eeping. ble. T are te Sarn-dox in smal rmer m to 40 h ceiving ober, i consists wonde ostrably ck, or s best w can be an be f his a h the for ra fer

MMON : , and th

them r If fo y, lay a d condi hen wi f of ten some br well, one wa ggs we nd wha sale dar a good to eat, a perai hered. thing to

z, after d, and NING A: chering id and ; y thrus d edge f the cr er of th with hi s, and t d, run t he cleft the fr dit of i ade in er of the the ban hide w orm wit nt deer

HEAT. ill make emainde n bran. ght of fl nickwh varuable y bushe e winter ce a da L but t edding beir ski uals. T for pigs. owing th illy in STEELTS

of buc mania e HE FOI stisfacti tine, be begined o are sh to star climate st. By estalks. ill not l the sar nter. ERSET d, the 1 write c red, it uy.

of 60.0 12,000 the las Il gives average apport A good th in br to poune ne is ab ould be blanke ng who tsc with oved as .11.8 much b pposed Presh w

wood r ed impre t with ater, th and allof brush it out, a the han-t, as, if Waler, 1

ite wood appear. The w hen coa When h f booling ly, is rul e sixib :

BARY AND L.

Baby and I in the twilight sweet, ing the weary birds repeat Cheery good-nights from tree to tree. Dearest of all day's comfort see. For weary too. We kiss and coo

He gives up all his world-for us. Boby and I in the twilight's glow, Watching the oranches to and f Waving good nights to the golden west, Welcome the hour we love the best. We nick and sing

Till sleep we bring. Who folds him in her downy nest

Lingering still in the twilight gray, After the radiance fades away, I watch my darling, so still, so fair, With thankful heart that to my care, No words express.

As in his little hed I place My babe in all his slumbering grace, Heaven's starry lumps are lit on high, One, angel-borne, now flashes by, And by their light, Through all the night

NANCY HILL'S CHRISTMAS.

The night set in dark and chill. All day long a fine, frosty sleet had fallen, which as the wind rose in lengthened usts changed to fast-falling snow-

All day the note of preparation had ounded in Abraham Plum's kitchen; for it was the day before Christmas, Mrs. Plum shoved the last quartette of pies into the oven, shut the door with a clang, and began to clear away the supper table. She was a short, fat woman; yet she was brisk in her move ments this evening and as she swept into the pantry laden with blue-edged plates and lingered to look at the result of her toil and to count, for the twentieth time the r w of pies on the shelf before the window.

"Three plum, two gooseberry, four blackberry, eight apple, fifteen mince, and a great platter of cranberry

Mr. Plum came in also, an admiring expression gradually stealing over his "I vam' of you haven't got a show! Why, you haven't counted them

in the oven."
"So I didn't!", ejaculated his wife.
"Them are mince. They always go off
faster'n any other." She broke iff a bit of burnt crust as big as a cent very carefully. Come, mother, you've looked at 'em

enough for one day. You've got all day to-morrow, too, to see 'em in a low voice, "if her bony is not." 314. "No I ham't," broke in his wife.

"Dear me! what a sight's to be done to-morrow. I hope Sarah'll come over early thelp. I rather looked for Nancy Her husband drew a chair to the

stove and seated himself. "I'd gone after her," said he, "only I knew Sam was just cross-grained enough not to let her come if I did. She's got to take him in the right mood, you know."

Mrs. Plum sighed and sat down to

rest. This Nancy of whom they spoke was the youngest of her flock, not five years a wife. She was also unhappy in her marriage—which accounted for her mother's sigh.

