

At Sun's.
It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of headache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heart-ache
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each child reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of headache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Prater's
World.

THORPE MANOR.

DEAR FRANK: I have found the very
house for you—Jacobean period and almost
original. I was a trifle spoiled by some
Phillips individual about thirty years since,
but with your taste and aid of the local
architect everything can be put right. This
point of houses goes by the name of Thorpe
Manor, and is, of course, named, so you
may relieve the monotony of country life by
a genuine ghost hunt. Ever yours,
John Ridgeway.

P. S.—The house is in Surrey, about four
miles from Winton station. You had better
come down at once, as I hear some one else
is after it.

At that time I was a fairly good-
looking, well-to-do bachelor of thirty-five.
My ample leisure I devoted to
antiquarian researches, literary work
and the collection of "curios." I had
no relatives and few friends, and I
lived an almost solitary and perfectly
happy life in my chambers.

Among what some people called my
"crave" was an enthusiasm for ancient
houses, and I had deputed John Ridgeway,
an artist friend of mine who
lived in Surrey, to find me a genuine
old country house—a dreamy, rambling
place—where I could spend the
summer. Hence his letter.

As the train steamed into the little
station at Winton, John rushed up to
my carriage and clasped my hand.
Dear old chap! he quite beamed with
joy at the prospect of showing me his
wonderful house.

"Charming old place! I've had my
eye on it six months!" he said as he
walked over the common.

Then he produced the inevitable
notebook and pencil and was soon
drawing plans and explaining details.

As we passed through the village
we called upon the house agent and
took him with us. He was a prosaic
man, and evidently thought we were
a couple of mill lions, so excited
did we become when suddenly turning
a corner at the foot of a steep
incline we stood in front of Thorpe
Manor. It was a quaint old house,
standing back a little from the road,
and its walls were as perfect as when
first built, but mellowed and beautified
by time.

We walked up the prim gravel path
to the wide doorway with its fantastic
carving. Here our agent produced a
huge, rusty key and unlocked the
door, which swung back easily on its
large hinges. We entered and went
through the rooms, which had low
ceilings and broad window seats.
Most of these had paneled walls,
though some of them had been covered
with paper which, of course, we said
must come off. One of the bedrooms—
which I thought from the elaborate
carving on the high mantel shelf and
the beautiful oak paneling had originally
been the state one—was perfect.

I felt strangely attracted to this
room, I know not why, and as we
turned to leave I lingered behind the
others for a parting glance. Then I
slowly went down the winding stairway.

"Seen the ghost?" asked John, jest-
ingly.

The agent looked uneasy. Ghosts
are tiresome things, apt to militate
very much against the chances of securing
a good tenant, but I reassured him
by remarking that I rather liked
ghosts, and that so far as I could see
the house was exactly what I wanted.
Of course, there were many details to
be settled about the lease, repairs, and
other matters, and I stipulated that I
should be allowed to make some alterations,
such as removing the staring
plate glass with which the late owner
had "modernized" the windows of the
lower rooms.

Six weeks later I was installed in

my new residence. The alterations
were not nearly completed, but declin-
ing the Ridgeway's pressing invitation
to take up my quarters with them, I
occupied two rooms in the old house
and engaged a woman in the village to
come daily and attend to my simple
wants.

On the third evening after my ar-
rival I was smoking my favorite pipe
by a wood fire in the oakroom, which
I had made my bedroom. It was
nearly 12 o'clock, but being accus-
tomed to late hours I did not feel in-
clined for bed—far from it. I de-
cided to have one more pipe, and
hastily taking up my pouch I began to
retil my pipe. Suddenly I stopped
short, and with my little finger still
rammed into the bowl of the pipe,
left my chair and walked to the op-
posite side of the room, for I could have
sworn I saw the paneled move over
so slightly upward. Nor was I mis-
taken; for very slowly the whole
panel disappeared and in the opening
stood the figure of a woman.

The room was dark, for the wood
fire had begun to smolder, so I could
not see what she was like—young or
old, ugly or beautiful.

I was not nervous—I had a pro-
found disbelief in the supernatural—
so I simply waited to see what the in-
truder proposed to do. She advanced
into the room and came close to my
elbow, then raised her hand and beck-
oned me to follow her. Of course I
went, and she led me through the
aperture and down a steep wooden
staircase. It was pitch dark, but I
stuck matches at intervals. My com-
panion went on quickly, never looking
behind her, but I smiled as she raised
her skirts gingerly from the dusty
stairs, and once I saw the woman
shudder as a rat scuttled by.

