea or the hills or to some other city, puts up at a simple hotel where the food is good, and just plays. You would never think, if you met her on one of these jaunts, that she knew what work was. She always takes a good book with her, one of the "old fellows," as she calls them, and drops the magazines and papers, clearing her mind of everything in the least like her usual routine. One in a while she goes to visit a friend, but as a rule she prefers the greater freedom of a hotel. And she comes back to her work a woman refreshed and radiant, thoroughly convinced that her time and money both have been well spent.

Many of us think we can't do things because we haven't tried. Perhaps few of us can arrange to pool our holidays and have to do the best we can with those that come along in the regular course. But we ought to give ourselves a real treat once in a while, for there is no greater tonic in the world than enjoyment. You don't always need to spend money for it—a lot of enjoyment comes as free as sunsets, a child's laugh or a good walk. But it is better to spend a little money foolishly, or what seems foolishly, on oneself every now and then, instead of to be forever saving up for that "rainy day" we live in such terror of meeting. You can't beat health, serenity and a growing fund of pleasant memories.—Hildegarde Hawthorne.

One on the Proofroom.

There are few words in the unabridged dictionary that have not at some time invaded the proofroom of this office, but one came in the other day, an utter stranger. It was in the body of an astronomical article.

"This beats me," said proofreader No. 1 to the copyholder. "Let's see the copy."

There it was written in with a heavy hand in the blackest of black ink.

"It's got more legs than a spider," said the proofreader. Only six letters in the word, and five of 'em below the line.

There it was syzygy—three of the six letters are y's.

"What does the blooming word mean?" asked the copyholder. The proofreader for the first time in many moons declined to give an opinion. The dictionary was consulted. "Syzygy—the point of an orbit, as of the moon or a planet at which it is in conjunction or opposition." The word is pronounced sizz-e-gee.

"Sounds like the cracker to a college yell," said the proofreader as he closed the book.

FREE PLEASURES IN LONDON

Finest Music In Churches and Sights That Will Interest The Relic Hunter.

In London there are pleasures to be had for nothing, as was explained to me by a hard-working woman with no money margin for enjoyments. With two feet and a pair of boots she could hear music every evening during Lent from Westminster Abbey to St. Alban's, Holborn, and the church in Soho which rivals the restaurant in attraction. And all for nothing—only she confessed to putting a half-penny into the bag from her own depleted purse. The scientific economist could probably spend a pleasant day in London without spending anything else.

Some London relics have wandered farther afield than the Black Boy of Clement's Inn. Swanage possesses quite an assortment. The entire stone facade of the Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, is to be found in the High street, whither it was moved from London in 1882. Facing the sea is a Gothic clock tower taken bodily from London bridge, where it had been erected as a memorial to the Duke of Wellington. And in several roads about the town may be seen iron street posts inscribed "St. Ann's Soho," and "St. Martin's-in-the-Field." The explanation is that two quarrymen of Swanage became paving contractors in London, and patriotically transported to their native tonw the more picturesque oddments which found their way into their yard.—London Chronicle.

Wily Sexton.

Visitors to the Old North church are shown through the historic old building usually by an elderly man who seems obsessed with a love for the church. His fund of reminiscences is refreshing, and the most interesting thing he recounts is the story of how the lanterns were placed in the belfry.

According to his version of the historic incident, the sexton overheard some English officers talking in the house he lived in, and immediately hung the lanterns. Returning to his room, he saw that his shoes were caked with mud and hid them, replacing them with a dry pair.

The officers, after they learned that a signal had been hung from the belfry, rushed to the room of the sexton, but, finding his shoes dry, became convinced that some one else had hung the lanterns and then locked all the doors of the edifice.—Boston Journal.

What Caused the Cheering.

Secretary Knox's experience with the Central American crowd was not, as he supposed, cheering for him, but applauding a local idol in his party, recalls the story told by a sportsman who went fishing last summer on the Pecos river.

Leaving the train at Glorietta, he took a wagon for Windsor's ranch. It was a long, hard pull for 27 miles, and the sportsman looked eagerly for the resort long before it came into view. Finally the wagon rounded a point, and Windsor's ranch was revealed below. Almost as soon as it appeared the wagon in turn was discovered from the ranch. Some 15 or 20 men boiled out of the cabins, and a tremendous cheer arose in the valley.

The sportsman was at once puzzled and flattered.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Is that for me?"

The driver clapped on the brakes and reared back on the lines.

"For you?" he laughed. "Not on your life. I'm bringin' the boys ten gallons o' whisky!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

County Normal Notes

Lillian Randall substituted in Miss Kelty's room last Monday and Ella Rasmussen substituted in the same room Tuesday while Miss Kelty attended the May festival at Mt. Pleasant.

Virgie Cunningham substituted in Miss Lower's room Monday morning while Miss Lower visited some of the other rooms.

Wednesday afternoon the normal class and training room children enjoyed a picnic on the beach. Some of the vegetables from the school garden were used for the lunch.

Thursday morning the class went out to the cemetery in a float on which was seated Countess Mason dressed to represent the "Goddess of Liberty." The class assisted in the singing.

The Charlevoix County Normal class will hold their commencement exercises in the Methodist church Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week. Class night being Wednesday and commencement Thursday evening, with Prof. French as speaker.