Samuel Hill had been a gay youth, and a handsome one. Courted by all the girls of the village, he turned from their too evident homage to little Nancy Plum, the most serious minded damse of all. He called her, tenderly, yielded up her heart into his keeping, in spite of parental objections. It proved to be an act of folly on her part; he was a careless keeper. More than that, he was at times unkind. Her parents read "Bother!" Mr. Samuel left the room. She heard him presently at the cider the eloquent signs of misery in her face barrel. at every visit, but she never complained of him. Something inher look forbade direct inquiry-a look as if she had de liberately counted the cost of existence and nerved herself to endure it. How many times she inwardly wished herself a garl again at home was know only to herself. They had not been married two years before he drank openly instead

and cried over the knowledge. Mr. Plum looked thoughtfully at the "He's a poor worthless coot, that's a fact. I used t'tell Nancy that she'd sup sorrow if she married him, but she would have her own

"Law! it don't do no good after the thing's done t'say I told you so." The The expression of excited anticipation had facied from Mrs. Plum's face; she pur her feet on the stone hearth and rested her elbows on her knees as she mused her elbows on her knees as she mused aloud. "It's all a luck an' by chance Hard words followed; and, for the first business anyway. Cause some occa-sion by git cheated, 't don't foller that they're t' blame. None of us are very She crouched f sharp sighted in such matters, I warnt. I shet my eyes and said 'Yis,' knowin' no more'n the man in the moon whethe I should repent or not," "Well, have you?" asked her husband

archly. She smiled mischieucusly, "S'pose I'd own it if I thought I'd come off

spindago?"
"That's jist like wimmin," said Mr.
Plum; "they're so queer. Own it? Yes.
I'd proclaim it from Dan to Beersheba,
and so serve as a warnin." His wife
langhed. "All wimmin are cut in the now! I xpect she'd cat her tongue soon-er'n step up t'me 'n say, 'Father, Sam

"R'll be sleighm' to-morrow, I guess. Mrs. Plum rose and went to the window. "Why the ground's white aready"shading her eyes with her hands and

peering into the darkness.
"That's like wimmin, too," chuckled the subject."

there were done. She here a special commission as serving used from her mother, and she smilingly accepted the boner. The kitchen and keeping room were crowded with happy faces long be.

A should turkey and things?

"Any cold turkey and things?"

"Let us all help!" was the general shout, and a rush was made for the pantry.

"Let us all help!" was the general shout, and a rush was made for the pantry.

"The long table came out again with dispatch. On it marched the army of plates and cups and sancers. And though the upper classes to come unto me."

A should was recently announced at St. Matthew's, Sydenham, London, "for the children of the upper classes," where to interfere with the proper performance of my defined at many of the children of the upper classes. The long table came out again with dispatch. On it marched the army of plates and cups and sancers. And though me." The morrow came, and with it all of

fore noon. New dresses were d splayed in small knots of mutual admiration faces. Loud voices and impromptu jest were the order of things, crowned by hearty bursts of laughter. In the midst of it all the mother and grandmother moved with an anxious face, lest some untoward happening should spoil the fun Grandfather constituted himself a butt for the childish mirth, and his ringing laugh sounded younger then

Twelve o'clock struck. The matrons came back from church, The big turkey roasting in one oven began to steam fragrantly; the fat sparerib in the other began to hiss and sputter as the mistress of the feast turned it over with sprinklings of sait and peper. The children were made hungry by the smell and clamored loudly for dinner, and were appeased with thick cuts of gingerbread, which they went around munching- with copious crumbles-to adults' dissatisfaction.

Two o'clock struck. The long tables assumed the functions of spring, and leaved out with astonishing rapidity. Children were thrust into an adjoining bedroom to be got out its way, when they set up a series of agonizing cho-ruses. The blue-edged crockery kept ignominously in the pantry, while fair white china arranged itself on the board. Pickles and preserves crept side by side 'coid-slaw" brimmed huge bowls; jelly quaked and quivered; hearty "brown bread" did not disdoin to lie alongside of its paler relative,

'We may's well give up seein' Nancy fust as last," sighed Mrs. Pinm, as she beat up the lumpy squash with butter. "I've kep' hopin' sha'd git here yit, but

years" answered Sarah, rather resentfully pounding the turnip,

"T'aint her fault. Sam always has some excuse. Last year it was 'the baby warn't old enough to bring and they couldn't leave it'-though Mints brought hers, which was two months

younger." "It's my opinion," rejoined Sarah, with an emphatic toss of har heal, "that he's ashamed to face altogether, he's carried on so that he must fed guilty, is he's got any conscience,'

Three o'clock-and the magic word "dinner!" echoed through the crowd. The mother's eyes glanced at Nancy's chair and filled. She would let no one odcuy it. "Her heart is here" she said,

CHAPTER II.

