



Sore Eyes.
Conjunctivitis, which is the most common form of sore eyes, is an inflammation of the thin, transparent membrane covering the front surface of the eyeball and lining the lids.

Ophthalmologists distinguish several varieties of this disease, the symptoms of which vary greatly in intensity. There may be merely a bloodshot condition, due to the enlargement of the blood vessels to such a size that they become visible, accompanied by an itching and a feeling as if there were dust in the eyes, with perhaps a little sticky discharge which glues the lids together in the morning. The eyes are also sensitive to light, and sometimes ache slightly.

In more severe cases the discharge is profuse and yellowish, ulcers may form, and the inflammation may even extend to the deeper structures of the eye, and so destroy the sight.

One of the chronic forms of conjunctivitis is that known as trachoma, or granular lids. This is very difficult to cure, and often results in a permanent injury to vision. It is also quite contagious. Indeed, all forms of sore eye are probably contagious, but some are more so than others, and for this reason the most scrupulous precautions should be taken to protect the other members of the family when one has any form of conjunctivitis. The sufferer should sleep in a bed by himself, and should have his own towels, wash rag or sponge, and handkerchiefs; and these, when soiled, should be thoroughly boiled in a separate vessel, and should not go into the common wash.

The treatment of simple conjunctivitis consists chiefly in cleanliness. The eyes should be bathed often in lukewarm water containing a pinch of salt, or in a solution of boric acid, and some of the solution should be dropped into the eye, so as to wash away the discharge.

The eyes should be shielded from the light by smoked glasses or goggles.

Little squares of cloth, cut large enough to cover the eyes, may be placed on a cake of ice. When cold they can be laid on the eye, and changed as soon as they become warm. This application is often very grateful to the sufferer, and is useful in subduing the inflammation.

If the trouble does not quickly subside under this simple treatment, a physician should be consulted, for the eye is a very delicate organ, and irreparable mischief may result if inflammation is allowed to run.

HAND GRENADES OF WAR OF '12.

Old-Time Ordnance Found at Fort Henry—How They Were Used.

While examining the contents of the ordnance storehouse at Fort McHenry, Lieut. J. L. Holcombe, of the 128th coast artillery, discovered several boxes of old hand grenades which are supposed to be more than 100 years old, says the Baltimore American.

The missiles are of the earliest make used by the United States government, and were probably placed at the historic old fort when it was first erected in 1812. Owing to the way in which they were packed the grenades had only the slightest trace of rust upon them.

The discovery of the weapon recalls a bit of the ancient history of the country. In explaining their use Lieut. Holcombe said that the grenades were handled only by the grenadiers of the ship, who, walking out upon the yard-arms of the old-fashioned fighting vessels, threw them into the ranks of the enemy. An explosion followed which created havoc.

They weigh about four pounds and are shaped after the fashion of the bombs used by anarchists, and are iron and loaded with gunpowder.

Several days after the discovery one of the new recruits at the fort was found trying to dry the powder in one of the missiles by roasting it on the fire. A report was made to Lieut. Watson, in command of the post, who said that he intended to write to the authorities and ask permission to dump them in the middle of Chesapeake bay, as they were so old fashioned that they would be of practically no use whatever in modern warfare.

Readily Transferred.

"Johnny, how do you like your new teacher?"
"She's a peach. I'm going to marry her when I grow up."
"That's what you said about the teacher in your room last year. Don't you love her any more?"
"Naw! She let a big, ugly man marry her about two months ago."

A La Horse.

"Pa," asked the wise little boy, "how do they dock a ship?"
"Mr. Wise never looked up from his paper, but answered off-hand:
"Dock a ship? Why—er—why, they cut off its rudder, of course."—Judge.

Potatoes and meat aren't the only things that should not be swallowed whole. For instance, there's compliments.

Even fishermen will not believe each other's fish stories.

HIS CAUSE FOR SUICIDE.

