

Comfort One Another. Comfort one another; For the way is growing dreary, The feet are often weary,

And the heart is very sad. There is heavy burden-bearing, When it seems that none are caring, And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another; With the hand-clasp close and tender, With the sweetness love can render, And the looks of friendly eyes. Do not wait with grace unspoken, While life's daily bread is broken, Gentle speech is oft like manns from the skies

Comfort one another; There are words of music ringing Down the ages, sweet as singing Of the happy choirs above. Ransomed saint and mighty angel, Lift the grand deep-voiced evangel, Where forever they are praising the Eterna

Love. Comfort one another;

By the hope of Him who sought us In our peril-Him who bought us, Paying with His precious blood; By the faith that will not alter, Trusting strength that shall not falter, Leaning on the One Divinely Good.

Comfort one another:

Let the grave-gloom lie behind you, While the Spirit's words remind yo Of the youth beyond the tomb. Where no more is pain or parting, Fever's flush or tear-drop starting. But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room. -Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

DISENCHANTED

What a lovely picture she made, with the warm flush of the sunset light all around her !- a tall, slender creature. with grace in every motion; with her small head so royally poised on the fair, white throat, and its bright hair crowning it like a golden glory ; with her clear complexion of fine pale olive and a delicious pink tint, like the color of an oleander in her satiny cheeks and with her lovely dark-brown eyes, soft as velvet.

And Ross Wycherly was madly in love tion, but promised to be home by the with her, and only waiting in feverish latest train that same evening, and bade | and selfish as you say !" impatience for the time when he might | him not forget her for a few hours.

takes pleasure in thrusting nerself upon me on every occasion." And the displeasure in her face did not lessen when she read the ill-spelled, ill-written, but urgent note.

"DEAR JESSIE," it said, "Mother is much worse, and you must come right away. If you don't I will have to send her to you and Aunt Doshy. You haven't paid your share of expenses for four months. Please bring it; we are MARGARET." in need of it. "It is just Margaret over again, to

send for me to come under the one threat she knows will only take me to her. And I shall have to take the twenty dollars I have 'scrimped out' to buy those lovely pink-and-blue silk stockings, to keep her mouth shut. Just suppose if she should send mother here now, of all times! I'd better take the first train to Hillborough and see

what is the matter. And I was to drive with Mr. Wycherly to-night, too!" She looked at the cuckoo clock high up on the wall. She had just time, and none to spare, to dress and catch the

train, and write a message of apology and explanation to Ross Wycherly, to be delivered by a servant after she had gone. But, by some curious fatality, Mr.

Wycherly called at the house before the careless servant had delivered the note. and the maid who had answered his summons at the door very frankly told him where Miss Heath had gone-to Hillborough, to Mrs. Beden's.

He looked, as he felt, very much dis-

appointed. "How unfortunate! I suppose she left some special message for me? Ah, I thought so," he a fueu, ans pandsome face lighting with pleasure as the tardy servant hearing his voice stepped up with his note, the very contact with which sent delightful thrills all along his veins.

It was an exquisite little message, in Jessica's sweetest style, and most charmingly vague as to her going and destina-

She's your mother as well as mine, and if I have all the trouble you've got to pay for her board !"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Wycherly's feet he would not have been more

astonished. Jessica's low, silver-sweet voice answered:

"She must be quite useful to you, Margaret. She can sew and mend, when she's not very bad-and really, it is a great expense, ten dollars a month year in and year out." "A great expense to you, Jessica

Heath, living in luxury and having all in the world you want! And your own mother suffering for nourishing food and the jellies the doctors say she must have." "That's nonsense! Doctors always

do order the most ridiculous extravagances, and mother can do without them. It's a perfect nuisance, at the best; if she'd die we'd all be better off !"