"It is Christmas Day," said Nancy Hill, at breakfast, "I suppose we are going home to day; they'll all be there.' Let them. Where is home," I won-der, if not here?" Her husband ate his breakfast sullenly.

"But I told mother we'd go," put in the wife, feebly, "I can't help that, Am I responsible

for what you say? I'm not going one step. I don't care a fig for all their "Well, I can take the horse and go alone. I can drive you know, And it's

only eight miles away." "I'm going the use the horse; I've got an engagement at Stanton I shan't be

back to dinner." of all. He called her, tenderly, "The little psalm-singer" She, in her turn, was flattered by his preference, and she "Bell will be there with her children.

"You can drive me over first, I must and cold, but still. It stung her cheeks into rnddy flame as she walked.

"Bell will be there with her children.

It was hard waiking. The road was She has just come from Minnesota, and

And then her wrath rose. It was unjust, this state of servitude to a brute who despised her and her kindred. Her anger mounted on the wings of dissap-pointment. She who had hitherto shown a mild spirit, and submissively yielded to his exactions, now rebelled. Instantaneously, all the instances of his direct unkindness flashed vividly into of in secret. Whole days were passed her recollection; anger aggravated the away from her—where? She knew—stings. Succeeding this rose her lone stings. Succeeding this rose her long forbearance, magnified by her resentment into martyr like virtues. Indeed her life was a martyrdom. But she was powerless to quit it. O yes, she was powerless! The tie, however hateful, was binding until death. "Would that death would come and take me and give me rest!" she wept;

There was something in his wife's tears very inflammable to the passion of Samuel Hill. He always met them with abuse. He had been drinking now, and time in his miserable married life,

She crouched frightened, beside the cradle where her boy lay sleeping. There are some natures which the sign of fear in others determines to aggression. It seemed as if with that one blow a whole rabble of evil instincts rushed out to follow after. I do not think he was conscious of what he did. The whiter she

grew the louder his voice became, Even in his passion Nancy how hand some he was; and, through her abject fear, crept a few trembling thrills of love for him still. Her anger utterly died for fear. If he would only stop sampled. "All wimmin are cut in the she would say no more about going same pattern, Ib heve. There's Nancy, home; this would be no lonelier than other days. She would sing to her buby, and sew, and preserve stience tow

ards him. Fate said, in person of her husband. "Not so," She looked bewildered at first; she did not comprehend his meaning. He made it plain to her, "Since you are so anxious to go you shall; and Mr. Plum. "When you git the better of 'em in an argument they allers change the subject."

"That's like wimmin, too, "chuckled you need not trouble yourself to come back. I really insist upon it. 1 am anxious for your enjoyment." And the villain laughed mockingly. He took up

"Not I. Tain't a fruit season; besides, the second dinner was cold it was com-I don't like plums."

"I won't stir one step in this way; I'll

call the neighbors," she declared.
"Do, if you dare."
She was too afraid to perform her threat. Then seeing she did not start, he took her by the wrists, and she found herself and baby out in the cold.

She crept under the wood-shed, and sat down on a pile of boards and cried. Misery had shown her a bold front before: now it overwhelmed her. Her boy stirred in her arms, and she wrapped the shawl carefully about him. She sat shivering. If some team would only come by and take her, just as she was, to her father's house! She would spoil the merrymaking, of course, but they would not care for that. But no one came. "Every-one is happy but me," she thought, with suppressed bitterness

What have I done to deserve it?" Ah, there it is! As if all discipline were an evil inflicted as punishment! How many weak souls, in the depths of their gloomy experience, utter that cry, unknowing that strength comes only in the struggle to endure.

