

YOUNG FOLKS.

John's Sister.

What! no elder sister?
I wouldn't be you!
Who buttons your jacket?
Who ties up your shoe?
Who gives you a boost
When you climb a tree?
Who bathes your bumps,
As kind as can be?
Who guided your ear
The first time you paddled?
Who blows your bubbles,
Even when they're addled?
Who sets your moths,
Your butterflies free?
Who mops up the floor
When you spill the glue?
Who makes you taffy?
I tell you it's fine!
Who baits your hook,
Untangles your line?
Who takes out your splinters,
All in a minute!
Who tells you stories,
And sings like a linnet?
No sister! I pity you,
Truly I do.
And oh! for a whole farm
I wouldn't be you.

—[Laura E. Richards.]

FIREWATER'S SHOT.

A Story of Adventure on Indian River.

In two weeks after his arrival from the North Frank Mason was as much at home on the Indian River as the St. John's River as any boy in South Florida.

In fact, Frank and his mother lived on the river, for near the shore of the lagoon, under the tall palm trees, what had once been a flat-bottomed river steamer was drawn up, and this was his home. Its staterooms were occupied by the citizens of Orangeville, and the old steamer was by long odds the best hotel in town.

But Frank was much more interested in a shallow skiff manned by an old Seminole Indian, which communicated with the low, sandy beach. The guests of the floating hotel had but to call to "Old Firewater" at any hour of the day or night and a moment later the swish of his paddle would be heard and the skiff come shooting out from a little creek.

Frank was not long in discovering that Firewater was no talker, but he also discovered that older heads had not noticed—that Firewater was a good listener. He would sit mutely for hours hearing Frank tell how they hunted moose in the Maine woods, or how people in a cold climate lived. Sometimes the old Seminole would show his appreciation by taking his little passenger out across the sandy ridge that divides Indian River from the ocean and teaching him to fish for big game. Firewater seldom descended to speak. Once, when Frank asked him to teach him how to swim, the old Indian's eyes glistened; without a word he ungrudged himself and sprang into the water of the lagoon. Frank was soon in a condition to follow, and after that the old Indian and the water daily until Frank became almost as expert as his teacher.

Sometimes they crossed the bar, and, anchoring the skiff, swam out into the warm water of the ocean; but at such times the old Indian would keep his piercing black eyes strained on the distance, constantly turning them in every direction.

One day when an odor of watermelon suddenly floated on the breeze he turned swiftly with a grunt and struck out for the shore.

"What is the matter?" asked Frank, but in lieu of a reply Firewater pointed over his shoulder, and Frank saw with a shudder the tips of a shark's fins not far behind. Safe in the skiff, Firewater broke silence for almost the first time in their acquaintance. He warned the young Northerner never to go in swimming alone, especially upon the ocean side of the reef.

Winter merged into early spring. As the floating hotel became more and more crowded with transient guests Firewater and his skiff were kept busy from morning to night. At first Frank was disconsolate, but with the assistance of the old Indian, who had a few minutes to spare just before sunrise, he built a very creditable boat of his own. Sometimes he even prevailed upon his mother to go out for a row, but more often he spent the day upon the lagoon alone.

One warm spring afternoon he found himself drifting idly toward the inlet. The sky was clear and the water tempting, and his preceptor's advice was forgotten. He anchored his boat, stripped, and presently was paddling and splashing about in the delicious water.

A hundred yards away a long low, sand bank arose from the water. It was low tide and a foot or two of the dry sand lay above the gentle breakers. Toward this Frank made his way, and while yet quite a distance from it his feet touched the shallow bottom of the lagoon.

Once upon the sand bank an irresistible desire to swim out among the breakers at the other side came over the boy. Up to the very spot where he stood looking upon the ocean, the water was deep; a plunge and a swim! Where was the harm? The old Indian's advice rang through his brain, but as for a moment he hesitated with his hands upon his head, ready to dive, a piece of sand slipped and he lost his balance and fell splashing into the water, whether he would or no, and a moment later he was out among the ocean swells.

And everything was forgotten save the pleasures of the moment.

Suddenly the young swimmer drew a long breath, sniffed the breeze again, then his face blanched. A faint odor of watermelon seemed to him to float upon the waves. With a sudden energy he turned toward shore and swam for it with all his might. At every stroke the peculiar odor seemed to grow, until at last the panic-stricken boy felt sure that a monster shark was swimming at his side ready to turn upon its back and seize him in its jaws.

