I should not care Though all obscure and lowly be my lot, Though men passidly by and know me not, Though I should die and straightway be

I should not care.

I would not care Though all the world should shun the path I tread. Though words of shame and scorn of me were said-

Why, when the grasses waved above my I would not care,

On thirty thousand dollars, say, a year,

I would not care,

I would not care a cent Were I a plano hermit, most austere, Living, in lowly hermitage severe,

SUNG IN THE TWILIGHT.

The sultry June day was wearing on. The heat was unusual for an English Summer, and it seemed to rest upon everything like a palpable weight. Even the clamorous London sparrows were silenced by it. The noise of wheels grinding on the stone pavements, when some provision-cart stopped at a neighboring back-door, seemed an impertinence to the hot stillness. To live at all, Hans Breydel thought, demanded more energy than fate had left him. He lay on a low couch in his "three-storyback" room, and panted restlessly with the heat. Six years in England had not cured him of his German expletives. "Ach Himmel!" he groaned. "I

grill! I stiflel!" Instantly his daughter came to his side. Minna Breydel was just sixteen. To her, England seemed like home, for she came there a child of ten, just after the death of her mother, and she had grown into her sweet girlhood in the smoky air of the heart of Lendon. She was a girl who made you think of a white lily-so slender was she and so fair-with her blue eyes, and her wealth of yellow hair, and the pale face, to which any sudden emotion called a fluttering pink color as delicate as the tint

of the apple-blossom. She had friends except her father. Her life had been passed in London odgings of the humbler sort, and her father had been parent, teacher, and c mpanion, all in one. Hans Breydel was a disappointed man. He had fancied himself a musical genius long ago, and in his youth he had been a friend of Richard Wagner, and had hoped and dreamed and aspired with him. But either fate had been against Hans Breydel, or he had been mistaken in his early

belief in himself. Even in his own Germany he had he had never risen higher than to be second violin in an orchestra.

For the last three months his violin ness had seemed to be sapping the springs of his life. Perhaps the illness turned into despair. At any rate for three long months he had been the prey his strength, and beat down his courage, and turned him pale with unspoken

His savings of the past had so far suported him and his daughter, but now had come to the end of this moderte hoard. Hans Breydel did not know its last half-crown, but Minna knew him now so many silent years. it only too sadly well. She had been brooding desperately over this state of ments of the empty years since, and things when her father's exclamation dreamed again the old dreams. Meansummoned her to his side.

"What should she do-what could Her one sole accomplishment was to sing, and she had never sung as yet for any one but her father. Her voice was not strong enough to sing in public, he had always said. In truth, he had been too jealously careful of his delicate blosa fate which would compel her to struggle with the world.

He had trained her very thoroughly, however, vaguely thinking that "if the worst came to the worst, she could teach -or something."

"Or something" is the stronghold of dreamers, but during those last three months it had seemed but a desperate refuge to Hans Breydel. And yet he did not guess that already "the worst" was at his door. That very morning the landlady had called Minna out, and asked for the last month's rent, which there was no money to pay.

"I don't want to be hard," the woman said, and you always paid punctual up to now. I'll wait a week or two longer, but more than that I cannot say. I'm a poor woman, as lives by her lodg-

"Oh, I'll get some money, somehow," Minna answered; and then she had listener than her father? But from the come back into the room with her very thought of that father she must father, and sat at the window watching the hot, sleepy children in the back to help him! street below; watching them yet taking no senso of anything, beset by the one away from home and beyond the probaawful question: What could she do to bility of meeting any familiar faces bekeep a roof over their heads—to give her fore she began. She wandered on and new life? father food and care until he should get on, until she came near Kensington

seemed to shrivel up all hopes, all illusions; to force her to contemplate the bare and terrible facts of life. Where should she turn for aid or counsel? Her baffled thoughts seemed to go up and down purposeless on the wretched treadmill of her anxious questioning till her father's exclamation broke the evil father's exclamation father father's exclamation broke the evil father's exclamation broke the evil father's exclamation father father father's exclamation father fath the heat-stricken, listless world. It by some gaze which seemed to her curi-

get the heat. And I want also to see

what you can do." The girl obeyed. Her fresh young ing for the moment her father's listlessness and discomfort.

