Waiting for Life's Close.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
No towering shaft or sculptured urn
Or mausoleum's empty pride
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled brier and creeping vine
Across the crumbling tablets stray.
The summer sky is softly blue;
The birds still sing the sweet old strain;
But something from the summer time
Is gone that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed,
So many songs have ceased for aye,
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay.
The noisy world recedes from me;
I cease to hear its praise or blame;
The mossy marbles echo back
No hollow sound of empty fame.

I only know that, calm and still,
They sleep beyond life's woe and wail,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale.
I only feel that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond
On fields that shine supremely fair.

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

"No, no; to-day Herr Berkow is in no danger; he is in the house with his officers. This time the revolt has broken out among us. This morning a part of the miners wanted to go to work again; but my son"—here a quiver of pain passed over the old man's face—"well, you will soon know how matters stand. Ulrich is in a rage. He and his underlings have driven the workmen back, and now hold possession of the mines. The vanquished party are not going to submit to this; and they are plotting together. The entire works are in revolt, and comrade is arrayed against comrade. Merciful God! what will be the end of this?"

The overseer wrung his hands. Eugenie now understood the wild commotion up yonder; the sounds of strife, that despite the distance were plainly audible to her.

"I intend to shun the works," returned she. "I wish to cross the meadow to the park; and from there"—

"For Heaven's sake, do not go there!" interrupted the old man. "Ulrich is there with his whole party; they are holding a council upon the meadow. I was just going over there to beg him once more to come back to reason, and at least leave the mines free. Now the fight is against our own flesh and blood; but, in his fury, he neither sees nor hears anything. Do not go that way, my lady; it is the worst."

"I must reach the house," declared Eugenie decidedly, "cost what it will. Go with me only to the officers' dwellings, Hartmann. If necessary I will remain there until the path is free; and, at your side, I shall be secure from danger."

The old man anxiously shook his head. "I cannot help your ladyship," he said. "To-day, when one stands arrayed against the other, amid all the tumult, I am scarce secure of my own life; and, if you should be recognized, it would avail you little that I was at your side. There is only one person who can assure you respectful treatment—one whom they will obey; and he hates Herr Berkow with a deadly hatred, and hates you because you are his wife. Righteous God! there he comes! Something has happened to displease him; I see it in his face. Keep out of his sight just now, I implore you."

He pushed the young woman through the half open door of the little house; for already steps and loud, passionate voices were heard close by. Ulrich, accompanied by Lorenz and some other miners, came on without remarking his father. His face was flaming red; upon his forehead lay a thunder cloud, which every moment threatened to burst forth; and his voice rang out in the wildest excitement.

"And if they are our comrades, or even our brothers, down with them as soon as they become traitors to us! We have pledged our words to stand one by the other; and now they would cowardly submit, and abandon us and the whole movement. They shall have their pay for this. Have you taken possession of the mines?"

"Yes; but"—

"No buts!" said the young leader imperiously to the miner who allowed himself this pretext. "There must not be treason in our ranks now, when we stand so near victory. You will drive them back, I tell you, as soon as they seek to come on. They shall learn where their place and their duty now is, even though they learn it with bloody heads."

"But there are two hundred of them," said Lorenz gravely. "To-morrow there will be four hundred; and if the chief should interfere, and make a speech to them, you know what effect that would have. We have learned this often enough of late."

"And if there were four hundred—even if it was half of the workmen, we would compel them to submission with the other half!" cried Ulrich furiously. "I will see if I can no longer be obeyed. But now forward! Carl, you must go over to the works, and bring me news whether Berkow has again been interfering—if with his damned eloquence he has not again made hundreds wavering. You others, go back to the mines. See that they are fully guarded, and allow no one there who does not belong to us. I will follow immediately. Go!"

The command was instantly obeyed. The miners hastened in the direction ordered; and Ulrich, who now for the first time saw that his father was present, went hastily up to him.

"You here? You should rather"—he paused suddenly. His feet seemed rooted to the ground; the face just now so flushed, became white as if every drop of blood had left it, and the eyes opened wide and searing as if they saw a spirit. Eugenie had stepped out to the door, and stood right before him.

Into the young woman's head had flashed an idea which she carried out that very moment. She did not think of the daring, even the danger, of her venture. She would go to her husband at any price, and therefore she overcame the horror with which this man had inspired her since she knew upon what her power over him was based. Once more she would use this power, whose effect she had already so often proved.

"It is I, Hartmann," she said, mastering an involuntary tremor, and speaking with the fullest apparent calmness. "Your father has just warned me against taking the path alone, and still I must go on."

At the sound of her voice Ulrich seemed rst to comprehend that it really was Eugenie Berkow who stood there before him, and not a vision of his excited fancy. Passionately he advanced a few steps toward her; but Eugenie's voice and glance still exercised the old power over him, and a gleam of mildness and repose now overspread his features.