Wycherly arose from his chair, a look of agony on his face, a feeling in his heart as if all the world were crumbling over his head. "I thank God I haven't got your

heart in my body!" Margaret Belden said. "Ever sence you was a child you've been selfish and heartless-you'd always get the best agoin', no matte who went without. And now, for five years, ever sence Aunt Doshy took you and has brung you up like hersel. you've been worse'n ever. Go your gait, Jessica Heath, and let your poor, crazy old mother, who lost her senses in bringing you into the world, die, or starve, or suffer, as you choose !" And Wycherly distinctly heard Jes-

sica's low, sarcastic laugh. "Your too homely to be dramatic, Margaret. Leave that to me; and don't envy my worldly prosperity, when you see that poor and in debt everywhere, as suntie and I are, we have, nevertheless, contrived to secure a glorious future for myself. I am to marry one of the richest men in the State, for all I am so

mean, and treacherous, and heartless, Somehow Wycherly got out of the

duty was to bear his pitiful pain until

At home Jessica Heath found a note

When she finished the page she threw

herself upon the lounge, and cried and

cursed by turns at the same hour that

Margaret Belden opened a letter that

contained a hundred-dollar bill for Mrs.

Heath's sole use-a letter that was un-

dated, unsigned. And while Mrs.

Roberts retired into deepest, poverty-

stricken retirement, lamenting her mad

folly, and Jessica Heath was glad to do

anything to earn her daily bread-a

wan, worn, soured woman-Ross Wych-

erly was abroad, hourly growing more

coontented and happy, and ready to be

consoled by a fair girl he had met in

The Sulphur Slaves of Sicily.

to the surface by human beings, and,

indeed, chiefly by children. Mrs.

Browning's "Cry of the Children"

might have been written in the sulphur

mines of Sicily. Hundreds and hun-

dreds of children who have scarcely the

form of human beings, are sent down

the steep, slippery stairs into the muddy,

watery depths. Here they are laden

with as much material as they can sus-

tain, and they must reascend with it on

their backs, stumbling at every step,

often falling back into the bottom of

The sulphur is extracted and brought

ia belle France.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR. THE WHITE HOUSE.

If a child has a bad earache, dip a plug of cotton wool in oil, warm it and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draughts.

The following is said to be a cure for hoarseness : A piece of flannel, dipped in brandy and applied to the chest, and covered with a dry flannel, is to be worn at night. Four or six small onions boiled and put on buttered toast and eaten for supper are likewise good for a cold in the chest.

To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected ; bind on and leave two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

Each inhalation of pure air is returned loaded with poison; 150 grains of it added to the atmosphere of a bedroom every hour, or 1,200 grains during the night. Unless the poison-laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the rooms, the blood becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, causing frightful dreams.

To cure ingrowing toe nails, one authority says: Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

Subjects for Thought. Faith saves ourselves, but love bene-

fits others. Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

The best navigation-steering clear of the rocks of contention.

Affection is the organizing force

Don't Marry a Man to Save Him. How the Routine Work of the Presidential Office is Performed. In these days of degeneracy on the

part of our youth, while so many young The routine office work of the White men are going to ruin through habits of House constantly increases. The early intemperance and kindred vices, it Presidents were not even allowed a pribehooves us to sound the note of warnvate secretary by law. They had to pay ing in the ears of the fair sex. for all clerical assistance out of their

Very often the alternative of either own salary. Afterward one secretary marrying a man who is addicted to vice was provided for ; then an assistant was or the prospect of old maidenhood, is added. From administration to adminpresented to the fair girl in society ; she istration the working force grew by the must accept the one or stand the chance addition of clerks, or the detail of army of the other. Now if marrying were a officers, until what is practically a bureau mere business transaction, the matter of appointments has grown up. Includmight be much more readily disposed ing the private secretary, there are now of; but, unfortunately, hearts are conseven persons attached to this bureau, cerned in the affair.

and their positions are no sinecures. The girl loves the man, notwithstand-Often they are busy until late at night ing his propensity, and is ready to acbringing up the day's work. If they alcept him, trusting to his love for her to low it to get behind it is next to imposovercome everything after they are sible to deal with it satisfactorily. Permarried. Never was there a sadder mishaps a description of the current office take; for in nine cases out of ten if a fully. duties of the President's personal staff man does not reform for his loved one's may interest some readers. An enorsake before marriage, he never will af-

mous mail is received every day. The ter; and any girl who marries a man private secretary, Mr. Brown, and Mr. who drinks or gambles may consider her Headley, the executive clerk, open and fate sealed by the act. classify them. Of course it is impos-"But," says some one, "what am I to

sible for the President to read all the lo? If I reject my lover on these letters addressed to him. If he should grounds he will drink harder and harder undertake the job he would have little until he fills a drunkard's grave." This time for anything else. But it is immay be true; but better, far better. portant that he should be able to select that he only ruin himself than that he from the mass such letters as he wants bring a wife and perhaps innocent little to read. So there is a system of briefchildren down to the depths of poverty ing the correspondence, letter by letter, and misery.

