When the Mind Rests.

In private conversation one day one of Chicago's oldest and most noted physicians gave utterance to the following:

Why is it that when we see a person gazing fixedly for several minutes at a certain point on the floor or at the street we say he or she is thinking hard about something? Nine times in ten a person who appears — or disappears — is thinking of nothing. At such times, if you only knew it, the mind is more at rest than at no other time. Fully ninety out of the oldest folks—and it seems to be nothing more—consists of periods when at such times they are asked what they are doing say: "Thinking hard."

In the large majority of cases when a person is thinking hard or intently the eye remains from one object to another and the hands and feet are seldom more or less.

The hardest and hardest working men insists on taking momentary rests several times a day. Just to stop the mind and mind the eye to fix itself upon some object, thus mentally insuring the holding of the mind and probably every part of the body quiet. Then the mind catches a little nap. These little mind naps or lulls of rest may never be more than twenty seconds long, and yet many men discovered to do the most wonderful amount of good. He never came to the deranged mind and it has also been discovered that the supposedly sound mind with out rest also thus is on the way of insanity.—Exchange.

American Familiarity.

Imagine a man of strong character and sterling worth being constantly subjected to the classifying process of being called by every man and boy he sees Billy.

It all very well within a circle of relatives, but the promiscuous carrying on of the practice outside of the family is insufferable. After a week of mountains or seashore a party of young people who have never met of each other before will call each other by their first names with sublime disregard for the propriety which to a well educated and refined person is little short of absolute rudeness.

Similarly does this apply when a ordinary acquaintance insists on calling a young married woman "Mary" or "Bertha." For a young man to do this at once stamps him somewhat of good form and guilty of an unpardonable liberty.

Every one who has reached his or her majority is entitled to a courtesy title of address. The individual who forgets this is presuming upon familiarities of childhood, and still persisting to address them as boy or girl is practically as avowed for a good manners.—Philadelphia Times.

History of a Silver Mine.

There is a silver mine near Sarbad, in Afghan territory, which has a curious history. Three men were sent from the country to Cabul, the residence of the emeer, to be executed for an offense against the state. They told the emeer that if he would let them off they would tell him where he could find abundant supplies of silver. The emeer deferred the execution and sent them under guard to Ibrahsam, where they were to work digging. They and the men who were put to work with them dug for twenty days, finding nothing. The emeer's officer told them at length that they could dig for seven days more, and if they did not find silver within that time the sentence of death would be carried out. The next day they came to a very rich vein of silver, and now about a hundred men are employed in the mine, which has been visited by an English traveler.—New York Sun.

A Dog Cures Half of Fits.

"Dash Rice" is an aged liver and white pointer, the pet and friend of his household. Age and lack of exercise, with a too liberal diet, have given him a tendency to daily fits. A regular is this habit that callers frequently ask him, "Well, Dash, have you had your fit today?" If he has he answers by a wag of the tail and an animated countenance; if not he drops his tail and sneaks off to his rug with a distinct manifestation of disapproval of such questioning.

A year or more ago he indicated a fancy for wooden toothpicks, and at odd times would hang about the table until he received one. Some one, for fun, once gave him a burned match for a toothpick and he accepted it graciously. A little later an unburned match was substituted, and he he accepted and devoured with special satisfaction. It was so funny to see a dog eat a match that it was become the custom for Dash to have one after every meal, and now he insists on his supply. If it is not forthcoming he sits by the stand where the matches are kept and patiently "pants" until he is attended to. If too long neglected he puts up his paw, overturns the match box and helps himself. But he never takes but one and never asks for it except after meals.

The strangest part of his history is, however, that his self conceived prescription of sulphur and phosphorus has entirely cured him of his daily fits, and he has not had one for many weeks.

His master is a physician, and it is a question for those who are interested in animal psychology to consider how Dash evolved so successful a course of treatment from his dog sagacity, sanctimonious and his medical environment.—Boston Herald.

The deepest depth of the sea is reported to be at a point twenty three miles north of New Guinea, where soundings showed a depth of 26,850 feet.

SHE DIES FOR GIRL.

Accused of Being a Spy, the Disguise Girl Made Its Release and War Was.

We had crossed the river to hunt for Lee and give him battle in the Wilderness. Darkness was just settling down and the advance had halted for the night, when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. He wore a mixed uniform, as did most of the Confederates at that day, or as did most of those belonging to the partisan commands.