"Lieber Gott," he cried: "hear her! It is a voice of silver. Yes, she shall sing herself into the heart of the world, and it shall be good to her, but not yet -not yet. Sing yet once more the song that my old friend wrote for me. -He is a great man now, that Richard Wagner, who loved me, and whom I loved in the far, old days. Sing the song he wrote that day when, in the Black Forrest, we had been glad together, he and I, and had talked about the future, which we thought would be all of success and of glory—the song that he put our hopes and our dreams into-sing."

A sudden thought flashed into Minna's anxious heart—a hope so sudden that it almost made her breathless. A door seemed to open all at once. "Father," she said, "he is in London, even now. Let me go to him! He loved

you once; he will help you now.' "Help!" Hars Breydel cried, hotly, raising himself in his bed as he spoke. "Help! I will have none of his help. We will help ourselves and each other. Shall I, who walked in the old days by Richard Wagner's side, grovel at his feet now; I, who have failed, at his feet, who has succeeded? Not so, not so; but sing me once more his song, my heart's

And Minna sang. The clear, sweet grasped his comrade's hand. voice uttered its cry of music, and one standing outside the door heard. When had been listening to it from without, Breydel. When he left he beckoned Minna out, and spoke to her in the en- del

"He will never get well in this place," he said gravely. "He needs to be taken out of this hot air, this close little room. He needs a change; sea air, good food, all sorts of things he lacks here." And at that, Minna cried out impa-

"Why not say he needs a dukedom, a del?" palace? There is as much chance of it as of what you say he must have.' "Yet it must be had, somehow. That voice of yours ought to help. I don't

quite see the way yet; I must think. hall come again to-morrow. When he had gone down stairs, Minna something. At any rate, it was their only hope. What could she do? She

come, and food-how long could they | youd all songs in the world. exist on the single half crown in her purse, to say nothing of all the luxuries achieved no shining success, though he her father's state demanded? Just then was happy there, with the wife of his a hand organ man stopped in the little failed to find any brilliant opening, and as well as the hand-organ man, and get ed he said, a few shillings to help them along for a little while; and then, perhaps her father For the last three months his violin would get better, and—who knew had been idle, and some mysterious ill- what? Great Field of Conjecture, to which youth is ever heir, how soon do we lose the key to your enchantments, had its root in his own discouraged as the day of life wears out! And yet, heart, and meant hope deferred and Youth is, after all, right, and the unex-

pected is forever happening. It was, altogether a restless day for of this mysterious malady which sapped | Hans Breydel. The song which Wagner had written for him when they were young together had carried him back brough many a winding path to the old days, and again his heart beat with the old loves and hopes and ambitions. She came back to him from her far-off place,-the gentle wife he had loved so that the slender purse had dwindled to long and well, and who had gone from

He forgot the changes and disappointside him; dreamed her young dream of thee," she do?" she had been asking herself. | to-day; how she would sing to some pur-

she asked him if she might go out for a breath of fresh air. Had he been less this so unusual request; but as it was he | Hans Breydel?" gave his consent, and having, exacted a parting promise from the landlady to look after him now and then, Minna strong hand of Richard Wagner clasped

time, the uncertain humor of the world. Once out of the door, her heart began to fall her. How should she, how could sung she, raise her voice to sing—she, who had grown up in the shade, and had never, in all her life, sung for any other gather courage. What joy it would be

Some impulse urged her to get quite The glaring sunlight shone down on to lift up her voice, and was deterred

a master, a few chords on the piano as voice rose on the heavy, heated air; a and she broke the following silence with are immortal, and the temples are not soaring voice, clear and sweet, conquer- an uncertain note. Then her voice grew made with hands. an uncertain note. Then her voice grew | made with hands.

stronger, and she sang: "Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son. And ye shall be his bride: And ye shall be his bride, ladie. Sae comely to be seen, But aye she loot the tears down fa

For Jock o' Hazledean.' The tender sweetness of her voice seemed like a part of the gentle dusk. The low wind stirring the leaves, the cloud-like white wings scarcely moving across the blue, the faint breath of the dew-wet roses, all belonged to her, and she and they were as one. Behind the white curtains two men listened-good this is as bad, if not worse, than adulcomrades, who had been talking to- teration. gether of pleasant plans and pleasant