He tried in vain to splash the water, but his arms and legs were too weak. It was as much as he could do to guide himself toward the bank.

When he was almost upon the sand, with a great effort, he turned to look over his shoulder. It was as he thought. He caught sight of a knife-like fin cutting the water not many yards behind.

Exerting every muscle for a final struggle he reached for the shore, and with a supreme effort he clambered out of the water. As he lay exhausted a sharp snap and a com-

motion in the breakers not a foot distant told him he had escaped none too soon.

Still panting, Frank stood up on the smooth, hard sea sand. The monster shark was swimming back and forth. He never for an instant took its narrow little eyes from the naked figure of its postponed supper. Frank shuddered and smiled as he thought how he would cheat his sharkship by simply wading out to his boat.

But that smile soon changed to an expression of horror, for scarcely had he taken a step down into the shallow water on the other side of the bank when an old log of driftwood suddenly acquired motion and cut through the water toward him. "Alligators," gasped the poor boy, as his knees smote together, and quickly running back he stood once more on the sand bank. But the scaly monster came on; as Frank edged away the whole long-brown length of hideous scales slowly followed until it dragged itself completely out of the water and waddled forward upon the sand.

Frank had had sufficient experience in hunting alligators with Firewater to know that he could keep out of its way on "dry land," but the tide was rising, and though it meant only a difference of two feet, even that would submerge the little island at least twelve inches—and then it would be only a question of shark or alligator.

Twice the horny reptile dragged itself after the naked boy up and down the little strip of sand, which was even now beginning to grow smaller.

Once a great sweep of the armored tail almost touched his body. If it had struck him he would have sailed through the air and landed in the jaws of the patient shark.

An hour passed, and now the alligator seemed content to lie still and follow his victim with his wicked little eyes; nor was the patience of the shark at all exhausted, and as the island grew smaller and smaller they both drew nearer and nearer.

In vain the poor little Northerner called for help. There was no one in sight. As he looked for the last time he thought he saw a small speck on the water of the lagoon, but the setting sun blinded his eyes and he dared not hope. He moved a foot nearer the watching alligator, away from the waiting shark; tears trickled down his cheeks.

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Suddenly the heavy, scaly monster turned slightly and moved forward. The space was so narrow now that the long, lath-like tail dipped into the water of the ocean, and as it touched the waves there was a splash and a scene of wild struggle. The undiscriminating shark, hungry for his supper, had seized upon the alligator's tail. The great saw-like teeth sunk through the thick armored hide, and with a bark like a dog the enraged reptile turned and slid off into the water.

For several minutes the breakers were dyed red with blood. Never for a moment did the tenacious shark release his grip until with a mighty contortion the agile alligator bent his body double and seized the soft stomach of the shark in his immense jaws. Then the struggle began in earnest, and the two strange creatures rolled over and over in the ocean, but nothing distinct could Frank see through the churning foam.

At last all was quiet. Then a heavy body arose to the surface, and the angry head of the victorious alligator turned in every direction in search of his victim. Suddenly the two bright little eyes lit upon the trembling boy, who now stood ankle deep in water, paralyzed with fear and unable to move. There was a quick movement and the glittering eyes and ugly snout of the saurian seemed to fairly cleave the water. Frank closed his eyes and fell forward, for his trembling legs refused longer to support his body. There was a singing sound in his ears—then a roar of thunder split the universe, a bright flash filled all the air, and he became unconscious.

When Frank next opened his eyes Firewater was bending over him, rifle in hand. "Ough!" said the old Seminole, as he lifted the limp and helpless boy into his skiff to wait while he removed the skin from the alligator.

"White boy min' Injun nex' time," was all Firewater ever said to his young friend. Nor would he explain how he happened to be on hand just at the right moment.

Frank has never forgotten the old Indian and now every year, when spring approaches, a big consignment of ammunition finds its way to Indian River that makes a pair of very black eyes sparkle with true huntsman's delight.

Islam's Activity.

The activity in India of the Anjuman-i-Islam, or Society of Islam, appears from the public statements of its operations to have extended far beyond the establishing of schools or the building of the college at Bori Bunder. It has examined numerous questions bearing on the welfare of the community. It has smoothed the path of the pilgrims to the shrines in Arabia, and collected funds for the repair of the Zubeida Canal, which supplies their needs while travelling in that arid country. It has raised subscriptions to give aid to the wounded and orphans during the war between Turkey and Russia. Near home the vaccination of the Mohammedan community was promoted by its agency, and the census of the 200,000 Mussulman inhabitants of the city of Bombay, while, owing to the society's exertions, a library containing a considerable number of books in Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic, as well as English works, has been established for the use of the poorer classes of the community.

