FOR THE LADIES.

Hats and Cloaks for School Wear.

Large, picturesque hats for small girls have a low, pointed crown, with wide brim arched in front and turned up in the back, says *Harper's Bazar*. These hats are of felt, the color of the cloak with which they are worn, and many have fleecy, beaver brims, called fur felts. Their trimming is a single, enormous bow and ends of changeable velvet ribbon set in front, holding some stiff quills that point upward and back.

Satin ribbon two inches wide is also used for the large bow and for a ruche which edges the brim of the hat, and sometimes for a cluster of three rosettes, each of different color. Clipped quills bordered or studded with jet or with spangles are in pairs or in clusters amid the loops of the bow.

Stiff wings are set about irregularly, lyre-shaped feathers and aigrettes are high in front, and small tips are at the back; but new hats are not so laden with plumes as were those of last winter. Black satin ribbons trim rose-colored, tan or green hats effectively in a box-pleated ruche on the brim, and a fly-away bow in front holding two quills, with perhaps a twist or two extending to the back of the crown.

A quaint novelty is the Mother Hubbard hat, with its only trimming a huge bow tied through slits in the crown high on the left side and holding two quills. The brim is waved in six deep curves. Large velvet hats have full puffed crowns and shirred brim, or else the crown is of light cloth, with dark velvet for the brim. Large girls of twelve to sixteen years will use the Alpine felt hat for school and travelling. To match their ulsters are cloth turbans made of sweeping folds on the right side, and a high, wide loop on the edge of the cloth, edged with plaited felt galloon and velvet. The brim is partly of galloon, partly of velvet.

The Virot sailor hat of black felt, with curled brim and very low crown, will also be worn by these young girls. Other closer-shaped hats of felt have Mercury wings of black thickly spangled with gold, and loops of bias velvet.

Girls of two to five years wear large bonnets with deep curtains, some with stiff fronts of Quaker gray velvet, others with shirred pointed front of surah or faille. All have full soft crowns trimmed with satin ribbon loops, ostrich tips and an aigrette,

Cloaks for girls two to four years old are of Bedford cord—tan-colored, cadet blue gray or cream white—warmly interlined then lined with black sateen, which is wool with a satin surface. Triple capes superposed fall over the full sleeves, and cover the short waist to which the long skirt is gathered or box-pleated.

Fleecy camel's hair cloaks in olive green, plaided with black, are very stylish with a short black velvet waist embroidered with green medallions, the full sleeves and small collar edged with black ostrich feathers or long crinkled black fur, and the full skirt reaching to the shoe tops.

A novel cloak for girls of four to eight years is a cashmere coat warmly wadded, and entirely covered by a deep circular cape trimmed with two narrow rows of fur.

Chinchilla cloth cloaks in sizes for girls of six to twelve years have a long belted coat with a deep cape to the waist edged with Astrakhan binding; gray and tan are the colors for these garments.

Dressy redingotes for girls of eight to fourteen years are of old-rose or grey fleecy cloth figured with large black leaf designs. They are close fitting in the back, with pleated fulness below the waist, and have straight fronts opening to show a facing and collar of black moufflon fur. Double black frogs and loops close the front, and diamond-shaped crocheted buttons define the waist line in the back.

Other very handsome long coats have a deep military cape, with also three short capes about the shoulders. These are of the popular blue, tan, or gray cloths, with lining of changeable silk. Large plaid capes and cloaks are for school wear, also blue reefer jackets like those of last year, and long ulsters with a belt and deep cape.

Inexpensive Gowns.

Cheviot plaids of dark mottled shades at forty cents a yard may surely come under the head of inexpensive gowns. They need only a silk gimp at eight cents on the edges, or have velveteen accessories at seventy-five cents or a dollar a yard. Shades of brown, gray, navy, and dark tan are seen in this line.

