When the day is done and the shadows fall Over the earth like a dusky pall, Then from the mystic, the silent deep Dises the reautiful Angel Sleep.

O'er field and forest he spreads his winds Where the cricket chirps and the wood bird

sings, And the murmur of voices dies away, Still by the Angel calm and gray.

Human passions that surge and swell Are silenced under the mystic spell, And tired hearts that are used to weep Vield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

Soft he broods till the morning gray, Then as noiselessly glides away, And the spell is lifted and hearts again Take up their burden of care and pain.

We call him Death! 'Tis the Angel Sleep That comes at last from the silent deep, And smootus for ever the brow of care, And calms the fever of passion there.

So we sleep and rest, till the morning gray Breaks once more on an endless day, And into the mystic, the unknown deep, Enes forever the Angel Sleep.

AT MIDNIGHT.

The waiters watched his slightest movement and attended to his wants in a manner seldom witnessed. Was he not the richest American, or, at any rate, the most liberal, who had taken up his abode at the Laugham this

There is some pleasure in waiting on a gentleman who tips half a sovereign as freely as an Euglishman does a shil-

Mr. Jonathan Lee was evidently a millionaire, and a man who understood how to enjoy himself. His wife was a tinn, overdress ed woman of forty, whose face had once been pretty, but that was t long ago; and whose aim in life, being childless, was the acquisition of new clothes and jewelry. She was never tired of changing her dresses, and was racely seen wearing one a second time in public.

Mr. Lee had a passion for sending telegrams. He seldom wrote a letter. but bombarded his friends with messages on matters of no importance-always, to do him justice, prepaying a reply. One day-it was one of our horrid

days, and an east wind was blowing-Mrs. Lee observed: "I can't see the esse of paying a shilling for a telegram nobody cares to get."

"And what's the use of giving forty guineas for a dress nobody cares to see?" retorted Mr. Lee; which caused his wife to flounce the one she was then wearing into the nearest chair, where she devoted her attention to the latest fashion book.

But one day there came a telegram which had crossed the Atlantic, and the news it contained, whether it were good or bad, caused Mr. Lee to take an affectionate leave of his wife, previous to starting on a short journey. The wording of the message was this:

"English gent has got the papers." Amongst the woods and hills of Surrey stands a fine old stone mansion

belonging to Sir Andrew Gordon. In the library of this house the memevening, and the family consisted of the old baronet and his son Archibald, an antiquated aunt of the latter Miss Dor-Andrew's ward, a beautiful girl of nearly eighteen.

"There will be a storm to-night: Eark how the wind is rising!" said Miss Borothy, with a shiver. "It's a mercy your travels are over, Andrew!'

"Yes," said the old man, holding his hands to the fire; "I am better pleased with the safety of my own stone walls than the best mail steamer that ever gressed the Atlantic. But now I'll ring for dights; and, Archie, my boy, come over and try to understand some of the mysteries contained in these yellow papers.

Archie, a handsome, fair-haired felflow of twenty-three, had been resting at full length-and that was over six dog, she crept softly down the broad feet-on a comfortable sofa, watching stone staifcase, and paused near the larily the charming figure of his father's door. Through the crack she saw that ward, who persistently looked every way | two men stood at the far end near Sir

"I'll come; but I don't suppose I shall make anything out of them," he an-

swered, rising slowly. a fortune for you! Your poor mother the wing where Sir Andrew slept and never knew of it," were the words Con- which would also arouse the servants. stance heard as she sat idly in her low In another moment she had stopped chair near the fire. 'The papers are and clasped one arm around the dog's worth two thousand a year! That rascal | neck, and he seemed to know her wish, who has kept them back would give for he crawled stealthily beside her into something to know where they are now," the room. They had nearly crossed it, chuckled the old baronet, as he spread when Gelert drew a panting breath, out the crackling letters and a large sheet of parchmeut on a table, the butler meanwhile arranging a reading-lamp to suit his master in so leisurely a man- Gelert and sprang at the bell-heard exclamation of "That will do! that will

Simmons respectfully took the hint, and now busied himselt with the heavy ourtains, having notselessly closed the shutters. "There is a shocking draught," mur-

mured Miss Dorothy. "Don't you feet it, Constance?" "Not a bit," replied Constance,

daughing, as she rose to get her work-basket; "but the wind will get in such a night like this," Simmons retired, and Archie observed:

