

EVER HAVE LIBRARY FRIGHT?

Awful Feeling That Sometimes Attacks People Asking for Books in a Strange Place.

"Library fright is an awful feeling," said the librarian. "It attacks people who go into a strange library to look around or rest for a few minutes and are told that in order to enjoy the hospitality of the reading room they will have to ask for a book and make at least a pretense of reading."

"I have had library fright twice myself. My first attack was in the Congressional library in Washington. I wanted to read there for a few minutes, just to be able to say afterward that I had read there. 'Used as I was to handling books, I couldn't think even the dictionary when it came to making a choice. After a few minutes of hopeless floundering 'Taine's History of English Literature' came into my mind. I had no desire on earth to look at Taine's English literature then or at any other time, but I give you my word I couldn't think of any other book to save my life."

"Another time in a library right here in town I was stricken with a similar panic and after stumbling through the catalogue in a dazed sort of way I asked for 'David Copperfield'—Copperfield, mind you, that I had read forty-seven times and knew by heart. A person who has never experienced library fright cannot imagine how foolish and helpless the sufferer feels."—Exchange.

FLOWER CARPETS IN SPAIN

Religious Festival That Calls Forth Most Remarkable Floral Displays.

Once a year rich Spaniards have a real "flower-strewn way" prepared for them. That is when the Corpus Christi festival is held and beautiful flower carpets are laid in the streets of Villa Orlava, Tenerife.

All the richest produce of the fertile gardens of the island is brought into use in weaving the most wonderful floor coverings in the world.

Often the patterns are elaborate, especially those designed for old Spanish families, who place them in the street before their houses, and thus gain local estimation according to the value of their floral display.

Not only are the ordinary blooms known to gardeners used to make the design of carpets, but also some rare flowers and grasses growing only in the Canary Islands. The slopes of the peak of Tenerife, bearing layers of lava from the now dormant volcano, are rich in these unusual forms of floral beauty.

Killed by Curiosity.

There is an African insect, the larvae of which prey upon ants. The larvae puts its head into a small hole in the ground and quivers its tail quickly. The ants come near to examine the novel object, and, goaded by curiosity, go too closely, when suddenly they are seized by the forceps or graspers with which the tail is furnished, and thus are killed. Not only do insects and the lower animals understand that the curiosity of their victims may be employed as a snare for them, but human beings understand and act upon the same principle. Many young men and young women have been ruined by adopting the apparently harmless course of "going to see what it was like."

Inertia of the Nerves.

The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist a person cannot make more than ten, or at the most a dozen, separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as 30 or 40.

Of No Use.

"When I was your age," said the man to his little son, "I was the best behaved boy in town. My parents would not allow me to play in the street; they made me keep my face washed and my hair brushed; they compelled me to be well mannered at all times, and I was sent to bed early every night and awakened early in the morning. My parents trained me to be a model, obedient, polite boy. Why can't you be like I was at your age?" "But, papa," answered the lad, "what would be the use? It doesn't seem to have done any good in your case."

At the Reception.

"I understand, Miss Araminta," said the professor, "that you are inclined toward literature." "Yes," said the blushing spinster. "I wrote for the Bugle Magazine last month." "Indeed! May I ask what?" asked the professor. "I addressed all the envelopes for the rejected manuscripts," said Araminta, proudly.—Harper's Weekly.

The Boss of the Place.

"Yes," said the determined man, "when that waiter resented the smallness of my tip I took the case to the proprietor of the restaurant." "And what did the proprietor do?" "He gave the waiter some money out of his own pocket and apologized to him for having such a customer."

SUGAR A NEED OF THE BODY

Requisite Food for Both Children and Adults, According to Eminent Authority.

"Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson. "In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put this matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding and other desserts at your lunch or mid-day dinner. You'll be astonished to find out how quickly you'll feel 'empty' again, and how 'unfinished' the meal will seem. You can't get any workman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and the lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business. The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal, the less alcohol he wants. Conversely nearly every drinking man will tell you he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol."

CHARACTER IN FINGER NAILS

Information That Will Be Taken by the Wise for Just What It Is Worth.

It is said there is as much character to be observed from a person's finger nails as from the owner's face. The following indications are stated to be fairly correct.