Serge will probably be worn a great deal, and a most excellent quality is seventy-five cents, if forty-two inches wide, and ninety-five cents if a trifle finer and six inches wider. The material trims well with gimp or velvet and affords a change to the long-worn cashmere. The "dip" in the back is retained for skirts in spite of the outcry from all sensible people, and the latest French skirts having but one seam, a b as one at the center back, are lined without any facing to make them of a light weight.

Many skirts will be finished at the top with a narrow gimp in place of a belt and worn over the bodice, falling loosely around the waist-line. A small silk cord will finish the edges of gowns as a change from the lavishly used silk gimp. Square jacket fronts are over a blouse or pointed vest Plain cloth vests in figured gowns are inexpensive and striking. Corselets, collars and the flaring gauntlet cuffs are of bengaline, brecace, velvet, velveteen or faille. The prettiest vests are long, open below the waist-line and have flap pockets. Then a jacket square front turned back in revers and long coat sides and back finishes a stylish bodice.

A light brown camel's hair has the usual plain skirt with a ten-inch border of velvet edged, top and bottom, with half-inch silk gimp. The coat basque has a velvet and gauntlet cuffs, with gimp on the edges. A gray serge opens on the side to show panels of a darker faille, which also answers for revers, collar and fitted belt from the side seams over the coat. All of the edges of the entire costume have a silk cord finishing them.

Hints for the Household.

Ordinary rubber ink erasers, it is said, will remove rust from polished cutlery without injury.

In cooking beets leave at least two inches of the top and do not break off the little fibres or the juices will be lost.

A tight shoe may sometimes be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing several times. The leather will shape itself to the foot.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

The proper way to put salt fish to soak is with the flesh side upward. In this way the salt settles at the bottom of the pan.

To clean white fur, rub with flannel dipped in heated but not browned bran. Oatmeal without husks is preferable and dry flour will do.

One of the most agreeable of dentifrices is to be found in a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a glass of water. It not only cleanses the mouth, making it fresh and sweet, but it is an excellent tonic for the gums and arrests decay. It also has the merit of being very inexpensive, as 10 cents will buy enough to last a year.

This is virtually the beginning of the season for colds, and a good enough sirup is made of one pound of figs, one pound of raisins, three lemons, one-half pound of rock candy, one-half pound of loaf sugar and one quart of cider brandy. Split the fruit and slice the lemons, and put them in a Mason jar, in layers; divide the sugar and rock candy evenly between the layers and pour over the whole the cider brandy. Allow it to stand three days before using. Take a wine-glass full three times a day.

SOMETHING ABOUT FLOUR.—In these days of high grade patent flours some housekeepers regard it as very necessary to have two grades for family use—one strong and rich in nitrogenous matter for bread, the other light and rich in starch for pastry. The different brands have nothing whatever to do with the quality or grades of various flours. One hundred grocers, all purchasing flour from the same mill, perhaps from the same bin, may each have their individual brand put upon the barrels. This is done, perhaps, to save confusion and the grocer feels confident that he has always the same grade of flour under the same name. Buy a spring wheat flour, or a mixed flour, for bread, and an all-winter wheat for pastry. Bread flour may be slightly granulated; pastry flour must be soft and smooth and easily packed.

The housekeeper who missed making jelly in season will find ample opportunity yet to secure a supply of the desirable home-made article. The very best of jelly can be made of fruit skins and cores, such as are usually thrown away. There is more gelatinous matter around the core and skin of all fruit than in any other part. The skin of peaches, with a few pits added, boiled in as little water as possible, strained and made up with sugar, pint for pound, yields a most delicious jelly. A delightful jelly may even be made of apple skins and cores, though it is improved in flavor and jellies more easily if a small quantity of the cores and skins of quinces are added to it. A very excellent jelly is made of grape skins and quince skins in about equal quantities. Pear skins contain less gelatinous matter than any other fruits, but if used in connection with quince skins will make a fair jelly.