"Hark!" cried one of them, voice-how beautiful! It is the soul of

the twilight." And then both men listened quietly till the song was over. There was a moment's silence-and then moved by a had written for her father-that song "of wonder and hope," full of present

"Listen! listen!" he whispered and write. the two seemed hardly to breathe until the song was over, Dr. Greenfield, who the song was over, Then suddenly the elder of the two sprang from his seat, gun and bag from morning dawn till tapestry and surrounded with curtains came in, and made his visit to Hans almost threw himself down the stairs in dewy eve, and never feel tired, that of dyed purple." his hurry, and stood before Minna Brey- the eating of long-kept game may not

was my gift to my heart's friend, when suspicious. There are two animals in inclosed the mansion and its dependenwe were young together. Who are you

"Minna Breydel," the girl answered, gently. "And your father-he is Hans Brey-

"Yes, he is Hans Breydel." "And I, girl, I am the friend of his told. youth—I am Richard Wagner. I made Breydel returned to her thoughts. He of youth and of love-the song that was salutary. Such diet as this is a tax the young men of the house and the had said that voice of hers ought to do sacred to him and me-in the streets of London? Ach Himmel! he is dead."

"No, but he is il-has been ill longcould not get scholars in a moment, and | ill and poor; and we had no more any if she had them, how could she leave money, and I came out to sing, in the her father unattended while she taught hope that some one might find pleasure them. And yet she must do something. in my voice. And I sang that song be-There was no hope of even a roof over cause the song of friendship, and my from the food they eat must be most their heads for more than a week to father loves it—he and I love it—be-careful in its selection. Leaving idio-"He is ill-he suffers? Dear child,

take me to him, and now!" And the great musician called a passyouth and his love. But when she died, back street under her window, and and a word of explanation to his friend; food obtained from various sources resembled huge ballusters, and rose the quiet scenes among which they had played some familiar air of the day, and all the remind the reader of. from square dado bases, and all the lived together became insupportable to and suddenly the thought came to her it seeemed, he and Minna were upon him. The old longing of his boyhood that she would go out by-and-by and their way. As they drove, Herr Wag-for a wider and more stirring life pos-sing; and, if, indeed, her voice were ner asked the girl countless questions, sessed him again, and he took his violin | what Dr. Greenfield thought, it might | and before they reached their destinaand his little daughter and went to be that some kind people would care to ton he was in possession of Hans Brey-England. But again in London he hear, and perhaps she might at least do del's whole history. When they alight-

> "You shall show me the way-but you shall not speak. I will go in, the first; and I will speak, and I will see if the friend of the old time [shall know]

Together they climbed the stairs; and then Minna threw open the door of the three-story back room, and motioned Herr Wagner to enter. Darkness had gathered, and no light had been lighted; and the sick man turned impatiently on his couch.

"Have you come at length and at last?" he cried. "Ach, but the time has been long, and you should have fresh air enough by now."

"It is I who come—I?" said the deep voice from the doorway. "Hans, Hans Breydel, knowest thou me not?" And there burst a cry of welcome

then, in a sterner voice, "but she has time, Minna dreamed also, sitting be- disobeyed me. I forbade her to seek

"And she obeyed. She sought me pose at last, and how perhaps some not. She cannot be blamed. She but manager would hear her,—she had sang under my window, knowing not heard of Rachel,—and she would be that it was mine, the old song of youth chosen of fortune and beloved of fate in and hope and love,-the song I gave the future; but, first of all, she would thee when we had wandered and be able to help, in the present, this dear dreamed and been happy together in the som of a girl ever to contemplate for her father of hers, and turn the days bright. Black Forest, in the long ago time. And so the hours wore on, and night | And I remembered the old days, and I drew nigh. She gave her father some went down the stair and found her on beef-tea, and for her own supper she the pavement, with her face like the made a bit of bread do duty. And at moonlight, and her voice that I think last the twilight fell—the long, summer | must be like the songs of heaven; and I twilight, that always seems so much longer in London than anywhere else. And seeing her father drowsily inclined, all, and here am I, richer in that I have found again my old friend than in ali else I have gained in London. Is thee sleepy he would have been surprised at heart in thee unchanged for me, also,

Breydel started out, to test, for the first | and held it, and the two friends were one again, as in the days of love and hope and youth of which the song had

And the rest follows, as a matter of course. The highest, dearest right of love is to help the beloved; and Richard Wagner claimed that right. On the shore of the North Sea, across which German eyes can look from England towards the fatherland, Hans Breydel spent the August and September days. And was it the breath of the sea or the breath of hope that breathed into him

At any rate he grew well again. And

glass of fresh pansies, the flowers of reif to illustrate something that was said. | membrance; since now the great musi-With the sound Minna's courage rose, cian has gone on,-where the singers

Value of Foods.