Those possessing long nails are good natured and self-confident, but placing very little confidence in others. Broad nails are supposed to belong to those of a gentle and beautiful disposition. Little round nails are the sign of a person who is seldom pleased, readily inclined to anger, spiteful and revengeful. Anyone with fleshy nails is said to be calm and case-loving, fond of eating and sleeping, and who would prefer a small income without industry to much wealth to be acquired by activity and diligence. Pale or lead-colored nails belong to the melancholy person, but who would do well in all branches of science or philosophy. The long, well-shaped fibert nail indicates a refined and artistic nature, fondness of society, and a great love of the beautiful.

Disposition of the Confetti.

High and low he searched for the bag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget. "Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that bag of confetti I brought home last night for Freddie?" "Sure, an' Oi did, sorr!" brogued out Bridget. "But Oi didn't know it was only for Mhaister-Fred. There's-but half av it left now." "Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the rest?" "Cooked it, av course," retorted Bridget; "an' it's for yer own breakfast, with cream, ye had it this mornin'!"

Sleep and the Brain.

When the brain is at work marshaling ideas, producing mental pictures, and calling into action stored-up memories and impressions, the cells of its mysteriously potent gray matter undergo a change of form. Cavities are formed in them, which, as the brain becomes wearied by long-continued action, fill with a watery fluid. Part of the substance of the cells appears to have been consumed in the process of thinking, but in the hours of sleep the exhausted cells regain their original form, the supply of recuperative material coming from the blood and on awakening, the mind finds its instrument restored and prepared again for action.

Not All Rot.

"One thing I learned from art, anyhow," said the painter who had gone into the dry goods business. "One thing I learned, and at many a dinner party it has stood me in good stead. 'I'm absent-minded, you know, and at dinner parties I find, as like as not, when I take up oyster fork or spoon that my hands are dirty—I'd forgot to wash 'em!'" "But I get out of this difficulty easily. I rub my lunch hooks clean and white with bread crumbs under the table. Oh, it ain't all rot, art."

One of His Worst.

A receptacle containing a dark red beverage—it may have been merely tea—was brought on the table. "I'll play I'm hostess," said the professor's granddaughter, "and as I am a society lady, it is my duty to pour." "Yes, let her do it," said the professor. "She's not only a society lady but she's a society queen—and she never reigns but she pours." "Otherwise the function was a great success."

Quieting Him.

Malefeller (wildly)—What! Do you mean to tell me, woman, that it cost \$38 to get that hat trimmed? Jumping Jupiter! But that milliner's game is the limit. Mrs. Halsefeller (sweetly)—Really? Why, I understood it costs some more than that to get trimmed in a poker game.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

Vision of What May Come to Pass in the Rearrangement of Existing Conditions.

The man of the future sat patiently darning the family socks. From time to time his mild blue eyes glanced wearily round at the pile of mending at his elbow, and he sighed as he thought of Murphy, the raw Irishman, who needed incessant instruction in the most elementary details of the culinary art. Two noisy, sturdy girls romped tom-girlishly about the room, aggravating his headache, while their gentle little brother sat quietly by his father's side, studying pictures in an old book of bygone fashions, which appealed naturally to the domestic instinct of the little man.

"Look, father," he murmured, pointing to an old print of the year 1809. "See what queer clothing that man has on. What are they? Did men really wear these, then?"

"Yes, dear," replied his father, laying down his needle for a moment and bending over the page. "I never saw any, but father once told me that grandfather wore them when he was a boy. They called them trousers!"—Tit-Bits.

SEX EVEN IN BREAD MOLDS

Scientific Discovery That Will Tend to Astonish the Unthinking Layman.

Among the many extraordinary theories introduced by recent microscopic studies is that of sex in bread molds. After years of patient research it is announced that a distinguished scientist has found that these minute fungi, the lowest order of plant life, possess the characteristics of plants of the highest type, and have the power of reproducing their kind from two distinct and different races, in addition to giving new life from one. The precise meaning and value to organic evolution of the fact that in such low forms of life as the common molds male and female should be as sharply differentiated as in human beings are far from settled, but the discovery, if it be a discovery, is a most important contribution to the fascinating pursuit of the unknown in nature. Some of the microscopic slides show, it is claimed, groups of fungi which form the product of mated bread molds once separated by thousands of miles. To the unscientific eye they appear as pretty miniature forest jungles.

Minute Measurements.

Because the balance wheels of watches expand and contract with changes of temperature they run slower and faster, according to circumstances. By making them of different kinds of metal, having different degrees of expansion with increase of temperature, the effect of their changes on the running of watches may be almost entirely eliminated. But in dealing with such a problem it is necessary to know the expansibility of the metal employed.