Her husband came out presently and looked the door. Then he looked up the road and down. She shrank into a corner behind the boards; he did not see her and passed to the barn whistling She heard him swear at the horse as he saddled it. Then he mounted and went off through the snow.

She crept out of the shadow. How to get into the house was the question, He would not be back befor noon she knew. She tried the doors; they were all fastened. The windows raised with difficulty from the inside; it was a hopeless she won't, I know she's feelin made death about it, a thinkin' of you all here 'except herself. July, look out for your dress, dear! You'll burn it the hands were cold; he woke and cried, and she was no chilled to soothe

At last she thought of the diningroom window. Beside it was a door opening on the piazza; a fragment of glass had fallen from one of the lower panes, and if she could thrust her hand through she might unbolt the door. No! it was too small a fissure. A way she went to the shed again, and she found a broken barrel hoop with which she sped back as fast as her benumbed limbs would carry her. This happened to hit the bolt; she gave a vigorous push and heard it slide. She rekindled the fire and sat down to think. After this experience she must leave him; it was evident that he wished it. But how mortifying to go back so! Turned away by her husband with scoffs and jeers!

She dressed her baby carefully; there was time enough. He should look his best at the Christmes feast, if he was the heir to an unhappy home. Then she donned her own best garments and made up a bundle to carry with her. As she busied herself thus her heart felt lighter. It seemed to her as if she had shaken off an incubus which had hitherto weighted her with iron.

"Come baby, we must start!" she sang to the child, who coold in return and made a dive at her bonnet with his fat fingers.

She walked along the snowy road with light footsteps until the first two miles were passed. Then she began to turn her heard and wish some team would come along; she should beg a ride. But she saw none. The sky was blue overhead, the sun shone brightly. The leafless branches of the trees were freighted with soft snow which glistened in the clear supshine. The air was crisp

It was hard waiking. The road was indicted only by a plow line, where hoots had been before her. The snow covered her ankles, encrusting her stockings with considerable pieces, which she paused from time to time to pick off It was a pleasant day to those who walked or rode for pleasure, As for Nany, the recollection of the morning clothed her spirit with bitterness, darkening her whole future.

The short afternoon waned; night fell ere she reached the village. Her fath-er's farm lay a mile beyond. Her limbs ached with cold and fatigue; her boy cried; she had eaten nothing since morning. Her whole soul seemed poising itself on the wings of despair.

Always when we think our last agony is reached there glimmers a respite beyond. We cry out in our extremity and make our frantic plunge, and lo! we have waded the brook. We grope along blindly;and it is only when we calm our fainting fears to look back that we see the method which has guided us to a surer footing.

A light now became visible to the

stricken wanderer. It came from her father's many windows, ray after ray. which urged on her weary feet. Dis-tance shortened itself unaccountably She stood before the door,!

What a plight she was in! Should she spoil their sport? She looked over the snowy fields and shuddered. They were playing "blind man's buff" inside. Peal after peal of laughter came to her, cold and silent on the door-stone. She was ashamed to go in—ashamed to say that her husband had sent her so.

The door suddenly opened. Sarah's little boy looked out, and with a cry of fear slammed it to again. He thought he had seen a ghost.

How they started when she stepped inside! Old and young thronged around

her, crying for sorrow at her distress and for joy at her appearance "I have come to spend Christmass, said Nancy amid tears, as she sank into

"And you are heartily welcome, daughter," answered Mr. Pium, in a broken voice. "Let it be for always,"

And then they all cried again—the children because their mothers wept, "Hooray!" shouted Mr. Plum suddenly, wiping his eyes with his yellow silk handkerchief. "Mother are those mince pies gone?" "I hope not." answered the dame

plete; there was no vacant chair. "Ah, Nancy," said Mr. Pium, when the guests had all gone and only the three sat round the stove talking, "this has been a better Christmas than the last to me, for then I did not expect to ever have you back."