It has come to this, that the simplest articles of diet are the safest, and that is, in my opinion, another argument in favor of plain living. Yes, the simplest are the safest, and let me add, the best are the cheapest. The butcher, for example, or the egg merchant, can not adulterate his wares, but he may have several qualities; and there is a stage at which all animal foods arrive, when kept in shops, which renders them to a large extent poisonous, and

We often hear it said that shop eggs, as they are called, are good enough for frying, with bacon for example. This is a positive mistake: an ness about it is deleterious to health, not to say dangerous, no matter France and Italy. The bedsteads were whether it be fried or boiled. And low posted, and usually had a canopy sudden impulse, the girl began to sing the same may be said of flesh meats of that other song which Richard Wagner all kinds, and I will not except a hare Edward the Confessor is represented all kinds, and I will not except a hare or venison. I am quite prepared to lying upon a raised seat, his head suphave this little sentence pooh-poohed ported by square pillows, and the joy and future promise. Soft as love by the robust and healthy. I only canopy over his head is attached to the itself the voice arose-strong as hope it said that I adhere to it, and that I wall. Scott, in his romance of "Ivanclimbed towards heaven. The men have the courage of my convictions, heard it and one of them—the one who and furthermore, that I have to convictions, hoe," describes one of the beds in the and furthermore, that 1 have invalids mansion of Cedric the Saxon, as conhad spoken before—reached out and and dyspeptics, and those with deli- sisting of a rude "hatch or bed frame, cate digestions in my thoughts as I stuffed with clean straw, and accom-

I grant you, my healthful athlete, who can tramp over the moors with Lady Rowena "was adorned with rich seem to injure you, but the bare fact gentleman was not, as a general thing, "Who are you?" he cried. "I wrote that piquant sauces and stimulants are provided with bedrooms. A chamber that song-I! It was printed never. It | needed to aid digestion, is exceedingly | or shed was built against the wall that particular that like their food high and cies, and in this little cell the lord and tender; one is the crocodile, the other his lady slept. Sometimes there was our friend the dog; both have wonder- another chamber of the same kind built fully strong digestive powers; little in- for the daughter or young ladies of the ferior, in point of fact, to that of the house, Many allusions to such bedostrich, about which bird so many rooms are found in Chaucer. In the fanciful stories have been written and

the song that you sung-I. I have lost contradiction, that any kind of food or only one bedroom, and his daughter him for many years-my friend of my any mixed diet or meal which requires slept in the same room in a bed covyouth. Is he, perhaps dead? Why are the aid of stimulant, either of the ered with "sheets and Chalon coverlets you here-you alone-singing the song nature of condiment or wires, is not fairly spread." As a general thing, upon the whole system, and causes a guests slept on tables and benches in heat and discomfort, and a feverish the great hall where woolen coverlets state of the blood, which can only end or blankets were provided for warmth. in debility of the nervous system, and

more or less of prostration. But those who would obtain the greatest amount of health and comfort syncrasy out of count for the present, although every one ought to know what agrees with him and what does not, there are many things connected ing cab. Up-stairs he went for his hat with the value and digestibility of and massive architecture. The columns

Popular Errors.

That there is any nutriment beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

3. That an egg is equal to a pound of meat and that every sick person can eat eggs. Many, especially those of nervous or billous temperament, cannot eat them; and to such eggs are injurious.

patient. Food that a person cannot body servants and children. It is reendure will not cure.

5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It restorative quickly prepared.

cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicafrom the sick man's lips.

"Richard, it is thou—thou!" and waste repairer, and often craved.

> stomach often needs, craves for, and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake, or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8. That an inflexible diet may be marked out which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in given cases must be decided by the opinion of the stomach, cided by the opinion of the stomach. frocks, cloaks, doublets, fur, winter The stomach is right and theory clothes, and of summer." wrong, and the juggment admits no

appea A dlet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Inliquips, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings; and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it.

