Was quite beyond his powers. At this such angry tears he shed, Vowing 'twas better to be dead
Whilst Maying was in fashion,
"'Tis such a horrid sport," he cried,
Flinging the flowers 'ar and wide In such a pretty passion.

But Lesbia chanced to pass there by, And also would some posies tie If kindly he would aid her. So, gathering more than all before, Most bravely he the burden bore The while that he obeyed her.

Quoth smiling she, "An hour ago And would not go a Maying!"
"So plain it is that Love," quoth he,
"Gains strength when Beauty night him

"Tis hardly worth the saying!"

MIDSUMMER FIRES.

To-morrow would be midsummer's lay. The sun was nigh its setting. Out over the level, shining sea he seemed to lie; blood red and ruddy purple gleamed the throbbing waves of the horizon; rosy and golden came the rippling wavelets from that distant path of the sea to the yellow sands of the Manx coast.

A path, winding up a headland, led from the various shores to a white road. The red gleam of the sunset was upon it, and the sparse heather landward glowed ruddy, as some girls sauntered loitering along the path.

There were three of them, sisters. One was a child, Nessie; the others, Meta and Kate Qualtrough, were on the happy borderland of girlhood and womanhood.

We have no picturesque national garb of a foreign land wherewith to set them forth-they were dressed as hundreds of girls in London might be dressed, though they came of so pure a Manx race as to be proud of the days when English people were looked upon as foreigners in Man.

Nessie was full of life; she danced ahead, or she lingered behind; she sprang to right or left over the broken ground of the headland; what her sisters waited for had evidently no strong hold with this:

'Ye'll be utterly foolish, you girls, idling here any longer for those lads." Her accent bore the North Country lilt people. "Do you think they'll be leaving their fishing for the-"

"Hist!" commanded Meta. The girls were all at play in a sense, but it was play with a serious vein in it

to Meta. "Eh?-I'm full of respect!" and wild Nessie threw out her arms and made a gay, bowing reverence in a circling fashion to the hills and the green mountains. "But the boys are not so, and I'm thinking they'd only be hindering us if they were here."

"Still, we promised-" Kate put in, "And they promised, too; and if they break their promise we'll be free from ours, I say. Do come we'll be awfully before. late, and there's a lot to do."

Then they walked on a bit faster. Nessie was out of sight, but yet they were closely following on her steps. So many bends and turns and shoulders there are to these Manx headlands that one may be easily out of sight.

A shout burst forth into the still Summer air, and the next moment Nessie, with waving arms and with yellow hair flying as the light wind caught her, was seen on the topmost bit of green. "Boat ahoy!" and her arms gesticu-

lated. There was a boat skimming across the bay-Peel Bay. One unbonneted head was in the stern of the round, deep boat; it belonged to a fisher's lad, who was the working-chum of three scarlet-capped youths. One of these last was a Qualtrough, a cousin of the girls; the others were his friends, lads, who a year or two back, had been with him at King William's College at Castletown, but who being English, were only in Man for a Summer jaunt

And now it had been for the delectaion of these same young Englishmen that the doings of that midsummer eve were being made so much of. "Do they mean to land or not?"

"Undoubtedly," was Meta's decisive word. "Do they not know it is for them we are making this delay?"

asked Kate.

In a very short time the boat was out of sight, which means that she was well under the headland, and landing her crew in White Strand Cove. Some few moments more and three young men in boating flannels, and each with a rough pea jacket atop, appeared from clambering up the face of the headland. Then the party went on more swiftly.

First on to and across the white suntit roadway, then down an opposite lane, crough and stony and untended. This dane finally lost itself on a furzy common, where short, sweet, mossy grass was patched irregularly by a savagery of gerse, and furze, and strong, waving bracken. Meta, walking apart, pulled the bracken; Kate and Nessie, with energy of a more talkative and less solitary humor, bade the young men bring out their knives and slash away mossy branches of gorse and furze.

'Where is all this to go now?" asked Doyle Philipson, the elder of the two English brothers. "Is this common the lighted up a would-be grave face.

was instinctive. "There!" cried the Manxman of the party, "Take Meta's horror for your key-note, Philipson, or you'll be setting us all in danger of the evil influences of the hour."