"What do you wish here, my lady?" he asked excitedly; but the tone just now so rough and imperious was changed. It had almost a touch of weakness. "Things go badly with us to-day. This is no place for women; least of all for you. You must not remain here."

"I wish to go to my husband," said Eugenie quickly.

"To—your husband?" repeated Ulrich. "Indeed!"

It was the first time the young wife had used this designation. She had always hitherto said "Herr Berkow," and Ulrich seemed to suspect what lay in this one word. In his first surprise he had not thought why she had come here so suddenly, or in what way she could possibly have done this. Now he threw a hasty glance upon her travelling dress, and a second around him, as if to seek the carriage or escort.

"I am alone," explained Eugenie, who understood the glance; "and it is just that which forbids my going on. I do not fear the danger; it is the insults to which I might be exposed. You have once offered me your protection and your company, Hartmann, where I did not need them; now I lay claim to both. Conduct me safely over to the house. You can do it."

The overseer had thus far stood anxiously to one side; he expected every moment some attack from his son against the wife of the chief he so hated, and was ready in case of need to interfere. He could not understand the calmness and fearlessness of this young woman in the presence of a man whom every one knew to be the inciter of the whole revolt; and now as she made this request of him, and would confide herself to his protection, the old man's self-possession left him; he gazed in real terror up to her face.

But Ulrich was also terribly excited at this demand. The momentary expression of mildness and submission had already vanished, and the old imperious obstinacy had returned.

"Shall *I* conduct you over?" he asked in a hollow voice. "And do you ask this from me, your ladyship—from *me?*"

"From *you!*" Eugenie did not take her eyes from his face. She knew that in them her whole might lay; but here she seemed to stand at the utmost limit of this might. Ulrich started up like a madman.

"Never! no, never! Rather would I let the house be stormed let all go to ruin, rather than take you over there. Shall he have courage to resist us to the death because you are at his side? Shall he triumph when he sees that you have come here alone from the Residence, quite alone, and through all this danger, only so that he be left not solitary? For this you must seek another guide; and if you find that other"—he gave his father a threatening side glance—"he would not go far with you. I should care for that."

"Ulrich, for God's sake restrain yourself; it is a woman!" cried the overseer, stepping between the two in mortal terror. He naturally saw in this scene only the outbreak of that reckless hostility which his son had long nursed against the whole Berkow family; and therefore he placed himself protectingly before the young woman, who gently but decidedly pushed him back.

"Then you will not accompany me, Hartmann?"

"No, and ten times no!"

"Well, then, I will go alone."

She turned in the direction of the park; but with two steps Ulrich had reached her, and placed himself in her way.

"Go back, your ladyship! You cannot get through, I tell you; and least of all where my comrades are. Woman or not, that is all the same. Your name is Berkow, and that suffices them. As soon as you are recognized, they will all attack you. You cannot and you shall not go over now. You remain here!"

He hurled the last words at her with a voice of threatening command; but Eugenie was not accustomed to allow others to command her, and the almost insane violence with which he endeavored to keep her from Arthur called forth a nameless anguish in her soul; it must be worse with him than he had told her.

"I will go to my husband," she repeated with the utmost energy. "I will see if they can forcibly block up my way to him. Let your comrades lay hands upon a woman! Give the signal for attack yourself, if you would take the responsibility of this heroic deed. I am going."

And she went. She hastened past him and took the meadow path. Hartmann stood there and looked after her with glowing eyes, without listening to the entreaties or representations of his father. Ulrich knew better than he what the young woman had in view by this venture—to what she would force him; but this time he would not yield. And if she went to ruin on the threshold of her home, in sight of her husband, before he himself conducted her to the arms of the hated man, before—Up yonder appeared a crowd of miners who, shouting and raging, pressed near their leader. The foremost were only a few hundred steps distant: already they had noticed that solitary woman's form; the next minute she must be recognized, and only half an hour before he had himself inspired these men with a blind fury against all which bore the name of Berkow. Eugenie went on, right into the midst of danger, without even veiling her face. Ulrich stamped as if beside himself; then all at once he broke loose from his father, and the next moment he was at her side.

"Put down your veil" he commanded her, and with iron grasp placed his hand upon hers.

With a deep sigh of relief, Eugenie obeyed. Now she was safe. She knew that he would not again let go her hand, even if the whole force of miners broke loose against her. With full consciousness she had escaped the danger; but also with the full conviction that only this momentary danger to which she had exposed herself could have enforced the protection he had denied her. She had conquered, but it had been only at the last moment.

They had now reached the crowd, which made a movement as if to surround their leader; but a brief yet most emphatic command from him bade them give way and start at once for the mines. Their obedience was, as usual, unquestioning and unhesitating; and Ulrich, who had not halted for a moment, drew his companion swiftly onward. Now for the first time she saw how impossible it would have been to pass through this crowd alone, or indeed with any other escort than the man at her side.

