My First Pair of Breeches.

How dear to my heart were my first pair of breeches,
Although now worn out I remember them still;
They'd been in the house a year or two previous,
And were formerly owned by my big brother Bill.
How my eyes opened while in great expectation,
When told that new breeches for me would be made;
How I felt in my heart a strange agitation,
And laugned when I thought how I looked so arrayed.

They were not cut up in fashion, of that I'll assure you;
They came to the knees, no suspenders were worn;
A patch in those days would excite no great notice.
If I climbed a fence my new breeches were torn.
When I first put them on a peculiar sensation
Arose in my bosom that gave me great joy,
For now all the neighbors who want information,
Could see that no girl I was, but a big boy.

And the pockets, how large, how deep and how roomy;
I had a place for my marbles, my top and my ball.
I found one behind—why 'twas nothing but pockets!
There were three that were large and one that was small.
When I strutted out proudly an audible titter
From one of the boys gave me some little pain;
When he said: "Can your mother make pants fit no better?"
I said naught for answer, but looked with disdain.

From those days of our childhood alas! we've now parted;
Does your first pair of breeches ne'er give you a thought?
Did they not fit you better, at least you did think so,
Than those from the tailor that since you have bought.
But now when you see that new breeches are needed,
A tailor you'll find you must first interview,
And your purchase of pants will perhaps be impeded,
He's not like your mother, he will not trust you.

—*St. Louis Republican.*

Given and Taken.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led,
Thus a grave eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was a vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes,
"Love is sweet in any guise;
But its best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave
Likest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—*John G. Whittier in the Independent.*

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while, in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah! what are kisses on clay cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling your young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

Sleep well, beloved—rest thou in peace—
Thy patient life-work done,
God touched thee, gave thee sweet release,
And crown of glory won.
Sleep well, beloved.

Sing low, sweet bird, thy evening song,
For she who loved thee sleeps
Among that silent waiting throng—
An angel vigil keeps.
Sing low, sweet bird.

Bow gently, wind, over her bed;
O sun, shine warm, shine low;
And may the night her dew-tears shed,
May softly fall the snow.
Blow gently, wind.

Bloom fair, thou lily of the vale,
While the green ivy creeps;
Arbutus, in thy beauty, trail,
O'er her who sweetly sleeps
Her long last sleep.

The Modern "Engaged" Girl.

In the old times a betrothal ring had a good deal of significance. It was the first ring that a maiden wore. At present, when every young lady wears one or more rings, and may wear as many as she pleases, a girl's engagement ring is no conspicuous adornment, and is not remarked by one in every hundred of her beholders, unless it is a handsome diamond and attracts attention by its beauty. But a betrothal ring was almost as sacred as a wedding ring, and the girl who wore one was as good as married. The maiden of the present day enjoys a much larger liberty and often makes good use of it. She may retract as many matrimonial promises as she makes; may jilt six lovers and return their rings, marry a seventh, and invite the six jilted lovers to the marriage feast. The ancient engaged girl had to walk a rather narrow path; but the modern engaged girl!—well, she is a trump, and I rather like her. She lives in "liberty hall," and "does as she pleases."—*Chicago Herald.*

E. A. McDowell, formerly well known in Canada, but now a member of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, is seriously ill.

VISITING THE QUEEN.

How Royalty's Guest is Treated and Must Conduct Himself.