The mother only looked at her. "For me too," rejoined Nancy: "for ow I know that I have a home."

'My boy will be some trouble to you, she added presently, in a low voice. Mr. Plum's smile was more eloquent than words, as he reached forth his hand and rocked the cradle—the old, old cradle, which had beld them all, and which had been brought from the garret, late as was the hour, that her boy might miss no accustomed comfort,

Rich Englishmer's Expenses.

What runs away with mecomes of from \$50 000 to \$250,000 in England is the keeping up of country seats, hounds, hospitality, and game preserves. At Drumaurig Castle, for instance, one of its owner's ten residences, there are eighty miles of grass drive kept in order; at Gridge more than forty. Add to this acres of garden, and grass, and expenses of parkkeepers and gamekeepers, it is easy to see where the money goes. If there is a hunting establisement on a liberal scale, at east \$20,000 a year must be added.

Again, while the hospitality of an aver age well-to-do American favorably comares with that of an Englishman of sumar means, that of the broad scred Englishman is immensely greater than that of the American millionaire. The latter gives some dinner parties, and, perhaps, an annual ball, and keeps a dozen servants; the Englishman, on the other hand besides constantly entertaining in town. often sits down to dinner for weeks at a time with twenty guests staying with servants in his country house, and feeds from fifty to sixty every day in his servants' hall, with as much beef and beer as they please to consume. More than this, he at times entertains whole schools and parishes, besides giving away hund reds of pounds in the shape of beef and blankets at Christmas. He subscribes too, to every public charity in the couny; sometimes in two or three counties. Merely to take a single example, there is Lord Derby, with ten men servants in his ouse, and about forty more domestics feeding daily at his board. Supposing to-morrow he and his wife should agree to struggle along on \$100,000 a year, could at least save \$800,000 a year; while were the dukes of Westminster, Devonshire and Bedford to do likewise, their saving would be still greater. Supposing Lord Derby to save at this rate for thirty years, what an archimiltionaire he would

Twenty years ago there died a queen old bachelor, Lord Digby, who owned Raleigh's ill-fated home of Sherborne cas-ile. He was a most liberal landlord, but did not care to spend more than some \$35,000 a year, and let his money go on rolling up, investing it all in 3 per cents. His income was not a fourth of Lord Derby's, but he left in the funds \$4,590,-000. As a rule a peer leaves comparatively little behind him; \$1,000,000 would be regarded as an unusual large sum for a man with \$300,000 a year to have and there is but one case on record-of Lord Dysart, an eccentric recluse-of a peer leaving over \$7,500,000 personalty. very large properties the surplus income is chiefly expended in very costly im provements. Thus the Duke of Devon-shire has built Eastbourne and much of Baxton. The Duke of Buccleuch has expended thousands at Grafton, and both have put large sums in the enterprises connected with Barrow in-Furness. About \$10,000,000 of Lord Bute's has gone into Summer, and had fallen into a half dose, to docks at Cardiff. The late Lord Westminster built and rebuilt probably no less than 1000 houses in London, and Northumberland and Sutherland reflect on all sides the generous expenditures of the dukes of their names; while be outiful churches, commodious schools, and handsome homesteads soon inform the traveller in Wiltshire and Bedfordshire that he is in the broad domain of the Earl of Perubroke or the Duke of Bedford. Had the vast sums thus spent been put into stocks, or bonds and mortgages, the precent bolders of the lands might have been richer men, but the country would have been in many respects the loser, and it would be a widely different looking

"Pule."

region from what it is to-day.