"Eh, Willie!" and Nessie flung her vigorous small self against her cousin, herself armed with a huge bundle of prickly furze, "ye'll be the worse of the You ought to know better." "Blessed are the immunities of igno-

rancel" the youth exclaimed. "I do not say that all," quickly young Philipson replied "I wish to know—I

"Meta will tell you then." The girl was still in her silent humor perhaps a dangerous humor for a nature just a degree prone to mysticise over

the brave outer world of which she dreamed; the faithless outer world which she knew ridiculed any ancient fantasy of custom. Should she be silent, or should she be brave and show that her weakness? One second she had for hesitation, but no more.

"Will you"-came the question pointedly put to her-"lay your commands upon me, Miss Qualtrough, and tell me while I obey?" How light and yet how true did he look as his clear-browed

eyes met hers. Meta flushed with pleasure. Was there really a sensible man going to listen to her old wives' fables, and listen with respect? The delight of this flashed logy, very likely; but, where will you find more delicate features, brighter intelligence, and purer expression than in the faces of the girls of Man? Meta Qualtrough was a picture, with all the loveliness of those Island women.

"You mean it?" was her cry, and her eyes took a fire of brilliancy, and the flush, gone as soon as it was seen.

has no charms for me as it has for your cousin there. But I do not promise faith, mind you." A shadow fell over Meta's radiance.

A very quick-eyed young man was kindly, sympathetic soul the measure of her trouble. So reading, he at once set himself to gladden her again. He was thinking what a lovely study her radiance would make some girl saint of Middle Age religion.

"Every one has a chink in his armor, you know; and though I am matter of fact personified, you may-just may"he smiled, "find me vulnerable somewhere."

The rest were ahead, every one of them laden with green or sun-dried stuff for the burning. These two gathered up their burdens and followed, talking all the way.

From the gorsey common the track was homeward for the girls, and they crossed a meadow, stopping at its further side by a brook, where grew clumps of golden marsh marigolds, on her thoughts. At last she struck in These were wanted as much as the dry stuff, but not for burning.

"I thought not," said Edgar, the younger of the Philipsons. "They're far too pretty. You have some in a and the soft, sweet tones of the Manx bowl at your house. They come far before the lilies of the London æsthetics, in my opinion." This young man was not, like his brother, an artist, but a trader. To put his status quite plainly, he was a clerk in a tea merchant's office. And here he was treading on to the debatable ground of lily worship! "Very well out here," said young Qualtrough, rather testily; but not the

things for girls to wear on their dresses. You don't mean that?" "I was thinking of that;" and the other marked the word. "Miss Qualtrough"-he turned to Kate-"do not let him talk you out of wearing them." Kate had worn some only the evening

"No, I shall not; certainly I shall not!" she cried, laughing. Nevertheless she wore only roses that night. their virtue?" Doyle asked of Meta.

"You shall see if you can be patient. Their virtue?-I cannot say." "Empty seer!" cried the young man. "Yes-we've reasoned out the fires, but here I don't know where to begin.

We always do it-the children always "What?" "We lay them about on the door sills

and the window sills, and we strew them by the outhouses. It is for 'good We all want good luck!" luck. "So we do, but-I'd like a reason to see why 'good luck lurks within the

mysteries of these marsh marigolds more than in other flowers." "Can't give it you, but you shall have the 'good luck' if you'll have a flower, or shall I keep it back from you?"

"No-no. Give it to me. "How excited you are! I've found the chink in your armor. I've found out you are superstitious, and I'll just punish your weakness"-Meta parodied some of his own words-"by not giving you the flower."

"Or-the good luck! Oh! you will." "No."

What was mastering this very proud disciple of matter of fact? His sun-tanned face flushed, and something carried him out of his former wise self. He ran back to the brook, where he saw one golden starry blossom left, and plucking it, he brought it like a trophy to Meta.