The dull, regular, uninteresting routine of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's daily life, so trying even to the enduring patience of her last remaining daughter, has once more begun, unrelieved save by the homely, almost lowly, incidents recorded daily, and which constitute the only communion between the nation and herself. Time was, even after the castle had been virtually closed for all festivities, that guests were bidden to fit for the three days' visit so dear to the British heart, and during their stay enjoyed the privilege of revelling in the priceless accumulation of pictures, tapestries, objects of art, rare books, rarer engravings and unrivalled specimens of china—one little table with rose Dubarry medallions alone being estimated at $25,000. Now the invitations rarely extend over one evening and night, and, although they are to all intents and purposes commands, sometimes only reach the recipients a few hours before their attendance is required. A fast train brings you down from Paddington station in forty minutes. As no carriages are habitually sent to meet you, you have to trust yourself and servants to flies and cabs to reach the castle. Pages of the Queen, lads belonging to the best families in the kingdom, take charge of you and, consulting a written list, conduct you to the apartments set aside for your use. They consist of a complete set of rooms, the only fault being that in winter they are apt to be insufficiently warmed, as the Queen is constitutionally averse to heat. Shortly after the arrival of a guest, he receives the visit of the Master of the Household, Sir J. C. Cowell, who brings him an invitation to have tea with one or other of the ladies in waiting. Full court dress is de rigueur for the dinner. As early as 9 o'clock the guests assemble in the great gallery which runs around the quadrangle, and which forms an immense picture gallery, never opened to the general public even at those periods when admittance to the State apartments is allowed during the Queen's absence from Windsor. At half-past 8, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty makes her appearance, and, with a few brief words to the company, leads the way to the dining-room. If there are sixteen to dinner it is served in that apartment, one side of which is a broad window, opening on the central court. The walls are hung with tapestry, and two paintings only adorn the apartment—a portrait of the Queen, by Angeli, and one of the Duchess of Edinburgh. When *en famille* the Queen dines in one of the octagonal towers, where each of the eight windows frames a perfect view of the park. There is little or no conversation at these state repasts. The Queen not infrequently leans forward to whisper a remark to her daughter in a fashion which, to say the least, is decomposing to the uninitiated. The menu, besides the names of the dishes, gives that of the chef who has concocted them. The innumerable footmen are all in gala livery, butlers and pages in costume, and the so called "clerks of the kitchen," in black coats and knee breeches, stand at the sideboard to carve. After the dinner, which is short, the Queen retires with the ladies—a mere formality, for the men follow three minutes later. The members of the court and household have always finished their meal, taken in the great hall opening out of the first of the three greet saloons, and which is used by the Queen only when her party exceeds thirty. Sir J. C. Cowell presided at the table. The post-prandial ceremonies are promptly gone through, Her Majesty exchanges a few sentences with each of her guests, who remain standing the whole time, and at the end of half an hour, at the outside, withdraws to her private rooms, which are always brilliantly lighted, and where she finishes the evening conversing with her daughter, reading, writing or being read to. Meanwhile her visitors are at liberty to play whist or listen to music in the red and green drawing-rooms. The gentlemen can betake themselves to billiards or to the smoking rooms. The latter are provided even for the servants, but it is strictly forbidden to smoke in any other apartment, public or private. Every visitor knows that he will see his royal hostess no more, and that he is expected to leave the castle by 11 next morning. He can take his breakfast in his rooms or downstairs, as he prefers. Her Majesty has her very early meal either alone or with some prince of blood royal. At 9 she drives through the grounds, which are of great extent and beauty and strictly private, to Frogmore, where she alights, and, weather permitting, enters a tent spread on the lawn for her use. There she reads her letters and newspapers. The latter have been previously carefully scanned by one of her ladies in waiting, and the passage which should meet her eye marked in red pencil. She scrupulously abstains from glancing at any others. Under a second tent she then attends to business, and bulky packages of correspondence are opened before her. A mounted groom constantly rides backward and forward, carrying her instructions to her private secretary at the castle. She herself returns thither for lunch, after which the afternoon is filled up with walking and driving with Princess Beatrice until the evening again begins.

Salt Bath for the Eyes.

Medical and Surgical Journal: Many persons are suffering pain from weakness of the eyes. This, sometimes, proceeds from local inflammation, sometimes from other causes. Several persons who have thus been afflicted inform us that they have derived almost immediate, and in some cases permanent, relief from the application of salt water as a bath; and, when the pain has been aggravated, from a compress saturated with salt water laid on the eyes, and renewed at frequent intervals. Opening the eyes and submerging them in clean salt water has been found beneficial to those whose eyesight begin to fail.

Behind the curtain of a barber shop, in the secluded apartment sacred to the application of dye to gray hair, a sharp observer declares that he saw the barber clipping the locks from a man's head in order to make him bald. The explanation is that he remarkably resembled the Prince of Wales, and was so proud of the likeness that he wished to perfect it by partially denuding his scalp.

FIRE-PROOF INDIANS.

Picturesque Acts of Legerdemain Among the Southern Redskins.