"No ghost this," thought I.

On we went down the wooden
stairs till at last we came to some
stone ones all green and humid,
owing to neglect. We continued our
course, going down flight after flight
of damp slippery stairs, till at length,
before a heavy oak door, then
opened it and entered. Following her,
I found myself in a low, vaultlike
chamber, more like a cell than any-
thing else. The floor was stone, the
walls were bare, but it was appar-
ently inhabited, for there were a few
articles of furniture—a rickety,
spindle-legged table, a couple of high-
backed, worn-out chairs and a bat-
tered horsehair sofa. In the grate,
too, burned a small fire and a couple
of tall, white candles in tarnished
sconces were on the narrow mantel-
shelf.

In the dim light afforded by these
candles and the fire I closely scruti-
nized the woman who had brought me
there.

She was tall and slender, and wore
a long russet gown of an old-fashioned
cut, but her face was pale and sad,
with sharp, clear-cut features, and a
mass of rough, reddish hair was care-
lessly twisted into a long knot at the
nape of her neck.

She motioned me to one of the
chairs, taking the other herself, and
she now sat bending over the fire, ap-
parently too deep in her own bitter
reflections to be conscious of my pres-
ence. The expression on her thin,
worn face was very sorrowful, and
her hands were tightly clenched in her
lap. But, though thin and worn, her
face was still lovely, and as I gazed I
thought how lovely, it would be were
the hollows filled out and the deep
lines smoothed away.

Suddenly, with a little resolute ges-
ture, she turned towards me and be-
gan to speak in low rapid tones.

"I brought you here because I
wanted to tell you my story, and I
want your help, if you will give it."

Then, with voice rising and falling
with varying emotions, and with deep
gray eyes fixed on my face, she told
her sad tale. The beginning was com-
monplace enough—a beautiful willful
girl; a stern unyielding father; two
lovers, one brave and handsome, the
other morose and unattractive; a pro-
posed flight; a sudden death; a broken
heart—the last three were the tragic
elements.

"And I saw them carry him by
the house—dead," she said speaking
in a strange, dull way, "and for a
long time I think I must have lost my
sense. When my father still insisted
on my marriage with the wretch he
had chosen for my husband I raised
no protest. I viewed the preparations
for the wedding with indifference. I
seemed turned to stone.

But a week before the marriage my
reason returned, and I realized the
horror of the coil which was slowly
tightening around me. Then it was
that I determined on what was virtu-
ally a living burial. I was born in
this dear old house, and I knew every
nook and corner of it. My father

mother had shown me the sliding
panel in the room above that which I
then occupied, and she and I were
the only living persons who knew the
secret. She was devoted to me, and I
at length won her over to my plan.

"On the night before the bridal day
I fled down here, and here I have re-
mained ever since. For eight years I
have been dead to the world. I had
valuable jewelry which had been my
dead mother's; that has been gradually
sold, and on the proceeds I have sub-
sisted. My foster mother comes daily
and brings me food—not through the
house, of course. There is a secret
path and door of communication in
the garden."

"And the ghost?" I queried.

"Oh," she said, with a queer little
smile, "I am the ghost! You see, I
wanted to keep the house empty, so
that I might wander about the rooms
and grounds; but now I am tired of
this unnatural existence. Life will
always be sad for me! I have had a
dreadful grief and all my dear ones
are dead; but, in spite of all, my
youth reasserts itself, and salubri-
ty has at last lost its charm. So I wish
to return to the world, and you can
help me to do so. Will you?"

Of course I helped her, and within
a week from that time the Thorpe
Manor "ghost"—now laid forever—
was safe under the kind wing of John
Ridgeway's homely little wife, and by
the time the roses were blooming in
my sweet-scented, old-fashioned garden
the "ghost," too, had bloomed into
beauty, and I, sober old bachelor,
had fallen in love—quite hope-
lessly, I told myself, for her heart
was with her dead, and yet it hap-
pened that one June afternoon, as we
stood alone by the sundial on the
sloping shady lawn, something gave me
courage.