"This is for you," he cried. "There is 'good luck,' infinite good luck for you, and-if for you, then for me. You have given me your faith-" A shout from the rest interrupted him. Could he possibly have been go-

ing to say that he had faith in those old wive's fables of Meta's? "Oh, be quick! they are all waiting for us," and Meta ran before him. She could by no means face any talking in such a passionate strain as this matterof-fact youth was developing. She felt

hot, and she ran up to the others laugh-

ing and talking gayly. Certainly her humor had wondrously changed. The midsummer eve closed in, and the gray of the night came on. Stranhaunt of-of-the enemy?" A twinkle gers from the toreign land of England wondered as they drove home from their 'Oh, don'ti' Meta's exclamation day's excursioning at the fancy of the ing match-had kindled the flame, and peasants for setting light to the gorse

everywhere. All the young Qualtroughs were out in the grounds with Willie and his all were last, it seemed. Meta was about the time the Cantharis vesicatoria friends, Mr. Qualtrough, gray-headed and wise, went out too. Perhaps he laughed over it all, but there had never been a Midsummer Eve he could recolfriends. Mr. Qualtrough, gray-headed down upon the ground before the rush and wise, went out too. Perhaps he and cry were done. Every flame was lect without the burning of the witch fires. No, indeed; and if his children had shown themselves very advanced in sight and one sound—Doyle Philipson the common sense of the age and ne-she had seen tear off his coat and she

not yet wholly cast into oblivion—and then all went out. Two of the girls threw light shawls over their heads; Nessle stuck on a gray felt hat of her fother's and they went grayly record the These were men from the outer world. | father's, and they went gayly round the

house and through the unkempt, luxurious flower garden; then through the kitchen garden, where monstrous cabbages sheeted the beds with their crump-led outer leaves; where the strawberries she was not too weak to acknowledge blinked rosy from amid a tangle of long suckers; where alleys were made by trained apple trees, whose green young fruit promised joys to lads and maids in the days to come

"Ah!" suddenly young Philipson exclaimed.

"The Corrin's fire at Ballaseggan!" and Mr. Qualtrough turned round. There had come a golden, springing, flashing light on his glasshouses.

"Horrid!" Nessie exclaimed angrily 'and ours not alight yet. Jim is horrid! through her and made the delicate I specially gave him orders to light up Manx face of the girl radiant. Manx early, because Mona Corrin declared feminine beauty has not had much eu- they'd have the finest show. I'll be speaking to him to-morrow morning." "Do, dear, do," Willie, her cousin

said. "I will," And she ran on. In a moment she was seen flying up to the wooden ladder which led up to what they called their "lookout," a square face was full of enthusiasm. Her blue miniature tower which gave a grand view over miles and miles of farmlands, clear delicate pink of her complexion of distant mountains, of western sea, heightened its color with one quick and-a sight of all for strangers-of one bit of savage, storm-battered Calf of "Assuredly I mean it. Ignorance Man. "Grand!" she cried joyously as no charms for me as it has for your "Grand! We're alight now! Eh! I'll not heed Mona having the start, we'll be far the finest.'

A pale golden fire began to shimmer on a near-by hill, it spread until verily this. He saw it, and read, too, in his the whole of the hillside was a tricksy flashing dance of fire.

> "Our gorse is not there?" Doyle wondered "Eh? No. This is my private business. Jim and I did this in the morn-

"So! That is how Jim does his weed ing?" her father began.

"Yes. That'll be his manner of weeding on Midsummer Eve! He couldn't do ess than obey his mistress!' "No, Mr. Philipson," she went on.

"The bits of fuel we got this evening are on the other side. Look! I saw Jim run across only two minutes ago; he'll be lighting it up now." She was right. A hillocky lift of the land was spangled all at once with

patches of flame, ruddy flame, golden

flame, flame that sputted and fizzed as it mastered the juices of the green bracken. "We have an extra grand show tonight, girls," Mr. Qualtrough began. Who shall say our old customs are dying out? But I expect it is as much in your honor as in that of the fairies

and witches," he nodded to the young They, seated like the girls, on the battlements of the miniature tower, were gazing here and there, as one quarter, and then another was made alight, Beacons, like stars, blazed out far away. Evidently the whole neighborhood was

"We'll not accept that idea to-night, Sir," Doyle answered. "No, no; let us not tempt the powers. But can we not go among it all? Two minutes will take us where Jim is.'

of one mind.