Mr. John B. Sweet, who has recently been travelling in New Mexico and Arizona, gave an interesting and graphic sketch to a Denver *Tribune* reporter of the "Hashkawn dance," which he had witnessed at one of the Navajo agencies. It took place in a large corral, or inclosure of an irregular circular form, about forty paces in diameter. Its fence, about eight feet high, was constructed of fresh juniper and pinon boughs. In the centre was a conical pile of dry wood, about twelve feet high, which was to make the great central fire. Around this, a few feet from the fence, a dozen smaller fires were burning for the comfort and convenience of the spectators, who numbered about five hundred men, women and children, gathered here from various parts of the Navajo country. The fire dance was the most picturesque and startling of all. Some time before the dancers entered, I heard strange sounds mingled with the blowing of the buffalo horn. The sounds were much like the call of the sandhill crane, and may, perhaps, be properly called "trumpeting," and they were made by the dancers constantly during the exercises. The noises continued to grow louder and come nearer, until we heard them at the opening in the east, and in a moment after men having no more clothing on than a breechclout entered. Every man bore a long, thick bundle of shredded cedar bark in each hand, except the leader, who carried four smaller fagots of the same material. Four times they all danced round the fire, waving their bundles of bark toward the flame; then they halted in the east, the leader advanced toward the central fire, lit one of his little fagots, and, trumpeting loudly, threw it over the fence of the corral in the east. He performed a similar act at the south, the west and the north, but before the northern brand was thrown he lit with it the fagots of his comrades. As each brand disappeared over the fence, some of the spectators blew into their hands, and made a motion as if tossing some substance after the departing flame. When the fagots were all lit, the whole band began a wild race around the fire. At first they kept close together and spat upon one another some substance of supposed medicinal virtue. Soon they scattered and ran, apparently without concert, the rapid racing causing the brands to throw out long, brilliant streamers of flame over the naked hands and arms of the dancers. They then proceeded to apply the brands to their own nude bodies, and the bodies of their comrades in front of them—no man ever once turning around. At times the dancer struck the victim vigorous blows with his flaming wand; again he seized the flame as if it were a sponge, and, creeping close to the one pursued, rubbed the back of the latter for several moments as if he were bathing him. In the meantime the sufferer would catch up with some one in front of him, and, in turn, bathe him in flame. At times when a dancer found no one in front of him he proceeded to "sponge" his own back, and might keep this up while making two or three circuits around the fire, or until he overtook some one else. At each application of the blaze the loud trumpeting was heard, and it often seemed as if a flock of a hundred cranes were winging their way overhead, southward through the darkness. If a brand became extinguished, it was lit again in the central fire; but when it was so far consumed as to be no longer held conveniently in the hand the dancer dropped it and rushed trumpeting out of the corral. Thus one by one they all departed, and the spectators stepped into the area, picked up the fascicles of the fallen fragments of bark, lit them, and bathed their hands in the flames as a charm against the evil effects of fire.

"Were they not blistered?" asked the reporter.

"They were not hurt in the least," was the answer. "I believe they were protected by a coating of earth or clay paint. That, however, did not make the effect any less strange. I have beheld many fire scenes on the stage, many acts of fire-eating and fire-handling by civilized jugglers, and many fire-dancers by other Indian tribes, but nothing quite comparable to this. The scenic accessories were unique. Demons scourging lost souls with the eternal fire could scarcely be pictured to look more awful."

Hints to Housekeepers.

Glass tubes of large size can be evenly bent over an ordinary blast-lamp by filling them with dry sand.

People who dislike to have their windows frosted in cold weather can prevent it by rubbing the glass inside and outside with glycerine.

In London an electric light has been used to illuminate the interior of an oven. The door was of plate glass, and every part of the process of baking could be distinctly seen.

Carpets, when a thin layer of hard-wood sawdust that has been well damped with a solution of common salt is thoroughly brushed off, are found to have their freshness greatly restored.

To clean silver or plated ware wet a soft cloth in kerosene, dip it in whiting, and rub the article all over with this; then wash in suds made of home-made soft soap; wipe dry and polish with a chamois skin.

A delicious apple custard is made with two eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cup of cream, flavored with lemon and beaten thoroughly. Add a teacupful of strained stewed apple. Bake with only an undercrust.

Creases in drawing paper in engravings may be removed by laying the paper face downward upon a sheet of smooth, unsized white paper, covering it with another sheet of the same, slightly dampened, and then ironing it with a warm flat-iron.

In cleaning oilcloths never use either soap or hot water, soap causing the paint to come off, by dissolving the oil with which it was made. If very soiled rub briskly with lukewarm water and a soft cloth. When only slightly dirty a damp cloth should be rubbed over, followed by a dry one.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts, to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Pleasure is the business of the young; business the pleasure of the old.

THE SHINING POLLS.

The Causes That Produce Baldness in the Average Man.

