

Poetry.

ONLY WAITING.
A very aged man in an antechamber was asked
"Was he doing now." He replied, "Only
waiting."

THE SIGNAL BOX.

I am the wife of an ex-signalman on
the Union Railway. His signal-box
stands high up, white and solitary,
above a charming country.

Burning Lights Unhealthy in Sleeping Rooms.

It is not generally known that burning
lights are unhealthy in sleeping
rooms. The combustion of tallow or
whatever material is used for
illuminating purposes, renders the air
impure; for it consumes oxygen, the
great sustaining element in the
atmosphere. Man cannot live, only for
a few moments, in a room deprived of
his oxygen. (It should be remembered
that air is composed of oxygen, parts
and nitrogen 7 parts.) Now when this
element is anyway reduced below the
standard of pure out-door air, it is sure
to interfere with the healthy functions
of the lungs and lay the foundations of
disease.

Jack Rabbits.

While my friend Clyde and myself
went out in the hills back of the Golden
Gate park, last week, a jack rabbit
came along and stopped to look at us.
It appeared to be bringing my revolver
along with it, and was looking at me
for breakfast-to-morrow. I remarked,
"Not with my consent," he replied.

Russian Love.

Nicopolis is a small town in the south-
east of Russia, where the Caucasian
blood mixes with the Russian, and pro-
duces very remarkable specimens of
female beauty.

Youths' Column.

THE DOG THAT CARRIED FOOD TO A
BUSINESS CITY.—The following story of
the sagacity of a dog is to be found in
an old volume of the British Museum.

Varieties.

A matter of course—a horse race.
Pride is precarious, but virtue is im-
mortal.
He that boasts a multitude of friends
hath none.

Miscellaneous.

A Wedding Necessity.

A wedding ceremony now-a-days that
cannot aspire to a notice in the newspapers
is clearly not what it ought to be.
A woman's hands are not to be
much upon what people say of her that
if she cannot be talked about she firmly
resolves there's no use of getting mar-
ried.

THE REASON WHY.

Ask why I love the fair,
And whomever she came, and who they were;
They bring her sweetness with their own.

Prof. Parkes, in his Practical Hygiene

says: "The products of gas combus-
tion are for the most part allowed
to escape into rooms, but certainly this
is not a safe practice. The carbonic acid
burnt in the large quantities commonly
used. The immense quantity of gas
often used causes great heat, humidity
and moisture, and there is some sulphurous
acid, an excess of carbonic acid, and
probably, a little carbonic oxide, to
which some of the effect may be due.

Mark Tain on Chamberlains.

Against all chamberlains of whatso-
ever age or nationality, I launch the
curse of the meteorologist!
Because:
They always put the pillows at the
opposite end of the bed from the gas
burner, so that while you read and
rest, the fumes of the gas, which are
honored custom of chamberlains, you
have to hold your book aloft, in an
uncomfortable position, to keep the light
from dazzling your eyes.

Ladies and Vinegar.

Taken in moderation, there is no
doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in
excess it impairs the digestive organs.
Experiments on animals have shown
that when a quantity of acid is
diminished, digestion is retarded; if
increased beyond a certain point, diges-
tion is arrested, and the animal dies.

Spirits for Grief Stricken.

A very amusing application for the
purpose of opening a saloon, or pub-
lic house, as it is called in England,
was made in the ancient city of York
recently. A publican, presumably a
sinner, applied to the authorities for a
license to open such a place near the
cemetery. There was, he explained, at
present no place for the persons to go
for a stimulant when depressed by
grief at the gravesides of their friends.

Taste in Dress.