"Oh! if you like." So they left the gardens and tramped over a field to the hillocky ridge. There was a good deal of talking and laughmight be supposed, but among it all Meta was again silent. She was "What do you with these? What is under her chin, as a girl might wear a wearing her one marsh marigold stuck brooch. She was very careful of it, keeping her light wrap well away from What danger of cold could there be on such a sweetly warm Summer night?

She lingered behind. But among such a gay string of merry folks who would notice one straggler? Nessie was by Jim and talking hard and fast. No one paid any heed to her, but we must, for the subject of her

talking affects our story. "There were nine lots, Jim." "Eh, missee, I'll know that; and nine have I set the light teu," retining his word real Manx fashion.

"Then where are they? Six-seveneight," she counted. "It's beyond me, missee; but nine'll be the number I kindled. Sure, by token I'd only ten matches in my box here, and one I left for the pipe. Pfah?" he blew on to the pipe bowl. "It's nigh out she'll be, missee, with me talking

an' talking." He here took a good whiff to ward off the fulfillment of his words. "The boys must have matches. I'll by no means go without nine!"

Nessie was always a bit self-willed. "Eh, missee?-let be. I wouldn't interfere-'

"Interfere!" Sure-

"What stuff!" Nessie's play had no faith-no faith of the timorous sort, at least. "I'm as strong as the fairies. If they put the fire out I'll light it again! That I will!"

She ran back to the young men. Whereat Jim faced the inevitable and bestowed all his active care upon his pipe. He shrugged his bent shoulders; perhaps it was at the foolhardiness of young maids.

All at once a new blaze of light sprang into the gray night. It came with a sudden flash just behind where Nessie and the boys stood and talked. One golden flash there was; dry gorse had caught a smouldering spark, left at the very tail, as one might say, of Jim's ninth match. Then the flash died down; then-another blaze, and a brighter, more golden blaze. A quick, short cry on the top of it: "Ah!"

Meta's foot treading on the unseen dry gorse had pushed it toward the dy--her dress, a soft muslin thing, had a bird about the size of a woodcock been caught by it.

For one moment Meta lost sight and sound. Then memory flashed back one glectful of the old customs, he, good had heard him give one cry.
"Meta!—my own!"

uncomfortably surprised.

They had all had a merry supper—
Manx folk are primitive, and supper is she dreaming still? There was now no

it is beautiful.

It is Meta.

The first bridges ever constructed were of wood, and the earliest of which we have any account were built in Rome about 500 B. C. The bridge of Xerxes, built of boats, across the Hellespont, was a very ancient piece of civil engineering. The next in Roman history was erected by Julius Cæsar for the passage of his army across the Rhine. Trajan's great bridge across the Danube, 4,700 feet long, was made of timber with stone piers. The Romans also built the first stone bridge which crossed the Tiber. Suspension bridges are of remote origin. A Chinese bridge of this nature, mentioned in ancient chronicles, was made of chains supporting a roadway 830 feet in length. It was built A. D. 65, and is still to be seen. China has the longest stone bridge in the world, but India has the longest wooden one-over five miles. The first large iron bridge was erected over the Severn in 1777. There is a trestle bridge across Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana, which is by far the longest in the world! The suspension bridge at Niagara Falls has a span 800 feet, and the great New York and Brooklyn bridge is over 1,500 feet long: The age of railways has brought a remarkable development in this line, especially in the construction of bridges of iron and steel, the most important being the Forth cantilever bridge and the bridge on the same principle over the Indus at Sukkur.

The Papabotte of Louisiana.

The papabotte is a bird which makes its appearance in southern Louisiana about May, and abounds until September. It seems to belong to the plover family, though the resemblance is not complete at all points. However, it is with grayish plumage and a bill short There was a rush. All were first and and hard, which makes its appearance appear in countless myriads, coming no one knows whence, and going no one knows where, but leaving behind them a terrible record of devastation. On these insects the papabotte preys with immeasurable voracity, and grows so fat that when it falls before the gun of the sportsmen it bursts like a ripe apricot. The papabotte is wonderfully shy of sportsmen, but will allow a quadruped or a vehicle to come very near, and he who rides or drives may thus choose his own time and oppor-"Your coat has suffered." This sh | tunity.

HAIR AND MOLES.