He had on blue trousers, a butternut jacket, and his hat belonged to neither side. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessness enough, but there was an awful significance in the words at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogated and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial, and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting. There would be more tomorrow. That meant a drumhead trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged. I was at headquarters and saw and heard it all. Within half an hour a court martial was convened—grave faced officers who looked into the face of the young man at first with interest—then with something like admiration. I said a young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

"What's your name?"

"Jerome Black."

"What regiment?"

No reply.

"Are you a citizen or a soldier?"

No reply.

"Can you make any defense to the charge of being a spy?"

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after an other, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and might be to give more time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

It was the detail marching off into the darkness.

"Halt! Is this business over here yet?"

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw the big blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shove to the boy and warn him that it was not even yet too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the greatness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention! Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party handed his report and reported:

"Orders have been executed, sir."

"Any further evidence?"

"No, sir, except that she was a young woman."—Boston Buckeye.

A Remarkable General.

Among types of the Italian army in 1799, described by General Marbot, is that of Gen Macard, commanding a division of cavalry. He was one of those officers raised by hatred and by their courage, and who, while of real value before the enemy, were not less incapable, from their want of instruction, of holding high rank. This singular person—a real Colossus, of extraordinary bravery—when about to make a charge at the head of the cavalry, was accustomed s'buckle on bets, as he called it.

He divested himself of his coat and shirt, leaving only his breeches, his boots and his plumed hat. Thus naked to the waist he espoused to view a trunk as hairy as that of a bear. Once equipped en bete, clenching his saber, he rushed on the foe, wearing like a pagan, but he seldom came to close quarters, for the singular and terrible sight of this half naked giant, covered with hair and who presented himself with yells, so terrified his foes that they flee on all sides, thinking they had to do with a wild beast.

Two Royal Knives.

A knife with more than a hundred blades was presented by the cutlers of Sheffield to George IV, and is now among the royal plate at Windsor castle. King Humbert of Italy has a hunting knife the handle of which is of solid carved ivory surmounted by the royal Italian crown, accurately executed in the finest cut steel. The sheath is of pigskin, with massive solid silver mounts chased to match the knife, with the royal arms of Italy in bold relief. The price of the knife itself was twenty pounds, and with the sheath thirty five pounds.—London Tit Bits.

Profession Versus Business.

A friend of mine, a physician, did a rich manufacturer a very service in the way of his profession. When the obliged man asked for his account he requested a deduction for prompt payment, and this being declined, grumbled over the amount. The doctor was immovable. "You are as liberal," he said, "for my nothing at all." "But this is business," said the other rather chagrined. "Business! Why, man, this is a business, is it? Why, I call it a business man," said my friend. "I believe in a profession. I tell that which no mere man weighs or measures."

Finally the bill was paid, and then the manufacturer, curiously changing his tone, said: "Well, now that the business is completed, I should like you to accept this as a slight proof of our gratitude." It was a check for twice the amount of the bill. The doctor said, "No, I never allow a man to overpay me." The next day the check was sent to a hospital in which the physician was interested.—Dr. Weir Mitchell in Century.

HOW HE GOT THE NAME.

Uncle Ned Narrated Humors of Theft, and the Court Acquitted Him.

"Ob Unc' Ned" was up charged with stealing four hams. They had been found in his possession, and as there was no getting around that, Unc' Ned sought other means of defense.

"Yas ma, yoonah honah, I 'mit dat dey was tuun in my house; but 'pon my soul, sah, I didn't steal 'em."

Unc' Ned was a short, thickset man, with sandy legs, a short beard on his chin and an unctuous smile, which he usually turned on "the honah" and the courtroom.

"You see, yoonah honah, on de night in question I was a-walkin along de railro' track. It was pretty dark, sah, so I couldn' see very far. A man just all at once was a-lyin' in de ditch. I was big frighten', sah, big fo' frighten. I stepped it right smack atu yoonah honah."

"And what did the man do, Uncle Ned?" inquired the judge.

"Well, sah, I thinks maybe you'll b'leve it or ho' sah, but dat man had fo' hambs in his arms. Ya—"

"Which arm?"

"Fo' God, sah, I can't quite dem member, but it must 've bin bare all alun. N den de man come up to me and was standin' in de ayes, sez he, sez he, 'Ya, Unc' Ned, heah's fo' hams.' N I sez, sez I, 'Ya, sah, dat's wrong.' Jes' wan a boy out of seventeen or eighteen. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

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A HOME FOR $1,200.

