

COAXING SLEEP.

Simply a Question of Will Power and Self Suggestion.

Ordinarily we do not sleep by accident or haphazard. We simply resolve to sleep, and self suggestion plays a great part in the production of sleep. We go through a variety of actions, all suggestive of a change from our normal waking condition. We undress; we place ourselves in a comfortable position; we close our eyes; we believe and expect we are going to sleep, and the result is—sleep.

One of the great preventives of sleep is the fear of not sleeping, but a writer in Harper's Bazar says that once this fear is broken down we sleep anyhow. The insomniac worries about his insomnia, and this very worry deepens the mischief; hence the sufferer should suggest to himself again and again, "If I sleep, well; if I don't sleep, I will at least gain rest by keeping my mind calm and my body relaxed."

In a word, our chances of getting sleep increase if we assume the external physical attitude which corresponds to sleep if we relax every muscle and let it stay relaxed, if we breathe lightly and regularly, if we call up the imagination of a sleeping person and talk and think sleep to ourselves, repeating silently and in a quiet, dreamy fashion such a formula as this:

"There is no reason why I should not sleep. Therefore I can sleep. Therefore I will sleep. My mind is at peace. Sleep is coming. I am getting sleepy. I am about to sleep. I am asleep."

HIS QUEST FOR A WIFE.

John Newcomb Was a Close Observer and Was Hard to Suit.

The sister of Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, tells in McClure's of their father's John Newcomb's wanderings in search of a wife, whom he had decided to select in accordance with scientific theories:

"John Newcomb stopped at farm-houses for his refreshment, and in each house, if there was a daughter of marriageable age, he tarried perhaps a day or even longer to make a study of the maiden. He always made himself 'handy' about the place, drawing up water with the great well sweep, bringing in firewood—doing anything that he could do and still keep near the daughter.

"Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor, at another the house was not neatly kept, at a third there was scolding or faultfinding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow margin she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. 'Want of thrift,' decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on."

Told Who He Was.

Dr. Beadon, a former rector in Eltham, Kent, England, one Sunday preached from the text "Who art thou?" After reading it he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in military dress who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the Sixteenth

regiment of foot on a recruiting party here, and, having brought my wife and family with me, I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

Ringling For Gofer.

Among the queer church customs in England is the one observed at Newark parish church, called 'ringling for gofer.' This custom, which has lasted for over 300 years, arose through a wealthy merchant named Gofer losing himself one October night in the forest that then surrounded Newark. He carried much money, and the forest was infested with thieves. Suddenly he heard the sound of Newark bells and was guided safely home by their music. To commemorate his escape Gofer left a goodly sum for Newark bell ringers on condition that they "rang for Gofer" every year on Sunday nights in October and November.

Patti at Fifty-two.

Adelina Patti wrote in a letter to Mr. Klein in 1895: "Do you not feel proud of your little friend, who was fifty-two last month and has been singing uninterruptedly every year from the age of seven? I am really beginning to believe what they all tell me—that I am a wonderful little woman!"—Musical Life in London.

Patronizing.

"That man Pufferton has a very supercilious manner."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He can't even say 'it's a pleasant day' without seeming to patronize the climate."—Washington Star.

Just a Bluff.

"How is it that the quail on your bill of fare is always struck off?"

"That's just a fancy touch," explained the beanery waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THEIR COLORS.

A Touch of Human Nature Amid the Horrors of War.

Out of the midst of the bloody horrors of the battle of Fredericksburg comes a sweet and touching incident which goes to prove that the rage of battle cannot obliterate the tenderness dwelling in the hearts of men. The story is taken from Major Robert Stiles' "Four Years Under Massa Robert." The Federal army was entering the town, shot was flying in all directions, and Buck, a Confederate soldier, was peering round the corner of a house.

A little three-year-old, fair haired baby girl toddled out of the alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and in the midst of the hissing shells chased a cannon ball down the street. Buck grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm and swung his great right arm round the baby. Then he ran after his company, the little one clasped to his breast.

The company took refuge behind the stone wall which has now become historic, and there for hours and days of terror the baby was kept. Fierce nurses took turns in petting her while the storm of battle raged and shrieked. Never was a baby so cared for, and scouts scoured the countryside to get her milk.