The whole expanse of the meadow, usually so silent, was to-day the theatre of a violent tumult, although the only conflict had taken place at the mines. Throngs of miners passed to and fro, or gathered in wildly excited groups; everywhere were angry faces and threatening gestures; everywhere shouting confusion and uproar. The wildly excited mob seemed to seek only an object upon which to wreak its whole lust for vengeance. Happily, the footpath led along the edge of the meadow, a little away from the immediate scene of the tumult; but even here Ulrich, as soon as he appeared, became the centre of general attention.

But a strange surprise mingled with the uproarious shouts which everywhere greeted him. Many wondering, distrustful glances fell upon the woman at his side. In her dark travelling suit, and behind her thick veil, no one had recognized the wife of the chief; and if, from her gait or bearing, any one had imagined it to be her ladyship, the supposition, if made audible to the crowd, would have been scouted with derisive laughter. It was Ulrich Hartmann who had taken her under his protection; and he certainly would protect nothing which belonged to the house of Berkow. But it was still a lady who walked near him—near this rough, wild son of the overseer, who was not wont to concern himself about women, not even Martha Ewers, an object of interest to every unmarried miner upon the works. Could this be Ulrich Hartmann, who regarded and treated the wives of his comrades as a superfluous burden to be shaken off as much as possible—could this indeed be he, who accompanied this strange lady, and with an expression upon his face as if he would fell down any man who approached a step too near? Who was the lady? and what did it mean?

This short walk of scarce ten minutes was a venture even for the young leader; but he showed he was absolute master of his comrades, and knew how to use his authority. Now, with some imperious words, he dispersed a group which stood in his way; now he hurled commands or directions to the crowd pressing on toward him, which made it take another course; now he dismissed the solitary individuals, who came with questions or tidings, with a "By and by," or "Wait until I return;" and, amid all, he kept drawing on the young woman so rapidly as to prevent discovery. At length they reached the latticed gate, at the entrance of the park. Ulrich pushed open the gate, and led Eugenie under the protection of the trees.

"I have gone far enough with you," said he, letting go her hand. "The park is yet safe, and in five minutes you will be at the house."

Eugenie still trembled at thought of the danger she had just escaped, and her hand still ached from the iron pressure of his. Slowly she threw back her veil, and looked up into the face of her protector.

"Now be sure to hasten, your ladyship," said he with a bitter irony. "I have honorably aided you to see your husband again. You will not keep him waiting."

The young miner's face betrayed what torture she had inflicted upon him, as she left him the choice of exposing her to attack, or of conducting her to her husband. The young woman had not the courage to thank him. Silently she extended to him her hand.

But Ulrich thrust back the hand.

"You have dared demand much from me, my lady," he said, "so much that you came near losing all. Now you have your will; but do not again seek to compel me to, as to-day, at least when *he* is near. If you do, then, by Heaven, I will give you both up to the mercy of the mob!"

Upon the terrace stood Franz and Anton, with anxious, yet curious faces, gazing over to the works. As their lady, whom they had supposed safe in the Residence, suddenly stood before them, without the sound of carriage wheels having been heard, without her maid or any other company, they started back in no less terror than the overseer, when, just before, she had appeared to him.

She could not have come through the works, still less through the park, they thought; for behind there, upon the meadow, the tumult was at its height; and yet she was here! Both servants were so confounded that they could scarce answer their lady's hurried questions; but Eugenie learned that Herr Berkow was just now in the house, and hastened up the steps.

Franz, who followed her, found still more occasion to wonder at her ladyship; for when she had arrived in the ante chamber, she scarce allowed him to take her hat and cloak. As he was hastening to the wing occupied by Herr Berkow to announce her arrival, she ordered him back, saying that she would go to her husband at once and without announcement. With the travelling cloak still in his hands, Franz stood there and gazed after his mistress in open mouthed wonder. This had all come like a clap of thunder; what could have happened in the Residence?

Eugenie passed quickly through the hall and the two ante rooms; then she suddenly paused, for from the adjoining cabinet she heard Arthur's voice. The young wife had certainly reckoned upon finding her husband alone, and now she found him in the company of another. This meeting must not take place in the presence of strangers; anything but that! Still hesitating as to whether she should turn back or remain, she at length stepped softly behind the *portiere*, whose folds partially concealed her from view.

"It is impossible, Herr Berkow," said the clear, sharp voice of the chief engineer. "If you still allow yourself to be ruled by such forbearance, all you have now begun to bring back to order will turn against you. Hartmann's party has this time withdrawn from the field because it is the weaker; but the scene of this morning will be repeated, and with greater violence when we have something more to deal with than a mere fight with unarmed men. Hartmann has shown that he will not spare his own comrades if they rebel against his terrorism. In carrying out his obstinate designs, he is regardless alike of friend or foe."