The Length of Days.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a haif hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half. At Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lests from the 21st of when the world went back to town, and Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of entertainments for the Winter began, it. May to the 22d of July without interwas not hard for him whom Richard ruption; and, at Spitzbergen, the long-est day is three and a half months. At New York, the longest day, June 19, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes; at Montreal, fifteen and a half

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BEDS.

Of All Nations and in All Times.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from our own simpler forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads; feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bedclothing, in the luxurious periods of each nation, were richly decorated with elaborate needlework. The Britons, when conquered by Cæsar, slept on skins, after the fashion of our North American Indians; but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind. During the Middle Ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw or leaves. These could be opened and the litter remade egg that has even a suspicion of stale- daily, as is the custom to-day with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of modated with two or three sheepskins by way of bedclothes." The bed of the

The house of the ancient English "Miller's Tale" there is such a room spoken of in the carpenter's house. It may be said, without much fear of | The miller in the "Reeve's Tale" bad Servants and attendants slept upon the

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four-post" bedstead, an immense piece of furniture, having a canopy supported at each corner by the posts, became the fashionable sleeping couch, Some of the old wills mention "posted sett work bedsteads." These paneled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant frame pieces were carved with decorative moldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the columns terminated with figures repre-

senting the four evangelists. In a medieval ballad there is mention or evangelists) on the four pilloues (pillars, and heads of angels, all of one mould." The invocation still in use in some of the English country places

is an echo of this old custom: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I slept on, Two angels at my head, Four angels round my bed, Two to watch and two to pray. And two to carry my soul away.

country he had slept on straw in the beds under the great beds in this house, | well kill a baby! Take him to Dr. you to suffer me to lie in one of them."

Shakspeare's "second best bed" with the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, was. undoubtedly, one of those huge Eliza-bethan bedsteads with canopy, curtains and square pillows. The furniture concreased quantity of food, especially of sisted of the "hanged beds," "harden sheets," of fine flax, "flock beds cover-lets," "pillow beers" and "counter points," so named from the fact that the squares were in contrasting colors. Middle Ages kept a good supply of bedding. In "The Taming of the Shrew," Gremio glibly names over the furniture of his country house, and is careful to include bed apparel.

In ivery coffers I have stuffed my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras, counter points,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Variance of Venice gold and needlework,

The "Great Bed of Wave" menin the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. As many as twelve persons are said to have slept in it at one time.

How Paper Doors are Made.

Paper doors cost about the same as wood, and are said to be much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking or warping. The paper is com-posed of two thick paper boards stamped and molded into panels, and glazed tospell, and she hastened to him, glad of the interruption. She took up a fan and waved it to and fro, but that seemed to make the musician nervous, "Sit down," he said; "sit down, he said A SQUIRREL'S LIFE

A Pet With a Conscience-His Adventures With a Dentist.

He began life by tumbling out of the nest when an infant. He fell into the hands of my nephew, then at Harvard and lived in his pockets. He could be put to sleep at any moment if made to stand on his head-which was odd, but convenient. He always went to recitation, which must have been very gratifying to the professors. He became mine at the end of--'s Summer vacation, That is, I said I would keep him "until be became absolutely intolerable," Time would fail to tell all of his funny ways. He was a big follow, with a superb tail. His intelligence was marvellous. He knew everything that could affect his own life a great deal more than many human beings. He knew right from wrong, and he learned from experience-which is more than can be said of all men and women. If I left him alone in a room I knew the moment I came back if he had been doing wrong; he never could keep himself from betraying it. (His chief sin was tearing off slivers of wall paper.) I would then pick him up and say: "Oh, you naughty squirrel, what have you been doing ?" and carry him round the room. When I got near the place his guilty conscience, invariably compelled him to shriek. Then I would flick his nose, and say "Go away, naughty squirrel!" and he would fly to a corner of the room and fling himself on his stomach with his fore and hind leg stretched out to their extreme length, and his bushy tail curled over his back and down his nose to conceal his

When he thought I had forgotten the affair he would begin to pull in a leg. would say "Naughty !"-and down e would go flatter than ever. I have cept him on his stomach in a corner for alf an hour simply by that one word. Then I said : "You may get up now," and he would rush to my shoulder and kiss me in a funny mumbling way he had. He invented the whole performance entirely himself. I did nothing out follow his lead. But he was most ateresting always, and one never tired watching him, or of wondering at his erfect aplumb, and the way he made ou feel that he knew as much of life as you did, and the pantomime by which he contrived to express his pro-

cession of thought.