Chinese Servant Declared His Mistress' Singing Was Too Much.

Queer is the story related of a Chinese man servant, who declares that he prefers death itself to the infliction of hearing his mistress, who is described as a lyric artist, practicing her songs, morning, noon and night. And, odd to relate, this particular heathen seems to be sincere, as he has really made several attempts on his life, and even, after his last vain endeavor, repeated his resolution to die rather than be condemned to listen to strains which he regards as anything but dulcet. Evidently the lyric art has no charms for him. This eccentric individual was brought to Europe by the lady's husband a year ago, but it is only recently that he developed this inveterate dislike to her music. Last month, it is said, he concocted a sort of poison and made himself sick with it, but the result went no further. Then he tried opium, but awoke apparently none the worse from a phenomenal spell of sleep.

As poisons and drugs were powerless in helping him to carry out his project of shuffling off the mortal coil, the Chinese man servant decided on trying more active measures. One morning he took up his position on the balcony of the house inhabited by the family which courts the muses and, after taking a last look, as he imagined, at the busy scene around him, he flung himself into space. It so chanced that a motor car was coming along. On the top of the automobile reposed a box containing a provision of tires and, as luck would have it, the Chinese tumbled in among them and they broke his fall so that he got off without a shock. But such an acrobatic exhibition, even from a representative of the Celestial Empire, was not relished by the occupants of the motor car, who protested so vigorously against this peculiar addition to their company that the whole party were soon on their way to the police station. The luckless Chinese failed to make himself understood, and something like a deadlock would have been the result if the lyric artist had not appeared to claim him.

This was the third time within a month that he had tried to put an end to his days, and she insisted on knowing the reason. Then the man servant found his tongue, and in broken French replied, before the officials and the automobile set, "All want to know. I say. French madame howis too much. I die or hook it." Prompt measures are being taken for the restoration of this hopeless Chinese to his native land. —London Telegraph.

There Are Others.

Don't imagine, my boy, if you throw up your job
That the firm that employs you will fail.
That the whole office force in their anguish will sob
And the senior partner turn pale.
You are highly efficient and active and bright—
So you say. I'm unwilling to doubt you.
But the chance of all this is incredibly slight.
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get mad with the girl, and to make her feel bad
Fail to go for your usual call.
It's the truth, though I know it sounds awfully sad,
That she never may miss you at all.
It's a mighty poor policy staying away.
Though I grant that at times she may frown,
But I know that I'm in a position to say
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get soured on the world and do anything rash.
Not to speak of the good of your soul,
If you jump in the lake you may make a small splash.
But you'll never leave much of a hole,
Don't expect folks to make such a terrible fuss.
When they think very little about you,
And, to use common language, aren't caring a cuss.
There are plenty of others without you.
—Chicago News.

Opposition to Trousers.

The modern custom of wearing trousers was taken from the military dress introduced into the army by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war, says Chambers' Journal.

In early days these were known as "Wellington trousers," after the duke. When they were coming into general use at the commencement of the nineteenth century the religious world and the fashionable were most determined in their opposition. A clause in the original trust deed, dated 1820, of Sheffield Nonconformist chapel provided that "under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers."

But this was not all. Some doubts were expressed in many quarters concerning the question whether a man could be religious and appear in trousers. One of the founders of the primitive Methodist body remarked to a colt-league in the ministry "that trousers wearing, beer drinking, so-and-so will never get to heaven."
Father Reece, a famous Methodist minister, twice president of the conference (born in 1765, died in 1850), could not be induced to adopt trousers, and among the Methodists was the last to follow popular fashion in this respect.

Don't Mention It.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"What is a non-de-plume?"
"Why, it's a man's pen name, my boy."
"Well, pop, that's not the name you call your fountain pen when it won't work!"—Yonkers Statesman.