"I'm awfully glad that fellow is leaving—he walks like a cat!"
"Indeed," cried Miss Dorothy, queralously, "I think your father does wrong

to part with him; we have never had so quiet a servant." "Never mind the man-attend to me!" cried Sir Andrew, "You must particu-

arly try to remember this. Archie, only outwardly listening, was eshibiting some of those provoking ute. symptoms which a lover shows after there has been a cloud in the atmosphere, and the lady has managed to get

the best of it. Constance Gwyn seemed to remember something, and left the room. When she returned after a quarter of an hour's absence, the butler had entered with a tray of glasses and the requisites for Sir Andrew's "nightcap" of whiskey

The baronet folded the papers into a meat bfincle, and looked them in an oldfurbioned cabinet.

he said. Then, turning to his ward, he shall talk to them all by and by." inquired, "How is Gelert, fair lady?" "I don't think he is well, Sir Andre w. fellowing to his sou:

I've just been to see him,' "Constance!" cried Miss Dorothy, scandalized, "have you been out to the dog-kenuel at this hour, and on such a from me, had the power of alienating night?"

too cold for the poor fellow to be left out I fell in love with a beautiful young there

"Now, my level" deprecated the old lady, waving one delicate hand in token that her will was law, 'never mention the idea of bringing that enormous dog into the bouse.'

The ghost of a pout came into Copstance's sweet face.

"There, there," said Sir Andrew, merrant here, you see!" and he shrugged his shoulders,

"Archie," softly whispered the girl, as he lit her candle for her, "will you see Gelert?" and she raised her beautiful grey eyes appealingly to his.

A merry look of triumph passed over his face. "Yes, if you promise not to play

chess with the curate to-morrow!" "Oh, don't be silly! If you think Gelert is ill, bring him in.' "Ill or well, I'll send him to your

night civiliy," at the same time drawing his fiance behind a tall screen for a silent embrace, which sent her away hurt him. blushing. A bright fire burned in Constance

Gwyn's bedroom. She put on her dressing-gown, and dismissed her maid as soon as the latter had received Galert from Archie Gordon's hands, and brought him to his mistress. The dog was only seeking company, and was not iil. He looked the picture of contentment as he lay at Constance's feet, and she, feeling wakeful, 'sat quietly reading-though between the page and her eyes came up Archie's face.

The house had long been still, when the clock in the corridor struck one. Gelert at the moment raised his huge head and listened attentively. Constance closed her book, and wondered why the dog still kept his intent look; it made her nervous, and she began to listen too. Certainly there was a sound as of a window in the library, just beneath her own room, being opened. The wind and rain made so wild a sound that she would have banished the thought of anything but these, had it not been that Gelert half rose to his feet with a low growl.

"Be quiet, Gelert!" she whispered; for she feared he would bark, and so reveal to Miss Dorothy his forbidden

Gelert's only answer was to look earnestly at his mistress, prick his ears again, and walk slowly to the

door. Constance went into the corridor to listen. The only person near her was bers of the family were assembled one nervous Miss Dorothy, whom she dreaded to rouse. Taking firm hold of Gelert's collar, she softly reached the top of the grand staircase, and a gleam othy Gordon, and Constance Gwyn, Sir of moonlight which burst through the stormy clouds, lit up with a weird light the portraits that fined the wall, and then as suddenly faded. In the darkness Gelert drew his mistress to the staircase, showing increased anxiety to make her understand that there was a cause for his excitement. Constance leaned over the banister. The door of the horary was partly open and a faint light was in the room. In a moment a thought of the papers Sir Andrew had just brought from America flashed on Constance; she remembered that they were of importance to Archie, and that some one else would be glad to get them

from him. Whispering a few words to quiet the Andrew's cabinet, and it was open. A strange courage came to the girl. She knew that if she could cross to the corner by the opposite window, there was 'My boy, it is most important—quite | a bell there which communicated with which startled one of the men, He quickly turned and aimed a pistol at Constance. In an instant she loosed dog's furious worrying-then fell un-

conscious on the floor, "How quiet you all are!" and then Constance thought she had not said itsuch a faint voice it sounded. And what bed was this with great green curtains. Surely Miss Dorothy's! And the room was dim, so when Miss Dorothy crupt to the bed Constance could not see that her face was wet with thank-

ful tears. "My love, you are in my room because I am nursing you."
"Have I been ill?" said the weak voice

"Yes, dear, but don't talk," And Miss Dorothy slipped away to come back with the old doctor and Sir An-

'The patient's eyes wandered towards the door. Sir Andrew whispered a few words to the doctor. "Oh, there's somebody else, is there?