The open door gave Eugenie an unobstructed view of the room. Arthur stood directly opposite her at the open window; and the full light fell upon his face, which had grown strangely sad since she saw him last. The shadow of care, which at that time had lain upon his forehead as yet so little accustomed to wear it, had now engraven itself there in two deep folds which no after time could perhaps obliterate. Every line of the face had become sharper and stronger. The expression of energy, which at its first dawning had been noticeable only in moments of excitement, now absolutely predominated, and had quite obliterated the former listless, dreamy look. It was evident that in a few weeks the young chief had learned what would for others be the work of years.

"I am certainly the last man who would advise outside assistance," continued the chief engineer; "but I think we all, and particularly our chief, have done enough to restrain the revolt. We certainly cannot be blamed for resorting to a measure the other works took long ago, and with no such urgent necessity as ours."

Arthur gravely shook his head, and replied, "The other works can be no rule for us; there a few wounds and imprisonments settled all; there fifty soldiers and a few shots fired into the air sufficed to put down the whole revolt. Here Hartmann stands at the head; and we all know what that means. He himself would not quail before a bayonet charge, and with him also stand or fall his band of followers. If we should resort to military force, peace for us could only come over the bodies of the slain."

The officer was silent; but his deep gravity proved that he fully shared the apprehensions of his chief.

"But if peace is not to be obtained otherwise"—began he again.

"If it could be obtained in that way"—returned Arthur; "but it cannot, and the sacrifice would be in vain. For the moment I might subdue the insurrection, only to have it the next year, perhaps the next month, break forth anew; and you know as well as I that this will take from me the last possibility of holding the works. In other places the workmen show some leaning toward justice and confidence; in other places they return to reason; with us nothing of this kind can be hoped. This distrust, sown for so many years, cannot easily be uprooted. When I entered upon the control of the works, hatred and revenge was the watchword which greeted me; it is the same to-day; and if I place bloodshed between them and me, then all is over.

"In an open conflict, Hartmann might conquer; he might perhaps by bloodshed and violence drive his men to obedience; he still remains to them the Messiah from whom alone they expect their redemption. If I allow a single shot to be fired, if I take up arms even in self defence, then I am the tyrant who allows murder in cold blood—the oppressor who takes delight in their destruction. The old overseer once said to me—and they were no idle words—'If rebellion once breaks out among us, then God help us!'"

There was no repining, there was not the least trace of despondency in his words; they expressed only the deep resentment of a man who finds himself drawn to the edge of an abyss, to keep away from which he has vainly put forth all his strength. Perhaps the young chief would not thus have spoken to any other; but the head engineer was the only man who of late had been taken into his closest confidence, the only one who, in all the dangers which had menaced him, in all the measures he had undertaken, had stood firmly and unwaveringly at his side. He was also the only one who sometimes heard from the chief other things than the directions and encouraging words which were alone vouchsafed the other officers.

"But a portion of the miners have already attempted to resume work," said the chief engineer.

"And that very reason," replied Arthur, "will compel me to make war upon the others. No reconciliation with Hartmann is to be hoped for. I have once sought it in vain."

"With whom? What have you sought, Herr Berkow?" asked the officer with such an expression of horror that the young chief looked at him in astonishment.

"An understanding with Hartmann. It certainly did not happen officially; that one might have considered cowardice; it was at an accidental meeting between us two alone, where I once again offered him my hand."

"That you could not do! Offer your hand to that man!" interposed the engineer excitedly. "My God! but in truth, you as yet know nothing."

"I could not?" repeated Arthur somewhat sharply. "What do you mean by that, sir? You may be assured that I know how to fully maintain my dignity, even on such an occasion as that."

The officer had already recovered his self control. "I beg your pardon, Herr Berkow," he said. "My expression was not intended as a criticism upon our chief; it referred only to the son, who certainly has no suspicion of the reports connected with his father's death. We had pledged our word to say nothing of these to you, and we did this with the best intentions. But I now see that we were wrong, that you ought to know. You would have offered your hand to Hartmann; and this, I repeat, should not be."

Arthur looked fixedly at him. His face had all at once become colorless, and the lips trembled.

"You speak of Hartmann and of my father's death. Is there any connection between the two?"

"I fear so; we all fear it. Common suspicion attaches to Hartmann, and not alone with us—also among his comrades."

"At that time, in the mines?" broke out Arthur in fearful excitement. "A treacherous attack against a defenceless man? I cannot believe that of Hartmann."

"He hated the dead man," said the chief engineer significantly; "and as never denied this hatred. Herr Berkow might have enraged him by a command, by a word. Whether the rope really broke through mere accident, and he employed the moment of danger to rescue himself, and hurl the other back into the abyss, or whether the whole was a deliberate plan—this question truly is shrouded in mystery; but he is not innocent; for that I would vouch."

The young chief showed how this view of the case excited him. He leaned heavily against the table for support. "The inquest decided that it was an accident," he returned with faltering voice.