A means of measuring it is furnished by an instrument called a dilatometer, in which a system of delicate levers or a chain of gear wheels magnifies the motion of a pointer over a graduated scale hundreds of times. At a meeting of the Physical Society in London not long ago a dilatometer was exhibited which had a magnification of 1,500 times, so that the change in the length of a piece of steel caused by a single degree of rise or fall of temperature was clearly measured by it.

Cat's Sense of Locality.

A kitten about six months old was taken to a house a few miles distant from its birthplace, confined in a room and tenderly cared for during a week and then set at liberty. It was supposed to have become habituated to its new surroundings, but it returned to its old home on the day of its release. The sense of locality and direction was exhibited still more strikingly by an old tomcat, which was stolen and carried a distance of 20 miles, confined in a bag. The cat was imprisoned, but made its escape, and in a few days reappeared in a pitiable state at the home of its former master, which was separated from that of the thief by a high wooded cliff.—Scientific American.

A Husband's Pledge.

A wealthy middle-aged divorcee who married a good-looking and companionable young fellow, penniless himself, is said to have exacted from him, as part of the marriage contract, the pledge that he would spend every evening of his life with her. They were inveterate theater-goers until his death, which seems to corroborate the curious story. Many women would like to have the same power of keeping their husbands at home.—New York Press.

In Modern Times.

"Hang it all, Ethel, must you aut go along?" "Yes, George; but when everything's going nicely you can pretend that something's wrong with the machinery and that it's absolutely necessary to lighten ship so we won't be all killed, and then we'll drop auntie overboard with the parachute."—Life.

Points of View.

"Does your wife object to late dinners?" "It all depends," said Mr. Meekton, "on whether the cause is a baseball game or a matinee."

ROUGH ON WOMEN TRAVELERS

Country Visitor to City Saw at Once Disadvantages of Subway Entrances.

A genial Joshua, who runs a chicken plantation and cornstalk refinery down in the Salem county section of Jersey, came to this city the other day to buy a pair of winter boots and a box of axle grease, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. After rambling around in the ferry zone for a while he bravely cut loose and started up Market street.

He had not proceeded far when he saw an employe of the Philadelphia Electric Company lift the lid of a manhole and crawl down into the conduit chamber. Evidently the sight filled Joshua with much thought, for he gazed earnestly toward the man-hole for a minute or two and then went over to a cop who was holding fast to a sunny spot on the corner.

"Excuse me, constable," said Joshua, addressing the police person, "but hain't they got a railroad down in the ground under this street?" "They certainly have," indulgently answered the officer. "It is the subway."

"That's what they told me," responded the farmer, with another glance toward the center of the street, "but I hain't never seen it. Howsomever, I jes' seen a feller crawlin' down ter ketch a-train, an' sez I to meself, them holes may be all right for their men passengers, but they must me mighty derned inconvenient for the women folks."

KNOWN AS NATURE'S FILTER

Water Lotus Has Power to Purify Standing Water—Never Fails to Do Its Work.

There is a plant growing in the southern waters of the United States which possesses the singular property of being able to render the most impure standing water perfectly healthy. The people of Louisiana and Mississippi call it the water lotus. It consists of leaves about the size of the head of a pin, and roots so fine as to escape notice save under a microscopic inspection.

Where it grows at all, it covers the water, and to the casual observer looks like a coating of green scum. But wherever it does appear the water beneath is always fit to drink. So marked is this property that families using the water from bayous where the lotus is abundant are known to have better general health than those taking their drinking water from places where the lotus is not found. It is often transplanted into ponds, bayous and lakes, spreads with wonderful rapidity and never fails to do its work well.

A Diamond Candle.

Many diamonds which have been exposed to sunbathing give out light on being placed in a dark room. When placed in a vacuum and exposed to a high-tension current of electricity, diamonds phosphoresce, or shine, with different colors. Most South African diamonds, under these circumstances, exhibit a bluish light, while diamonds from other parts of the world shine with such colors as bright blue, apricot, pale blue, red, yellowish green, orange and pale green. In a lecture delivered in London, Prof. Crookes stated that one beautiful green diamond in his collection, when phosphorescing in a good vacuum, gave almost as much light as a candle. The light was pale green, almost white.

After the Rats.

As a country Germany has fewer rats than any other in the world. This is due to the interest taken by the government in their destruction. If a boy applies to the mayor of his town he is furnished with traps and paid half a cent for every skin he brings. In large towns there are 100 boys at work all the time. The cost of traps and bait makes each skin cost the government about a penny, but as every rat destroys five dollars worth a year, this makes a tremendous saving. The mice, though destructive, are not looked after by the government. It is expected that every household will protect itself. However, a reward of a penny is paid for every three skins.