Terrible Experiences in a Typhoon.

The Central News states that the Japanese mail brings intelligence of the terrible experiences of the British ship Thomas McLennan. When four days out from Harrodan, Japan, she encountered a typhoon. The high seas kept the vessel's deck up to the rail filled with water for 24 hours. Nearly everything movable was washed overboard. The forward-house and forecastle bulkhead were stove in, the engine-room damaged, and the starboard lifeboat smashed and washed overboard. The port quarter boat was stove in, the port iron fresh-water tank burst, seven stanchions gave way, and the main rigging screws parted. Next day the weather moderated, and repairs were commenced. The cargo of sulphur had to be jettisoned to prevent fire.

"She is very high church, isn't she?"

"Why, she bows her head whenever the young rector's name is mentioned."

EURASIANS OF INDIA.

The Poor White Problem That Confronts The British Empire.

Helpless Hereditary Pauperism the Common Doom of Descendants of Europeans Settled Permanently in India.

India has a "poor white" question that presents one of the gravest social, moral, and political problems with which the British Government is confronted in that remarkable land. It has confronted the Government for many years, growing in gravity as each year has gone by, but all the strenuous efforts to remedy, or even to palliate, the evil have so far entirely failed. "Hopeless hereditary pauperism seems to be the doom of a large proportion of the mixed and even pure descendants of Europeans settled permanently in India," says the London Times. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal recently appointed a Commission to investigate the question and its report is characterized as disclosing a state of things "disastrous in itself and creditable to the British name." Over 22 per cent, or nearly one-fourth of the Eurasians, people of European fathers and native mothers, in the metropolis of India are officially returned as paupers, "actually traced out in receipt of charitable relief of one kind or another. This percentage of pauperism is about three times higher than that of the poorest country in England during midwinter.

The Commission was instructed to suggest some remedy, but it regrets that it has no adequate remedy to propose. It suggested some palliatives, which are said to have scarce touched even the surface of the evil, and the latest official attempt to deal with the poor white question is acknowledged, but another failure. It remains a problem, "whose distressing aspects the Government is sorrowfully acknowledging, but for which it has been unable to find a solution."

There are, according to the report, 247,642 Europeans and Eurasians in India. Statistics show that only one-third of this number are employed in the military and civil establishments of the Government, and including even the employees of the railroads, only 91,000 in all of the number come under the head of "officials." Outside of these people satisfactorily employed and accounted for there is a European population of about 77,000 and a Eurasian community of some 80,000. The half-breeds are classed with the whites especially with the poor whites. Of course they cannot under any circumstances, because of religious bars, and especially the impassable barriers of caste, have any part with the native population, even with the very poorest and lowest caste among the Hindoos. What to do with the Eurasian has always been a prominent and difficult question. The native papers say, "Deport him," "the white prints say," "Make him a soldier," and the Eurasian himself says, "Make me a Commissioner; give me a pension."

The latest solution of the problem offered is perhaps more remarkable and interesting for the character of the premises stated than for the nature and possibilities of the remedy offered. It is put forward by Sir Theodore Hope, late Public Works Minister of India, and a distinguished authority on matters of Church and State in India, and practically it is the suggestion to Christianize the Christian population, the poor whites and Eurasians. The proposer says that the ecclesiastical establishment in India is utterly unable to supply the spiritual needs of the Europeans and Eurasians, who are now dotted in groups and small communities all over the vast peninsula of India. The Government keeps up a corps of clergy to look after the spiritual welfare of the "officials," and also makes grants to the Christian sects generally, but the provision is insufficient, and the large body of Europeans and Eurasians, not "officials," would be almost entirely without benefit of clergy but for aid from England. Of course there are missionaries a-plenty, but their work is to convert the natives, and they are stationed in native inhabited regions, that they are out of touch altogether with their brethren among the poor whites. Many European stations are visited once, twice or thrice a year by a Christian clergyman, while some quite large groups of Europeans and Eurasians receive a flying visit once a year. Consequently, as Sir Theodore Hope shows, the poor whites and half-castes are without religious training of any sort, and "multitudes of white and semi-white boys and girls are growing up to adolescence in a tropical climate without, in many cases, any church teaching whatever." This painfully inadequate provision for the religious and moral training of the pure and mixed descendants of Europeans in India places them at serious disadvantage compared with Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsee communities, which are trained from earliest childhood under a most rigid system of religious obligations and sanctions which exercise an immense influence on their consciences and lives, and indisputably for great good. Sir Theodore Hope does not say this is the sole, or even chief cause of the acknowledged dire poverty and deep degradation of the poor whites of India, but he asserts it is a powerful cause, and as he has had the very best means of learning the economic as well as the religious aspect of the matter he is accepted as a strong authority. The remedy proposed is mainly to increase the number and efficiency of the clergy in India, and attempt to Christianize and morally educate the full of material for moralizing that while such remarkable efforts are making for the conversion of the natives of India to Christianity those born into the faith and classed as representatives of it are so utterly neglected, and with such deplorable results, that some do not hesitate to call a scandal to the Christian name.