When the struggle was over and the Federal army had left the company behind the wall received the post of honor in the van to lead the column into the town. Buck stood about in the middle of the regiment, the baby in his arms. There was a long halt,

and the brigade staff hurried to and fro. The regimental colors were not to be found.

Suddenly Buck sprang to the front. He swung aloft the baby girl, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, and shouted:

"Forward, men of the Twenty-first! Here are our colors!"

Off started the brigade, cheering lustily.

SHIRKING JAIL WORK.

Bidwell, the Forger, Was a Champion at Malingering.

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late governor of Holloway, in "Crime and Criminals" is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that "on returning to his cell he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case even more remarkable in its way was that of the notorious American criminal Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on conviction, but never did any active work. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at Dartmoor at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semiflexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British government, a threat which, I believe, he ultimately carried out."

What the Boys Thought.

A prominent educator, talking to a class in an elementary school he had visited, decided to illustrate a point he was making by a problem in long division, the intricacies of which the class had just mastered. He put down the necessary figures and then said:

"Now, let us see how many times this number will go into the other. Let us try six." He tried six, and, as he intended, six wouldn't do. "Well, let's try five, then," he said. Five was all right, and he went ahead with his talk.

On his way home that evening he overtook two small boys with book bags under their arms and heard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, did a long whiskered, baldheaded old feller come into your room today?"

"Yep," replied Bill.

"And did he talk to you?"

"Yep," said Bill.

"Well, so he did to us, but the funniest thing, by golly, was that the old chump stumped himself on an example in long division."—Philadelphia Times.

Most Beautiful Water in World.

Little restaurants are scattered along the cliff overlooking the bay of Capri, and here by the water's edge you can sit and sip and gaze at Vesuvius away off in the distance or perhaps at the water in the bay below.

The most beautiful water in the world! The blue water of the grotto is more mystical, perhaps, but the wa-

ter of the bay of Capri is more exquisite. It is a wonderful pale green, with a greener, darker color streaked through it. There is no other water like it in all the world.

And here in the little restaurant you sit and sit, gazing at the water below, although you know in your heart you ought to be seeing the rest of the place. But the water is so green and beautiful that when the warning whistle of the Naples steamer blows you awake with a start and realize you have seen nothing of Capri at all—nothing but the emerald water, so enticing and beautiful.—Mary Sutley in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A "Primitive" Painter.

Henri Rousseau, a man who used to hold a minor government position in France, was for a quarter of a century the joke of artists and art students in Paris. For years in the independent salon he showed daubs which had not the most distant kinship with art. Some of his "famous" pictures were a "Lady on a Sofa in a Jungle," a "Tiger in a Jungle," a "Nigger in a Jungle." He affected jungles, which consisted of innumerable parallel green lines to represent grass; the tiger was a painted wooden toy; the lady looked as if she had come out of a Noah's ark. The unfortunate Rousseau went on exhibiting the same sort of work every year, and the painful thing was that he gradually became a celebrity. Sinister humorists told him he had genius, and he took himself quite seriously. "I am a real primitive," he would say. Some practical jokers even went the length of buying his pictures.

In Honor Bound.

"Here's 25 cents," said a tramp to a bartender in New York. "I want to pay it to you fer that free lunch, and then you can throw in five glasses of beer."

"Twenty-five cents will buy the beer," answered the bartender. "The lunch is free, you know."

"I don't want it that way," the tramp insisted. "I want ter pay a quarter fer the lunch and get the beer free."

"It's all the same price either way," the barman explained. "What difference can it make?"

"It's a matter o' personal honor, sir," was the tramp's reply. "I promised the old lady wot give me the quarter that I'd spend it fer something to eat! See?"

How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure eighteen miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

Probably He Wouldn't.

A country rector, coming up to preach at Oxford in his turn, complained to Dr. Routh, the venerable principal, that the remuneration was very inadequate, considering the traveling expenses and the labor necessary for the composition of the discourse.

"How much did they give you?" inquired Dr. Routh.

"Only £5," was the reply.

"Only £5?" repeated the doctor. "Why, I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"—Eric-a-Brac.