Baldness is produced by a failure of normal nutrition in the papillæ at the base of each hair follicle. Imperfect work being done in the capillaries, which are here richly distributed, the cells which constitute a hair-shaft are not formed in their due proportion, the old shaft thus feebly sustained becomes loose and drops away, leaving nothing in its place. This failure of nutrition may have a sudden cause, of which the effect will be but temporary. For instance, an attack of typhoid fever often leaves the papillæ of the scalp so much enfeebled that rapid baldness ensues. The papillæ, however, still retain their vitality, and, as the system regains its strength, they quickly recover their potentiality, and the hair comes again, perhaps thicker than before. In the same manner certain cutaneous affections may cause the hair to fall by an action on the papillæ which is but temporary; in such cases recovery, perhaps with assistance, perhaps without it, is possible. In the great majority of instances, however, where the head is bald the failure of nutrition of each papilla has come on so gradually and has continued so long that the papilla no longer exists; it has passed away by atrophy; its capillaries have become obliterated, and even the follicle no longer constitutes a depression in the cutis, and the scalp has the smooth and shining appearance which we so well recognize. It is easy, therefore, to see that in such a condition as this no renewed growth of the hair is to be expected, for the anatomical structure which caused its development and continued it has ceased to exist, and the countless remedies which are so freely advertised as being able to rejuvenate bald heads are utterly of no avail. They serve only to illustrate the greed and the impudence of the inventors, as well as the credulity of the purchasers. But such is the desire to escape the appearance of "growing old" that no doubt they will hold their ground for all time to come. But now arises the question, can not the application of the various agents to the scalp at the time when the hair is beginning to lose its hold be of service in stimulating the follicles and papillæ into renewed and permanent vigor? To this question it is not possible, on theoretical grounds, to say no, absolutely; but in practical fact that is the only true answer to give in the vast majority of cases. The cause of the falling off of the hair has been already stated, and safe reasoning tells us that our only hope can be in that which can restore the failing vitality, and we well know that we should not expect to secure this on any other part of the skin by filthy oils and washes. Proper cleansing of the scalp is as important as it is of all other parts; nothing else should be applied to it but common sense. There can be little question but the continued close covering of the head with hats and caps is one very constant cause of baldness. Women, in our own communities, seldom lose their hair, except from sudden causes; and among those nations where the head is habitually left bare or but slightly covered baldness is practically unknown. At the same time the beard, which is of the same class of hair as that of the scalp, but which is always uncovered, does not fail with age. A reform in our style of headgear is very desirable, but it is not at all likely to be accomplished. The suggestion was some time ago made that bald heads might perhaps be covered anew with hair by "skin-grafting." No doubt such bits might be attached, but the whole matter is merely a wild fancy without practical value. We can make skin grafts take hold, but it is only where the skin is destroyed and the surface raw and exposed, commonly rendered so by disease.

Assuming that some person would consent to have his scalp peeled away in preparation for the operation, and then assuming that some other person could be found who would consent to appropriate his own scalp to cutting out the proper bits for the work, yet then the very best possible success must be extremely imperfect. The denuded surface would heal so rapidly between the "grafts" that no extension on their part could take place, and a head with small specks of hair here and there would be the only attainable results. "Crazy patchwork" is fashionable, but perhaps not many would care to wear it in that way. The result of all seems to be that when baldness has come slowly and naturally it has come to stay, and our only wisdom is to be content.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The Future of Wheat.

Discussing the future of the wheat trade, in view of Indian competition, *Herapath's Journal* says: "The one cause which glutted the Indian wheat trade of 1884 was the low prevailing price in British markets. But is that low price likely to continue? We should say not. To keep wheat at 30s. we should have a combination of circumstances, the absence of any one of which would send the price up. First of all, our farmers could not grow it at that price. Nor could Canadians or Americans. A bountiful harvest at home and abroad led to such a low price, but a series of such harvests would not perpetuate that price. Things soon find their level, and so would wheat. The point is, can India compete with Canada, the United States and America? We confidently say that it can. It has good soil, good climate and cheap labor. The last factor is wanting in America, and that will eventually turn the scale in favor of India."

Bestwood, the Duke of St. Albans' seat in Notts, was bought by Charles II. for £5,000 and settled it upon the first Duke, his son, by Nell Gwynne. The Beauclerks have never been as well to do as the other illegitimate offshoots of Charles. The late Duke got only a life annuity of £10,000 a year by marrying Mrs. Coutts, but the present Duke had a fine estate in Ireland with Miss Osborne.

The wine product of California is increasing faster than the consumption, and though wine, unlike other products, does not deteriorate, but improves with age, says the Alta *California*, the disproportion cannot continue a great many years without exciting serious fears.

The benevolent person who last year gave anonymously the editor of London *Truth* 5,000 sixpences for distribution among workhouse children on Christmas Day this year donated 8,000 sixpences for the same noble purpose.

METHODS OF WRITERS.

The Most Graceful Writers Those Who Devoted the Severest Labor.

