une old-Time Stories Of Indian Life. The Chippewa Indian who stalks to treets of Winnipeg no wadays in not a attractive-looking personage. Perhaps Indian may think that the average settler the Canadian Northwest is not a preposcharacter either—may even hold beed by a prodigious fuse, whereas he lesst laborious way.

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R A WIFE.

d out

Certainly the 0 will look like mijoined. Battle scenes form the staple of their midst and address them as follows: the selections, but the sketches given are 'My little son whom you are about to

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

sarriers floated down the Ontonagon River he may return to his people." he success of war-

ovements by which the Oille careless and confident south to the Wisconsin, converging firesteir paddles, gradually neared them. By e wise advice of their leaders they deferred e attack until the Foxes had arrived posits the rock-bound coast twenty-two its from La Pointe, where the steep and d to fresh air the ippery bank would prevent the Foxes from nt in the rearing caping by land. Here the Oj.bways began over as the property costaught with great fury, and, easily to. Babies are we meeting the small carees of their fees, they patched the surprised and now fearthe child begins the chicken Foxes as they struggled in the water, d ask for what what the whole of their large war party ral table that the willed to a man. This is the only naval sually ceases. I prement of which the record tells, and past its dream te Ojibway success was attributed to their of course, the memor numbers and their large cances, on very well. Sample of holding from five to twenty men angers-either fee which gave them a great advantage thing on the family the frail, cranky little canoes of the popping a lump

HOW TO WARM YOUR UNCLE.

The wars between the Ojibways and Foxes e described as fierce and bloody in the exme, marked with every cruelty attendant mither. savage warfare. The Fexes tortured their Moters in various ways, principally with This custom is said to have originated

em. A pretty pla 200d fire. Deliberately tying his ye list'nin'?" the arms and legs, as widely as they be scretched, to the stakes, this unnephew built a huge fire in front of o and chewing h the nephew and told to go home and tell Jeannie, the next time. Then I awoke.

> tral subsequent war excursion captured golden head sank back drowaily. The next time." ge, tied him to a stake, and taking a with the village of your people you save my little girl." me before a good fire. I now in give you a warm mantle for your The elk skin covered with thick burned furiously, and puckering, it med round the naked body of the

LACS-WAH DIES TO SAVE HIS SON.

tance happening soon after the wh, a leading the guidance mext summer it will be at nice as fresh lard. ados above is worth relating. A few as ab, a leading man, were ercamp Spring on a lake shore near La by a large war party of Fexes, and week.

the men, women, and children all murdered, except an old man and a lad, who ran into a swamp. They were captured there and taken in triumph to the Fox village to suffer

A barbarous death Bi-aus-wah at the ti ne of the attack was away on a hunt and did not return till towams in ashes and the lifeless, scalpless remains of his beloved family and relatives deface to be an interloper, making a strewed about on the blood-stained ground can be imagined. Perfectly reckless, he meleod by gets on without any fuss at followed the return trail of the Foxes, detergrievous wrong they had inflicted on him. The Indian as we see him in Manitoba to- He arrived at the village of his enemies a The indian to be admitted, a stolid, alouchy, day after their successful war party had reignerate being. Why he is so need not turned, and heard men, women, and childthe red many who might come within lorg line of chiefs and braves—wise, cour- reach of his tomahawk. He had not remainplendid men. This Indian, so ed long in his ambush when the Fexes celtile to our liking, is a man with a long lected a short distance from the village fer religies—one which has been traced back the purpose of torturing and burning their redigited the until all clues vanish in the captives. The old man was first produced, it centuries, the people were here and his body being wrapped in the folds of with of surface before even the holdest the combustible birch bark the Foxes set prigater ventured to sail "the undiscov- fire to it and caused him to run the gauntlet,