Perhaps it was that she looked so
sweet in her fresh muslin gown, with
the flowers in her belt, or perhaps
because I caught a strange, fleeting
look in her shy gray eyes; anyway, I
knew she murmured that she loved
the dear old home, with its many
gables and pretty garden. Then I
whispered:

"Need you ever leave it?" And
looking under the bread-brimmed hat
but into her flushed, happy face,
I added, "Come, sweet ghost, and
haunt the old place forever!"

And she consented.—[Munyon's
Magazine.

Food Supply of the World.

An article at the end of the report
of the judges of the International Ex-
hibition held at Paris in 1889, the
London Mail and Express observes,
bears on the food supply of the world.
It is from the pen of M. Louis Gran-
deau, member of the Council Superi-
eur de l'Agriculture: The total popula-
tion of the Globe, which was 1,401,-
000,000 in 1880, was estimated in 1891
at 1,489,000,000, an increase of 79,-
000,000 in ten years, being 5.54 per cent.

The known production of wheat
and rye has risen to 3,440,250,000
bushels annually, and that of maize to
\$2,750,000,000 bushels, one-third of
which is used as food for man. By
estimating 687,500,000 as the amount
of other cereals which are used as
food, one can give the figure of
1,350,000,000 bushels as annually
consumed by man. If this sum is
divided among the inhabitants, it will
be found that each person consumes
about 3 1/2 bushels of cereals a year.
The annual production of wheat in
the world is about 2,151,250,000 bushels,
which only gives about 1 5/8 bushels
per head—a very insufficient figure—
while rye allows seven-eighths of a
bushel per head, making a total of the
two latter of 2 1/4 bushels per head.

Country Lads.

Boys who are fortunate enough to be
born in the country have unmistakable
advantages over city lads. The country
is the place of all others to be born in.
The associations of youth, of home,
of school, winter, and the farm work
and play mixed together in a deli-
cious tangle, are never rooted out, but
grow deeper into the character and
become dearer to the being while life
passes and the revolving years hold out.

It is worth more than a university
education to have been born and
brought up on a farm, of well-to-do
parents. That supplies what no learn-
ing from the books ever can. That is
a resource that stands by. It is some-
thing to feed upon.

And if the boy as a man engages in
business or a profession, he has a
stock of health and a sound constitu-
tion to draw upon that will be sure to
carry him triumphantly through when
the city boys are giving way all along
the road. Morally and physically, he
has by far the best of it.—[New York
News.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON.

The dearest things of all, dear,
The dearest Christmas time,
So full of mirth and music—
Of story, song and rhyme—
Is that to little children
It brings enough of cheer
In homes that else were dreary
To last them all the year.

You long a dainty stocking
Within the hearth's fire glow,
That sent a trail of spider
Across the drifted snow,
But in the crowded city
Are many children poor
Who scarce have shoes and stockings
For chilly little feet.

Does Santa Claus forget them?
The brave old saint—not he!
He heaps their pretty presents
On the pretty Christmas tree,
And after Christmas hours
In many an attic dim,
Are glad and grateful children
Who send their love to him.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Sturdy Jack and little Ned listened
eagerly, as mamma read them a story
of the sweet, quaint customs of chil-
dren in other lands—how they go
from house to house on Christmas eve,
and sing their Christmas carols,
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

"Wouldn't that be just splendid!"
breathed Jack, after mamma had
tucked them into bed.

"Splendid!" echoed Ned.

The house grew still as they talked
it all over, and the lights went out
one by one.

Pretty soon they crawled out of the
warm bed.

"Let's only put on our stockings;
then we can get into bed quicker,"
chattered Ned.

Then they opened the door, and
stood shivering a minute upon the mat
in the hall.

"Don't make a noise!" com-
manded Jack.

So, hand in hand, they went softly
down the hall to mamma's door.

"I—guess we won't go out under
the window," whispered Jack.

"Cause, 'cause we ain't dressed, you
know, Ned, and it's awful cold out
there. I guess this will be just as
well. Sing now, Ned. Sing 'I want
to be angel!'"

How quickly mamma's door opened,
as their young voices rang out in the
dark, silent hall!

"You blessed children!" she cried,
as she drew them into the warm room.

"You naughty boys! What does this
mean?"

"Christmas carols!" said Jack,
winking hard to keep back the tears—
for he was a big boy, you know; he
was eight years old!

"Christmas carols!" echoed Ned,
but he was only six years old, and so
he did cry.

