

**Hookernose Calls a Halt.**

**A WARNING TO HIS WIFE AND A TALE OF WOE.**

"By giddy!" growled old Farmer Hookernose, laying down his newspaper, "Things have come to a pretty pass when—"

"There, now, Lyman!" interrupted the wife of his bosom with considerable asperity. "Didn't you promise that you wouldn't harangue me any more about the baleful influence of the money power, if I'd quit worrying you by telling you about the warnings I had received that some terrible calamity was about to come upon us? Hardly a day has passed since then that I haven't had a warning that something awful was going to happen, but I have kept it to myself and never said a word to—"

"What I was about to observe," resumed Mr. Hookernose sternly, talking the good lady down, "has nothing whatever to do with the breaking of our compact, which I assure you I wouldn't wilfully do for a good deal. I simply set in to say that, what with the oily gentleman coming along and selling us everything on earth but what we have some use for, and talking us into signing an apparently harmless memorandum which later turns out to be a promissory note that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, or words to that effect; mysterious men with slouch hats who take our hard earned money and give us in return a gold brick and the horse laugh; assassins who travel in gangs and, while part of 'em divert us with funny stories or bargains for the purchase of our land, the rest swarm over our houses and barns and cover 'em with lightning rods till the structures look like porcupines, and then pound us if we hesitate about paying for 'em; the silver tongued sons of Anak who sell us patent riding saws that either won't saw at all or else saw us in two the first time we try to saw with it after the agent has skeddaddled with our money, and—what I was about to say is that, with all these sharpers, and so many others that I have forgotten the names of most of 'em, forever on an honest man's trail, it looks as if there wasn't but one place in the wide world where he is safe if he closes his eyes for a minute."

"Of course that is when he is in his own bed at home?"

"No. That is just the time when the burglar breaks in and carries off his trousseau. It looks as if the only time that a man is absolutely warranted in feeling safe if he closes his eyes is when he is in church. And next Sunday, if I happen to nod a little during the sermon, just please remember what a strain I am laboring under all the time and let me sleep in peace."—Tom P. Morgan in Truth.

**Hank Simpson's Way.**

Hank Simpson is without a rival as the smartest man on a horse trade or any other kind of a dickie in the whole of Claybrick township. When Hank's 30-year-old mule was killed on the railway that runs through the edge of his farm, he promptly put in a claim for \$100. The company curtly offered him \$40 and declared that that was twice the value of the old thistle eater. Hank simply said that he wouldn't come down a cent and went home. Then the troubles of the company began. Its track through Claybrick township was soft-soaped two or three nights in the week and the time table became a farce. Trains would be stopped in the woods by a swinging lantern and lose half an hour trying to find out what was the matter. There were half a dozen narrow escapes from collisions and a large reward was offered for the author of these troubles. Hank was suspected, but suspicion could not be backed up by the necessary evidence. Finally the company sent him a cheque for \$100, but he sent it back with notice that he had lost so much time and worried over the matter so much that he couldn't think of accepting less than \$150. The company again got on its high horse, but Hank kept himself busy "worrying" over the mule, and at last he agreed to compromise the matter for \$200 and a life pass over the line. The company gladly accepted.

Hank had a meadow so full of stones, stumps and roots that he couldn't break it up. He hired an old fortune-teller to whisper it around that a miser who died a few years before had hidden his fortune in that field. Hank was over-run with people wanting to dig and blow out stumps in this new ground. He showed some reluctance, but always consented on condition that he got half of such valuables as might be found. In time that field was dug up like a garden plot and Hank made the dupes haul away the stones as well as burn the stumps. He wasn't going to have his land all torn to pieces for nothing.

Mrs. Brown—Does Mrs. Morcas belong to the sewing circle?  
Brown—I think so. I've noticed that her husband fastens his suspenders with a string.

**Sleep, Balm Sleep.**

Dr. Hurd, superintendent of a Buffalo hospital, says that those who can sleep soundly and healthfully are almost invariably those who longest retain their vigor and health of body and mind, apparently defying the frosts of time. They have fewer wrinkles and brighter eyes, better complexions and greater youthfulness than those who limit themselves to few hours, or who sleep imperfectly. A person who does not feel the inclination to sleep at the proper time, instead of being well is really not well, for a healthy person has the natural inclination to sleep and eat and drink developed in a strong degree. Eight hours is the average amount; but this varies according to the age, health, temperament and business of the individual. Nine hours is really better than eight. The time should be sufficient for complete rest, whether more or less is required. To rise, still weary with the previous day's toil, and summon a fictitious strength and energy by strong tea or coffee, which will interfere with the next night's restfulness, is to institute a process that wears out the vitality and makes the individual prematurely old.

In this connection one is naturally led to speak of the evils of early rising. One of my most emphatic objections to farm life is the abominably early hour at which it is considered necessary to begin the toil of the day. I know all about it, for many and many a time I have watched the cold, gray dawn of a winter's morn melt into daylight as I washed the breakfast dishes before the kitchen window in the "Little Brown House"—but I never did it without a mental, and very likely a verbal, protest. It is unseemly to thus surprise nature *en deshabille*, as it were, before her morning bath of dew is over and her complexion adjusted for the day; and not all the poets who have written (by lamplight) of the beauties of early morning and the glories of sunrise, nor all the stalwart farmers with whom I have argued the question, have convinced me that it is duty, or even an advantage in the performance of labor, to burn the candle at both ends of the day. The man who rises at a reasonable hour refreshed and revived, can do more work and better work than he who is dragged out of bed still tired and puts in more hours of half hearted, semi-exhausted labor; and it is even more true indoors than out. And I am glad to say that the medical profession is discarding the maxims of Solomon and Benjamin Franklin, and inculcating more sensible views on the subject.

Growing children in particular suffer severely from a curtailment of their proper hours of rest. They require more hours of sleep than grown people, yet often, with a view to inculcating this reprehensible habit of early rising, they are roused out of sound slumber and set to work. An instance came under my observation in this city which illustrates what pernicious results may follow curtailment of the hours of sleep of growing children. The son of a once extensive florist, a growing lad, in his early teens, was an exceptionally dull boy at school. Always at the foot of the class, he failed time after time to pass his examinations for the next grade till both he and his teachers were thoroughly discouraged. He invariably went to sleep in school hours, and finally one teacher, who was of an investigating turn of mind, set about discovering whether he was a semi-idiot by nature, or by circumstances and environment. She found that he was compelled to get up at four o'clock every morning, and was kept up at night until ten o'clock or after; he was growing fast and did not get the sleep he needed. The father, after a frank talk on the teacher's part, which he took very patiently, hired a man to attend to the furnace and let the boy sleep all he pleased. Within a month he was a new boy, both mentally and physically. Instead of being sluggish and dull, he seemed to have awakened to new life. But he had lost valuable time, and he had not formed the habit of mental concentration, so that he always remained a backward student. The instance simply shows how necessary plenty of sleep is to the well-being of the individual.

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2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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