Well, he may come in just for a min-The "somebody" had been outside, waiting.

"My darling," he whispered, holding the weak little hand. Constance looked up in his face, trying to remember something. "Did we quarrel about-chess-or

somebody?" "Oh, that's ail right," answered we're just going to paint the day red!"

Archie, cageriy. "You checkmated And then be and Bill went and drank

"Weil, but who was shot?" "That will do now, my dear," said afternoon playing checkers at the forty pounds, and its speed is great. the good old doctor, hastily, motioning | grocery,

"They will be safe here to-night; to- all but Mi-s Dorothy away. "If you morrow I will take them to the lawyer's." you are a good girl and go to sleep you In the library Sir Andrew told the

"When I was twenty-eight years of age I was still dependent on my uncle, who, though he could not keep the title 'Yes, Miss Dorothy—and it is much his daughter, but while staying in Paris American girl who was studying at a school there. I knew her twin brother more for her sake than his own, and he witnessed my private marriage with her. Within a year my uncle died, and I was about to travel to America with my wife, and acknowledge her publicly there, when you were born, and your dear mother lived but an hour. Her "don't fret, Constance. Gelert brother, Jonathan Lee, saw me in my year ago I learned that you were chatled to the half share of some mining property which had been left to Jonathan Lee and his sister, or, in event of their death to you. I went to America, obtained the necessary papers, and made good your title to the share in the property, which Lee had been appropriating. He is in England; he may have instigated the attempt at robbery by bribing that scoundre, the butler but as the latter was shot when Gelert sprang on the man who aimed his pistol room in half an hour, if you'll say good at Constance, we will let the matter drop. The other hired miscreant escaped, but I think Gelert must have

Constance is lying on a sofa in the irawing room, looking very lovely, if a little frail. Archie sat by her side, and

"My darling, the doctor's orders are month ago I begged you to name the day, so now you will promise to agree to a very quiet wedding a week or two hence, and then I will take you

No answer, and the girl raised one hand to cover her face, which it could not do.

"Tell her to say 'Yes,' Gelert!" said Archie, laughingly, raising the great dog's paws in supplication. "May Gelert come, too?" "To be sure; and here comes my

father to hear the glorious news, and to

prevent our good Aunt Dorothy fussing about trousseaux." One more telegram reaches Mr. Jonathan Lee, and it convinces him that he will do well to be thakful for mercies received, and to hasten to his native land—there to arrange for the regular disbursement of half his income from the mines in favor of his young English nephew, whom he would never see or hear of unless he failed in the above

arrangements. "We start for America to-morrow!" ommenced Jonathan Lee to his wife. "Oh, my! I haven't got haif the

things I meant to buy in Europe.' "And you never will!" gloomily responded Jonathan

Baldness Must tio.

A Detroit barber tells a journalist : A friend of mine went to Paris a short time ago, and at the time of his departure his hair was very thin and continually falling out, On his return the appearance of his head was entirely changed, being covered with a growth of hair ever so much more luxuriant and thick than previous to his departure. On inquiring the reason for this change I was informed that he had had his hair singed. Here was a practical illustration of the good effects following this new method, so I made up my mind to adopt it, and have done so very successfully.

"How is it done?" Well, I just take a lighted taper and pass the flame over the tips of a man's hair which is at all thin or has a tendency to fall out; that is all. You see, every hair is hollow, and more or less of the fluid necessary

"Will not the same means be employed to encourage the growth of hair on the bald upper lips of some of our youth?" was asked.

