In Winter.—Ballade.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and alive again
Harken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main:
South they flew at the summer's wane,
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,
Since time was coming for wind and rain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain;
Free they were in the days of June,
Free they never can be again;
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly and sorrows that tarry—
Youth is over, and hope were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate rune—
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain
Winds in the nestless trees complain,
Snows of winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain,
Time makes thrusts that you cannot parry,
Mate in season, for who is fain
Under the wintry skies to marry?

A Modern Madrigal.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead
Come, be Phyllis and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down the dingle,
For spring has taken the earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of winter white.
And laughs in the eyes of the spring, her lover,
And flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love songs, hovering on high
Trust to us for the spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffadowndillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;
I'll be Coryn and you'll be Phyllis,
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

GROWN UP LAND.

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop,
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

O, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
O, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.

Curing a Bad Memory.

Our readers have, doubtless, heard of memonics, the name given to any system of rules intended to assist the memory. The practical working of such a system is hindered by the fact that it requires a good memory to remember its precepts, when the occasion comes to use them. But a writer in the "St. Nicholas" gives two simple rules for the improvement of the memory, which can be easily recalled and readily put in practice:

Your memory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One—to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is not to read, but think.

When you read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them in words and speak them out.

Faithfully follow these two rules and you have the golden key of knowledge.

Beside inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break.

Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read.

I know a gray-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

Louis Riel.

Louis Riel is now about 40 years old, of medium height, stout and dark complexioned, with dark brown hair and moustache. He has a well-shaped and somewhat massive forehead, a Roman nose. His eyes are dark, bright and restless. He speaks very rapidly, and much after the manner of French Canadians, a superabundance of gesture being a noticeable feature both in his conversation and "oratory." He was born in the Red River Settlement, but when a mere boy he was sent, under the patronage of Bishop Tache, to one of the Catholic Colleges in Montreal, where he completed his education. It is said that at one time he intended studying for the priesthood, but afterward changed his mind. His powers as a public speaker were noted and favorably commented on while he was at college. He is a French-Canadian of Scandinavian descent. The name, he says, was originally Rielson. His ancestors lived in Limerick county, Ireland, for a long time. They came to Canada 200 years ago, and lived in Quebec. His grandfather was in the Hudson Bay service.

The Jersey Ahead.

Brother Singerly's Holstein cow is not such a peerless marvel after all. The story is that she gave 72 pounds of milk one Saturday, and that was pretty fair for a single day. But Mrs. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, owns a Jersey cow named Princess Second that gave in one week 299½ pounds of milk, yielding 46 pounds 12½ ounces of butter—a wondrous record indeed. In comparison, Brother Singerly's Holstein cow seems to be nowhere. It is not surprising that he did not think best to publish the amount of butter his cow could produce in seven days. Any way, the Holsteins are not equal to the Jerseys, except for beef.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Bloomington (Ill.) youth of 15, after a course of yellow-back literature, wrote to a merchant that unless he immediately received $100 he would burn down the merchant's store. He confessed afterward that he adopted the scheme from a novel.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Cultivation of Barley.

In the spring wheat growing sections there is little or nothing to be gained by sowing barley instead of wheat, unless the barley is of the highest quality and commands a high price. In the winter wheat sections barley is more extensively grown as a crop to precede wheat. The crop is harvested in ample time to admit of the land being got into good condition for wheat. A poor crop of barley is a nuisance. Half the crop is sometimes left on the ground among the clods, owing to the difficulty of cutting and raking it, and the farmer feels discouraged and is apt to relax his efforts when promptness and energy are so much needed in preparing the land for wheat. Barley needs the best of land and the best of tilth. It is no use sowing it on wet land, or land that is foul or cloddy. Early sowing is essential, and for this reason, many of our best farmers plough the land in the autumn, and merely harrow or cultivate, or at most lightly gang-plow in the spring. It is also quite common to drill in two hundred pounds of superphosphate per acre with the seed. Two bushels of seed per acre is the quantity usually sown. Some of our best farmers drill in only one and a half bushel to the acre.

A Good Time to Run in Debt.

We will not take the responsibility of advising you to run in debt. It may be all right and wise to do so, and it may not; one thing is certain, it is a good time to make needed improvements on the farm and elsewhere. Pluck is better than capital. Do not say that we are raising too much of everything now, and that it is a good time to stop. It will be a great mistake. If you are going to farm at all, farm well. Raise good crops, keep good horses, cows, sheep, hogs and poultry. Cultivate the land thoroughly, drain it where needed, feed stock liberally and make good manure, and apply it to the best paying crops. Have faith in the future. In England it is considered safe for a farmer to run in debt, in order to drain his land, and there are corporations ready to loan him money for this purpose. You may feel confident that the products of man's brains, and labor, and skill, will always be needed. Make up your mind to do a certain work in the spring and get ready for it this winter.