"You will be angels sooner than we
want you to be, if you run around
this way," laughed mamma, with tears
in her own eyes. "Don't you know
that you'll both have the cough?"

"Yes'm," said Jack, meekly.

"Yes'm," echoed Ned.

"Then run back to bed this minute,"
said mamma. "Tomorrow you shall
put on your coats and mittens, and
sing carols under the window as long
as you like."

And Jack and Ned, standing knee-
deep in the snow under mamma's
window, with the warm sun light
around them, were sure that it was
the nicest way, especially when mam-
ma gently raised the sash, and show-
ed peanuts and candy into their caps.
—[Youth's Companion.

A Vast Difference.

A furniture man stopped the way in
the Weisenburgerstrasse, Berlin. A
little boy stood by the horse and gave
it some bread to eat. The driver
looked on with a broad grin.

"That's right," he said to the young
benefactor: "always be kind to dumb
animals. Look how the horse enjoys
it. But does your mother always give
you big chunks like that?"

"No," replied the youngster. "I
didn't get that one from my mother."

"Where did you get it, then?"

"It was lying in the van."

Here the carrier flew into a temper
and bawled out: "Why, that was my
breakfast, you miserable rascal, you!"

The poor lad, doomed thus early in
life to a practical experience of the
sudden vicissitudes of popular favor,
sadd weeping from the scene.—[Ber-
liner Tageblatt.

A Happy Outlook.

Newly-made Beide—Mamma says
she does not think we will ever quar-
rel as she and papa do.

Groom—Never, dearest.

Newly-made Beide—No; she says
you will be much easier to manage
than papa was.—[Harper's Bazar.

HUNTING TERRAPIN.

A Profitable Industry Along Chesapeake Bay.

Curious Ways of Catching the Teethsome Tortoise.

A Baltimore correspondent of the
New York Times was told by a dealer
that terrapin from the Chesapeake sold
at \$69 a dozen. The correspondent
goes on to say:

The senior member of this firm was
the first dealer to regularly sell terrapin
in Baltimore. That was about
forty years ago, and he received \$8 a
dozen for the best. The difference
between \$8 and \$69 shows how much
the terrapin has advanced in public
appreciation.

In fact, the high cash value of the
terrapin is modern. The records show
that the Indians caught and roasted
them, but they were looked upon as
very common food. At Yorktown,
Washington and Lafayette ate a dish
of terrapin because the supplies were
low at the time. In the annals of two
counties of Maryland there are con-
tacts in which it is stipulated that
slaves should not be fed on terrapin
more than twice a week, and they
once rebelled because they were given
terrapin instead of pork. Mr. Clay-
ton of Delaware, who was Secretary
of State during the Administration of
President Taylor, used to buy them at
\$1 for an exact load.

The best of the terrapin, and the
most of them, are found in Ches-
apeake Bay, from which 500 men take
nearly 600,000 every year during the
season, which is from November to
April, inclusive. The method by
which they capture them is as inter-
esting as the terrapin itself.

Along the bay, which extends nearly
200 miles, with dozens of large rivers
rushing into it, are immense marshes,
and flats and shallows, on many of
which grow the water cress, which
gives to the terrapin and the car-
back duck the flavor that makes them
so attractive to cultivated appetites.

If you should happen near some of
these places you would probably find
an old colored man wading around
with a stick pronged like Neptune's
trident, prodding into the mud and
looking very like a person who had
lost something valuable in a queer
place, without exactly knowing where
to seek it. But so experienced is he
that the slightest sign of a terrapin
leads at once to a quick investigation
below, and generally to a quick trans-
fer to the large cotton sack which the
old man carries.

This is one way. There are others,
the most successful being the dragging
of loaded seines along the bottom.
Many terrapin are also caught in the
oyster dredges, and all find their way
to market.

In the autumn the terrapin begin
to get ready for their winter sleep.
A Maryland man buried twenty-six of
them on the 1st of June, and dug
them up on the 1st of December. In
the six months they did not lose an
ounce of weight, and every one of
them was alive and well. You can
take a terrapin and put it in the cellar
in the autumn, and without receiving
food or drink it will be all right in
the spring. It is, in fact, about the
cheapest boarder in the entire animal
kingdom.