Far from being of the opinion of
Catherine of Aragon, "that dressing
time is wasting time," the woman, we
are apt to think, who has no taste in
natural taste in dress, some love of
novelty, some delight in the combina-
tions of colors, is deficient in the sense
of beauty. As a work of art a well-
dressed woman is a study. That a love
of dress is natural, and that it has some
advantages, is so plain as to scarcely
require recording. It does not follow
that it should engross every other taste;
it is only the coquette's head which
adds to the beauty of a dress. From the days
of Anne Boleyn, who varied her dress
every day, and who wore a hat of such
a shape, over her round neck to conceal
a mark thereon, and a falling sleeve to
hide her doubly-tipped hair, fingers
and hands had their place in the dress
of an Englishwoman. And it is well that
it should be so, for the dowdy, be she
young or be she old, is sure to heat of
her husband, if she has not already
done so, from brothers and
family cousins. Indifference, and conse-
quent inattention, to dress often shows
pedantry, self-righteousness, or indol-
gence; and whilst extolled by the "na-
tive" as a virtue, may be noted as a
defect. Every woman should habitually
make the best of herself. We dress our
rooms with flowers and make our tables
gorgeous with silver, glass, and china;
and our wives are less attractive
than all around them? Among the
rich and great the love of dress pro-
motes taste, and fosters ingenuity and
industry.

How To Talk.

How To Talk.—If you have the
ability to talk, do not let it go to
waste, and in a way which shows that
you understand what is said around you.
But do not talk long. In that case you
are apt to tire your hearers. There are
some persons who, when they are
speaking, are so full of ideas, that they
cannot stop to think, and they are
unable to talk of, never know when to
leave off talking. There are some who
labor under so great and insatiable a
desire for talking that they will even
interrupt others when about to speak.
We should in society never talk of our
own or others' domestic affairs. Yours
are not of interest to them, and theirs
are not of interest to you. Besides, the
subject is so delicate a nature, that with
the best intentions it is a chance if you
do not make some mortifying mistake,
or wound the feelings of some of the
company.

There is at least one blessing in being

uneducated. It is that you are not
confronted with the vast amount of
information which is necessary to be
acquired in order to be able to partici-
pate in the conversation of the
educated. You are not obliged to
know what you do not know, and you
are not obliged to be able to talk of
things which you do not understand.
This is a great advantage, and one
which is not often appreciated. It is
a blessing which is not often mentioned,
and one which is not often valued. It
is a blessing which is not often
appreciated, and one which is not
often valued.

Cow-Trees.

Among various kinds of trees which
are celebrated for their utility, none is
so generally useful as the cow-tree.
This tree is found in the most fertile
parts of the tropics, and its fruit is
a nutritious article of food. Trees of
this kind bear the general name of
cow-trees. Of the various species, the
best known and most useful is the
"Boissium Galactodendron." This tree
is usually more than a hundred feet
high, and is found in abundance on the
slopes of Venezuela. The milk which
this tree is obtained from the sugar
maple trees. Its taste very much
resembles that of sweet cream, and it
is much used by the natives as food,
being mixed with water, and as a
beverage. One of the peculiarities
of this remedy is that it not only
cures the disease, but prevents its
return. This milk can be kept a year
without losing its taste or its valuable
medicinal properties.

How I pray I return my steps

John slightly exaggerated, of course
but that autumn the collision and ac-
cidents of all kinds had place near the
signal-box. Not a day passed but fresh
collisions were recorded, and with a
morbid interest, John used to read
them, and make his son quiver by the
consequence. "Such might just as well
be my case, Jane. No doubt the fellow
was dead-beat. Only the mercy of
Providence saves me from manslaughter
or a discharge through negligence."
One oppressive warm evening, he
had, while at tea, been reading about
a more than usually terrible accident,
owing, it was stated, to the signalman,
who had been on the lookout for six-
teen hours, making an error in the
signals.

My baby's cries, however, soon re-

called my senses, when, fetching water,
I dashed it over John, and at last
brought him to, I shall ever remember
his look when I told him what had
happened. He could not believe the mail
had passed; but I soon proved it to
him beyond a doubt.
"I can't make it out, Jane," he ex-
claimed. "I have not the slightest
collection of going to sleep. In fact, I
was doing all I could to keep awake.
What is my fault?"
"Your fault," I asked abruptly,
pointing to a glass.
"Part of a tumbler of beer Dick
Main left me," he answered.

They are forever moving the furniture.

When you come in, in the night,
you can calculate on finding the bureau
where the wardrobe was in the morn-
ing. And when you come in at mid-
night, or thereabout, you will fall over
the rocking chair, and you will proceed
toward the window and set down in the
slap tub. This will disgust you. They
like that.

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