Why the Coiffure Should Be Arranged According to the Shape of the Nose.

"Some freak of nature, I suppose causes superfluous hair," said Dr. Henri Leonard, "I can not exactly tell what. Hair can grow on all parts of the surface of the body excepting the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet; but it is not frequently seen excepting on the parts where one usually expects to see it, and if a tuft of it is found growing in an unusual place it is called a disfigurement, and one finds some way of removing it. A great fancy. The cafe is, after dinner, the many apply to me. My method is chief resort of amateur musicians, who electrolysis, or by means of a battery, which carries an electric current into the hair follicles, burning it out. I the pleasant souvenirs of the honey-have taken out a thousand hairs from moon-lulled to sweet repose, as some one society lady. Mole hairs are treated very successfully in this way, fifty per cent. being permanently destroyed with one current, and a second current destroys those left the first time."

"Does it hurt?" "Not much. The flesh is sore for a day or two like a little burn, but it seldom troubles one more than a few minutes. This method was discovered by Dr. Piffard, of New York. He uses in turn must improvise a line of a like number of feet to rhyme with it. The tients say mine burns no more. It is something, however, I do not care especially to practice. I studied up hair, 'its uses and abuses,' and that brought me considerable cor espondence from all over the world. I do not like the business; it tries my eyes and is a drain on my nervous system. Still, I remove a great deal.

aloof, and the others had chanced to "There are two kinds of hair-a soft down on the lower lobes of the ears The would-be matter of fact young that is difficult to remove. The coarartist was mastered. He told his story, ser hair which grows on the ear can be and all his wise commands were scateasily destroyed."

is heir to, besides making a white com-

'Do you think baldness increases?"

be less likely to get bald. The reason

are death to hair germs. Then disturb-

'Are people bald at an earlier age

"It is a hereditary rule that if the

of spirits helps to make one bald."

plexion still whiter by contrast.

"How about the hair on ladies' upper What they two said only the night lips?" heard. It was an old story made new, "They usually shave that off or use and there is always a golden originality

a French powder. Of course that has about the telling of these old-new stoto be often repeated. Sometimes it is Meta and Doyle were coming down growth harsh. I have heard of belles from the "lookout," the rest were in a singing the hair off their arms over a wax candle, but that was in the era of It is arrant nonsense, for you to short sleeves and before these French drive into Douglas at such an hour.' powders were invented. But while So spoke Willie Qualtrough, the girl's young ladies may like the hair taken cousin. He and Kate often squabbled, out of a mole on the neck or face they are very particular that the mole itself

shall be left."

"Why so?"

take them off."

than formerly?"

cousins do do so. "Thanks," she pouted. "But I'll judge best for myself. I have shopping, and the shops are fresh in the morning. "That are they. And the shopmen

heard Mr. Qualtrough say to a dim,

shadowy figure. The voice was low,

and such as comes when a man's inner

Doyle made a light answer. Men do

answer lightly, even when perhaps the

gravest question of their life is fighting

his arms into his coat sleeves, and all at

once he found that in crushing down the

rising flame of Meta's dress he had got

A week hence the young men had to

Willie Qualtrough was to drive them

to Douglas on the morrow, so as to be in time for the boat. A good hour's

drive this was, and they must be up be-

times. He and his friends had strolled

over the fields from his father's house;

they would naturally say good-bye to

the girls and the Qualtroughs of Brae

Again it was a Summer night, again

the girls were wandering about the old

garden. Meta was aloft in the "look-

out," Kate was below meeting the

young men, Nessie was chasing a white

Doyle Philipson had, many days back,

come to the solution of one grave ques

tion; but, not being a rich man, and

being honorable to what some folks

might call an extreme degree, he had

commanded himself to hide the love he

had for Meta Qualtrough. Nay, he it

was who had hastened the departure

from the island because, seeing Meta

day after day, he could not keep eye and

And the sweet, lazy hours of evening

had come, and Meta had chanced to be

drift into the company of each other-

tongue in cool obedience.

who talks of chance?

tered to the winds.

group

for its answer within them. He pushe

self is trembling.

his hand burned.

go away from Man.

butterfly

are sleepy." "You shall wake them up for me,"she was persistent. "Oh! Willie!" The cry had actually trembling in it. Kate made a little start and again a

second start, or rather droop, backward to Willie's side. "Eh! that's done!" Willie was a nasterful cousin; he made no ado, but drew Kate's hand within his arm. "He told me he shouldn't do it till next year, when he's coming again-'

"Oh! Willie!" Kate's vocabulary was growing stunted. "And now that's-all-moonshine. Do you mean you never saw it."