"Exactly. You see my moustache? land. It is thicker on one side than on the other. That is caused by my smoking my cigars just a little short, and they city signs marked 'Singeing done here,'"

House of Vestals

A discovery of statues, busts, and other works of sculpture, almost equalling in number and importance those found in the atrium of the House of the Vestals, was lately made at a place called Ii Sassone, situated between the town of Marino on the Alban Hills and the farm of the Frattochia, where, at the beginning of the last century, the Constable Colonna was wont to receive and entertain the Popes on their way from Rome to Castel Gandolfo. At that spot the remains of a very exensive villa, ascertained to have belonged to the Veconia Gens, are now being excavated by Signor Boccanera. There have been dug out no fewer than eighteen pieces of sculpture, including statues of Marsyas, of an athlete, a faun, a genius, a Silvanus, and a copy of the Laocoon-the first lamb, and several pieces of marble, vases and very five bas-reliefs.

"YES," said the Vermont young man, 'I'm reckless to-day, and so's Bill, and Cust-Off Finery.

A mystery to most people is what becomes of all the finery of fashionable ladies who spend \$5,000 a year in dressing. It is quite impossible to wear it all out, because of the frequency with which the styles succeed one another. Some unsophisticated folks are good Journeys of 150 miles in nineteen hours, enough to suppose that the fortunate birds of gay plumage bundle up their cast-off wearing apparel and send it to the various charitable institutions, or, | gadfles-it ascends to the Alpine region; mayhap, keep some poor families respectably clad, but such generosity is peculiarly rare. There are, however, in down again to the level woodland tracks, this city some five or six families of deceased ministers who are kept very gen- and another kind hangs from the branches. teelly dressed by as many wealthy ladies | They often scrape snow four to six feet who have that kindness of heart which deep from off the ground to get at their precludes the action of the right hand food, but as the summer advances they from the knowledge of the left. A also eat with avidity the young and ten-Chicago lady for the last three years | der grase, which rapidly fattens them. shall have a skilled physician to-morrow, deep affliction, and urged upon me that has kept a struggling young artist of it you think him ill. I shouldn't mind he could acquaint all American friends that city very nicely dressed in the than that of the cow, and has a delicate his coming into the house, but our ty- and save me a sorrowful journey. A clothes which she deliberately stole aromatic flavor resembling the milk of the from her own son.

And another big-hearted woman in the same city has fostered two or three young ladies and aided them in making the appearance their vocation demanded, Her choicest satins and velvets have been more than once on the concert stage or in the choir lott.

But unfortunately these steppingstones to future success are not to be found at every wealthy lady's gate, for the modern weman has not so much money as to find more repugnant. A second-hand clothier inserts a notice in a Sunday paper that he will pay large cash prices for cast-off garments in good repair. Madam drops a postal card in the morning, and the following day a good-natured Jewess calls in a buggy and buys everything she can lay her eyes on, hats, veils, plumes, collars, dis-Gelert rests his huge head against her carded busties, hmp corsets, soiled ribbons for neck and belt, shoes and slippers that have "stretched too big," immediate change of air for you. A stockings and gloves that are a season behind the fashion, petticoats that need binding, disabled parasols and fans, night-dresses and underclothes that have become tiresome, steel, jewelry, buckles

of jet, pearl and ivory, belts, portemonnaies, reticules and any kind or style of dresses" that are whole, together with wraps, shawls, cloaks, sacks and outdoor garments. The purchaser, who sees a regular bonanza in the pile, gives her from \$10 to \$100 for the lot, and asks permission to come again in six or

twelve months, And now for the disposition of these gaudy raiments. The snoes are usually fine custom-made goods, costing from \$9 to \$13, and as they are but slightly worn or out of style, it is not hard to seli them. The dresses are cleaned, slightly altered and sold to the girls who frequent those places for the finery they flud it impossible to get elsewhere. Kid gloves are mended and cleaned, feathers and ribbons are similarly treated, and, where it is impossible to clean light dresses, shawls or trousers, they are dyed black, and sell like hot cakes.

Among the Lapps.