Several have tried to raise terrapin
in ponds, but they have not made
much of a success. For the terrapin do
not like captivity. An interesting thing
about them is that they have so much
curiosity that when they are confined
in these ponds they can be trained to
come to the surface when their food
of the crab-meat and dough is ready.

Boys along the Chesapeake catch
terrapin. There is not much sport in
capturing them, but they are very
well satisfied with the profits.

Many terrapin are caught along the
coast of North Carolina. One of the
curious methods of catching them
there is that dogs are used, which in
summer track them from the water's
edge to the grass where they go to lay
their eggs. The way in winter is to
burn the grass in swamps. The ter-
rapin, mistaking the warmth for spring,
come from their hiding places and are
captured. Both of these plans, how-
ever, are considered barbarous.

Hammer Snakes in California.

A letter from Dr. E. E. Brown says
he and party have made a most won-
derful discovery up in King's River
canon. In crossing a small creek
they came to a beautiful canon or
basin of about three acres of level
meadows, surrounded by perpendicu-
lar walls some 300 feet high. A fine
stream of cold, clear water was flow-
ing into the little meadow, but there

seemed to be no outlet. There was no
way of getting down into the valley,
but quail and rabbits seemed to inhabit
the little basin.

A pair of opera glasses brought to
light a number of snakes basking in
the sun on the flat rock. They were
from one to three feet in length, and
had heads shaped exactly like a black-
smith's hammer. While the party
were examining with the glasses the
maneuvers of a number of the snakes
crawling through the grass a very
large one was noticed making a snook
on a cotton tail rabbit. When within
about two feet of the rabbit the snake
stiffened the front half of its body and
bent into a right angle. Then his
snakeship straightened out suddenly,
bringing the rabbit a swinging blow
on the side of its head which laid
bunny out completely.

Another snake was observed to
creep onto a quail sitting on a scrubby
tree. This snake twisted about four
inches of its tail along a limb of the
tree and used all the rest of its body
for a hammer and handle to crack
the quail on the head such a stinging
blow that it died without a flutter of
its wings. The snake seemed to have
the wonderful power of lengthening
its body out nearly double its normal
length and as small as a whitebone
wisp, the heaviest part being next to
the part wrapped around the tree.

After killing the quail and eating
the snake hammered the body into a
pulp, bones and all, with its head, and
then swallowed the whole business.
The swallowing showed that the ham-
mer part of the head could be held
back out of the way while the swal-
lowing was done.

Every effort possible with the appli-
ances they had with them was made
to get one of the snakes, but they
failed.—[Selma Irrigator.

Extinction of Birds.

Dr. Morris Gibbs, in analyzing the
causes of the decrease in the
numbers, or the absolute extinc-
tion of certain of our birds, says
that the lighthouses of our
great lakes and coasts sacrifice many
thousands each year, and possibly
hundreds of thousands, the birds
killing themselves by dashing against
the lights when migrating seasonally.
He doubts whether there exists an in-
vention, with the exception of the
gun, more deadly to birds than the
electric light. Another indictment is
brought against the headlight of the
locomotive, and also against the tele-
graph and other wires which form a
network through the country. All
these causes unquestionably contribute
in a greater or less degree to the
destruction of birds, but it has been
conclusively proved that when the
number of birds destroyed at any par-
ticular place by any of these agencies
has been carefully determined by a
series of daily records the result has
inevitably been such as to lead to the
belief that the accounts generally
given of the aggregate destruction of
birds by various forms of the electric
light have been greatly exaggerated.
—[Chicago News Record.

A Tale of Two Barns.

There was a man named Hubbs who
bought a farm, built a large stately
dwelling at the end of a long shady
avenue of maples and settled down to
enjoy the comfort and independence
of a farmer's life.

He built a very little barn of logs
and shingled it with clapboards.

There was another man of the name
of Hubbs, who bought a farm in the
same neighborhood, built a very little
dwelling of logs, shingled it with
clapboards and settled down to the
hard, grinding monotony of a far-
mer's life.

This man Hubbs built a large stately
barn at the end of a long shady
avenue of maples.

At the end of ten years Hubbs' big
house had broken him up.

And Hubbs' big barn had enabled
him to buy Hubbs' stately dwelling
for about half price and move it over
on his own farm.

Hubbs has a big dwelling and a big
barn and represents his county in the
state legislature.