Early Vegetables.

It is now time to prepare the hot-bed and sow the seeds therein for early vegetables. A hot-bed may be very easily made, and will be found a valuable adjunct to a garden. It should face the south, and may be of any length or width desired. The top should slant enough to allow the rain to flow off and also to admit the sunlight. It should be one foot deep in front and from eighteen inches and upward at the rear according to the width. The object of a hot-bed is to generate and retain sufficient heat to allow the germination of the seeds and growth of the plants. The manure used, therefore, should be unfermented, in order that heat may be secured. Take fresh horse manure, and pack it firmly in bottom of the hot-bed, mixing, if preferred, wet leaves with the manure. After filling in the manure to the depth of four or five inches, cover it with an inch of fine dirt and wood mold, but be careful to have the covering free from lumps, stones or sticks. The seed may be sown broadcast or in rows, according to preference. Should the manure be slow in heating, pour a little warm lime water over it, first removing the dirt on the top for that purpose, the lime water to be prepared from fresh unslaked lime. Should it be too hot, sprinkle well with cold water. The seed should not be sown, however, until the heat has been brought under control. On warm days the glass sash, which should cover the top, may be slightly raised for ventilation, and the plants should be accustomed as much as possible to the influence of the external atmosphere. It is not well to have the plants too thick in the hot bed. Those removed may be transplanted in flower pots, egg shells, old fruit cans or small boxes, and if well cared for they will grow fast and be of fair size when the time arrives for planting them in the garden. Tomatoes and early cabbage may be sown in hot-bed now, and sweet potatoes may be planted in a special hot-bed any time after this month. Besides the matter of preparing the hot-bed, there are some garden crops that may go in very early, such as onions, peas and early potatoes, which are not killed by a slight frost. The ground for onions should be very rich. The best manure for an onion bed is that which is well rotted and it should be fine, so as to be completely mingled with the soil. The bed for an onion crop cannot be too thoroughly prepared, and should be entirely free from lumps or clods. The spade should be used, if the location selected is in the garden, and the earth well raked over several times. The rows should be about fifteen inches apart, or wide enough to admit of working with the hoe. If the crop is to be grown from seed it should not be sown too thickly, unless the plants are to be thinned out afterward. If sown for the purpose of securing sets the thicker the seed is sown the better. For a garden, however, the better plan is to procure sets, instead of using seed. The sets may be placed four inches apart in the rows by simply sticking them in the ground, and they must be carefully watched and kept clean from grass and weeds. Peas may be sown as soon as the frost leaves. The dwarf kinds are the earliest, the American wonder being an excellent variety. As dwarf varieties seldom give more than one picking they should be sown in succession every week. The best flavored pea is the Champion of England, but it does best when supported with strings or sticks, and answers well as an intermediate variety. Peas may be had throughout the entire season if sown at regular intervals, and they should find a place in every garden. The garden herbs should not be overlooked, while beets, carrots, parsnips, kale and radish should go in early. Always use plenty of seed, and do not trust to that which is home grown, as the seedsmen have greater facilities of supplying better seed than the majority of gardeners can grow for themselves.

—"He who has pie has friends," says a Russian proverb, which, being freely translated, signifies that the doctor and the undertaker stand in with the pieman every time.

Bismarck's birthday presents will foot up $175,000 in intrinsic value.

BRIEF TRADE REPORTS.

A Philosophical Chapter on Crime in the City of London.