The Comet's Tail.

The tail of a comet is composed of gas, existing in a highly rarefied condition. Little particles of electricity called corpuscles, or ions, are being constantly given off at enormous speed by the sun. Each meteorite in the comet's head is surrounded by its own rarefied atmosphere. When one of these little ions strikes one of the molecules of gas in the comet's atmosphere, it carries it off with it to form the tail. The electrical charge makes the gas luminous, and it is by this light, and not by reflected sunlight, that the tail is made visible to us. A comet's tail, therefore, seems to be merely a very extended aurora.—Century.

Dating Canned Goods.

Dating canned goods would, it is admitted, make a lot of trouble for a few years, or until the business had become adjusted to the new conditions; but in the end many even now believe that the industry would be better off with this dated. There would be less over-production and a resulting improvement in the market, no say nothing of added confidence in consuming circles. The advice of Dr. Willey seems extremely pertinent, and it is certainly worth careful consideration from wide-awake canners.

HOW THE WORLD HAS MOVED

Less Than a Century Ago Railroads and the Telegraph Were Deemed Impossibilities.

Alexander Wells, an old citizen of Wellsville, O., has a copy of an interesting and novel document issued by the school board of the town of Lancaster, O., in 1828. The question of steam railroads was in its incipient stage and a club of young men had been formed for the purpose of discussing the points at issue. They desired the use of the schoolhouse for purposes of debate. This was looked upon by the members of the board as an innovation bordering upon sacrilege, as indicated, which is the document in the possession of Mr. Wells. It reads as follows:

"You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour, by steam, he would clearly have foretold it through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

Such sentiments possibly reflected the feeling, to some extent, in the days of 65 years ago, but they sound strange at the present time, when the "device of Satan" is daily carrying people over the land at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour. The world has progressed somewhat since 1828.

MAKING LOVE IN PORTUGAL

Chief Point of Difficulty Is Getting Admitted to the Presence of the Fair One.

The most important event in the life of a Portuguese woman is marriage. Next in importance are the early days of courtship, for a Portuguese courtship is the essence of romance, and the ways of the Portuguese lover are singularly picturesque. Here is a little drama in which Cupid is stage director. If a young Portuguese sees in the street a pretty girl with whom he would like to become acquainted, he follows her. Chaperons are not impossible obstructions. He follows her right up to her very door and notes the address. Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him—for she certainly saw him the day before—she is on the lookout.

Sometimes hard fate in the guise of an angry parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting. Sooner or later she learns over the balcony and smiles at him. The happy youth ties a note to a cord which the fair lady drops from the balcony. The next day the young man comes again. This time he rings at the door. If the inquiries which the young lady's elders have made prove satisfactory, the swain is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady. After that, courtship in Portugal is about the same as it is in Kankakee or Kalamazoo.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Unique Rat.

From letters received it would seem possible to make out quite a case for the rat. Not only has he served as food—Dr. Kane on his polar expedition attributed his comparative immunity to scurry to the soup made from the rats his servant shot with a bow and arrow—but Mr. Frank Buckland has suggested that their skins are eminently suitable for glove-making. At any rate, rat skins have sometimes been used as clothing, for we read of a lady at Glasgow who had a pair of shoes of rat skin, which were as soft as the finest kid, while by way of a freak a complete suit of rat skin was once made by a Cornish miner.

The Servant Problem, Plus.

"But," says the lady of the house to the applicant, "you really should not ask such high wages from me, when you consider the conveniences with which my house is equipped—electric cooling machine, vacuum washing and ironing machines, vacuum sweepers and dusters, pneumatic parcel carriers from and to all floors and rooms, phones and annunciators in each room, sanitary wall and floor finishes, filtered air, filtered water, antiseptic refrigerator—"

"Yes, mum," interrupts the applicant; "but the likes of you ought to know that a scientific expert draws a lot more money than a kitchen mechanic."—Judge's Library.

The Calm of Galilee.

The calm of Galilee on a perfect morning of spring is like no other calm I have ever known. It is gentler, sweeter than the wonderful calm of the desert. These rays seem to be coming into the very presence of God the Father. As you draw near to Galilee, it is as if, with the handful of humble fishermen, you drew near to God the Son. Galilee takes your hand as a friend, and draws you to it. It seems to breathe upon you and give you peace.—Century.

Her Objection.