According as Laplanders are fishermen or reindeer herdsmen, they are distinguished as "Sea Lapps" or "Mountain Lapps," and either occupy settled wooden habitations, or lead a nomadic life, living in tents. They are of very diminutive stature, from four to five feet in height; are clothed with the skins of animals or coarse woolen stuffs resembling the wadmal of Iceland, and live in tents or huts. Their tents are small; and rudely constructed with a skeleton of bent sticks covered with coarse cloth, outside of which they place a layer of turf or bark. There is an opening at the top for the smoke to escape from the fire, which burns in a hole in the center of the floor. The winter nights and the summer days lengthen out, the nearer the land approaches the Polar circle, the excess and defect of light corresponding with each other. The Laplander has a winter of nine months, during a portion of two of which the sun does not rise; and accordingly, for several weeks in July and August, the sun does not set. The northern portion of the country abounds in low marshes, out of which, in summer, clouds of stinging gnats ascend. for its growth escapes. When the top Further south, and nearer the Gulf of of the hair is singed the aperture is Bothma, the woods begin to appear. closed and the strengthening fluid re- These consist partly of forests of larch, pine, fir, alder and birch. There are no fruit trees, but currants and berries of various kinds abound-the bilberry is very common, and is called the "blackberry, by which name it is also known in Scot-

It will be remembered that, in 1732, Lannæus, then a student, made his celebrated botanical journey into Lapland, singe my moustache on one side and alone, and returned to Upsala, after an make it thick there. This goes to prove absence of exactly five months, having that singing is beneficial. I have no traveled four thousand miles, bringing doubt that before long you will see in back with him upward of one hundred ner as to call forth an impatient the peal ring out, a pistol fired, and a front of all the barber shops in this plants hitherto unknown or undescribed. At a distance of eighty miles north of

the Gulf of Bothnia the ground becomes gradually elevated, till at length it rises in lofty mountains, attaining a height of six thousand two hundred feet, which, in this region, is two thousand seven hundred feet above the line of perpetual snow. These central mountains are the highest in Lapland, There are numerous rivers which abound in salmon; and in the mountainous regions there are many lakes in which are found pike, perch, trout, eels and char. Of wild animals there are bears, elks, or moose-deer, wild reindeer, martens, gluttons, beavers, otters, ermines, squirrels, lemmings or mountain rats, field mice, foxes, wolves and hares; the latter are very abundant. Among the birds are partridges, crows, ravens, owls, a species of woodcock and

ptarmigan. The reindeer is the most valuable animal in Lapland, and quite indispensable; it is kept in herds by all. The very poorest Lapps have from fifty to one hundred, which, however, they join to ancient copy of this group that has yet some other herd for pasturing. The mid-been found—five marble candelabra, a die classes can get on comfortably with bust with a curious kind of Parygian from two hundred to five hundred, while cap, a group of an eagle devouring a the richest have herds of from that number to over a thousand. The reindeer is to the Lap ander what the camel is to the Arab. a beast of burden; it also drags his pulk, or canoe-like sledge, over the vast snowy wastes. It gives him milk and cheece; he cats its figsh, of its boin he makes spoons, and its thick warm skin three glasses apiece of cider, bought clothes him. The ordinary burden which two five-cent eigars, and put in the it drags when youed is two hundred and A reindeer fairly tested, on a short

d stance, with a light sledge, went at the rate of nineteen English miles an hour. Is 1699, an officer with important dispatches was drawn 800 miles in fortyeight hours, but the poor animal dropped down dead at the end of .its wonderful journey; its portrait it still preserved in the Drotningholm Palace, in Sweden. are said not to be uncommon. The reindeer feeds on lichen; in the summer time, to avoid the insects-gnats and and in winter, to find protection from the wolves, and to obtain food, it shifts where the moss grows under the trees,

The milk of the reindeer is much richer cocoanut. The Lapps very seldom see bread, and they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their herds, with the occasional assistance of fish and game. sun and stars are their only clocks. The reindeer are much petted and very tame, quiet and gentle, but those that are not so are caught to be milked by skilfully throwing a thong noose, or lasso, twenty feet feet long, over their horns and then tying up the animals to a tree or post. The women always kneel when milking, and use little wooden bowls. Dogs are kept for collecting and driving the reindeer herds.

a hy He Wanted a Pottceman.

A man walked into the Desplaines street station and asked for Captain Bonfield. "Not in," arswered the taconic Hubbard, station keeper, as he tested a sardine sardwich.