"Willie's goin' to git married, Evelina," said the groceryman to the pretty cook after he had unloaded his basket.
"Is that so?" asked the cook, with an appearance of great interest. "Who's he goin' to marry?"
"Some girl," replied the groceryman.
"Smarty!" said the cook. "I s'pose he couldn't marry a widow, could he?"
"Easiest thing in the world. I b'lieve I could marry a widow myself if I gave my mind to it. I could marry two or three for the matter of that."

"Think you'd have enough mind to go around? I don't."
"You're prejudiced, Evelina," said the groceryman. "Jest because I let you do about what you want with me, you've got a poor opinion of my interlock. That's jest the way with you wimmen. 'S a general thing you can't git any married woman to b'lieve her husben's got any sense. 'If he had,' she thinks, 'he wouldn't let me boss him the way I do. He'd jest take a club an' wear it out on me when I git to actin' up. He wouldn't try to argue with me an' make me hear reason.' But ain't it funny about Willie?"

"I don't see anything funny about it," said the cook.
"That's right, all right, come to think of it," said the groceryman. "It's sad. A feller oughtn't to laugh. Why do they do it, Evelina?"
"Because they want to, I guess," hazarded the cook.

"I've often studied about it," said the groceryman thoughtfully. "I guess they do want to. Sometimes they do, anyway."

"Why do they do it other times?"
"Because the wimmen want to," said the groceryman. "You take it when there's a woman that's a good looker, an' who's got money saved up an' cooks a good meal o' vittles an' puts up

a bluff at havin' a sweet an' lovin' disposition—take a woman like that an' let her git to hintin' around that she's kinder stuck on you an' thinks you ought to have a home of your own an' it's hard to hold out if you think anythin' of her. A man may be a bummer to do it, but he often does it for no better reasons than them."

"If you wait till you've got as good reasons you'll wait a long time," said the cook. "When does the weddin' come off?"
"It ain't comin' off; it's sorter comin' on," said the groceryman. "Willie's got to the point where he is lookin' in at the windows of the furniture stores. That's one o' the symptoms, ain't it? But it's foolish of him, to my notion. If it was a girl like you I wouldn't blame him so much."

"I thought you didn't know her."
"I didn't say so, but I don't, just the same. But I know she ain't like you."
"Why isn't she?"

"Evelina," said the groceryman, "there ain't no girl like you. There couldn't be. You've got 'em all beat to a standstill. You show me the girl that's got your looks an' that's as smart as you are an' earns the good wages you do, an' I don't know but I'd take a few chances myself."

"Think she'd take any chances?"
"She wouldn't be takin' any if she took me," said the groceryman. "She'd have a feller that couldn't do enough for her."

"She'd have a feller that wouldn't."
"You can't tell about that till you try," said the groceryman.

"If I was ever fool enough to do it I'd be ashamed to tell about it," retorted the cook. "Shut the gate after you as you go out."—Chicago Daily News.

GOOD Short Stories

A criminal from the rural districts who had heard all about appeals to the Supreme Court, and who had been convicted of a penitentiary offense, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say. "I jest want ter ax one question, judge." He stooped down, picked up his slouch hat from the floor, as though ready to depart, and said: "Whar 'bouts is this here Supreme Court at?"

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bluejay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, begobs, but ye was a devil of a foine-looking burd befor Oi blew ther fitthers off o' yerse!"—Judge's Library.

When the Boston attorney, Mason, was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about 200 witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted. "But the man is a witness—a Methodist minister." "Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?" "I had a vision—two angels have appeared to me, and told me that Brother Avery is innocent." "Let them be summoned," said Mason, as he resumed his work.

Senator Morgan once threw down a magazine with a sneer. "Another nature fake!" he exclaimed. "Why, these things are as absurd as—as absurd as—" And then he laughed and said that it reminded him of an address that he once heard an absent-minded missionary make. "In China, dear friends," said the missionary, "human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."