Carlyle's dictum, "Not on morality, but on cooking let us build our philosophy," is recalled by the following: "An aged aunt, though in the position of guest, protested against the appearance of a really noble rabbit pie on her nephew's breakfast table. It was not that she feared ptomaine poisoning. Her objections were ethical. Babbie, she declared with a wonderful mid-Victorianism, were 'such immoral animals.'"

IN CHILDHOOD'S BRIEF HOUR

Children's Sweet Illusions Should Not Be Shattered Prematurely by Their Elders.

If your mother had let the house-work go and taken you on her lap and explained away all the pleasures of the Mother Goose book of rhymes, would you have grown up to be any better man or woman? asks the Wichita (Kans.) Beacon. What if she had explained that the cow never jumped over the moon; that there was no Little Miss Muffet, and if there had been there was no tuffet for her to sit on; that Jack didn't violate etiquette by sticking his thumb into a plum pie; that Jack and Gill's parents used hydrant water and they never went up a hill to get the drinking pail filled; that Jack Sprat could eat any kind of meat set before him instead of only lean meat; that Old King Cole was a grouchy dyspeptic and the very opposite of a merry old soul; that no blackbird ever disfigured the king's washerwoman by picking off her nose?

Would you have been a better boy or girl if your mother had done all these things—has explained away the delightful book of childhood and had told you that the amusing, jingling rhymes were written by some hard-up story-writer who wrote them for money and not for truth's sake? Would you?

Is anything accomplished by squaring a child around and setting it face to face with the realities of life before it has come into the years of responsibility? Let the children enjoy in a childish way, for it is brief and comes not again.

POSITION LONG IN FAMILY

Members Have Been Organist in English Church for More Than a Century.

A remarkable record has been commemorated at Teignmouth, England, by the presentation to Miss Linter, organist of the parish church of St. Michael, East-Teignmouth, of an illuminated address and a purse of 130 sovereigns, subscribed by parishioners and others. The post of organist in the church has remained uninterrupted in the Linter family since the year 1809, when Miss Linter's father, William Linter, became organist of the church.

The pet dog show at the Royal Horticultural hall, in London, drew a great crowd, chiefly of women, and the old familiar scenes of luxury were witnessed in every avenue of the nearly 1,000 pens. But all records in this direction were surpassed by the miniature iron bedstead, with mattress, sheets, blanket, quilt, hangings and all complete, in which a four-month-old Pekinese spaniel reposed. The smallest dog in the show was Messrs. Willson's miniature black-and-tan terrier. It weighed only two pounds two ounces, and was brought to the exhibition in a man's coat pocket. The lightest dog, however, was a Yorkshire terrier of one pound 14 ounces, with a delightfully groomed coat of silken fleece.

Uses Animals Make of Their Tails.

Horses, cows and other creatures use their tails as fly flappers, says a writer in Dumb Animals. Cats, squirrels and many more twist them around their necks for comforters. The rat has raised the use of the tail to a fine art, for by its means it guides the blind and steals jelly, oil and cream out of jars and bottles.

The macaco plays as merrily with its tail as a kitten does, and the marmoset while it sleeps uses its tail as a sort of blanket.

The raccoon catches crabs with its tail. Every one knows how the monkeys journey through pathless forests by swinging from tree to tree, while the fishes steer their way through the water by their tail fins.

The ant eater puts up its big bushy tail for an umbrella. The vanity of the peacock is fed by the beauty of its tail.

Great New England Willow.

There is an enormous willow tree on the estate of the late Thomas Groom, Humphrey street, Dorchester, Mass. Probably it is the largest willow in the commonwealth and perhaps in all New England. More than 800 feet high from the ground or to be exact five feet, its girth is 28 feet 5 inches and its tallest twig is about 75 feet from the ground.

It is a great shadow maker on sunny days, having a branch spread of 110 feet, and its limbs, all of which have been broken by years and the storms of years, are greater in diameter than many old trees. Nobody knows the age of this ancient willow. Seventy-five years ago when Mr. Groom acquired the place this huge tree was one of the neighborhood attractions and was mentioned as the big willow.

Owl That Kills Sparrows.

A trapper in the southern part of Iowa reports that he caught a woodchuck in one of his traps last week and that when found the animal's head had been eaten by one of the large owls that are so plentiful hereabouts this season.

The next day the man in making his rounds saw the owl in a tree above the trap, apparently waiting for the trap to provide him with another meal. The woodchuck-eating owl is of the variety that is said to be destroying so many English sparrows this winter.—Waterville correspondence Rome Sentinel.