with a blaze of fire, and receiving withal a Ahistory of the Ojthway races, (or Chippe- shower of blows, the old man soon expired. | be better. howing us their life and aurroundings The young and tender lad was then the farliest ages at which we can get a brought out and doomed to run backward pers cut in squares and hung over the timpse of them, has special interest and and forward on a long pile of burning kitchen table. They are very convenient to such a history is contained in faggots till consumed to death. None but a put under kettles, frying pans, etc., when The curious and succeent records which parent can realize fully the feelings which you place them on the table. If you have a just come into the possession of wrung the heart of the ambushed chieftain Winnipeg Historical and Scienti- as he recognized his only surviving son in web it all over with cold water, put it in a Society. They were presented to the the young captive about to undergo these giety by Mr. Warren, whose arcest- torments. His single arm could not rescue were distinguished chiefs of the Ojibway him, but the brave father determined to die He states that these records have for or with his only son, and as the cruel ben in the possession of his family for more Foxes were on the point of setting fire to the has a century. Through the courtesy of heap of dry faggots on which the lad had he society the writer has been enabled to been placed they were surprised to see the the liberal gleanings therefrom, which are Ojibway chief step proudly and boldly into

wild and of unusual interest owing to the burn with fire has seen but a few Winters; mied course of action, to the singular inci- his tender feet have never trodden the warints which marked some of these struggles. path—he has never injured you. But the is also good to clean zincs, wash dishes, etc. theceurage and daring of the leaders, and all hairs of my head are white with many the surroundings of the combatants. The Winters, and over the graves of my relatives how I cook the part of the beef that is only hetches are here published for the first time: I have hung many scalps, which I have taken from the heads of the Fexes. My death is worth something to you. Let me, 02 one occasion a party of 400 Fox therefore, take the place of my child that

their small bark canoes, and, coasting Taken totally by surprise, the Foxes ong the lake, they landed in the night at silently listened to his proposal, and, Pointe, and at dawn captured four young having long coveted his death and fearing libway women who had gone from the the consequences of his despairing efforts, mage to cut wood. Satisfied with this they accepted his offer, and, releasing the slice the meat and let it fry a nice brown access, the Foxes hastily retreated to their son, they bade him depart and burned the saces, and under cover of a dense fog silent- brave father in his stead. The record goes German infants and full of exultation at having his people, and the tale of his murdered urded their enemies in their island home, kindred and father's death spread like wildfor the enemy has selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the ess in artillery a selling also secure of escape in the fog, when five among the wide-scattered bands of the estape in the estap by yelled back a whoop of derision and prising warriors even from the distant time and began singing a stirring scalp Sault Ste. Marie—to join in revenging the death of their chief. They marched on The cown of the Ojibways became instant- their enemies and did not return home until a scene of commotion, and the eager they had destroyed six villages of the Foxes, ariors, arming themselves, hastily em- some of which were composed of earthen arked in their large lake cances and silently wigwams which now form the mounds at swiftly pursued their enemies under spread so profusely over this section of counmer of the dense fog. The lake was per- try. They reaped a rich harvest of scalps etty calm, and they could hear the loud and made such an effective strike that the to be recommended by distance. Guided by the noise thus St. Croix and Chippeway Rivers and retired

A Dream.

They sat together on the warm sparkling sand, the mother and the child. The tiny golden head nestled against the protecting fam'iy o' de Lawd ter de fam'ly o' flish, breast; the wan face was lit by the evening sun: the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the bloodless lips. The maiden slept.

The mother watched beside her sleeping child, and she-scarce more than a child herself-murmured a mother's prayer. "Lord Jesus, save my little girl." Again and again she repeated it, "Save my little girl."

That was all. O God! why are the poor born to be so

nhappy ? Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl round the slender frame. Gentle as was the motion it roused the sleeper. The great blue eyes opened.

"Did I wake ye, Jeannie?" "No, no, mither, ye didna wake me; I woke my ainsel. I had a bonnie dream,

"Aye, dearie, what was it?"