He Was English Y' Know.

When a Cockney emigrates to America and gets a job at teaching school, then his troubles begin. There was one of the genus tried it on near Gambier, O., so the story goes, whether it be true or not.

"'Arry Hadams, you spell saloon," he dictated to the spelling class.

"I don't know how," whined little Harry frightened by the strange use of aspirates and "aitches."

"Don't know 'ow? Why, young hignoramus, saloon is spelled with a 'hess,' and a 'hay,' a 'hell,' two 'hoes' and a 'hen.'"

Harry was worse at sea than ever then; so one of the boys was sent to the board to write it plainly for the class to see. The lad could make his letters, but he did not know how to join them in regular running writing style, and left them unjoined, thus s-a-l-o-o-n.

The teacher looked at it a moment and then asked, with some asperity, "Why don't you put it together right? Why don't you fasten your letters together? Why don't you put that 'hay' nearer that 'hell?'"

The boy's eyes snapped and he answered, like a flash: "Cause I was afraid it would burn up!"

The class was dismissed for the day. But the geography class proved another pitfall. One of the boys, while writing names of European cities, spelled Venice "V-e-n-n-i-c-e."

"What!" cried the teacher on his rounds. "His that the way you spell 'Venice?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Suppose Hi was to tell you that there was only one 'hen' in Venice, what would you say?"

"I should say that the price of eggs would be pretty high, sir?"

Then there was an explosion.

A Neat Reply.

"Pardon me," said the young man when he stepped on the toe of a lady's slipper in the dance.

Don't apologize," said she; "beaux on the slippers are fashionable, and we must stand anything for style."

Preaching That Has Got Life In It.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Sary, "your city preachers will do all right for you city folks, but when I hear preachin' I want something that's got life in it."

"Why," said a hearer, "we hold that Brother Clinch is one of the soundest preachers in conference. He's argumentative, but not violent."

"No, I should say not. Talk about argument! Why, when you see a man weighin' two hundred pounds with his coat off, his collar loosened and his sleeves rolled up, and poundin' the desk like a new blacksmith's striker—that's intelleck, that's argument. Think o' the thunders o' Sinai comin' from a little man with a stand up collar and thin side whiskers! Ugh!" And the old lady resolved to attend church no more in the city.

Infant Curiosity.

A careful mother had impressed upon her little boy the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterwards she told him a story of Jonah and the whale.

"The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah."

"Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy.

"Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt; and while she was hesitating about the continuation of story, the boy interrupted:

"And, mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

AGRICULTURAL

Taking Care of the Wagon.

T. B. Terry, in the *Practical Farmer*, has this to say about the care of the wagon, especially its wheels. Replying to the remark of a correspondent in a former issue of the paper, he says: "Why not fix the tires so they cannot slip off? It is easily done. Bolt them on. They may slip off with a load of hay on the wagon and crush the wheel before it is noticed. Wheel spoiled, load of hay to be handled over, some delay perhaps to get another wagon, all for want of four or six bolts, costing but a trifle. When I had my wagons made and the tires bolted on, some said. "You will spoil your wheels. The tires will get loose and being bolted so they cannot run off you will neglect to get them set." Well perhaps I am such an idiot. Don't know. Haven't been put to the test yet. Tires have not got loose. We soaked the rims in hot linseed oil before they were put on, and keep the wheels well painted, and that is the end of the matter. One wagon has been in use some 20 years. It has worn out one set of tires, but none have ever got loose. The wheels are as good almost as ever. In fact a stranger would think them almost new. Not even a new spoke has ever been put in. This care pays. No water can ever get to the wood. It is consequently almost everlasting. The cost of taking care of them in time is not a tenth of the cost of repairs. I was at the shop yesterday when a farmer took away two wheels that had been there for repairs. They had put in five new spokes and new rims, and set the tires, of course, and the charge was $3.05. None of that for me. I prefer 10 cents' worth of paint now and then, and work for a leisure hour. Again the wagon-maker put a coat of paint on the new wood-work of these two wheels. Will they get any more? Probably not. That little will soon be worn off and the wood soaked up every wet spell and dried out between. The life of a wheel is short under these circumstances. Said a smith to me, when he was putting new tires on my wagon: "Now, if you will paint those rims well and get the paint in under the tires wherever there is any chance, before they get wet, and then keep them in that shape, you will not need to come back here for a long time." I knew this and I do it. That friend will hardly live to set those tires again, if I have charge of the wagon."