Philadelphia *Press*: Alexander Hamilton, on a certain occasion, remarked to an intimate friend: "People are all accustomed to speak to me as a man of genius. Now, call it, if you will, genius; it is, in truth, only the ability to do well what comes before me to perform." And the correctness of Hamilton's definition of the term is fully sustained by the example of so many eminent intellects whom the world takes pleasure in referring to as "men of genius." The great Plato, whose thoughts seemed to have come so easy, is said to have toiled over his manuscripts, working with slow and tedious elaboration. The opening sentence of "The Republic" on the author's tablets were found to be written in some thirteen different versions.

Coming to the gifted Addison, whose diction is full of such grace and simplicity, so much so as to create envy, yet admiration, in the mind of every writer who has flourished since his day, we find that the great author wrote with the most painful deliberation.

The historian Gibbon, in speaking of the manner in which he wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," said: "Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation. Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect."

Lamb toiled most laboriously over his essays. These papers, which long ago became as classics in the English language, which are replete with the most delicate fancies, were composed with the most exquisite nicety.

La Rochefoucauld was occupied for about the space of fifteen years in preparing for publication his little work called "Maxims," rewriting many of them more than thirty times.

It took Buffon fifty years to write his "Studies of Nature." After the first draft was made he would rewrite it some eighteen times before he deemed it ready to go to the printer.

The celebrated French critic Sainte-Beuve was accustomed to devote six days to the preparation of a single one of his weekly articles.

In the early career of Bulwer he found that seventeen lines in a single day was all he was able to write. As he became experienced, however, in authorship he acquired such facility that he was easily able to write several pages every day.

Our own matchless Hawthorne was slow in composing. Sometimes he could write only what would amount to half a dozen pages a week, often only a few lines in the same space of time, and, alas, he would frequently go to his chamber and take up his pen, only to find himself wholly unable to perform literary work. I fancy this trait of character a peculiarity of genius.

Tennyson's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," was rewritten some fifty times before it gave complete satisfaction to the laureate, while he spent eight hours a day for six weeks in rewriting and giving finish to "Locksley Hall," though the first draft of this exquisite poem occupied two days in its composition.

Tom Moore, with all his wonderful brilliancy, considered it doing very well if he wrote fifty lines of his "Lalla Rookh" in a week.

The great Balzac, after he had made a plan of a novel, and had, after the most laborious researches, gathered together the materials which he was to embody in it, would lock himself in his private apartment, shut out all the light of day, and then, by the aid of his study lamp, he would toil day and night over the work before him. His servants, knowing so well his peculiar habits, would attend to his every want, fetching him the necessary food and drink with which to sustain his physical needs, and thus he would toil on and on until finally, with his task completed, as he thought, he came forth from his retirement looking more dead than alive. But invariably his task would not be altogether satisfactory to him, after all, for again he would seek the seclusion of his chamber, re-arrange, and make more perfect that which he had before supposed wholly complete. Then, too, when in the hands of the printer—God pity the poor printers—he would be as apt as not to alter, in one way and another, the manuscript, until both printer and publisher were on the verge of despair.

Courtship of the Eskimo.

The courtship and marriage of the Eskimo, according to a traveller in that snow-clad region, is very simple. Parents generally agree as to the marriage of their children while the latter are yet very young, and as soon as they grow up to realization, they find that their matches are made for them. They have only to do a certain amount of courting, and at a very early age—say 10 or 11 for the girl and 12 or 13 for the boy—they dwell together as man and wife. There is neither marriage nor burial ceremony. Nothing. All is simplicity, and very unromantic. Sometimes the matches made between children by their parents will not hold good. The children thus betrothed may grow up to dislike each other, and in that case there is no marriage. If, however, the girl dislikes the boy, and the boy is fond of the girl, she will have to submit and become his wife. The whole Eskimo population of the world is put down at 40,000. It is probably less. There are probably not more than 10,000 between Cape Chidly on the north Atlantic and Alaska; certainly not over 15,000.

Student life in Germany is no longer what it was. In small towns the students are still more or less lords of the situation; but in Berlin, which has now the greatest number of students, they disappear among the multitude, and the select brotherhoods and corps have no longer their claimed pre-eminence. Many people have become prosaic enough to regard duels as a crime rather than an honor, and the combatants are liable to arrest, though, to judge by the seamed, scarred and disfigured physiognomies to be seen in the streets, the favorite custom of sword fencing is by no means extinct among the rising generation in Germany.

Paper wheel-spokes are coming into use. The paper pulp is forced into iron molds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens.