

him in the days of Nauvoo; his pistol; also some of the currency issued by the Kirtland bank and bearing his signature. A small Hebrew Bible belonging to his brother Hyrum is also shown to the visitor. The watch and powder-horn and sword carried by David Patten when he was killed is preserved in this collection. The bugle used by the Pioneers and a cane used by Brigham Young are interesting features. The latch from the door of Carthage jail is also shown, as well as the knee-joint from one of the stone oxen upon which rested the baptismal font in the Nauvoo Temple. Numerous other relics connected with Utah and her early settlers may be seen, which are of interest to all. A valuable relic is an apron made of finest silk and beautifully embroidered, the work of Queen Elizabeth of England. A slipper worn by a member of the family of Ridley the martyr. Pieces of wood from the house of Shakespeare, from the tree under which Warwick the king maker stood and watched the battle of Hastings, a part of the pulpit from which John Bunyan, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, used to preach. A small idol from different countries and of different times, the most valuable of which we were told were two from the Sandwich Islands, idols of this kind being so rare that even collectors in Honolulu had offered large prices for these specimens. And so we might go on naming hundreds of specimens, all of which would be highly interesting and instructive.

Written for this Paper.

OVERWORK AND WORRY.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1893.—How shall we keep our intellectual health? How shall we avoid worry?

What is your cure for insomnia?

What would you advise a person who is overburdened with work and worry to do to make the most of himself?

I have a number of opinions on this subject from famous people away from Washington. One of the best is from Neal Dow, who now, though nearly ninety years of age, carries on an active intellectual life. I give his letter in full. It reads:

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 13, 1893.

Dear Sir: You ask me for my secret for intellectual health and prevention of worry. There is no secret about it, except "don't worry." Let what may come, bear it philosophically and don't worry. Worrying won't help it. Help it if you can—if not don't worry! There is ten times as much suffering from misfortunes anticipated that never come than from those which overtake us. Don't worry; submit quietly to the inevitable.

As to my habits of work, I am always busy with books or pen or exercise. I do not over-fatigue myself with books that require great concentration. When the mind begins to flag I take a lighter book. I do not write to weariness. I take a walk or a drive or an amusing book. I lose no time.

Yes, I can throw my work off when I leave it and wish to do so; but often when tired by the pen I lay it aside for a walk, and on the tramp block out what I afterward put upon paper, or into a speech which I am engaged to make.

You ask as to insomnia. I sleep well

—though often in bed I lay out the plan of a speech or of what I am engaged in writing, but when the time comes for sleep I throw off all that, which I do by bringing back to mind vividly some pleasant scene of which I have met many in my travels at home and abroad.

As to advice for brain workers, I would say one should not permit himself to be overworked, because the end will sooner come when there's no more of it. Do not overeat. Be careful to avoid that; take nothing a second time that the digestive machinery does not kindly accept. Let conscience, reason, common sense and knowledge, that every intelligent person should have, and not fashion or custom, control us in all matters relating to what's right or wrong; to what is best for us personally—and as to one's duty socially—and in every relation in life, so that our influence, whatever it may be in morals, in politics and what not, shall be always on the side of right and never on any pretext or pretense on the side of wrong.

Respectfully yours,

NEAL DOW.

A WORD FROM JENNIE JUNE.

Women are naturally more nervous than men, and the women workers of the United States are increasing so fast that a word from the oldest of them will be read with interest. Jennie June Croly is one of the first women writers of the United States. For thirty-eight years she has been attached to the editorial staff of newspapers and magazines. During this time she has taken care of a sick husband, had six children and made a competency. During all these years she has never failed to keep an engagement and has never been out of the office more than two weeks at a time. She is the originator of syndicate newspaper work in the United States, and her letters have been read more widely perhaps than those of any other woman writer for a newspaper. I give her letter verbatim:

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1893.

My Dear Sir: I think I have worked in the face of as many obstacles as usually fall to the lot of women. Large family, small means; a husband who never saw an entirely well day, and was an invalid for twelve years of his later life. Add to these an imperfect equipment, which must be constantly supplemented by special endeavor, and short sight, which made the acquisition material for newspaper work extremely difficult at times, and you have what have proved the more or less hard conditions under which I have had to work for thirty five years or more. If I have conquered this with any success it is because I loved my work, and was always thankful for it. I never felt afraid of anything but losing it. It was the source of my independence, of comfort for my children, of communication with the world of thought and activity, in which alone there is satisfaction. Personally I found it necessary to be very regular and very temperate. To get all the fresh air and all the walking exercise possible, I always sleep with open windows, summer and winter. I take a cold bath every morning, and I wear wool, thin in summer and warmer in winter, over the surface of the body.

I do not eat candy or ice cream, and I drink as little ice water as possible. My digestion has always been weak and difficult, and I keep the digestive apparatus at as even a temperature as possible.

At the same time I have few fads about eating or drinking. I have little liking for anything except fruit, and prefer to eat meat only once a day and then in small quantities. I eat whole meal or what is called "Health Food" bread.

The great sins against ourselves are hurry, worry and dissatisfaction. They prey upon and destroy the peace of our lives. The secret of content is to eliminate the source of our discontent. We shall generally find that it lies in our own selves. In our fears, our vanity, our suspicions, our jealousies, our unworthy or unnecessary desires. We take ourselves too seriously—the rest of the world and our relation to it, not seriously enough.

The one qualification for success above all others is steadfastness. It never fails of its fruit.

One of my greatest regrets now is that never in all my life have I cultivated sleep enough. I have not averaged six hours out of the twenty-four, and I know that it would have been better if it had been seven or eight. Anxiety is the foe of sleep; so is irregularity, bad air, eating at night and continuous brain work before retiring. Happy, tranquil evenings and fresh air are best friends of sleep.

JENNIE JUNE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I have just received a letter from Edward Everett Hale giving me several references for opinions of his upon this subject. I find, however, a most excellent letter which he wrote about a decade ago when he was, as he is now, in the prime of intellectual health. It was to the editor of the *Herald of Health* and was entitled, "How a Writer Should Live." His words as to a writer can be equally applied to all brain workers, and the letter is full of meat. He says:

Dear Sir: The business of health for a literary man seems to me to depend largely on sleep. That means the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bed time. The evening occupation should be light and pleasant, as music, a novel, reading aloud, conversation, the theater or watching the stars from the piazza. Of course different men make and need different rules. I take nine hours of sleep and do not object to ten. I think three hours is enough daily task work for a man of letters. I dislike early rising as much as any man, nor do I believe that there is any moral merit in it, as the children's books pretend. But to secure an unbroken hour or even less I like to be at my desk before breakfast, as long before as possible. I have a cup of coffee and a soda biscuit brought me there, and the thirty to sixty minutes which follow, before breakfast, I like to start the work of the day.

I believe in breakfast very thoroughly and in having a good breakfast. I have lived in Paris a month at a time and detest the French practice of substituting for breakfast a cup of coffee, with or without an egg. There is no harm in spending an hour at breakfast. After breakfast do not go back to work for an hour. Walk out in the garden, lie on your back on the sofa and read. In general, "loaf" for an hour and then bid the servants keep out everybody who rings the bell, and work steadily until your day's stent is done.

Stick to your stent until it is done. When you have finished, stop. Do not be tempted to go on because you feel in