The Government of India is not engaged in the business of converting the heathen to Christianity. It respects the religions of the natives under its rule, and views with impartiality Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsee, and Christian. It assists the native religions with capitulation grants, just as it provides a Christian establishment for the "official" European population and assists various Christian sects, and with just regard to the difference in numbers of adherents. The grants to native religions aggregate an immense sum, something like eighteen or twenty million of dollars yearly. The Indian people are so essentially religious that they expect the Government to care for the religious establishments, and accept the taxation for that purpose gladly. It seems to cost a great deal more to supply the spiritual needs of a European than those of a native, according to the figures given.

"But," says Sir Theodore Hope, "this is the case in every branch of the administration. The English magistrate, doctor, soldier, policeman, newspaper editor, is a more costly article than his native equivalent." But the details of the scheme to remedy or palliate the poor white evil by religious effort are many and not interesting at this distance. Many competent critics are inclined to believe the plan may effect some, good but a real comprehensive solution of the serious "poor white" problem is not in sight and in view of past failures, is almost despaired of. The situation is progressively serious, and the part the "poor white" factor will play in India's future is a matter of grave concern.

THE GLOOM OF PROVINCIAL FRANCE.

Grinding Care and Greedy Thrift Seen in the Faces of the People.

We are always hearing, says the St. James Gazette, in England about our "gay neighbors" across the French on the eastern frontier these last few months I confess I can never hear them called merry without laughing. Wise, solemn, prudent, careful, if you will—but merry never! Yet they must have been the prevailing notion come else where did the weary end of the century from? Perhaps the French end of the century has infected them with its ennui, or the war and the weight of the indemnity have crushed their old spirits. At all events, the gaiety of the French Nation is somehow eclipsed, in the provinces at least, and the people have forgotten how to enjoy themselves. We talk about our dull British Sunday, and revile it in French, as though we could learn a lesson from over the water. So we might, perhaps, from Paris; but in the country, no! The British laborer enjoys his Sunday infinitely more than his French equivalent. At least he rests. The French peasant sweats over his field as much on the dimanche as any other day. There is not a particle of difference between Sunday and week-day hereabouts. There is no rest for the man—and it is his own fault; but one cannot help pitying the poor patient oxen and horses, who never get a day off and have no choice in the matter.

You can see the grinding care and greedy thrift which fill the lives of these people in their faces. They are not a lovely folk, these ever-toiling French peasants. The long struggle for land and money has prematurely aged them, and the wizened look of the inveterate miser is on their careworn features. How they love the soil! Irish "land hunger" is nothing to it. These French peasants scrape and scrape and toil and toil to add a foot of ground to their property. Of course they are owners of their land, not tenants; and dearly do they love to pinch themselves to increase it. A farmer close by draws a rent of something like 100,000 francs a year; yet there he is, working away in his fields like any plowman, dressed in his worst clothes, as intent on gain as ever. On the high road dwells quite a rich man; yet he and his wife and four children live in three wretched rooms like a laborer's family without the least pretension to comfort. Of course there is scarcely any distinction of classes. Every one is monsieur or madame; and madame often wears no hat and throws but a shawl over her shoulders, rich as she may be and fully prepared to give her daughter an excellent dot. Wealth does not bring comfort, any more than honest toil brings a merry soul—in France. At work or play you never hear the jolly song of the plowman or the whistle of his boy. Every body goes at his work solemnly and gloomily. It is a rare thing to hear a servant singing over her work.

Indeed the whole people, of all ages, are subdued and wear a crushed air. Is it the government or the war? At any rate, the joy seems to have gone out of the lives of young and old. They take no interest in anything. Out here in the Jura the process Panama does not arouse the smallest excitement. Home politics possesses no attraction for them. But name Germany or Bismarck and you will find you have touched the sore place. They would fight against Germany while they could stand. They have many of them been out in 1870 and can tell long yarns of the war—of lying on the hills, of being taken prisoners, and all the memories of that awful year. It is the one keen feeling in the lives of these plodding plowmen, it is their only story. And they would give anything to act it over again, with a different finale.