Previously to the commencement of a game of pool each player draws a marble from a box, and puts it out of sight in his pocket. These marbles are all numbered to correspond with the numbers on the table. The player, after receiving his marble, recollects the number, and his game is to pocket balls enough, the number of which added to that of the marble in his pocket, will make the number which

wins the pile. An old gent lately became passionately fond of "pool." A few nights ago he came home very late from a siege at the game. His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning she found upon the floor a marble, which had dropped out of her husband's pocket, when he came to

bed, upon which were the figures "17."
"What is this?" said she to her lord. Lard opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused, and stammered:
"Why—why—it's a marble, isn't it?"
"Yes," said she, "but what are you

doing with it in your pocket ?" "In my pocket!—well—ah'—the fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five years—ever since I used to play keeps with Bill——.
"Indeed!" increduously asked his wife.

"But what are those figures on here for What does seventeen mean?"

"Seventeen mean?" said he, hesitat-ingly. "Oh! seventeen? Why that was the number of marbles Bul awed me when we quis playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it."

The old fellow had a narrow escape and hasn't played any more " pule" since.

Married Bliss.

"You ought to get married. Bill," said Spuddles the other day to a young friend of his as the two were leaning over the gate of the Spudd'es cottage

about old times.
"Don't know," said the doubting Wil liam, "It strikes me that a single life beats your married biss out of sight,"

"There's just where you are off, old boy," said Spuddles. "You know I used to be one of the gayest of our gang, but now, since I've tried married life a year, I'm twice as happy. I have a cosy home a nice little wife, and one of the sweetest of children, and when my d.y's work is done I come home and all is peace and harmony. No, Bill, the old life has no charms for me now."

Just then the door opened and Mrs Spuddles' head protruded out,

"Mr. Spuddles, run right up town and get another bottle of that cough syrup for the baby-he s just coughing up his very toe nails-and come past the store and bring down a ham of meat, and some but ter, and eggs, and coffee -we're clean ou -and some lard, and another sack of flour and don't forget than can of peaches you promised me a week ago. We must have some potatoes, too, and if you see any vegetables get some. Heavens alive! do you think I can be penned up here day at tor day with a squalling brat, and nothing to eat in the house? And don't forge those new towels some time this week and be sure to wait until I'm entirely barefooted before you get those new shoesyou know I can't go after them while Johnny's got this cough-and-"But Spuddles was flying up the street at a gait that would have charmed an admirer of fas: stock, so we suppose he did not hear his raised her voice to the wife when she

highest pitch and fairly screamed: "It seems that man won't do anything I w nt him to any more. As soon as begin to tell him what I want he starts off and now I'll lay a dollar he is not back for four hours. Harging around saloons I reckon just like the balance of men."



A collision-Greek meets Greek. Siddons and Lady Macbeth

Late one night Mr. Siddons was sitting by the fire in the modest family parlor which in that most unassuming bousehold, served as a dining-room or drawing-room. as the case might be. He was smoking calmly his last pipe, and beginning to think about going to bed, whither, he beheved his wife had gone already. house was sunk in dreamy silence, so was the quiet street outside; silence only broken, now and then, by the roll of dis tant wheels. The actor had been drawing a vague picture of a little holiday trip which he and Sarah would which he was driving down a coun'ry lane all scented with honeysuckle, all draped with eglantine. Suddenly he was roused with a start, by hurried footsteps, that were flying rather than running down the passage. Who could it be f he asked him-self, all in a maze and wonder, as he jumped up and rubbed his sleep laden eyes. He hardly had time to let the ques tion go darting through his brain, when the door of the room was flung open quickly as by a hasty trembling hand, and a female figure rushed in.

Mr. Siddons gazed in speechless astonishment, not unmixed with a touch of fear. There before him stood his wife, her fine hair dishevelled, her dress in disorder, her face all quivering with strong emotion. In bewildered alarm he asked her what was the matter, but her only answer was to throw herself into his arms and burst into a torrent of tears. He soothed her tender ly, not knowing what to think, and gra-dually she grew calmer. Then her words made the mystery plain enough. Instead of going to bed as he had bade her do, she had been sitting up studying her part as Lady Macbeth; and the character had so completely absorbed her in itself, she had so entirely realized the horror of each situation in the play, had seen it all so dis-tinctly before her eyes as if she had been there is the body, that a wild unressound terror had seized her, and she had rushed



Teiling the "old, old story."