Stick to the Farm.

A writer in *Farmer's Home* gives the farmer's boy a cheering word in the following true bit of history and philosophy:

All the republican Presidents of the United States, if we except Arthur, who was the son of a poor preacher, were sons of hard-working most of them poor, farmers. These boys one and all testified to the vigilance with which the "wolf was kept from the door" of their childhood's home by the united exertions of father, mother, and children, as soon as old enough to do the "chores;" of how education was gotten of nights by a "tallow dip;" of a few weeks in the country school during the coldest weather, with a long summer of work between, for the "rule of three" to have ample time to be pushed almost entirely out of mind before the next fall campaign. And thus a country school education twenty-five years ago wasn't a very fitting course for life's battle. How well these men were equipped we all know, but we can never know the energy, industry, application brought to bear by them upon themselves. That wrought out the grand results in character, in conduct, which led us safely from the wreck of the most stupendous war of modern times into the smooth waters of peace, prosperity, and growth. These men were farmers' sons. These men as boys had not one opportunity where the farmer's boy of to-day has scores. Transit from point to point was almost unknown as we know it now for young people. Hence their opportunities were bounded by a near horizon. Parents were not so generally informed as now, for then there was not one paper where now there are scores. Nor was there the machinery to shorten the day's work and give time to mind culture. The country school has "grown up" in these last years and is taking on metropolitan methods. Then it was in its swaddling clothes, and yet out of these log school rooms, with their short sessions, came this line of Presidents. And still we hear of the farmer's boy deserting his farm for lack of opportunity, for the narrowness of his life, and for all the allurements a city life holds out with the promise of success.

Breeding stock.

Professor Sanborn, the great stock experimenter of the United States, has published a powerful array of arguments on the subject of economy in stock feeding. He contends that the best stock—those with the largest ratio of choice to inferior meat, which enables the owner to sell them 25 per cent. better—should be used for breeding. Again, he argues that meat varies in individual animals in flavor and tenderness, and these qualities being hereditary should be perpetuated by the same careful system of selection. He believes some cattle are wasters compared with others—failing to digest their food properly and, therefore, putting on less flesh than they ought to do. To remedy this he would test the bulls in order to ascertain their capacity for consumption, digestion, and assimilation of food. Again, he quotes and supports the old saying that breed goes in at the mouth, very properly excepting form. If this be the case, it is quite clear that bad feeders—those who spend little or nothing upon cake or corn—can not expect to breed anything very excellent. Shelter, says Professor Sanborn, when given in the climate of the North, reduces the food consumption and increases the value of the manure and the hay housed. He found, while 13 per cent. of hay was lost in the ordinary stack, only 1 per cent was lost in the mow.

Study the Markets.

Mr. J. M. Smith is well known as a gardener. He is also a successful salesman, and it may be of interest to study his methods. A commission merchant in his vicinity, as reported in Practical Farmer, gave reasons why he had no dealings with him in the following language:

"Smith is an upright, honorable man, and a gentleman; he knows more about the markets than we could find out. If there is a deficiency anywhere in the country he knows of it: he knows the rates of freight to such points; he knows the names of the dealers at such places. The result of all this is that Mr. Smith gets better prices for most of his crops than we could possibly get if we had the same goods. This knowledge of his makes it necessary for us to deal with others, who are not so well posted, and, consequently are unable to command such prices as he gets for nearly everything that he has to sell."