Siberian Exiles in a Snowstorm.

News which has been delayed in transit has just been received in London of a terrible disaster on the great Siberian road. It is to the effect that when within six hours' march of Tomsk, an exile party was caught in a terrific snowstorm, and out of 374 persons only 91 safely reached their destination. In an hour all trace of the road was lost, and in another most of the men were exhausted. One after another the exiles would fall, dragging down those chained to them, the remnant of the party moving on, desperately and hopelessly. Search parties found some bodies, but none alive. Six women and four children are said to be among those who perished, and one of the convoy was missing when the message was sent from Tomsk. According to the Moscow *Viedomosti*, which publishes the account, not less than 62—a very unusual proportion—of the exiles who were lost were "politicals," and one of the women, Madame Lazarov, was the wife of one of them.

Abducted by Bandits.

A romantic story is related from the City of Mexico. The Castle of Chapultepec, the residence of Senor Refugio Martinez, situated near the city, was entered in broad daylight one day last week by seven masked men, who, after severely beating the owner and his wife, carried off Martinez's beautiful daughter, despite her apparently desperate resistance. The police were communicated with, and a fashionable hotel in Mexico, where, to the intense astonishment of the parents of Senorita Martinez, the young lady was found living with her lover, Don Luis Salazar, a young man belonging to one of the best families of Mexico. He was arrested, and his sweetheart was forced to return to her parents. A few days afterwards Don Salazar and a party of friends returned to the house disguised as bandits, and a second time abducted the girl, who was married to her lover on the following day.

SPRING SMILES.

When a bicyclist goes at top-speed he very properly calls it a spin.

Where's the profit when spring makes us happy and gay if it makes all the microbes feel just the same way?

What nonsense it is to say a man is inclined to be bald. When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.

Smiley—"They say Miss Locutte is a perfect witch in full dress." Wiley—"Not quite a witch—rather a neck-romancer."

Thirsty Tourist—"Isn't fifty cents wather steep for a lemonade?" Montaza Bartender—"Steep? Naw! W'y, you went an' et the lemon!"

Strucklike—"I am beginning to think one's ancestors are important." Miss McBean—"Yes, they come under the head, important if true."

Terry—"How many fish have you hooked the day, Pat?" Pat—"Whin O've got the wan O'im after now, an' two more, O'll have three."

Creditor—"The consciences of those two bankrupts appear to be very elastic." Assignee—"Well, don't you expect elasticity in suspenders?"

Friend—"Going to try for a prize essay this term, Sawyer?" Medical Student—(lowering his voice)—"Sh! Yes. Got a man hunting a subject for me already."

"Dennis, you're a gentleman and a scholar; is this where you ruminate?" "Begorra, and you guessed it the first time; this is just where I room an' ate."

Miss Hart—"Which do you think is usually the sillier, the bride or the groom?" Mr. Oldbath—"The groom, of course. That's how he happens to be a groom."

That Cupid's ways are careful
Is patent at a glance,
For one never sees his picture
With patches on his pants.

Mrs. Dix—"The law doesn't treat a woman fairly." Mrs. Hicks—"In what respect?" Mrs. Dix—"She is recognized as a man's better half, but if he happens to die it cuts her down to a third."

"Look here," said the applicant's friend, "I'm afraid you are too eager. The office should seek the man, you know." "That's all right. But I'm not selfish enough to deprive the office of a little judicious steering."

"This is my youngest boy, Mr. Cynicus," said the novelist. "They say he is very like me." "Does he go to school?" "Yes. He can read quite well, but as yet he can't write." "He's very much like you," said Mr. Cynicus.

Though langour's the rule at this season,
It seemeth in reason quite clear
That people should be more elastic
When cometh the Spring of the year.

"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately." "Perhaps so, father, but his hair is so red that—" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."

Housekeeper—"Ice will be very cheap this Summer won't it?" Ice-man—"Well I don't know, mum. You see we've got a good deal of dear ice left over from the year before and we'll have to sell that first, because it might spoil, you know."

She—"Oh, do you really know Mr. Frayd-edge, who writes those society stories? Don't you think he has the most delightful touch?" He (thinking of the late departed V)—"It doesn't strike me that way. But he'll never touch me again if I can help it."