on broad sheets of paper and making a Oh, girls, take warning, and trust no sort of unbound volume of the sheets man who drinks! For if he has not the Czar of Russia. each day. By glancing over these abmanhood to give up the habit for your stracts the President can see in a few sake he is not worth having, and your whole future life may be embittered by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. What are minutes what letters there are requiring an alliance with him. If the persuasions | snubs to her ?--she has a husband. his attention among the hundreds that daily arrive. Such of the letters as are of a sweetheart will not win, the chances are that the prayers and tears of a wife applications for office, and more than nine-tenths are of this class, arc each ruin. put into a long envelope, which has a

Let me tell a short story whose warning, though often heard, is seldom heeded.

and remarks. Most of these letters are A sweet, loving girl became attached distributed each day to the several deto a very promising young man; he was the Massachusetts State Board of Agripartments and go upon their files. There good-looking, came of a highly re- culture, Prof. E. S. Morse gave the folare, however, several files in the White

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is to publish ther husband's biography.

Women who have not fine teeth laugh only with their eyes.

Washington ladies visit the races on horseback in large numbers.

New York women wear tea gowns made in the style of the First Empire. Women like balls and assemblies as a

hunter likes a place where game abounds The movement is being made in London to bring Booth, Irving and McCullough together in the same play.

The Toronto Globe truthfully asserts that "ignorance is not the mother of all crime, nor is education a remedy for

Mayor Grace, of New York, was once employed as a waiter in one of the city restaurants. He did his work grace-

A Nebraska journalist, Wm. R. Sweet, has just come into the possession of \$40,-000 by a lucky Colorado mining investment.

On the steamship Italy, which lately arrived in New York City, was a Chinese dwarf who is 44 years old and only two feet high.

Mr. Shakespeare is Mayor of New Orleans and he is making truoble for the gamblers. They are not overly fond of Shakspeare's works.

If we had not in our youth pulled down a hornet's nest we would be unable to appreciate the miseries of the

It is said that at her last drawingroom Victoria very noticeably snubbed

The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look will be of no avail to save a man from for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

Carious Works of Ants.

At the recent Southboro' session of owing curious particulars about ants: House-one of official letters, to which business; but, alas! he was fond of The ant belongs to a family of insects such "back" bone in front, and the heart and other internal organs on the opposite side are put together upside down as we might think. Their mouth is for biting and swallowing food only, not for breathing. Their bite is so determined and lasting that they are used in some countries for confining the edges of wounds and cuts. Ants' heads are presented to the cut surface, which they grasp with the nippers, when their bodies are cut off, leaving a whole row of them to hold the flesh. They are cheaper than sticking plaster in some

dare tell her.

From a luxurious cushioned-chair at the same window where Jessica was standing in the sunset-glory Mrs. Roberts, her sunt, and only living female relative, looked coldly at her.

"I am tired of the delay in the accomplishment of your plans, Jessica. You promised me you would settle them to my satisfaction in three months at furthest."

Jessica turned away from the lacedraped window, and indolently seated herself in a gold-colored plush chair, that suited her lovely beauty as a throne does a queen. Then she laughed, one of her low, delicious little laughs, that, while Ross Wycherly swore it was the sweetest music in all the world, never failed to irritate Aunt Theodosia.

"I don't see what there is to be amused at," she said, fretfully. "I am sure if you had all the frightful expense on your hands that I have assumed in taking this big, handsome house, fully furnished, wholly for your opportunity to secure Ross_'

Jessica interrupted her by a sudden. little haughty motion of her head. "Spare me the customary recital of

your household annovance, auntie, You are impatient-too impatient. You ion't suppose I can tell Mr. Wycherly that my Aunt Roberts thinks it high time he should propose because she finds her funds running alarmingly low?"

"Don't talk like an idiot, Jessica !" "But that is the way you feel about

it. You must be reasonable as I am. I told you I would guarantee to bring Mr. Wycherly to my feet in three months' ime, if you would adopt the role of the wealthy, elderly lady, and I your heiress niece. You have done it so far, and so save I. In less than a week I will tell you I am the betrothed wife of the richest, handsomest man in the State, the prospective mistress of Wycherly Park."