The mother looked down anxiously. "Afore I went to sleep I was watchin' the ships wi' their white sails flitten' ower anoted Ojibway warrior was taken pris- the water, an' wondered whar thay were a' by his nephew, a young warrior of the gaun. I looked, an looked, an' then ag, son of his own sister, who had been shought I was in a wee coatie, wi' white when young and adopted and sails, too, mither. They said it was gain to med into the tribe. To evince his utter Heaven. The sky was black ower my tempt for any tie of blood existing bet- head, an' great waves tossed my boatie to an' a planted his Ojibway uncle, this young fra. But far away the sun was glintin' on planted two stakes strongly in the the water, an there were steps of gowd that need exercity and taking his uncle by the arm gaun up, up, up, They said that was as any other of that he wished to warm him be- the way to Heav'n. Is't no, mither? Are

The mother's face was turned away,

"Aye, aye, Jeannie, I'm list'nin' to ye." "I sailed a lang, lang time. I was tired aptive, and when his naked body was but I came nearer and nearer the steps. to a blister on one side, turned him was a'most there, mither. They said, "Gae, Head until his back was also cruelly burn- Jeannie, an' ye'll no be tired ony mair." the was then untied and turned loose was gaun, but they said again, 'No the noo,

bways how the Foxes treated their Was't no a bonnie dream, mitner?" "My wee lamb" was all the mother could he ancle recovered from his fire wounds, say. She pressed the frail form to her. The

The sun tet in crimson glory over the the skin, on which a layer of fat had sands and sea; heavy purple night clouds the party left, placed it over a fire overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory the nebel 21 and, then throwing faded the little maiden was far away on her the naked shoulders of his nephew, journey up the golden steps. Still the with the Wephew, when you took me mother watched and prayed, "Lord Jesus,

God bless those who awake from sleep.

How to Keep Lard.

As the time of year approaches for the dreadful mantle which soon farmer to prepare the year's supply of meat, The act was retaliated by I want to tell how to keep the lard sweet and death by fire in various and without movid. Fill nice, clean jars ways became the fate of all cap- with lard that has been well cooked, but not scorched. After they are cold fill up any openings that may appear around the edge, and place a cloth on the top of the jar, and put in the cellar. When opened

Plain woolens, fine disgonals and fasey briy one morning the camp was striped week are the most popular for daily

To the Young Wives. BY MRS. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

I am a farmer's wife, consequently am anxious to do all I can to help them, for I think they, of all other women, need help and encouragement. I want to say to the ward evening. His feelings at finding his wig. young wives, don't, as soon as you are married and settled down, ever-haul your husband's trunk, take out his little trinkets, keep-sakes, pictures of his friends, etc., that he has been so careful of, and put them in the sitting room for the dust soon to spoil. mined to die it necessary in revenging the It is not right, but it is often done, and don's you think he would feel a little hard toward you whenever he looked at them? Never let Sunday morning come without clean, nicely mended shirt and pair of socks the purpose of this article ren screaming and yelling with delight as for your husband. I have no patience with the direct attention to the fact that he they danced around the scalps their warriors the wife who says: "This shirt has a hole in direct strock—that his ancestors had taken. Secreting himself on the out. in it, John, but I guess you will have to times of good early and that the keepers skirts of the village, the Ujibway Chieftain wear it. I really could not find time to refe decemb people records point with pride to waited for any enemy who might come within mend it." Now I am sure that during the long week there must have been something that she might better have neglected than her husband's shirt.

If baby has a bad cold and it is difficult for him to breathe, just put one or two dreps of any good fresh oil (hen's oil is best), in each nostril. Then warm a seft piece of flannel, and, after oiling his chest well, place arigater separating the New World from amid their whoops and screams. Covered the warm flannel on it, and put him in warm bed. In the morning I think he will

Now for a few kitchen hints. Keep paloaf of bread that has become dry and hard, baking pan and place another one over it (to keep the crust from baking harder), then put it in the oven and bake it as long as you did the first time it was baked, Husband likes it better than fresh bread. A good way to prevent bread from cracking open when baking is to grease the loaves well with butter or lard immediately after moulding. The color from the colored clothes often adheres to the wringer, and is very hard to wash off, but if you will try using kerozene to clean it

I want to tell the young housekeepers good boiled. After earefully washing it place it in a kettle with salt, pepper, and about one and one-half quarts of water. Let it boil until this water has entirely boiled away, then if the meat is not thoroughly cooked I add a little more water but not much, as we want it all to boil away. After the meat is done and there is no water left in the kettle, take out all the bone, in the kettle.

with you will have no more trouble. Kerosene

To cook cabbage- Slice or chop fine, put it in a skillet with water enough to cover. After the water has all boiled away let it brown a light brown on the bottom of the skillet, then add a little more water and let it cook a while longer, or until tender, then season with sale, pepper, butter, and vinegar.