Returns of thievery do not often appear among trade reports, says *Bradstreet's*, yet it is a well-organized business. Of course, there is much petty, retail pocket picking, corner filching, etc., which is never brought to the notice of the police, and consequently makes no part of the official reports, but what is tabulated is decidedly representative. One would think that stealing is so perilous a risk that it could hardly thrive, and that its pursuit must imply an irresistible predatory instinct, impelling men to that course in spite of every hazard. But the London police returns disclose a fairly prosperous business, and on the doctrine of averages comparatively safe. In 1880 every two hundredth person in the district covered by the operations of the metropolitan police reported himself a victim of thievery in some form. There were in the same territory 1,383 known thieves, although the actual number must be much greater than are known at Scotland Yard. The losses registered by the police amounted to nearly $650,000. Of this $190,000, or a little more than 29 per cent., were recovered, leaving the handsome amount of $460,000 to be divided among the depredators. How many good dollars were sent after the bad ones the returns furnish no definite means of determining, and one is at liberty to conjecture the purposes for which the $195,000 received for special services outside the tax rates were spent. Probably no small part was paid for detective duty to obtain some return of the goods snatched away by dexterous fingers. Notwithstanding all expenditures on police, the gains of this profession allowed to each known thief in the district was $332 13, or considerably more than an unskilled laboring man could earn in London. There are fluctuations in this line of industry, for in 1878 it was especially profitable, and there were $496 of unrecovered spoil to each professional on the Scotland Yard books. But this statement makes no allowance for those of the corps who were apprehended, who had to disgorge and afterward enjoyed the hospitality of the State. It would not be much amiss to estimate that the losses in London by stealing average $400 a year for each habitual thief, an income enjoyed practically without molestation, and sufficient to recruit the professional ranks while wages are as low as they are. The number of larcenies and burglaries largely exceeds that of the thieves, but obviously each operator must commit several crimes in order to realize his full income. But the inefficiency of police protection in London is exhibited in the statement that for the decade from 1870 to 1880 the losses by the spoliation of the predatory class in excess of recoveries was $4,166,000, the recoveries being a little more than a fifth of the losses. Nearly half of the felonies coming under the cognizance of police pass without any arrest. But the crime of London is less burdensome than its pauperism. It is estimated that the endowed charities of the metropolis produce an annual income of £4,000,000, of which three-fourths are expended in London. Add to the £1,187 427 arising from the poor rate, exclusive of the police and administrative moieties thereof, and divide it by the 88,000 out and indoor paupers and an income of $245 per head is obtained. Here no account is made of the private benevolence of London, which, since the day of Denison, has been estimated at $10,000,000 annually. If this is taken into consideration it is doubtful which is more profitable, begging or stealing.

First Aid to the Injured.

Feminine Boston is attending this winter "emergency lectures." These are, no doubt, of value. If a girl slip down and sprain her ankle, instead of being obliged to wait till some man picks her up and sends her home in a cab, she quietly takes off her shoe and stocking, tucks her skirts to one side, and performs the necessary surgical operation on the spot. If she feels faint at a ball, instead of looking around for a man to whom she has been introduced, and into whose arms she can without immodesty fall, she quietly sits down on the nearest chair, sends her escort for a few simple remedies, and applies them herself. Suppose during these beautiful snowy days she is run away with—run away with by a horse, I mean. While the horse is tearing along looking for a convenient lamp post to use in breaking the sleigh, the Boston girl, with the coolness of Galen and the quiet dignity of Hippocrates, selects from her bag some liniment, one or two splints and a number of strips of linen, and when at last she is thrown across the horse's back against the side of a house, instead of screaming or fainting, she applies the liniment ready in her hand, bandages up the fractures, and walks quietly home to send one of the grooms for her horse. I believe later in the season some of the lectures are to be purely practical, and we shall be told how to smile upon a mosquito so that he will refuse to molest us, or how to frown upon a wasp so that the wasp will drop dead with fright, or how to convince one's self at a moment's notice that a mouse is more timid than a 160-pound girl, and quite unable to scale a dress, either on the inside or out, unless helped by a ladder. You see there is no nonsense about these lectures; the girls are honestly benefited by them, and they are becoming more and more popular.—*Courier Journal.*

Northwest Enterprise.

Gentleman (Irish), comfortably settled, would correspond with lady not disliking colonial life, with view to matrimony: money no object. E. A. Cooper, Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., Canada.—*Irish Times.*

Lady Ermyntrude Russel has 100 pairs of shoes in her wedding outfit.

An editor declares that the difference between wit and humor, and again between talent and genius, is only the difference between the raspberry and the strawberry. Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, and doubtless God might have given man a better gift than humor, but He never did. Woman has not the full gift; she has wit and some humor, it is true, but she has only a slighter sense of humor, whence comes much marital unhappiness. As George Eliot tells us, "A difference of taste in jests is a great strain of the affections."

THE CANADIAN WARRIORS.

Lord Derby's Reply to the Offer of Troops by the Governor-General.

The following is the Earl of Derby's reply to the Marquis of Lansdowne's offer of a Canadian contingent for service in the Soudan:

Downing street, February 24th, 1885.