"Where's Lieutenant Ward?" asked the "Give it up," replied the sandwich an

nihilator "Who can I see?" inquired the citizen. "See me," said Hubbard. "What do

ou want? "Want a policeman." "What for?"

"Want him to go bome with me." "Don't you know the way home!" asked the station keeper as he scalped another

"Yes, but I want a policeman to go with me."

"Drunk?" asked Hubbard. "No, sir. I am a prohibitionist, but I want a policeman, and I don't want to stand here on the eve of our natal day, very much longer. Do you understand that?" shouted the man, with one hand under his coat tail and the other spread out like a scoop shovel on the desk.

"We don't keep policemen to see sober nien home, natal day or no natal day,' remarked Hubbard, as he squeezed the ardine as affectionately as if it had en an old sweetheart.

The west side man looked at the hardpearted wretch, and then said in a kind of figuherited voice: "Say, I want to see you outside." "You can see me here," replied the

station keeper. The man leaned over the railing as it he desired to be confidential, and said, in a salvation tone: "My wife is at home

-home in bed, and I want to get in." "Where is your night key?" "Here it is," he said, pulling out a corkscrew by mistake. The station keeper did not see the necessity of sending a policeman home

with a married man who was sober, in order to see that he got in, and said so. The citizen said that was not the point. He could get in himself, but he wanted the the night. "What for?"

"To see that I sin't put out. 'That's what I am afraid of. She's a terror when she gets her back against the wall and begins to shove. "We have no policeman for such as-

istance," said Hubbard, finally.

The citizen looked at him once more with this appeal: "Book me for vagrancy and let me go down stairs. I must quiet my nerves. So he went below among the snorters and the gang, and slept and dreamed that he saw his wife standing at the top of the stairway with a croquet mallet in

her hand. Models for Hair-Dressing.

A good idea for women who like to dress their hair to suit the curves of their head and yet have no guiding instinct about it would be to go to a Museum of Fine Arts and get hints from the statues. These dumb Greeks can teach them. Not many people are classic, to be sure, yet every one not deformed has a hint, a sug- study, always in society, co-operating gestion of the ideal about her.

broken the lines of symmetry. She has the long face and heavy classic chin, and nape of her neck balanced it. Besides, the top of her head was beautiful in its conical curve. This her hair on top covers, while it exposes the nape, which is singu-

ugly part of it. Everybody has noticed and talked about the unconventional charm and unusualness of Terry, but not every one, peralness is due to her true dressing up to picture of her, sent me from London when she played Camma in Tennyson's presses at the Art Museum. The period of the play was Briton under the Romans.

Guests and Watters.

A fashionable New York tailor has a new plan for making a distinguishing time she asked me for meney to get mark between the waiters and guests at herself anything I convinced her how a banquet or other social gathering. much better it would be if she put it He proposes that gentlemen hereafter have their dress suits made of diagonal, or a basket pattern in black, and leave ening up." "Oh, yes, she did it," or a basket pattern in black, and leave broadcloth wholly to the waiters,

Time is the best preacher,

Making Cocktalis.

Ou an icebox in a sample room in New York, partitioned off from a wholesale liquor store was a block of ice as clear as crystal, except a flaw in the centre, fir-shaped, frosty and dazzling white.

"Something new," the bar-tender explained, knocking off a chunk with his pick and breaking i; into pieces in a turnbler preparatory to mixing a cocktail. "Distilled water ice."

"Especially for cocktails!" "Not exactly. Any one can have it in his water if he wants it, or even lemonade, "Is the ordinary goodness of a cocktail mproved by frozen distilled water?"

"That's according to tastes. If any one one wants to have fithy water for mixing his liquor with he's we'come to it, but I don't want any in mine. It stands to reason that even the best Rockland Lake or Cortland Lake ice must have impurities, although it is said that by the freezing of the water the impurities are precipitated. Common sense ought to tell anybody that unless the new ice is gathered before impurities are sifted over it from the air or spread over it by surface water from the banks it cannot be perfectly pure. Any physician will tell you that it is better in summer to keep a bottle of water on see than to keep ice in a waterpitcher. You don't have to mix impurities then-some in the water and some in the ice. Water around here is bad enough anyway. Coming down to mixing with iquors, if you have good liquor you should have good water. Of course, if you are not particular about your liquor he water doesn't make much difference. Some forty-rod stuff will kill the taste of East river water. Distilled water by itself is rather flat to the taste, I suppose a dash of seltzer might put an edge on it, but that is carrying the mixing too far. For cooling a cocktail, a Santa Cruz sour, a milk punch and the like this ice is undoubtedly the best, and I see no reason why it should not come into common use in bar rooms. It doesn't cost much more than ordinary ice. "By the way, speaking of having things