"Dear-how could I?" She was clingng to Willie in a way that her co unmistakably approved. Before another Midsummer day came round there were two Miss Qualtroughs

the less at Brae Hill. Doyle Philipson does not, so much as heretofore, parade his matter in fact, and he is going to make his Academy fame, so he says, by a picture which shall have fairy worship for its motive. There is going next year a marvel of a Saxon maiden, a golden-haired Saxon maiden, by a rocky shore, wearing a

man begins to grow a beard there is fifty golden-hued marigold. The critics say

Ancient and Modern Bridges. in families and often through all the age when he made his appearance. branches," "Is long, heavy hair injurious?" on headache, or that their strength goes out many satirical couplets, -

> bring." What a Man Eats in a Lifetime.

been estimating the cost of living to a 1849, aged 52 years. man eighty years old. He says: "In the past seventy-five years I have partaken of 82,125 meals, consumed 61,595 pounds of solid food, drank 51,100 cups of tea and 18,250 cups of coffee. I have not lived extravagantly, and my meals have cost me on an average eight cents each. Therefore, the 82,125 meals have cost me \$6,580." The cost of his clothing makes up for the remainder of the

Recent German researches show that the purification of natural waters is effected almost wholly by plant and animal agencies, the chemical action of oxygen of ozone, peroxide of hydrogen and atmospheric oxygen exerting but a skirt need not be as the plastron.

THE ITALIAN CAFE.

A Great Centre of Attraction for the City People.

The cafe is a great centre of attraction for the average city-bred Italian. Like the Parisian, he patronizes such an establishment for business purposes during the day and in the evening for his pleasure. Here he discusses the probable consequences of a rise or fall in prices, or plays at dominoes with equal zest and interest; here he perpetrates his periodical jokes, champions his favorite deputy, and lands to the skies the worth and talents of the tenor or ballet girl who may have caught his come to listen to the orchestra; and or newly married couples, who dream over moon-lulled to sweet repose, as some poet has it, "on the lap of harmony." Cafes are also the rendezvous for clubs of ten or twenty sprucely-attired wits, each of whom is, generally speaking, an aspiring senator or prime minister. These folks enjoy themselves in their own peculiar fashion. The master of the drinking feast, or chairman, opens the ball by reciting a line from Dante or Petrarch, and each of the company number of feet to rhyme with it. The one or two convivialists who fail to be up to the mark on the occasion must tip up" for the entire drink consumed during this pseudo-literary tournament. After the impromptu verses are disposed of, rebuses, charades, and acrostics go the round of the table, puns are given and exchanged, wags break numorous lances with wags, compliments are bandled about, while everything serious is as carefully avoided as if it were so much gall or arsenic.

These tomfoo eries suit the character of this gay inscuciant people. Was it not one of their countrymen, Horace, who said that it was delightful to play the part of a clown betimes? The roystering Italians are, in a sense, clipped, but that renders the next of old, whose proud boast was that they somewhat like those Edinburgh renewists cultivated literature on a very small amount of oatmeal. Italian wit and humor do not require any intoxicating stimulants to give them the rarest and spiciest of flavors. The noctes coenaeque deum of Frazer. under whose hospitable board, Carlyle and Thackeray and Maclise and O'Mahony crossed legs, were washed down with draughts of fizzling champagne, and were char-"O, there's more or less fortune in acterized with all the gay rollicking fanmoles. One on the neck brings riches; faronade of jokes and satire, bantering on the face nearly all the blessings flesh fun and badinage which are usually evoked by Bachchanalian orgies; but the Italian Frazers keep too firm a grip heard a young lady say the other day a of their purse to be tempted into paymole she had on her arm had brought ing a louis for a champagne-bottle when her heaps of luck. It is 'right on the they can pour forth their witty grapeline of life,' she said, and the nurse who shot without having recourse to such saw it first predicted it would bring an auxiliary. Here in the swell cafes 'long life, riches, happiness, and, better than all, a good husband.' Yes, moles they usually indulge in lemonade, or in a mixture of bitter-vermouth seltz. A are treasures. I sometimes have applidecoction of Alpine herbs is also very cations to put them on, but never to much in fashion, and the ordinary red wine of Piedmont and Barolo forms the staple drinks for dejeuner and dinner. "I can not say that it does. If people Brandy in Lombardy is of such a would live more out of doors, or if they wretched character that it actually kept their heads uncovered, they would goes down ones throat like so much vitriol, while the beer is stale, flat and fewer ladies are bald is that they let the unprofitable. Strong alcoholic drinks air on the roots of the hair. Hot rooms are very much at a discount, and are consequently very vile commodities inances within the nervous system deed-to be palmed off only on the frequently affect the hair. Depression British or American tourist who is foolish enough to call for them.