A Narrow Escape From Twins.

Two old-time negroes met in the road " Good mawnin', Mr. Green, good mawnin',

"Good mawnin' ter yo'se'f, Mr. Jackson, How's you gittin' erlong?" "Fast rate ceptin, er little trouble in the

congregation orce in er while. Doan hab no trouble in yo' church, does you?" " Better blebe I doer, sah; better blebe ter rarin' an' er chargin' ever once in er while, an' ef I didn' stay right dar plum by 'em ever' thing would be dun gone ter rack an ruin. Wall, now, comin down from de

how's yo' own folks gittin erlong?"

" Patty well 'siderin'." "How's dem twins."

"We ain't got no twins." "Look yere, you doan mean ter tell me

dat you ain't got no twins down ter yo "Yes, I does."

"But you did hab twins down dar. didn "No, not twins, but lemme tell you we'se come widin one c' it ten times-just come

widin one." "Wall, I knowed yer eider had twins dar ur a mighty narror skape. Good maw nin', sah. 1 mus' go on down yander an look after de fam'ly o' de Lawd."

Female Curiosity.

missing purse.

questions will be asked. think I'm a dummy ?

The Spirit Willing but the Flesh Inade-

Willie-" Mamma, will God hate us if we den't de just exactly as he says in the Bible?" Mamma-" Oh, I trust not, darling Why do you sak ?'

Willie-" Bacause Billy Wilkins punched me in the stomach and I didn't have any other stomach to turn to him."

The Appropriate Costume.

Mrs. Brown-"Isn's that Mrs. Dasher going down the street?" Mrs. Robinson-" Why, I thought it was she, and it is."

Mrs. B.-"Mercy me, I was told that her husband died last week !" Mrs. R.-"So he did."

Mrs. B.-"But don't you see she's in second mourning." Mrs. R.-"Well, he's her second hus-

True honor is that which refrains from doing in secret what it would not do openly, and where other laws are wanting imposes a law upon itself.

Mrs. Wickwire-" I heard to-day that Mrs. Figg called me a vinegar-faced old The idea!" Mr. Wickwire (soothingly)-"Oh, well, she merely meant that your face had no flies on it." Put away your paracol,

Set your rubber shoes aside, Shake out your sealskin coats And get ready for the " glide." Old winter may be tardy. And look a little tame. But the chances are you'll find That he gots here-just the man

"WAKING" THE DEAD

A Custom Which Still Obtains in Many Constry Districts of Ireland,

The custom of "waking the dead in Ireland, says the London Spectator, though by no means existing in its ancient glory and vigor, still obtains in a modified and shorn form in many country districts. Briefly de scribed it amounts to this -that the neighbors of the deceased assemble and spend the night in the room with the corpse chatting and telling stories in the meanwhile, of course, taking "a blast av the pipe" and drop of "the craythure" to sustain them during their vigil. The conversation on such occasions naturally turns to a large extent on the virtues of the departed, which are duly embellished with all the natural eloquence of the speakers. No one unfamiliar with Ireland can at all realize what a scene a "wake" presents, and we propose to give a sort of specimen of the conversation which prevails on such an occasion.

"An ould follyer" is generally in a seat of honor, close by the head of the bed. She has been a nurse, perhaps, in the family, and as she rocks her aged body backward | when he does he is sour and heavy. and forward she pours forth with a millifluous southern brogue, in a sad, wailing tone, a long piece of delightfully discursive domestic history. "Ab, wisha, wisha, lave me alone, the masther was the grand man; Thade Regan was the grand man; he milked up to forty cows. [This in plies that he was a dairy farmer, whose stock amounted to that number.] Shure it's meself remimbers the day av his weddin'. Lard Edward was is pretty hard up. The other day he went at home at the time by the same token, an' into a shop and tried to pawn the coat of as he wint by our cabin I heard me mother | his stomach. to say, 'By gar, there's the lard up!' Au' sure enough he was, for he was on his way fuss about smokeless powder now. to Tim Hoolahan's, who was minding thirty hogs for him. 'Turn thim out, Tim,' says | not used it for years." the lard: 'turn them out,' says he, 'for I want to choose out two of thim,' says he. 'To be sure and why not, your honor's glory, me lard?' says Tim; and whin he had thim out the lard makes chice av wan widout a tail, an' av anoder widout an ear! An' thin he says to Tim, says he, 'Have thim two bastes kilt,' says he, 'and give thim to the people that's comin' to Thade Regan's wedlin', says he, 'for their dinner,' says he. Ah, wisha, decling, but the lard was mighty fond av poor Luade may God be wid thim both! An' don't well remimber the time that poor Thade, rest his sowl, bought the farm near the red bog, sn' how I attinded at the dinner that game day."