pure, do you know that many physicians have taken a decided stand against brandy for medicinal purposes? They say that the stuff sold as brandy is so greatly adulterated that it is harmful to patients and that it is almost impossible to buy in any ordinary liquor store a bottle of pure brandy. And they are right, too. A man who knows himself doesn't drink brandy. It will burn him out in less than no time. A little of good brandy, and I mean by that pure brandy, is good, but you'll find very little of it. We have brandy that is pure and we have some that is a good as any dealer's, but those physicians that I spoke of are recommending whisky in place of brandy. I think we make in this country the best whisky in the world. The principal thing is to keep it long enough. It is cheap and if anybody wants the pure article he can get it by asking. The whisky that goes over this bar every day is manufactured in the hard-made sour-mash, fire-copper way, being singled and doubled in copper stills over open wood fires. It is distilled from the most carefully-selected corn, rye and barley malt. In the process of fermentation no chemical or foreign yeast or other deletenous substances are employed, as is the case in the manufacture of some whicknes that will burn a man's throat, but a portion of the beer of the previous distillation is used for that purpose. The process of distillation is much slower than that of the other whiskies, but the result obtained is in every respect superior. By the slowness of fermentation the generation of fusil oil, which renders the cheapest whiskies so injurious to health, is almost entirely obviated. By the improved stills and manner of distillation all deleterious substances are separated from the spirit. polleeman to sit up in the house during For a regular drink I should prefer whisky to any liquor that I have tasted."

"Do men drink much behind the bar?" "As a general rule, not much. I have known bar-tenders who do not know the taste of liquor, but they are rare birds. A bar-tender that drinks too much soon has to pay for his drinks in front of the bar, It isn't necessary for a bar-tender to experiment with mixed drinks by tasting all of them. It he knows the ingredients of a mixed drink and keeps his eyes open be will soon learn to suit the regular drinkers and, in time, the particular drinkers, who want just so much sugar, so much water, and so much whisky for a bot drink, or so much bitters and so much of this and that for a cocktail. In fact, if I do say it myself, a bar-tender is not s) bad as he is

Living in a Cell.

The closster was really the living-place of the monks. Here they pursued their daily avocations, here they taught their schools, they transacted their business. they spent their time and pursued their estion of the ideal about her.

Mrs. Lengtry has combed her hair to the no privacy. "But a monk always lived top of ner head this winter because it is in a cell!" I think you will be inclined more fashionable, and people say it makes to object. The sooner you get rid of her look older. That is not it, She has that delusion the better. Until Henry II founded the Carthusian Abbey of Witham, in 1178, there was no such thing the simple knot she used to wear at the known in England as a monk's cell, as we understand the term, It was a pecuharity of the Carthusian order, and when it was first introduced it was regarded as a startling novelty for any privacy or anylarly lacking in curve. The back of her thing approaching solitude to be tolerated head, which she now exposes, is the only in a monastery. The Carthusian system never found much layor in England. The Carthusians never had more than nine houses all told; the discipline was too rigid, the rule too severe, the loneliness too dreadful for our tastes and for our chmate. In the thirteenth century, if I misthe period, to the smallest lapet or point take not, there were only two monasteries of its quaintness. I have long had a in England in which monks or nuns could boast of having any privacy, any little corner of their own to turn into, any place where they could enjoy the luxury of reinst play. The dress or robe was pecu-itar, not quite old Greek and not at all modern. The other day I noticed its body nowadays, in a school of any pretensions, expects to have provided for himself, statue of one of the later Roman Em- and without which we assume that nobody could read or write for an hour.

"YES, indeed," said old Crimsonbeak, "I've got my wife out of extravagant You see, I bought her one of these little savings banks, and every laughed the old reprobate; "and that's what has kept me in cigars for the past/year."