The Thinnest Man.

father is bald at thirty the son may expect to be at twenty-eight. When a Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was in England in 1825, per cent, drain on his blood, and if the was such an extraordinary personage system is allowed to run down the hair that during the time he was exhibited feels it in proportion to the other parts at the Chinese Saloon, in Pall Mall, no of the body, and the hair on top of the fewer than 70,000 persons visited him head grows thin and perhaps comes off. in a few weeks. Seurat was born in A large growth of hair certainly runs 1797, and was therefore, 28 years of

Sir Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the threng who "Ladies often complain that it brings poured into the building in which Seurat received those who were anxious to see to their hair, and it is certainly in- him, and wrote: Seurat is, without convenient often to dress fashionably doubt, the most mysterious being I have very long, heavy hair, but I think people encountered. His face is that of an are guided more by style than comfort. ordinary man, somewhat emaciated; If cutting the hair short is style, ladies perhaps, but not remarkably so. His and girls will follow it, even to the eves are bright and his voice pleasing. sacrifice of beautiful tresses. If large Seen in the ordinary costume of the coiffures are the fashion, women will day he in no way differs from the average carry a bushel of false hair on their foreigner. But stripped of his padded heads whether it suits their style of clothing he presents an astounding specfeatures or not. In 1777 the English and tacle. His arms are mere bones covered French women wore a mountain of hair, by parchment-like skin, and muscles or plumes or feathers and chains of beads flesh he appears to have none. He is, hanging about their huge coiffure, on therefore, scarcely able to move his the top or which were worn models of arms and legs, and walks, though withcoaches and horses blown in glass. In out apparent effort, with extreme 1780 the Queen of France having lost difficulty. On measuring him and her hair by illness, the ladies cut off weighing him, I found that his chest all their locks and adopted a new coiffure | measurement was thirty and threecalled a l'enfant, and which brought quarter inches, which is fair; that his height was five feet six inches, but that "In the dressing of the hair the shape his weight was not more than forty-five of the nose should be considered as is pounds, the bones being much smaller the figure in selecting a becoming than those of an ordinary man of his pattern. If the nose is large the hair stature who might weigh 150 pounds. may be dressed rather massive, or else In appearance, indeed, he so much rethe large nose will make the head look sembles a skeleton that a short sighted small and out of proportion. With a person might easily mistake him for Greek nose one may venture on a classic one." Seurat's food consisted of two or knot but with the many varieties of three ounces of bread and meat daily, American noses, the childish shapes of and sometimes he took a little wine, some, and the 'tip tilted' form of others | He was remarkably intelligent and well the present infantine bangs, or short, fluffy curls, are especially becoming. I don't know what the next season may known, he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes, and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of ten years he There is a man in Pittsburg who has he suddenly wasted away. He died in

> Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but it strikes with the hand of fron.

> -A great many new dresses have simply plaited skirts, but there are not a few the upper skirts of which are draped; the plaits generally go across the front from right to left; at the back they fall loose from the waist. As the weather grows colder, instead of the bodice opening over a plastron it will be made high and the plastron fastened over it, and will be often made of striped or brocaded silk over a cloth or cashmere dress. The underskirt need not be of the same material