

For Tired People.

In my book of choice records I have the following simple and available recipe, a medicinal bath for the nervously worn and those who cannot sleep nights. It was the prescription of an old physician, wise in his day and generation. It is not claimed as a cure-all, but some degree of relief I believe is in store for those who give it a faithful trial:

Take of sea salt four ounces, spirits of ammonia two ounces, spirits of camphor two ounces, of pure alcohol eight ounces, and sufficient hot water to make a full quart of the liquid. Dissolve the sea salt in the hot water and let stand until cool. Pour into the alcohol the spirits of ammonia and camphor. Add the salt water, shake well and bottle for use. With a soft sponge dipped in this mixture wet over the surface of the whole body. Rub vigorously until the skin glows.

When nervous or "blue" or wakeful, do not omit this bath. The rest and refreshing that follow will amply repay the effort required to prepare it.—*Household.*

"Your majesty," said the cook of the king of the Cannibal islands, "how will you have the latest captive prepared?"

"I like to cook my game in some way appropriate to their national characteristics," replied the king. Of what nation is the captive?"

"He is an Irishman, your majesty. Is it your pleasure that he be done into an Irish stew?"

"Oh, no. You may make soup of him."

"But is that characteristic of the Irish, your majesty?" asked the chef politely.

"Certainly it is. That is the way they cook young men themselves in Ireland."

"I beg your pardon, sire, but I have never heard of it."

"That, my dear sir, is because you have not as much time to read as I have. I, sir, have often met, in my reading about Irishmen, with the expression, a broth of a boy."

"Who was the greatest highwayman on record?" propounded Nordy.

"Robin Hood," ventured Butts.

"No."

"Dick Turpin?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Atlas. He held up the earth."—*Sel.*

Many people who ought to know better uselessly interlard their conversation with the frequent use of "of course," when really there is no course or consequence in the matter. This phrase should never be used unless you can substitute for it "consequently" or "in due course."

MEMORY GEMS.

The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall;
He hears when the starving nestlings call.

—*Susan B. Gammons.*

Be kind and gentle to those who are old,
For dearer is kindness and better than gold.

—*Selected.*

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.—*Franklin.*

When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you?—*Gail Hamilton.*

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

—*Selected.*

Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Give joy wherever you dwell.

—*Ruskin.*

Do all the good you can and make as little fuss about it as possible.—*Dickens.*

Lost: Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever.—*Horace Mann.*

One doer is worth a hundred dreamers.—*Selected.*

Be not simply good, be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest.

—*Shakespeare.*

There is always a best way of doing everything, even if it be to boil an egg.—*Emerson.*

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—*Goethe.*

Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none?—*Emerson.*

A life for self can have no meaning.—*Tolstoi.*

A laugh is worth a thousand groans in any market.—*Lamb.*

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—*Bulwer.*

—*Selected for use in the Warsaw, Wis., Schools.*

A little girl came into a store and asked the price of collars.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk.

"How much would one cost?"

"Thirteen cents."

She thought for a little while and said: "Then it would make the other twelve cents. So I guess I'll take that."—*Little Chronicle.*