Mr. Smith, commenting on this, says: Why should I or any other cultivator, who has good articles to sell, not know where there is a demand for them? Two years ago I had a splendid crop of potatoes. They were almost worthless in our market, but there were places in the East where they were wanted. I found out one of them, and sold my crop at a price that left me a nice profit, instead of loss upon them. Last season I had a splendid crop of onions, and found they were wanted in St. Louis. I selected a good and reliable firm, and sold them nearly my entire crop, at nearly double the price that I could have gotten for them in our home market.

I can now see that the crop of this season will be much larger than is needed in the market that we generally supply, and I am looking outside for a place where I can dispose of mine, at a better price than I shall be likely to obtain at or about home.

In these days when newspapers are so cheap and reliable information about crops, both farm and garden, is so readily obtained, the cost and time of reaching any given point with our produce learned, it seems to me that a man, who has them to sell, is almost inexcusable if he does not inform himself as to both railroad and water rates, if there are both, to all points within his reach. If he does not know of good and reliable men at any given point, they are easily found out. Such information, in the years gone by, has been worth thousands of dollars to me; but if I live a few years longer, it will be worth thousands of dollars more.

Winter Dairying.

Prof. Robertson, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, addressed a meeting of dairymen at Woodstock Ont., on the subject of "Winter Dairying." The meeting was a fairly representative one, quite a number of the directors of the various cheese factories of the district being present. Prof. Robertson's principal object in delivering this address was to impress upon his auditors the advisability of establishing an experimental creamery in this district. To show the necessity of such an institution he referred to the marvellous growth of the cheese trade in Canada, stating that at the present time there were no less than 800 factories in operation. The quantity of cheese exported to England from those factories totals a little over 42 per cent, of the entire amount imported in England, while the amount of butter we sent last year was just one-half of 1 per cent. of the butter she bought abroad. The sum spent by that country in butter is estimated at about $40,000,000, so it will be seen that only a small proportion of this comes from Canada. If the dairy business of Canada is to be increased Prof. Robertson said, it must be along the lines of butter, not cheese. As to the quality of butter to be produced, he thought it should be of a uniform quality, not varying from time to time, as is the case under the present method. This class of butter could only be obtained by the plan proposed in the experimental creamery. The utilisation of the cheese factories during the winter months for the manufacture of butter was, he thought, a plan that would further the interest of dairymen in every direction. With this end in view, he advised the prolongation of the productive season of the cows, and the growing of corn as a cheap and excellent food for their cattle during the fall and winter months. Our climatic conditions, he said, point to cheesemaking in summer and buttermaking in winter. At the conclusion of his address, which was listened to with rapt attention, Prof. Robertson made a practical proposition to the dairymen present, in which he agreed to establish an experimental creamery in this district and supply the necessary apparatus for running the same, providing the required amount of milk could be guaranteed. The proposition was very favorably received by the directors, and the professor agreed to return to Woodstock to complete arrangements for beginning operations. In the evening Prof. Robertson addressed a large gathering of dairymen at Mount Elgin, at which point another experimental creamery will be established.

A Methodist Convention.