Mrs. Roberts caught a spark from the girl's quiet enthusiasm

"Do you really think so, Jessica? Mistress of Wycherly Park-it doesn't seem possible! It means so much for you-luxury and elegance, riches unlimited all the rest of your life, and a stated income to me for all I have lone for you. It has cost me thouands of dollars, Jessica."

"I suppose it has," she answered, soolly. "But you may set your heart at rest. Ross Wycherly is as desperately in love with me as ever man was with woman, and I might have had him at my feet weeks ago, only that I would not permit him to think I could be so lightly won. Wait another week, suntie; you'll see."

And she smiled so bewitchingly, showing her little milk-white teeth, that it was a pity her lover was not there to see her.

The next morning a letter was handed her, addressed in an illiterate scraggling hand to Miss Jessica Heath, that brought the scarlet blushes to ber cheeks, and made her bite her lovely scarlet lips angrily.

He read the note as though it had house as unsuspected as he got in; been written by angel hands, and he but what an awful difference in the was wonderfully made worthy to re- man! Hope, love, joy, trust-all had ceive it, and put it reverently away in gone crashing down under the ruin of his vest pocket, and then made up his his idol, and from henceforth his one mind to take the next train for Hillborough and surprise his darling and

disciplined into thankfulness that the escort her home. blow had not come later. 'It will please her so, my lovely, bright-eyed Jessie! I can see her face awaiting her on her dressing-table from light up, in imagination, as it will when Ross Wycherly, and her beautiful face I walk in this Mrs. Belden's parlor and wore a proud smile as she opened it.

take her by surprise. And then, when I am bringing her home and have her all to myself, I will tell her what she must already know-how madly I love her, and how eager I am to have her for my wife-my beautiful, peerless queen !" For Mr. Ross Wycherly was desperately in love, and knew how to be a most gallant, devoted, impatient lover.

Three hours after Jessica had entered the front door of Mrs. Belden's house and been escorted to the little back room that served as a parlor and sittingroom during the season when fires were necessary, Mr. Wycherly stopped at the front gate of the same house, piloted by an ambitious young urchin, who grinned with satisfaction at the quarter he

received for his services. "That 'ere's the house-Mrs. Belden's. I know 'em all-Jim and Gus and little Mag, and the crazy old gran'mother. Ye better pile right in, 'cause that 'ere door-bell's broke."

Wycherly, conscious of a feeling of astonishment as to what could have brought his lady-love to a place so forlorn and desolate as this, suddenly understood as he heard young Tim's words

"She has come on an errand of mercy and charity, my darling ! When she is my wife she shall have no limit to her mercy and benevolent fund; and I love her better than ever for this evidence of her quiet goodness so carefully hidder from me."

He went up through the shabby front yard and on the little porch, to find that the boy's prophesy regarding the doorbell was true. It was indeed silent and useless, nor did one, or two or three knocks on the door bring any answer. "I suppose I may as well go in," he thought.

And so he tried the door-knob, and ound it readily admitted him into a forlorn little hall, dim and dusty, from which a door, standing open, entered into a plain-furnished, chilly little room that was evidently the parlor.

A rap at the parlor door failing to bring any one Wycherly sat resignedly down to wait until some one did come; and five minutes afterward he heard the emphatic opening and closing of distant doors, and then the sound of footsteps in the room directly overhead, between which room and the one he occupied was an open stove-hole in the ceiling, down which came a voice sharp,

vexatious, resolute, that pronounced the name of his beloved. "I want to know what you're going to do about it, Jessica. Two dollars

Our striving against nature is like

holding a weathercock with one's hand ; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind. We are sowing seeds of truth or er-

day we live and everywhere we go, that will take root in somebody's life. The business of life is to go forward he who sees evil in prospect meets it on

the way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it. A man who helps to circulate a piece

of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist into a tarbarrel and then go round shaking hands with somebody is what some people like to do.

Man too easily cheats himself with talking repentance for reformation, resolutions for actions, blossoms for fruits, as on the naked twig of the fig-tree fruits sprout forth which are only the fleshy rinds of the blossoms.

Time will yet read to the living an unpublished story of the dead. Time may explain silences which shall make strong men weep. Time may teach our hands to be quiet or our voices to be tender and low. Time may lead up out of the valley of humiliation a troop of penitents to weep at every grave.