"The inquest decided nothing. They assumed it to be an accident, and let it pass as such. No one ventured a public accusation. Every proof was wanting; and it would have led to an interminable contest with our miners if we had made use of this suspicion to take from them their leader, who, in all probability, would have been exculpated. We knew, Herr Berkow, that, as things then were, you could not avoid a conflict with this rival; and we would at least spare you the bitterness of knowing with whom you fought. That was the reason of our silence."

Arthur passed his hand over his moist forehead. "I did not suspect that—not that!" he said. "And even if it is only a suspicion, you are right; I should not offer the man my hand."

"And this man," interposed the officer excitedly, "has, at the head of his comrades, brought all this misfortune upon you and us. This man has incessantly fomented and prolonged the quarrel; and now, when his power is declining, he seeks to make the rupture incurable, and reconciliation impossible. Would you spare him now if you could?"

"Him? No! I was already done with him when he so roughly repelled my overtures; and, after the scene of to-day, I can no longer spare the others; they drive me to extremities. This morning two hundred of the men wished to resume work; and they certainly have the right to demand protection for their work. The mines must be made secure at any price; I cannot accomplish this alone, and"—

(To be continued).

Good and Bad Underclothing.

A notion exists that red is a particularly advantageous color to give to the undershirts and drawers worn in very cold weather. There is no foundation in fact for such an idea. It has been said that the dye stuff used for the purpose of producing the color in question is more irritating to the skin than the other substances employed, but even if this were true—and I am strongly inclined to question the correctness of the statement—it would be no reason for using red-colored undergarments in preference to brown or white. It is not irritation of the skin that is wanted when we put on underclothing, but protection from cold and sudden vicissitudes of temperature. When it is necessary to irritate the skin it is better to make use of a mustard plaster or blister and not to divert the clothing from its proper objects. Underclothing should be made of white material. Theoretically, black would be preferable for winter use, as it is a better non-conductor of heat and a better absorber of moisture than any other color, other things being equal; but it would probably be difficult to get people to clothe themselves in clothing of this color or to find the necessary articles in the shops. It is the fashion now to have all the underclothing made of the knit material called "stockinet," but I am quite sure that flannel shirts and drawers, such as our ancestors used, are preferable for winter use, and a mixture of wool and cotton for summer. The chief objection to stockinet is that the garments made of it fit too closely to the skin to be comfortable or to fulfil all the objects to be obtained from underclothing. When, however, the garments are made out of piece goods, and expressly for the person who is to wear them, they cannot be so formed as to embrace the body as tightly as though they were made of India rubber. Strata of air, therefore, are formed at various points, and these do help to retain the heat. If stockinet be used, the articles made of it should be large and roomy, and should not, therefore, fit close to the skin.—*Dr. Hammond.*

A Toronto Yarn on Its Travels.

An enterprising merchant in Toronto has been manufacturing a beverage which he called Blue Ribbon beer, for the benefit of those who had adopted the order of the cerulean stripe. He had a surprisingly large sale for the drink, in fact so large was the sale that the excise officers became rather suspicious, and when two men and three women became speechlessly drunk upon this temperance beverage, their suspicions became confirmed. The man was prosecuted for selling intoxicants contrary to law. He pleaded that his Blue Ribbon beer was perfectly harmless and innocent of any intoxicating matter as the baby's feeding bottle. In order to put the matter beyond a doubt, three or four glasses were given to each of the jurymen to test. At the end of half an hour the whole "pannel" were so drunk that they were unable to listen to the evidence, and the man was duly punished.—*London Sportsman.*

Gerald Massey has returned to England with renewed health from his visit to the Australian colonies, and intends shortly to begin lecturing.

"Mrs. J. Smith, P. Mrs.," is the way the new Postmistress in an Indiana town writes her official name.

GIRLS' ROSY CHEEKS.

A Physician Finds a Way to Produce Bloom Without Cosmetics.

A neat little house on Pine street, not far west of Broad, has been for some time past the object of considerable attention among the residents of that neighborhood. The suspicion arose from the fact that every day the house is visited by quite a number of ladies ranging in age from 16 to 60. The parlor of the house is occupied as an office by a young physician. It has lately been discovered that he is engaged in a most remarkable business. To one of the visitors a *News*-gatherer is indebted for an explanation of a secret which the majority of many rosy-cheeked maidens who promenade Chestnut street would prefer to remain undiscovered. The visits of the young ladies to the doctor's are for no other purpose than to get a healthy color; not painted, but a genuine healthy color. A *News*-gatherer was fortunate enough to have, through the courtesy of the producer of the "rosy blush," an opportunity of witnessing the operation by which the cheeks are beautified and to hear the doctor's account of how he came to introduce the new method of an artificial bloom of health in female faces. It takes from three to five visits to make the "rose" permanent. The treatment is painless and the girls seem rather to enjoy it. The young lady who was being operated upon during the reporter's visit was a pale-cheeked lass from up town, whose face needed but the roses to make her interesting. She was undergoing the first course. Under the impression that the visitor was a student she made no objection to his presence. The doctor began his operations by a soft, dry towel, with which he rubbed both cheeks of the patient until they glowed. Then he alternately patted the cheeks with his bare hands until the blood was sufficiently near the surface to make the girl look as if she had been standing over a hot fire cooking a Christmas dinner.