At this juncture another speaker. think ing he should have an inning, offers the nurse a drink, and while she is occupied with it he observes: "Wishs, awenoch, it was the poor masther that was fand av his marning drop; many's the time he'd take me wid him into Judy Molan's little pub lic. an' he'd say, ' Judy,' he'd say, "give Nicholas something to warm him and take the cowld out av his stummick this frasthy morning.' An' by and by he'd say, 'Nicholas, man, won't ye have a glass?' an' I'd tell bim I had wan, but he'd say, 'Don't tell me you had not; an' av coorse I'd say, 'It isn't for the likes av me to contradict a gintleman like your honor, an' Judy would fill it up again."

A driver of a hearse who was present would add reflections which seemed to him suitable to the occasion . "I tell ve,s all that I have been driving a hearse man an' boy these twinty years an' more. I have druv rich an' poor; an' whin the wind was an me back the smell av them both was jist dat fack. De brudders an' de sisters gits alike, an' I didn'e like it, nather. And wain I comes acrass a man who has 200 or 320 pounds, and sees all his capers an' antics. I says to meself : 'What a gladiathur ye are; but wait, me boy, until I have ye in the hearze, an' then ye'll be quiet and aisy chough.' Sture, I wanst druv a jedge to the raveyard, an' I saw the yalla clay shoveled down an him as well as another-an' he rot ting wid money. God save us !" This observation called forth a general exclamation, "Well, Ned, ye're a terror." The old nurse, "a charred and wrinkled piece of womanhood," being now refreshed, would take up her parable again. and offer her snuff-box, or rather her snuff, to every one present. It was done in this way; holding the box in her right hand, she poured out some of its contents on the palm of her left. Whether you used the snuff or not, it was considered unlucky an uncivil to refuse to take a pinch of

Among the lower class " wakes" are still very prevalent; beggars have their own " wakes," and eyer little children are "waked." A "wake" is quite an expensive Wife-I think I shall advertise for my | ceremony to a poor, struggling workingman or tradesman; but he teels he would lose Husbaud-As it was probably stolen, you! caste without holding it and has not the moral will not get it back unless you say that no | courage to break through the custom. The expenses of the wake in the " strong" farm. Wife-What! Not ask any questions? | ing class are a very serious item indeed. Why, what do you take me for? Do you | The Roman Catholic clergy nowadays generally or universally discourage this custom; but it is so deeply rooted that its eradication must be a question of time.

An Injustice.

"Did you say to Mrs. Jones that I was a perfect brute around the house?" asked a traveling man of his wife. "No, my dear ; I certainly did not. How

could you think it possible?" "I believe you. I'm glad to find that gossip has lied in this case, as usual."

"You should not have entertained such a thought for an instant," she said whimperingly.

"Darling, forgive me ; it is all over. Yet tactory reply. you can not blame me. I had it from an excellent source." "But haven't you learnt by this time that I never tell family secrets?"

Ruin Piled on Ruin.

Irate Stable-keeper (as the broken-down cutter comes in) -You should have bought that rig instead of hiring it, young man. The sleigh is ruined and the horse not much better!

Algy (in deepair) -Isn't that enough, without raining me, too?

How She Knew it Was the Shortest Day.

A new example of the readiness of some minds to apply illustrations to phenemana came recently under the writer's notice. An Irish servant girl, newly admitted to service | will rarely, if ever, he heard of. Not only in a lady's house, was told by her mistress wints practicing the breathing exercise must that the current day was the shortest of the year. Bridget replied; "It it indade, mum? | beginness will do well to respon

include the grandest look made, the control of the characteristics.