Some happy talent and 'some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute Fillmore. He is the fireman, and his for thorough-going, ardent and sincere carnestness.

Facts for the Curions.

The Chinese physician receives fee until the patient is cured. Profile pictures, it is stated, originated with Philip of Macedon, who had but one eye.

White alligators found in Brazil travel far and well on land. Their skull and bones are frequently seen in the forests, and they deposit their eggs in the the aid of two clerks, the records of apwoods.

In the year 1900 February will have but twenty-eight days, although a leap in a counting-house. Besides the staff only in two hundred years, and always might be called an official staff of serin the odd one hundred.

By the introduction of the telephone into water containing fish, it has been discovered that fish utter singular vocal sounds. There is even said to be a large bivalve in the East which "sings loudly in concert."

The grave of Emanuel Seigel, an old and respected farmer of the village of Donovan, Ill., who died three years ago, was opened on Saturday. The body was gone, and the coffin occupied by sixteen torpid bull snakes.

A piece of linen has been found at Memphis containing 540 picks to the to by the Commissioner of Public Buildinch, and it is recorded that one of the | ings and Grounds.

personal letters and one which would furnish curious reading to students of ror, of dishonesty or integrity, every human nature, called the eccentric file. An hour spent in looking over the contents of this file would make the least misanthropic man believe that half the world had gone crazy, or cause him to apply to America the bitter remark of Carlyle, who said that England was in- him.

printed form on its back for indorse-

ment, with name, date, office applied for

habited by 30,000,000 of people, principally fools.

I must not forget to mention in con nection with the office work of the White House, the fact that there is a post similar to that of an exchange reader in a daily newspaper office. The place is filled by Mr. Morton, who served under President Haves. He goes through two or three hundred papers a day, cuts out everything he thinks the President ought to see, arranges his clippings in bride. topical scrap-books and takes the books

in once a day for the President's inspection. By this system a President can, if he gives sufficient time to the matter, keep almost as well posted on public opinion as the chief editor of a great daily In length of service the oldest member of the White House staff is W. L. Crook, the executive agent and disbursing clerk, who dates back to the end of President Lincoln's administration : but there is among the servants of the house a man who was appointed by President name is Herbert ; and the principal doorkeeper, Mr. Loeffler, was put in his place by President Grant in 1869.

The exchange reader does his work behind a big screen in the general reception room. The private secretary, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Headley have a room to themselves, with two bay windows looking out on the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and a door leading to the President's room. Adjoining is a smaller room, where Mr. Prudon, the assistant private secretary, keeps, with pointments and removals in formidable leather-bound volumes like the ledgers year. This phenomenon occurs once of secretaries and clerks, there is what vants, who are appointed by the President and whose salaries are provided for by Congress in the annual appropriations. It consists of a steward, doorkeeper, four assistant doorkeepers, messenger, four assistant messenge two of whom are mounted, a watchman and a fireman. There is also a telegraph operator detailed from the signal service corps. The other servants of the household, such as the coachman, the cooks and the waiters, are paid by the President. The repairs and the general good order of the house, its furniture and its conservatory and grounds, are attended

ectable family, and was prosperous in the President may wish to refer, another drink. Frequently when he called upon as wasps, bees, hornets, but is the superior of applications and recommendations in his betrothed his hand was unsteady and of them all, as are the elephant, the cases pending for his decision, one of the bright eye dimmed. One night he horse and the dog in other lines of anicame very much intoxicated, and caused mal life. Ants are constructed with the great sorrow to his dear one and all the family by his conduct.

The next time they met Clara gently reproved him, and he promised to cease drinking. For a while he kept his promise, but he was tempted and fell; again he promised, and Clara trusted

The time was drawing near for the wedding, and the parents were very much distressed for the welfare of their only daughter ; they tried to persuade her not to marry Louis until he reformed entirely; but Clara said that after they were once married and home influence thrown around him, he would be different. Trustingly she gave herself into the care of a man who loved his glass more than he loved his sweet

Clara was left a widow, her husband filling a suicide's grave, her whole life and make correct estimates of the magblighted and ruined. Once more I would say to all who are

contemplating matrimony: Test well your intended husband, and if he loves anything too much to resign it for your sake, refuse him, although your heart may ache; and if he is worthy of you he will prove it by reforming from vice .--Warerly Magazine.