No difference: A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the departments, found himself confronted with following question: "What is the distance from the earth to the sun!" Not having the exact number of miles with him he wisk-



The Mand S of old times.

Woman's Bair.

The hair is a woman's greatest of nament A fine head of hair sets off a homely face and adds a great charm to personal appear ance. No woman ignores the value of a fine growth of silky, luxuriant hair, or the value of constant care and attention in preserving it. Fine hair is a sign of perfeet health. When the hair falls off, there is some constitutional disturbance; so that to preserve the hair it is not only necessary to keep the scalp clean, and the bair well dressed, but to observe and care for the general health. Indigestion is injurious to the hair because it lessens the nuritive value of the food, and the bair is often the first part of the body to suffer be coming dry and harsh and failing off, before any suffering is felt in other ways. The stomach must then be watched and tooked after closely by any woman who would preserve a clear complexion and skin and good hair. Nervous excitement also quickly affects the hair. Every one has heard the story of people whose hair has sundenly turned white from fear or sudden excitement. And a constant intation of the nervous system is injurious to the welfare of the hair. It is often to be observed that a cross, petulant disposition and barsh, thin last go together, while a smooth, silky, abundant and inxurant hair is found with a quiet, calm, easy tem perature, that is never troubled about triffes. Women who desire to preserve this adornmen in the most perfect condition should therefore practice a calm patient demeanor, and avoid a fretful dis-

But when the hair fails, remedies must be resorted to. It may be best preserved by frequent washing of the sculp and the use of a gentle stimulant. Cold water is the best wash, and after that has been well rubbed into the skin, a small quantity of weak alcoholic tineture of capsicum, or of Spanish fly is very useful for producing a thickened growth. A little glycenne added preserves the softness and silks ness of the hair oils, which too often render the hair dry and harsh, Anything that is used to strengthen the hair is better applied to the skin from which the hair grows than to the hair tself. When the hair is falling out, the best remedy is a stronger preparation of the above tincture. Blistering even restores the hair upon hald scalps, and irritating substances, such as prote chloride of copper and strong tineture of cantharides, and even caustic potash, have been used with success as restorers But as these are dangerous substances, the guadance of a physician should be sought in using them.



Sing hey! the jolly boatswain and the tar

Stonson says careful observation has convinced him that it is only these ladies who have passed their thirtieth birthday who wear broad-brammed hats at the thea-tre. He says that the number of elderly ladies who attend operas and other enter tanments is greatly on the increase, and you can always distinguish them by their

A voernisca critic: Charlie Smallface is continually losing his memorandum book. We noticed it carefully hung up on the floor of his room this morning and opened it at the last entry, which was:
"My father says, 'An bonest man is the noblest work of Got,' I saw the same remark in a newspaper. This proves the old man a plagranist, and no plagranist is an honest man. There is no mondest work in our family."

Directories: "Ma." she said, confid-ingly, "Henry has asked me to marry him. "And you accepte if" was the query. "No," was the criply. "I dished, and neither did I reject him. If I can keep him on the string until Christman he'll make me a hardware prewest induce me to say 'yes.' You know I have been wanting a gold waten for a long

"York husband is not in he-day ma'ain?" said a collective who called at the door. "No, he is not." "No yes know where I can find him?" "I goes he's gone fishing. He carried a glass but the with something he called bad."

A Young lady at Mills Seminary, win-recently sent us the poem emitted "Mur-nousing from the Outer Untermose," is informed that any peruntary assistance size can send to the worker or the mass to wrong A was must be going slowly when he we gave it to read will be gratefully on our old age overtake him.

heated

is used; whereby the and dirt, is taxen out of water and boil for five minutes. Throw and dirt, is taxen out of user and boil for five minutes. Throw and five fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine a quart of carrots boiled and cut in the fine carrots believe the fine carrots believe and the fine carrots believe carrots believe and the fine carrots believe and