From his farm Judge Blank was in the habit of supplying the preachers of all the churches with flour, corn, hay, and vegetables free of cost. He also kept the country supplied with venison kept from the herd of deer which he kept for many years. He built a big smokehouse in the rear of his grounds. One night, unseen himself, he saw a man emerge from the smokehouse with a side of pork on his shoulder. He recognized the intruder, but said nothing. A week afterward the fellow approached him, saying: "Judge, I understand you had some meat stolen from your smokehouse?" The old judge raised his eyebrows and said: "Sh! No hand deprecatingly and said: 'Sh! No one on earth knows anything about that but you and me.'"

Men's Corset Bills.

Since corsets are generally regarded as exclusively destined for feminine wear, it may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that the annual

RECORDS OF ANCIENT CITY.

Hidden by Official 1,700 Years Ago—Antiquities of Central Asia.

My first objective was the ancient site in the desert north of Niva, where in 1901 I had discovered the remains of a settlement abandoned in the latter half of the third century, A. D., says Dr. M. A. Stein in the Geographical Journal. Want of time and adequate labor had then prevented me from clearing some of the ruins more deeply buried by drift sand; subsequent workings of "treasure-seekers" had led to the discovery of other homesteads hidden away among the high sand cones on either side of the main groups.

Working with as large a party of laborers as I could keep supplied with water from a distance of some twenty miles, I cleared now close on thirty more dwellings. They yielded ample antiquarian spoils, including many implements and household objects illustrative of everyday life seventeen centuries ago. The numerous relics of industrial art and architectural wood carving clearly reflect the predominant influence of Greco-Buddhist art as developed on the Indus.

Finds of records written on wooden tablets in the Kharoshti script peculiar to the extreme northwest of India, and in an early Indian dialect mixed with a good deal of Sanskrit, have been abundant. Among these records generally in excellent preservation, all kinds of correspondence, official and private, deeds, accounts, etc., seem to be represented.

A "haul" of special importance was secured in the comfortable residence of a local official, who, besides leaving files of papers, namely, tablets scattered on the floor of his office room, had taken care to hide quite a small archive, undoubtedly documents of value, below one of its walls. From the way in which the place of deposit was contrived and marked it appears highly probable that the house was abandoned in some emergency.

All the deeds, etc., found here still retain their original wooden covers and string fastenings in perfect condition. Among the dozens of intact clay seals which attest these documents impressions from Greco-Roman intaglios prevail. Their appearance side by side with Chinese seals seem to symbolize, as it were, the part played by Scythia extra Imaon in the early cultural interchange between the classical west and the far east.

Near several of the ruins the ancient orchards, fenced gardens, canals, etc., could be traced with great clearness, showing how little the economic conditions differed from those of the present oases. On the other hand, surveys effected in the desert beyond, showing the course and extent of the river from which this ancient colony drew its irrigation, strikingly illustrated the great physical change which has taken place here since the settlement was abandoned.

Warnings Against Statistics.

A reporter is said to have once asked John Jacob Astor if it were true that he had 27 automobiles, 5 chauffeurs, 33 horses and 48 carriages. Mr. Astor interrupted:
"Statistics are always dry, stupid and even irritating. Let me tell you a story of a temperance exhorter who, while in the suburbs, found a man lying full length on the path, with flushed face and tousled hair. He touched him with the foot to rouse him and said in a voice full of gentle reproach: 'My friend, did you ever pause to consider that if you had placed the price of one glass of whisky out at compound interest at the time of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon you would have \$7,818,472?'"

"The red-faced man lifted up his head, brushed the place where the other's foot had touched him and replied: 'No. I haven't worked that out, but I'm something of a statistician myself, and if you don't go back 119 feet in 7 seconds I'll hit you 43 times and make you see 17,598 stars, for I've just had six teeth pulled for \$8—that's \$133 a tooth—and I tell you, you old meddler, I'm in no mood for fooling.'"

Man's Walk Shows Age.