Visitor (picking up the baby)—"So this is the baby, is it? Watch me poke um's ribs." The Boston baby—"Mother, will you kindly inform me whether the deplorable condition of this person is due to permanent dementia or spasmodic and intermittent insanity?"

Applicant for Insurance—"No, sir; I neither drink, chew nor swear; I don't go to the theatre nor attend balls, and have no evil associates. I am a Sunday school teacher and my morals are above reproach. I never had a day's sickness in my life." Agent—that is an extra, hazardous risk young man and we can't take it." "Applicant—"What?" Agent—"No. The good die young, you know."

A BUSY QUEEN.

Victoria's Arduous Duties Entitle Her to Frequent Vacations.

The time was when only a few knew how heavy is the load of work and anxiety laid upon the Queen. Now, happily, the entire English people are more or less conscious of it. We are not quite sure, however, that it has struck many people, as it ought to strike them, that the burden becomes heavier year by year. For Her Majesty is not only Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, she is also Empress of India. But her official titles by no means express the full extent of her territory or the area of her cares and responsibilities. Every occupation of the Foreign Office tells how the business of that department of state has increased in volume during the last few years, and how it goes on increasing. That means augmentation of labor and solicitude to the Crown, whose wearer, moreover has to inform herself of a world of matters outside its jurisdiction. In the dedication to the Queen written by Tennyson this year after his elevation to the laureateship, he affirmed that the office held by Her Majesty is "nobler than arms, or power of brain, or birth." We may rest assured this was no empty or merely courtly assertion. It represented a sterling fact. It is the office of august duty; and when the duty is adequately performed, it is unquestionably the highest conceivable. "She wrought her people's lasting good," wrote the laureate forty-one years ago. If those words were true then, their meaning has since been yet more strikingly amplified. During a reign which in mere duration has rarely been surpassed, and in greatness and majesty has never been equalled, the Queen has set, alike to the highest and the humblest of her subjects, the example of what a life should be. The moral tone of the nation has been sensibly raised by one of whom it could be said, forty years ago, "Her court was pure, her life serene." The perfect serenity was interrupted by the hand of death; but sorrow only made sense of duty more acute and more perfect. The true and tender eulogy uttered by Tennyson in 1851 has been merited a hundredfold since it was written.

HEA

Nerve

It stands approved nerves and muscles lose strength and sh brain needs exercise hard labor, but not to become, and rem Over-weariness, and injure the brain as t capacity the muscle sufficient amount o will produce matter feeding is an injury, brain.

Sleep is the indispe during which it rest by the wear of strength. Good sleep requirement, for bra stances that prod nerve poisons, and healthy nerve brig the human brain ether, cocaine, and never justified exce medicine, or in ord the agony of death.

Every one who d strengtiet a health first, not only labo ly: must really labo not too little. Fou for a healthy bein Let any one spend and idleness, and o be enjoyment. He cial wants in ever it they burden his life and more dependen tal horizon will gro and more rigid. Th that is, its ductily become less and les comprehending t thoughts.

On the other han the plasticity of th advanced age. Idl the best brain cap old mentally, na horizon, and not s We often observe e ents becoming, by power; and highly means of idleness, revious, and now P-hilistines.

With an increa children's need, cake, coffee, pepper, an can collect from a globe, and then wa and nerves are a w teen. We have se and quinine to sc dinner. Their pa they endowed the frames and good d stomachs had been laneous hot bread, syrup, strong coffe, because it might pe, with pepp ations, that they young bodies thro the summer seas stimulants above other hand, ch same desks, upo ally bestowe no if as good, wen in the enjoyment c comprehended in t little falling-off i and color which of North." Why? allowed, and seldo rich pastry. The ish on oatmeal w with the cream st, wheat flour bread, some, and fruits w with not enough natural acid.

The phenome most common at tions of the body one of the most s may not seem so why one becomes although to the p means a simple p sound asleep, why in a state of res according to the b a discovery which mystery of sleep, vations, wearine of changes in the by which their s removed, as the substituted. In acquires an und The result of water is to less nervous substanc stimuli, consisti sounds by which insufficient to stity. When an ex the substitution stance of the b asleep. During simulation, the w solid particles o posed. Thus n normal condition awakes. This e genious, seems t haps as satisfact been propounde

It is underst her will in 1876 quarto size, and cured with a p pages have been for codicils, e been added. T died in 1878, m were rendered a cer of 1884, a death, rather One entry relat of the Queen's the property of

No matter w rot, the man things go wro