The Methodist conference at Washington, which has been a mixture of both congress and convention, though it has had no legislative function, did not adjourn without sending out a pastoral to the Methodist churches throughout the world, in which it presses the line of social reform as far out against the standing evils of the community as it dares to. All the great vices of the world are stigmatized, gambling, overreaching in trade, intemperance, the waste of money, the use of churches to carry the ends of political parties and all kinds of reckless speculation. The Methodist fathers are very sharp on the practical evils of this world. They are also equally clear that every system of national education should be free from the dictation of any Christian church. It is stated that before long Methodism will constitute nearly a fourth of the people who use the English tongue. The future of the Methodist church thus becomes quite as important as any other religious issue that may be named. In this country and even courtesy. They would have been quite justified in refusing to receive Egan as a *persona non grata*. But they did receive him and treated him civilly. Far from being conciliated by this forbearance of theirs, when an attempt was made a little later by the President to overturn the Republic in Napoleonic fashion, and set up a dictatorship in its stead, we at once, through every instrumentality within our reach, showed our sympathy with the traitor, and treated him—a rebel in arms—as the lawful Chilian Government. When the men who were trying, against heavy odds, to save their liberty and laws, and who represented all that was left of the Constitution, tried to buy a few cases of arms in the United States, we pounced on them almost with fury as public enemies, and started one of the new cruisers, with great noise, to "blow them out of the water" for committing a misdemeanor. There is, too, evidence of the strongest kind that Egan was the open partisan and mouthpiece of Balmaceda, if not his partner in speculations, and that our squadron was by no means careful to maintain a neutral attitude towards the contending parties—our flagship actually conveying to the Dictator important information about movements of the Congressional army.

CURIOSITY COLUMN.

The Division of the Hour.

Why is the hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of nations another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and the Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during 24 equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. The system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour in Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge throughout the middle ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution: For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allow our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful adherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son.

They Forgot to Dine.

Shelley could not understand why people wanted more than plain bread. He was so careless about his meals that he did himself serious injury. When during his London walks he felt hungry he would buy a loaf at the nearest baker's, tuck it under his arm and eat it as he went along, probably reading a book and dodging the passers-by at the same time. Mrs. Shelley often sent food to his study, which in his abstraction he forgot, and then, coming out from his room, he would innocently ask, "Mary, have I dined?" This reminds one of the preoccupation of Sir Isaac Newton, who is said not always to have remembered whether he had dined or not, and of the practical joke once played by a friend, who ate the philosopher's dinner, a chicken, which was waiting for him, and then, leaving the bones on his plate, he was amused at the unconsciousness of Newton when he came into the room that he had not dined.

The Clover Leaf.

An enthusiast on the subject states that each head of clover is composed of about sixty distinct flower tubes, and each of these contains sugar not to exceed the five hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the honey bee must, therefore, be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of clover honey would represent the insertion of the proboscis into 2,500,000 clover heads.

Some Clerical Slips.

A clergyman in England, in an earnest address to his parishioners advocating the establishment of a cemetery, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Englishmen living without Christian burial." This suggests another clerical slip, says an exchange. "When do you expect to see Deacon Smith again?" a gentleman asked a clergyman. "Never," replied the reverend gentleman, solemnly, "the deacon is in Heaven."

Tomahawk In The Tree.

A rare curiosity has been found at Moree, Wisconsin, in the center of a saw log 32 inches in diameter, in the shape of an Indian tomahawk. It is six inches in length and has a two and one half inch blade made of roughly forged iron, showing the rough workmanship of colonial times. There were 10 inches of solid timber over the head, showing the indenture of a portion of the handle in the timber, which was of different timber from the tree. Judges of the growth of pine timber say that it has been in the tree two centuries, as it was 20 feet from the ground.

One of Wesley's Sermons.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. He was a man who cared little about religion. On the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. Wesley said he should take up three topics of thought. He was talking greatly about money. His first head was "Get All You Can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like of this before. This is very good. That man has got good things in him. It is admirable preaching." John Wesley discoursed on "Industry," "Activity," "Living to Purpose," and reached his second division, "Save All You Can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the willful wickedness which lavishes in luxury, and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this have I been taught from my youth up," and what with getting, and what with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation had come to his house." But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was "Give Me All You Can." "Aw dear! aw dear!" said the farmer, "he has gone and spoiled it all!"

Would Escape.

Nurse—"Keep quiet Charlie; baby is very ill."

Charlie—"Will he die?"

"We hope not."

"Well, if he does he won't go to the bad place, for he has no teeth to gnash—what our Sunday-School teacher was tellin' about, you know."