After a rest of ten minutes the process was renewed, and before that was over there was a spot on each cheek that glowed like a burning coal. This had to be toned down, and the toning was done by application of an ointment rubbed into the skin with a piece of soft sheepskin, so that when this was done the young lady who came in pale-cheeked and colorless left the office with a pair of roses that will be the admiration and envy of her uninitiated companions. This process is continued for several successive days until the bloom becomes permanent.

"I have a very extensive practice," said the bloom producer, "and they come from all sections of the city. I am thinking of opening an office in New York. I discovered the method accidentally. My sister had a pale, colorless face, and she frequently lamented that face. Several times I made her cheeks red by rubbing them, and I found that they at last retained their color. She was gratified with the result, and had me put rosy cheeks on several of her girl friends. As I was a physician without a practice the idea struck me that I could make money by that means, so I established an office, and I now have more patrons than I can attend to. I have an awful lot of old maids, from whom the bloom of youth has faded, coming to have their cheeks blush again. Brunettes require the most work, must be brought very close to the surface to show through their dark skin. Blondes require the greatest care, as there is danger of making them look like cooks, with too much color. I have become such an expert that I can just catch the right shade to suit the complexion."—*Philadelphia News.*

Crisp and Casual.

It is a curious fact that rich relatives are apt to be distant ones.

It doesn't require much to start a sensation—stopping it is the trouble.

"Yes, I do all my shopping in the fashionable quarter." "Where, may I ask?" "At the 25-cent store."

It is not polite for a host to interrupt when a guest wishes to speak. For that reason we refrain from our usual extent of utterance to-day, in deference to our guests, the advertisers.

A correspondent writes: "I send you a little poem called 'The Lay of the Lark.' If accepted, let me know." Rejected, with thanks. If you will send a few specimens of the lay of the hen we will accept.

Second Husband (to wife)—Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear? Wife—Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.

The first thing in the New York *World's* article on "The Jolly Side of Life" is the picture of a travelling merchant in cheap jewellery and suspenders in the act of being kicked downstairs by a bald headed business man. Neither party looks truly jolly.

It does not seem necessary to injure the character of a man who failed in business, killed his wife and then fatally shot himself; but, after such a man died in New Orleans the other day, a sensational reporter sent away the news that burglar tools had been found in the man's trunk.

Winter Sunbeams.

The original balkin' affair—the mule.

Just notice how nice your best girl will be from now until Christmas.—*Lowell Citizen.*

In France cows are milked on the left side. In Canada the pump-handle is worked from any direction.

"According to an old saw," says an exchange, "we are to have twenty-six snowstorms this winter." An old saw that makes such predictions should have its teeth knocked out.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Don't be a fool, my dear," remonstrated a husband to his wife, who was letting her jaw swing loose in the breeze. "I won't, Mr. Jenkins, I won't," she answered; "people wouldn't know us apart if I did." He went right down-town.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

An agricultural authority says that 100 hens, well cared for, will yield more net profit than four good cows. We don't know much about farming, but we should think 100 hens would lay more eggs than four good cows, even if the fowls were not well cared for.

Built the Theatre to Fit the Hat.

The big hat at the opera problem has been solved in the new Music Hall at Cleveland, O. The balconies are raised at such a steep pitch that the feet of the listener come on a level with the shoulders of the person sitting in front of him. When the woman with a hat like a drop curtain comes in and sits down before a fellow, the fellow does not care a continental for the hat. In fact, he rather likes it. He lays his programme, handkerchief and opera glasses upon it. This pleases the audience, and it smiles. The woman does not know the racket, and thinks she is attracting attention, so she smiles. Thus everybody is pleased, and the little woman with a steeple crown hat is no more of a nuisance [illegible] your knees to go out after some cloves.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Paris Municipal Council has been discussing a motion in favor of a free pardon for all political prisoners. The amnesty would, it is expected, include Prince Krapotkine and Louise Michel.

The sight of a man roasting potatoes on the street corner and selling them to passers-by is not uncommon in London on winter days.

The new Earl of Shaftesbury is said to be a decided High Churchman—a fact which will come as a personal shock to a great many religious people in England.

LOCKS OF GOLD.

The Cost at Which They Are Sometimes Obtained.