The most remarkable event of his ife has some interest for naturalists. He was lost. He was gone two weeks and was brought back a wretched little wounded, bruised and meaning thing. His head seemed battered in, his eyes were closed and he could not swallow. He cried when I put him away from me into his house, so I kept him in a basket always by me. Even at night I had to put him by my pillow as he moaned for me if I kept him at the foot of the bed. I tried to feed him on sopped bread, but he could not eat, and he grew to be a bag of fur with some bones in it. At the end of about two weeks he suddenly sat up and began to wash his mouth and then half his tongue sloughed off. He must have had it bitten through in a fight with wild squirrels.) Immemade of "the four gospellous (gospelers | diately he recovered his beauty and his insolence, but, alas ! a worse disaster had befallen him. You know, rodents die if their teeth grow so long that they can no longer gnaw. His had grown because during his illness he could not keep them filed down on nuts. I summoned nerve and took him to a dentist. who cut off the teeth, and for a long time all seemed well. But I had to leave home for some weeks, and on my 4. That because milk is an important Under these great "sett work" bed-return I found the teeth again so long article of food it must be forced upon a steads were put trundle beds for the he could not crack a nut. They grew larger and larger, and turned around lated of a Spanish page who went to and around towards the roof of the England with his master in the time mouth. I was so grieved I felt I must is simply starch and water, used as a of Queen Elizabeth, that one day while kill him. I bought eight ounces of wandering about the spacious mansion chloroform and took my tin cake-box, 6. That cheese is injurious in all he entered the rooms where the maids and was about to do the deed when it were making the beds, and spying the occurred to me that perhaps I did not ted, being usually indigestable; but it arrangement of the sliding beds was know how to do it successfully. So I is a concentrated nutriment and a quite taken with them. In his own wrote to Dr.— and asked him to please come and tell me how to kill a 7. That the cravings of a patient are hostler's loft, but in England he had squirrel. Curiosity brought him at whims and should be denied. The found that rather uncomfortable on once. When he saw the victim and account of the cold. So he says to his heard the tale, he said: "I call it murmaster: "Sir, there are a sort of little der, plain and flat!" You might as which they say are for servants; I pray the dentist, Dr. - fell in love with him, as most people did, and explained In the sleeping chamber was usually a to me that he would first cut off half "perch," answering to an cla fashioned the length of the teeth, then the nerves clothes horse. On it, says an old would retract and he would cut off the writer, "hang your clothes, mantles, rest to the right length a week later: rest to the right length a week later; and thus the squirrel would not suffer pain. The burden of the operation, I must say, fell upon me. I had to hold him, and he could kick like a mule. You know squirrels are very strong in their hind legs. I don't think be was much hurt, but his rage and indignation at the whirligig thing the dentists use was unbounded, and his shricks brought people in from the street to know what was happening. As I carried him off the dentist said : "Come back in two weeks and I will take the The well-to-do gentleman of the late rest off." I shall always believe that squirrel heard him. The moment he got back into his house he seized a hickory nut and went to work at it. The next morning I saw a slight nick in one of the teeth. For two days nothing was heard but the sound of filing from his bed, to which he had retired. At the end of two days one tooth was off; at the end of four he had the prettiest little pair of front teeth you ever saw, tioned by Shakspeare, is probably the largest bed in the world. It is of the Tudor style, twelve feet square, of solld oak, and elaborately carved. For three centuries or more it has been preserved at the inn of the Saracen's Head the courage to sak for him. never had the courage to ask for him, for I knew he must have come to some untimely end.

> Hot air, drawn over steam pipes that are heated by exhaust or live steam and then blown through pipes to various points, where it escapes, is a satisfactory method of heating shops.

MM. Morean and Miguel show that the sea rapidly purifies the pestilential atmosphere of continents. Marine at-mosphere driven upon land acts upon inland places to a considerable dise, purifying the air of the regions