How a Neat and Comfortable House Was Designed and Built.

Rochester, Ind., is another Prairie Avenue.

A friend called upon me not long since and requested me to submit to him a small house in the suburbs of New York. "We shall use the porter as a sitting room and

FRONT ELEVATION.

and shall need but three rooms besides the bath, pantry and closets in the first story," said he. "In the second story I must have three rooms, with a wardrobe closet for each. I want a big space which shall be kept full of fuel, and which shall be made to run in the foundation, so we can walk over the grounds and make an excursion of what you can do for $1,200."

A visit to the grounds convinced me that the lot was in excellent condition and favorably situated with reference to sewer and delivering building materials. After taking necessary measurements the sketches here given were prepared and the building adopted.

The porch in the house directly from the hall to one side steps of the outside and pass into the hall which separates the porter and dining room. This hall may be closed from the kitchen by a door as shown in the second story and by a door of the porch door, as shown. The porter is lighted by a large bay window in front, which is made a specific feature of both the exterior and interior of the house. An open fireplace is another good feature of this room.

FIRST STORY.

From the hall you pass directly into the dining room or kitchen. The house is placed under the landing of the stairs with the rear to the cellar stairs adjoining it. The dining room is provided with a small white stove, with shelves in the second story.

The rooms in the second story incorporated in dimensions and arrangement to the rooms in the first story.

The building, above the foundation, is hollow, formed with the side walls sheathed and covered with waterproof paper and clapboarded with clinch nails, free siding. The nails and gables are wainscoted and papered in the same manner, and finished with white pine siding. The kitchen is finished in North Carolina pine. The porter hall and dining room are finished with California redwood, varnished two coats. The stairs are all of white pine, stained to imitate the color of redwood.

The woodwork in the second story is a white pine, painted two coats.

SECOND STORY.

The kitchen is provided with a 60x30 cast iron sink, portable wash boiler and Bignton galvanized iron boiler. Water from the kitchen sink is conducted to a cesspool in the rear of the lot. The bath room is omitted from this plan on account of expense, but a bathroom could be arranged in the second story over the main hall, where the two wardrobe closets are shown or a small extension on the first story would be made in the rear. The entire expense of the plastering work would be about $50.—H. C. Prentiss.

Abscess and Baskets.

If you have an abscess of your room which you have been struggling with a persistent eye and worrying over to no end. A set is precisely what it needs. Drape the same against the wall from a bamboo lining, not instead of a gem, and against that background hang a lot of your marine sketches or water colors. If you can, we would add a smooth mirror and some a peculiar material corner of it, so much the better. One or three note makes the greatest designer imaginable, and the work is so sum and accurately by the sun and the greater the number of sweets in it, the greater and more desirable it is. A wine rack makes an exceedingly pretty frame. Get the set as narrow as you choose, for now it from the ceiling all around the room and you will have something which is very pretty and very effective.

Drape the mantel in some way, unless it is a handsome one, and place it place a small pedestal on one side and on the other. Above this drape some harmonious material, and on the other side arrange some pretty fans, or anything else that your eye suggests. Avoid anything like a stiff arrangement with a decided center point, and do not put a pair of anything on the mantel shelf. If one or two vases, let one be tall and slender and the other short and stout, and place them with other bric-a-brac on either side of them.—Decorator and Furnisher.

Pretty Lye.

By the subjection of ordinary air to a pressure of seventy-five atmospheres, or 1,125 pounds, with a condenser kept at zero, 180 degrees centigrade, air has been reduced to a liquid form, and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate, produce, it is said, a temperature of minus 200 degrees centigrade. This is within 73 degrees of absolute zero.—New York Times.

Bloodied Millions Fight.

Two blooded millions got out of their stable at Chillicothe recently and engaged in horse exercise. The brutes fought up and down the public road for nearly two miles, the battle continuing with unabated fury until one was dead and the other so severely injured by the sharp edged hoofs of his antagonist that he will probably have to be killed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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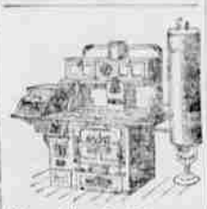

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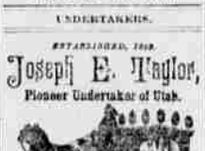

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