Once I was sent for to a very swell house in Madison avenue, said a barber to a New York *Times* writer. I was ushered in most mysteriously. The liveried servant never said a word. He rang a small bell in the wall, and in about five minutes a sedate-looking female appeared. She motioned me to follow her upstairs, and I did so. It was an exquisitely furnished house, and everything was of the most costly description. I noticed, however, that there seemed to be signs of moving or house-cleaning. I was ushered into a handsome bed-room, upon a sofa in which reclined a lovely young lady, who had evidently been very ill, and who was thin and apparently exhausted. The sedate-looking servant left me alone with her and shut the door. I was more than astonished.

"'I have heard of you,' said the young lady presently. 'I have read your advertisement. I—I have need of you.' She was very weak. I handed her a glass of lemonade which was beside her. She drank it. 'I have had the scarlet fever,' she said presently. 'Mamma and papa have both been away in Europe, and will not be back until to-morrow. Sir, I want you to cut off my hair close to the head. The doctor said it would do me good.' She shook down the most luxuriant brown hair I ever saw. I told her it would be a great pity to cut off such magnificent hair, and that it could not possibly do her much good now if I complied with her request, seeing that the fever had left her.

"'Do as I tell you,' she said, imperiously, 'and promise me that you will do as I tell you after you have cut it off.' I declined to make any such promise. 'You must do it,' she persisted; "it is simply connected with your professional duty, and for the job I will give you $500.' Well, sir, you know I work for my bread and butter. This offer tempted me, as it would have tempted any one, I don't care whether he be barber or not, and I promised. I cut off the exquisite brown hair, and clipped the remaining locks close to the head of the suffering girl. 'I know I look like a fright,' she said, as she examined herself in a looking glass, 'but there is a method in my madness. I shall wear a cap until my hair grows. I have always longed,' she went on, 'for golden hair. I adore it. I would do anything in the world to have golden hair, but if papa and mamma thought I used dye of any kind they would never forgive me. So I thought of a brilliant plan after my fever. You have cut my hair off. I want you to dye what remains golden, and to tell papa and mamma when they come back that you shaved my head, and that the new crop of hair will be golden. It might be, too, mightn't it?' I knew of no such physiological phenomenon on record, and said so.

"'Everyone isn't as clever as you,' she said, 'and papa and mamma will believe what you say. Mamie S., a friend of mine, did it, and tells me now that she almost believes her hair did grow golden after it had been cut off.' Well, I had promised, so was forced to comply with my fair friend's request. I visited the house a few days later and saw the father and mother. I told them that it was not at all unusual for a second crop of hair to be lighter than the first. They believed me, and the mother was delighted. 'The dear child has been wishing for golden hair all her life,' she said. 'I am more than pleased to think that she has now attained her desire—in such an unexpected way too.' I often see that girl in Fifth avenue now, but she never looks at me. She has obtained what she wanted and will never come near me again, I suppose."

Those Unclaimed Estates.

The prospect that England will be denuded of her wealth in the payment of the enormous claims of sanguine American heirs to (mythical) English estates is not immediately alarming. It is true that the shrewd lawyers who are stimulating the dream of the claimants to the Townley estate put the total of that property at $800,000,000 and if they get a judgment in their favor Queen Victoria will undoubtedly be compelled to hang out the red flag of the auctioneer on Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and to clap a mortgage on Westminster Abbey. But it must not be forgotten that the English courts alone have jurisdiction, and they will naturally be reluctant to bring about such harrowing results. The Baker estate is just now before the public eye, as well as that of the Townleys. We are informed, as usual, that the Baker property is of enormous value. It seems that the only missing link in the chain of evidence that will secure it for the American heirs is the marriage certificate of John Baker and Martha Briston, dated about 1745. And yet the paltry sum of $50 is offered for this certificate. There's something wrong here. That certificate is worth at least $500,000 to the lucky holder. How do the Baker heirs expect to get millions by putting up only $50?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Shrewd Politician.

Ex-U. S. Postmaster-General Key, of Tennessee, used to tell a story of a chronic office-seeker in the mountain region of his State who would never give a positive opinion on any subject. On one occasion when he was a candidate for the position of sheriff there was great excitement on the enforcement of the school tax. He addressed quite a gathering at a muster, but evaded the only question that the audience wanted to hear about, and just as he was about closing a fellow shouted: "Tell us about the school tax. Are you for it, or are you not?" The crowd cheered, and the orator, thus pressed for a declaration of opinion, said: "Gentlemen, you have a right to ask for an answer. I have no concealment to make. I am a frank man, and to you I say in all frankness, if it is a good thing I am for it, and if it is a bad thing I am agin it."

The Dudes.

If the dude's high collar be taken away from him fashion should devise some other means to keep his head from wobbling.