"You can tell a man's age by his hands," said one of the girls. "They get knotty and veined and terrible. They get old sooner than his face."
"You can tell it most of all I think," said the woman, "by his walk. I know a man who has been one of the brightest minds of his time who is still the best company I know, but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home along the hall it made me awfully sad to see the heavy old, old way in which he walked."—New York Press.

A Libel.

"I see by the country paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning—"
"I saw that, too, and it's a libel!" exclaimed the native, with some heat.
"Why, isn't he your druggist?"
"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ugly Appendages.

"Hasn't Wolby got his coat-of-arms yet? Why, he told me he was going to look up his ancestry the first chance he got and—"
"Well, I believe he got a chance to look up his family tree, but he saw some things hanging to the branches that discouraged further research."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A woman using face powder is like a man drinking whisky: Everybody knows it.



"Home was never like this," said Mr. Henpeck, as he was shown about the deaf and dumb asylum.—Columbia Jester.

Baron (to his servant)—Johann, has anybody been smoking my cigars except yourself? Servant—Yes, sir, you.—Fliegende Blatter.

"She did a very foolish thing when she married." "Why, he was rich, wasn't he?" "Yes—he was the foolish thing."—Cleveland Leader.

"Percy, papa says you mustn't come to see me any more." "Why, Aggie, how could I? I'm already coming seven times a week!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you think young Propsley will astonish his friends when they see him on the stage?" "Yes, if they think he can act."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Jawback—The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women. Mrs. Jawback—Now, you're trying to flatter me.—Cleveland Leader.

"I'm just crazy to be a reporter," said the rich man's daughter. "Insanity is no qualification," returned the editor, closing the interview.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Your wife needs exercise; she sits still too much." "I'll get her a silk skirt." "How will that help?" "She'll keep moving so as to make it rustle."—Houston Post.

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet. Mr. Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?" "Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner to-night. She—Oh, mercy, dear, don't! It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner! He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one, anyway!—Yonkers Statesman.

"What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?" "Oh, I had to let her go," replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dear little Maudie awoke at 2 o'clock the other morning and asked mamma to tell her a fairy tale. "It's too late, darling," mamma replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?" "No, mamma. I sat Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he give me permission."—Denver News.

"The lady whose name you gave as reference, Della," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, "tells me you were not always truthful and obedient." "No, ma'am," replied the new servant, "I couldn't be, wid her tellin' me all the time to say she wasn't at home."—Philadelphia Press.

"May I introduce to you my friend?" asked a fashionable young man at a recent dance. "He is a liteway man, you know." "Indeed!" exclaimed his partner. "Aw, yes. He sent the Society News a list of the guests at the last party, and the editah accepted it."—Tit-Bits.

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country lodgings, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the train."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Her (sighing)—Oh, I met such a lovely, polite man to-day. Him—Where was that? Her—On the street. I must have been carrying my umbrella carelessly, for he bumped his eye into it. And I said, "Pardon me," and he said, "Don't mention it—I have another eye left."—Cleveland Leader.

Minister (on return from holiday)—Well, Daniel, my good man, and how have things been going on in my absence? Daniel—Deed, sir, a' things been gaun on brawly. They say you meensters when ye gang frae home aye tak' guid care to send waur men than yourselfs to fill the poopit. But ye never dae that, sir!—Punch.

Superstition and the Wedding Ring.

When a wedding ring has worn so thin as to break, the superstitious believe that either the husband or the wife will soon die. This may be regarded as an obvious superstition and perhaps accounts for the fact that wedding rings are now made so much thicker and heavier than formerly.—Grand Magazine.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra was riding in her barge. "It is a beautiful view from here," she remarked in Egyptian words to that effect.

"Yes," responded Antony. "I took care to get you a Nile seat."
Whereat the rowers did laugh heartily.

To Do It On.

"He's having a hot time."
"Yes, his uncle died and left him a lot of cold cash."—Houston Post.