Nearly Killed by Flowers.

Two aristocratic beauties of the Spanish Colony in Paris, Senoitta Penedo and the Countess Multedo, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by natural of their ball-dresses, as they were returning home from Queen Isabella's last soirce in a closely shut-up carriage. The flowers were profusely employed in garlands. The ladies for some time chatted gayly. One of them then became silent, and then the other. Count Multedo, who was with them, grew alarmed when neither of them replied to observations he made and questions he put, and all the more so that he felt oppressed by the perfume of the flowers. When he caused the carriage to stop, and opened the window, he found them insensible, but they soon recovered when taken into the air. They, however, caught a severe cold from the sudden exposure.-Waverly Magazine.

A school-teacher, discharged for using the rod too freely, applied for employment in a dressmaker's establishment. A new floral device for weddings is a "Have you had any experience in sew-

countries. As an illustration of their ingenuity and intelligence, it was stated that they sometimes excavate tunnels under rivers of considerable depth and width, and use the tunnels for transporting supplies. They dig wells twenty feet deep and a For a time he did well. The wife's foot in diameter for drinking water. heart beat high with hope; but in a The harvesting ants plant seeds on fatal moment he yielded to temptation, farms, which they cultivate with great and the first cloud fell on their peaceful skill and neatness, keeping every weed home. Gradually he became worse and down and harvesting the grain, curing worse, until he returned home more or and storing it safely in weatherproof less intoxicated every night. The prayers | cavities in the soil. They also organize and pleadings of his wife fell on a deaf into divisions with commanders, each ear, and the kind husband became individual doing a certain kind of work. brutal and wicked. In three years the Some ants are smart enough for engindemon's work was accomplished, and eers, while others only know enough to do as they are told. They can count

> nitude of an undertaking, as proved by observers.

Eight chrysalides (often called the eggs of ants,) were placed in a path where ants travel. A single individual found them and undertook to carry them to their home. Several were carried by the single ant patiently enough. but when twenty chrysolides were placed in the heap, another ant was found engaged in the work. The pile was increased at intervals till eighty ants engaged in the undertaking, showing that workers were detailed according to the demands of the cases. Anta flowers in their hair and the trimming battles sometimes last many days, in one case seven weeks, the victors finally taking the stores and removing them to their own houses. Their wars are quite as justifiable as those of men, when the object-pillage-is the same.

> They have the power, too, of knowing members of their own communities even after six months' absence. Strangers are always driven off or killed. They are very helpful to each other, and show sympathy in case of accident or sickness. Some families of ants build arched roads covered by an arch of clay or mortar for protection against enemies, and show great skill in the work, which is under the supervision of trained engineers, who order a rebuilding if the work is

not perfect. Some kinds of ants keep cows, build cow-vards, and milk their cows regularly, and don't throw milking stools at them either to make them "give down," but stroke and pat their open impatiently. "What can be the comes regularly, but when it don't come in dress and lack of physical exercise, which was composed of 369 smaller buds twined with sprays of ground the reply. "but I have a thorough knowl- cows are the plant aphides, so familiar to

and deformed, and of young men of one-and-twenty totally unfit for military service. A Cure for Drunkenness. Under the heading "A Radical Cure for Drunkenness," a Hungarian paper tells the following Russian story: A

workman brought a complaint against four of his fellows that they hud given him twenty-five blows with a stick. The accused, on being asked for their delease, produced an agreement in writing, one clause of which expressly stipulated that if one of their number drank to such an extent as not to be able to work, the others were to measure out to him twenty-five blows, and that they

had merely carried out the agreement. Upon this the magistrate discharged them, remarking that they were not deserving of blame for what they had done, but rather of praise.

A lady physician says : "The prime Pharaohs sent to the Lydian king, Croeand a half a week for her keep and cause of weakness and disease among sus, a corselet made of linen and "Again," she thought, as she tore it clothes is pittance enough when it our women and girls is owing to errors wrought with gold, each fine thread of bouquet rope of fern leaves and rose- ing?" asked the dressmaker. "No," was backs very tenderly. Of course these

the pit with broken limbs, or even dead. The elder ones, writes an eye-witness, arrive at the pit's mouth shrieking, the little ones crying and sobbing. The mortality exceeds that of any other province of Italy; the statistics of the levs show an incredible number of lame