"I always speak my mind," said a very talky young man. "Indeed," replied a red-headed girl, "I can hardly believe that I should think you would be dumb if you did."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

First dude—I cawn't go with you to the opera to night, Chawley. I'm deuced tired. Second dude—Been working, Algernon? "Naw. Taking exercise. We need it, don't yer know. I weally can't stir out to-night, old boy!" "What yer been doin?" "Blowing soap bubbles. I'm dreadful tired, 'pon honor, I am. Couldn't possibly overtax myself again to-night, Chawley."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Alma Ladies' College

St. Thomas, Ontario, the leading Canadian College for women, has four fully equipped Departments—Music, Fine Arts, Literature and Commercial Science. The faculty is large and thoroughly qualified churches. 130 Ladies have been in attendance this year. The College is to Re-Open after the holidays Jan. 7, '86. Any of our readers who may be interested can get a 60 page announcement free by addressing

PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

Rev. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba Presbyterian College, has been elected a member of the American Historical Association.

The Presbytery of Brockville has nominated Rev. Dr. Proudfoot for the new chair of Church History, Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Knox College.

CURRENT TOPICS.

YOUNG Mr. Burdett-Coutts, *nee* Bartlett, has an imitator in Paris. Count de Lugival, aged 26 has just married a widow aged 72. The ancient dame brings the boy an indemnity of 6 000 000 francs.

A WRITER in the *English Illustrated Magazine* says that there is no such thing as debate in the British House of Lords, in the sense that it exists in the Commons. The number of peers who are successful in making themselves heard might be counted on the fingers of both hands, but there are, happily, the members whose opinions are looked for. When Lord Salisbury, Lord Granville and, perhaps, a couple of peers not sitting on the front benches have spoken, members just leave the House, and if any outsider wants to make a speech he finds himself without an audience and so desists.

DR. O. W. WIGHT, Health Officer of Detroit, says: "During the winter of 1881-82, when smallpox was epidemic, I allowed fourteen well persons to go to the pest house in the city of Detroit, who wished to take charge of other members of their families removed there on account of the disease. All of them were vaccinated at the time of going. Not one of them had even a light attack of varioloid. When the anti-vaccinationists will show half or even quarter the number of unvaccinated persons exposed in the midst of the sick and dying to concentrated contagion without the least injury I will then listen patiently to their arguments."

THE microphone—an electric stethoscope whose sensitiveness to the faintest sounds has been described as making "the walk of a fly seem like the tramp of an elephant"—is likely to become of great use in medical diagnosis. In the Atlanta *Medical and Surgical Journal*, Dr. Eve describes an interesting series of experiments made by him with the instrument. He was able to detect the nature of obscure fractures by the character of the sounds conducted through the instrument, and could differentiate aneurisms from tumors by the sounds of pulsation. Intra-cranial and muscular sounds were made out with great clearness, and in diagnoses for stone the instrument worked with mathematical accuracy. The Doctor suggests that an audiphone constructed on the principle of the microphone would prove inestimable to people of impaired hearing.

THE announcement that a man in Birmingham, Ala., has written a book attempting to show that John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was yet alive, has drawn from the widow of the misguided man a touching letter. She says that whoever the man may be that wishes to resurrect her husband, his only object must be to make money, for "as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, so sure is John Wilkes Booth dead." "I, myself," she adds, "saw him buried; saw and examined his body before it was laid in its final resting place. We all know that the last act of his life was wrong; we also know that we should not judge. We know not the why or wherefore, but it is my opinion that those of us who live long enough will yet learn that, although it was John Wilkes Booth's hands that struck the fatal blow—that ended a good man's life—yet it was those in high authority who were the head of a diabolical conspiracy (Andrew Johnson, leader), the result of which steeped several families in the deepest of woe and left a nation to mourn. Although not generally known, J. W. Booth left a family, a wife and two children—a daughter and a son, now grown to womanhood and manhood. This family has lived in seclusion and under a false name for twenty years. For these innocent ones' sakes let their dead alone and let them sorrow in peace. I beg for the sake of the Booth family, now mourning over the death of the mother of J. Wilkes Booth, that the public will show a little charity, and leave the wrongs that some one have done in the hands of a higher power, who, in His own good time, will make all things right. Let the dead rest for the sake of the living and the innocent."

LIKE DISTANT THUNDER.

The Roar of a Sea of Flame Sweeping Over a Texas Prairie.

A prairie on fire is a sight seldom seen by people at the present time, says the Cleveland *Herald*. Mr. B. P. Gardner, of the county auditor's office, tells of a thrilling experience he had not long ago while hunting on the plains of Texas.

"We left the railroad and journeyed into the interior of the great State on horseback," said Mr. Gardner, "with the tall, waving grass on every side as far as the eye could reach. We saw evidence of small fires from time to time, but we had made up our minds that we would see none of the fiery element itself. One Sunday we stopped for the day at a point about 500 miles from any railroad. We proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the day, for we were very tired and we intended to take a good rest. After breakfast we stretched ourselves out on our blankets, with the ponies tied a short distance away, and were taking it as easy as we could.

"All at once we heard a terrible noise like distant thunder, and jumping up