Hubbs has a little log cabin and a
little log stable and is trying to sell
out to Hubbs. He wants to quit farm-
ing and travel with a peddling wagon.
—[Chicago Tribune.

A Patient Pole.

The Russian character teaches pa-
tience. A Polish miner went to see a
doctor at 9 a. m. the other day, and
was told that the doctor was from
home and would not come back until
late in the evening. "I will wait,"
was the reply. When the servant
went into the waiting room the next
morning to sweep it she was astonished
to see the Pole sitting still like a
wooden pole in his chair, waiting for
the doctor.—[Chicago Journal.

The Standard of Value.

I know a bright young poet
Whose soul is as pure as his verse
(And surely not dainties show it),
But he carries a very light purse,
He's poor, and where, and wherever
He sees the people comment,
"Oh, yes, he is very clever,
But he isn't worth a cent!"

I know a scotch miser
Whose heart is as hard as his gold,
Or all those things a despoiler,
He follows in wealth untold,
And the proverbial multitude ever
Exult him as Mammon's good guest
And say, "It's not wise, good or clever,
But his's worth ten millions at least!"

—[P. P. Smart, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Hardly fair—The brunette.

You ought a match to make it burn,
and you burn a match to make it light.

The reason that rich men have so
many friends is that they are capital
fellows.

"There's a highfiver," said one man
to another. "It's a good one!" "No,
Armand."

A clock is very different from a
man. When it strikes it keeps right
on working.

"What trade is Bellows engaged
in?" "The carrying trade." "The
carrying trade?" "Yes; new baby at
his house."

Stature—Humble is a very clever
imitator; in fact, he can take any-
body off. Miss Spizer—I would so
enjoy having him come in while you
are here.

Father—What would you advise me
to do with my son; his pronuncia-
tion is perfectly terrible? Teacher—
Get him a position as brakeman on a
railroad at once.

The winter season's ended when the win-
ter supply blows.

For the birds no relief, young man, to
you.

For the bird of your affections has inquired
of the know.

What's the most to get an oyster
shell?

"Honor, is it true that extreme
nervousness will produce nausea?"
"Yes; I once saw a car full of people
bury up their heads when two train
robbers covered them with their pis-
tols."

The Riding Master—Have you
learned to trot yet, Miss Manley?

Miss Manley—Oh, yes; I could
trot all right if it weren't for the
horse. The plaugny thing keeps jog-
ging up and down so.

Mrs. Flatter—I hear the dealers are
going to raise the price of sea-kink
squags this winter. Mrs. Simpurch—
I hope they'll be more successful than
I am. I've been trying to raise the
price of one for the past three years.

"At the lecture on 'The Decline of
Literature' the eloquent orator
observed: "Where are the Chaucers,
and Spenser, and Milton, and
Spenser, and Macaulay? Where are
they, I say?" And a voice answered
smily from the gallery. "All dead."

Advantage of Going Barehead.

A correspondent complains that he
cannot take his walks abroad with his
head uncovered without being exposed
to gibes and flouts and sneers and be-
ing pointed as a lunatic. "And yet,"
he asks, "why but the latter would
suffer by the almost complete disuse
of the hat? The advantages would be
many; we should entirely avoid bald-
ness (which our hats induce); our
heads would be as cool as our faces
(which we never think of covering,
though they are less protected with
hair than our heads); we should save
our money and a great deal of trouble.
In this climate we may not be afraid
of sunstrokes, and we should avoid
colds in the head. It is a mistake to
suppose that either chimney-pot hats
or bowlers shade the eyes. They do
not do so any more than women's
bonnets. Butcher boys and Christ's
Hospital boys find that it answers to
be baldies. I hear that Mr. Arthur
Balfour goes without a hat whenever
he can. He is a wise and knowing
man."—[London Telegraph.

A New Medical Discovery.

A case of tuberculosis has been dis-
covered in a cow in one of the city
dairies of Toronto, Canada. When
the affected cow was discovered there
was some doubt as to the nature of
the disease, and it was not until the
animal had been inoculated with
Koch's tuberculin that a positive con-
clusion was reached. This is the first
occasion in which tuberculosis has been
used here, and the experiment was
watched with a great deal of interest.
Veterinary surgeons are of the opin-
ion that a new light has been acquired
whereby tuberculosis can now be
diagnosed beyond a shadow of doubt.
—[St. Louis Republic.