"MY LORD,—On the 19th inst. I briefly acknowledged by telegraph the offers made by Canadian officers, with the sanction of the Dominion Government, to supply troops for military service in Egypt, and I have now great pleasure in assuring you that the Queen was much gratified by these loyal proposals, and has commanded me to express Her Majesty's high appreciation of the patriotic spirit by which they were prompted. Her Majesty's Government are well aware that a contingent specially enrolled from the various local battalions of the Dominion, and commanded by such officers as Major-General Laurie and Colonel Williams, will, should circumstances admit of its employment in the present operations, form a very valuable addition to the forces under Lord Wolseley's command; and although they are not in a position to give directions for its immediate enrolment, they will inform you as soon as possible whether it will be in their power to avail themselves of a Canadian brigade at a later period of the year. I am well aware that although Canada has fortunately had no occasion, and is not likely to have occasion, owing to the friendly feelings of its great neighbor and its distance from the complications of the old world, to use its military resources, a powerful force could rapidly be raised in the various Provinces of the Dominion, and would be cheerfully placed at the disposal of the Queen for service beyond the sea in any exigency. Many thousands of these men have been well drilled, and excellent provision has been made for the education of their officers, and Her Majesty's Government are sensible that the spirited offers which have caused so much pleasure to this country represent but a small fraction of the assistance which would be readily tendered by the people of Canada if the necessity for it should arise.—I have, etc., (Signed) DERBY.

"The Marquess of Lansdowne."

MORE THAN A DREAM.

The Prospect for Cheap Light and Heat from Electricity.

(Edison in a Recent Lecture.)

The dream of certain French and German scientists that it may be transformed directly from the solar energy is a wild chimera, or at least it is remote and untrustworthy; but that it will be derived in some simple and inexpensive way directly from coal, which is solar heat and light stored up by nature, the writer believes to be a certain fact, the present methods of producing electricity are, at their best, very cumbersome and expensive. Expensive boilers, engines and dynamo machines are the media through which the carbon of the coal is transmitted into electricity, and with enormous waste at that. A large amount of expensive labor, too, is needed, so that with the cost of the plant and the labor to operate it, the ultimate product is very costly. Once, however, the secret of the direct production of the electrical energy from coal is discovered, a marvellous revolution will take place. The cost to the consumer will be very small. From one great central station in a city electricity will be furnished to give light, heat and power to houses, stores, public buildings, factories and workshops, and at so reduced a cost as to materially lessen the expenses of life and work. This is something more than a dream. It is a future fact which many now living will probably see realized. Such a direct transformation of coal into electricity would utilize 80 per cent.; now by the process of turning the energy of carbon into heat, heat into energy of motion, and this into electrical energy, at least 90 per cent. is lost.

Photographing the Enemy.

A very interesting balloon-camera apparatus was included in the *impedimenta* of the special detachment of military aeronauts who left for the Soudan a week or two since. The use of this ingenious contrivance will possibly be tested ere long. Briefly stated, the mode of procedure is to send up a captive balloon with a camera attached, duly set and focussed for taking negatives from a certain height. The operator has full control over both camera and balloon, and by means of electric wires can regulate the exposure of the plate, etc. The balloon is at length hauled down, and if successful in his work the camera will contain a plate which on development will give a view of the enemy's camp or fortifications, or whatever the object may be over which it hovered. The operation will be, of course, a difficult one to successfully carry out; but experiments have been conducted with such success that the officer in charge, who has had considerable practice with the apparatus at Woolwich and Chatham, is sanguine as to his ability of proving its practical use in war time.—*London Figaro.*

Times Not to Agree.

"I am tired of life," said a young fellow "I have met with nothing but continued disappointments, and I can see no use in prolonged existence."

"I don't see why you should live," rejoined an acquaintance. "I don't know that you have ever done any good in the world, and can't see why you want to live."

"What!" exclaimed the disheartened man, who had expected sympathy; "don't see why I should live? Confound your ugly picture, I've got as much right to live as you have."

There are times when it will not do to agree with a friend.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Fine feelings without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.

The emigration statistics of Ireland for 1884 show that the emigrants who left Irish ports last year were 76,043, a decrease of 20,873 as compared with 1883; the number of males being 38,177, or 17,216 less than in the previous year, and of females 37,866, a decrease of 15,657. Of the 76,043 emigrants in 1884, 75,868 were natives of Ireland, and 180 were persons belonging to other countries.

Jay Cooke consumes two sticks of mint candy every morning.

ABOUT CANCERS.

They Are Pronounced Incurable Except by Cutting—Two Great Classes, the Benign and the Malignant—Cancer Cells, Fibres and Fluids—Not Contagious But Often Hereditary.

(Indianapolis Journal Interview.)

"Is cancer of the tongue very fatal?" inquired the reporter of a medical friend.

"Yes. Since seeing the article on Gen. Grant's sad condition in Sunday's paper, I looked up the statistics in the new edition of 'Agnew's Surgery.' Of seventy-two cases of cancer of the tongue analyzed by Dr. Agnew, forty were males and thirty-two females. Most of the cases occur between 40 and 50, and most die within a year."

"Do many cases of cancer recover?"

"That depends on the kind of cancer, its degree of malignity, and the time of operation, if removal be resorted to. Most tongue cancers are of the epithelial form, and generally are primary. There is no agreement in the classification of cancers. All tumors and morbid or abnormal growths are best regarded as forms of structural degeneration, or vitiated nutrition. All such growths are referred to one or the other of the two great classes. There are the benign, or harmless, and the malignant. Fatty, fibrous and bony tumors are examples of the benign tumors. By malignant tumors we mean such as are prone to unlimited growth in size. They are disastrous in effect or result, and difficult or impossible to arrest or cure. Pathologically, all milignant growths are essentially cancerous—their subdivisions are merely clinical or surgical. Cancer is an Anglo-Saxon word which means to eat away or corrode; canker and chancre are other forms of it. Benign tumors attach themselves to one kind of tissue—they are simple accumulations of bone, fat or muscle, and do not include the adjacent tissues, nerves and blood vessels. Cancerous growth are always rich in connective tissue fibres and enormous productions of cells, variously shaped, but of the epithelial type. They involve and destroy all the tissues in the way of their growth; they rapidly tend to molecular death, often becoming bloody, gangrenous and putrid; they are more likely than not to return after removal. I suppose from what has been written about Gen. Grant's case it comes under Waldeyer's terse definition of a cancer—an 'atypical epithelial neoplasm.' If they have a good deal of hard fibrous tissue in them, little of the so-called 'cancer juice,' and but few cells, they are called 'schirrhus,' or hard cancers; if orange or jelly-like, 'colloid;' if of a network of fibres, and with a great variety of cell forms, they are called brain-like cancers, 'encepahloid,' or 'medulary.'"

"May a cancer be known by its microscopic appearance?"

"Yes and no. The microscope confirms rather than determines the diagonsis. Pathologists and microlcgists no longer believe in a distinctive cancer cell. The cells, fibres and fluids of cancers are various and abnormal. The cells are of various shapes and sizes, averaging the 1,000th of an inch in diameter. The cells are like the cells of glandular structures generally, but they are longer: they are lawless in their growth, and do not normally belong to the part where they grow. They are not foreign implantations, but rather distortions of the natural elements of the body."

"What makes them so painful?"

"They are not always so; the physician sometimes recognizes uterine or other cancer before the patient is aware of its presence by pain or discomfort. The pain comes when the cancer extends to a tissue well endowed with nerves. They bleed, or not, according as they have or have not included vascular parts."

"What causes them? Are they contagious or hereditary?"

"They are not contagious; they are often hereditary. There exists in some families a 'cancerous cachexia,' or tendency, but it has not much significance. Cancers follow after injuries, as of the hip or knee, from falling; from pressure, as 'tobacco-pipe cancer' of the lip, and often in the uterus at the change of life, or injury. No part of the body is exempt. There is no cure except removal; all treatment is palliative only, and all so-called 'cancer doctors' are, without exception, quacks and impostors. But the legend, 'Cancer cured without the use of the knife,' attracts many. The charlatans sometimes remove benign growths and swear they are cancerous; they also 'cure' cancers which do not exist. Dr. Bliss, of Washington, D. C., brought forth 'condurango' as a constitutional remedy and cure, and much to his own chagrin, we may hope, and certainly to the mortification of those of the profession who tried it. Our consul at Pernambuco has sent samples of a new Brazilian plant, 'alveloz,' to the medical department at Washington for trial, but it will go the way of Bliss' 'condurango,' very probably. Cancers caused 200 deaths last year in India—reported as such in the health board statistics—probably many more. They cause over 1 per cent. of the total mortality. Forty-five were reported cancer of the stomach, twelve of the liver, and one of the tongue. Such statistics amount to but little without the evidence of *post mortem* examination, however."

"How long do patients survive after removal of the cancerous tongue?"

"Dr. Clarke is quoted by Agnew as to thirty-nine cases, of which the average duration of life was eighty-six weeks; twenty-five were operated on and life was prolonged on an average of forty-five weeks more—enough to justify the operation."

The mother of a family consisting of two grown-up daughters, living in Goffstown, N. H., recently died, and when the undertaker came to perform his duties the father was asked the name of his wife. His reply was, "Mother." No other name could he remember, and the daughters were equally ignorant, having never known their parent by any other name than 'Mother.'

Josh Billings has attained the ripe age of 67 years, which conclusively shows that bad spelling has no worse effect upon a man than whiskey and tobacco.

—Brad trimmed dresses are in demand for spring suitings, the wide military braid being a favorite. It is used up and down the skirt in plain rows between plaits or run around above the flounce at the foot.