PLEASANTRIES.

A big hat is no sign of a great head. Best place to hold the World's Fair-

Right around the waist.

Church lotteries may be wrong, but the Sorister gets his money by chants. There is one good thing abou's the apple of the eye. You dont often see one that is

Women rarely are great inventors, though they are often the first to discover

www.wrinkles. When you truly and devotedly love a girl who is as rich as she is pretty it's hard to

take no for an answer. Brown-'Does your wife keep her temper very well ?' Jones-"Um-er-some; but I get the most of it."

In some respects horses can beat blacksmiths at their own trade. It doesn't take them as long to make a bolt.

Bashfulness is very becoming sometimes to a young man, but it is well for him to get over it if he is going to board.

A man is very like a buckwheat cake in this weather, he is disinclined to rise, and

Fencing classes for ladies are very popular now, and we don't wonder-ladies are so fond of making thrusts at each other.

When we see a young father wheeling his first baby in the street we obtain a realizing sense of the joys of a carriage and " pere."

There is one old fellow in Hamilton who Fanny-" The papers are making a great

Arabella-" Yes; just as though we had He-"I am thinking of embracing a liter-

ary life." She-" I do not doubt that the life will be a very happy one if you--if you should treat it the way you spoke of." Mrs. H.- " Maggie, where do you sup-

rose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?" Maggie-"Sure, ma'am, I don't care; I have friends in ayther place." Gus-" How was the Gushington Dressed last night, Jack ?' Jack-" Lemme see, she

had on French slippers and striped silk stockings, and-and-l'il be hanged if I remember what else, Gus." Tommy (at the opera for the first time)-"Pa where are the boxes?" Father-"Over there where those people are sitting talking.

so loud." Tommy-" Oh, I s'spose they're chatterboxes, then." Jones-" I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?" Mrs. Jones-"I don't know, unless

the groce puts quicksand in it." The great question now is, " Should clergymen use tobacco?' We think not. The clergy is absolutely overworked testing and testimonializing patent medicines. We

shouldn't expect too much even of the clergy. Charles-"I adore you, Edith, but, alas, f am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle, from whom I have expec—" Edith (sagerly) -" is he married?" Charles-" No, darling." Elith-"Then introduce me to him,

there's a dear."

The latest trust : We've come to an era of "Trusts" it appears :

A " Milk Trust's ' the latest that reaches milk trust? Well, well! we get on

pretty fast-Here's something that will hold water at

Mrs. Grubb's Cook-"Law, but the missus do hate to have a boarder come from your house to oars." Mrs. Hashcroft's Cock-"I 'spect they do grumble a good deal. It's so different to what they have been used to." Mrs. Grubb's Cook-" Bless your soul, that ign't it. What she kicks on is their bein' so awful hungry."

Mrs. Montmorency Smythe-"No, Mrs. Raggles, we never have any family jars in in our house. Whenever a difficulty occurs between my husband and me, Mr. Smthye always takes his hat and goes out." Mrs. De Beresferd Raggles-"Ah, yes, I've often wondered why it was that Mr. Smythe spent so much time on the streets."

The Proper Way to Go About It.

Miss Hurryup-"Ah, George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman." Mr. Holdoff - "Troubles, Carrie. Of

what nature, pray ?" Miss H.- "Well, one's brothers are always making fun of one and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it to come

off?" as if marriage were a prize fight. But that is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as 'Carrie, what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for and stay so late when he does call?' And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks this question that I actually tremble." Mr. H.—"And what answer do you make

to his questions, Carrie, dearest?" Miss H .- "I can't make any answer at all, for, you see, you haven't said anything to me and-and-of course I-I-"

Then Mr. Holdeff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and next time her father mestions her she will be ready with a satis-

How to Keep Warm.

It may not be generally known that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is readily created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost extent in the following manner : "Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. After repeating to exercise while one is chilly a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body. and even in the feet and hands. It is important to practice the exercise many times each day, and especially when in the open air. If the habit ever becomes universal then consumption and many other diseases Sare, and now Ol come to think of it Ol had ing their slothing fitted to allow fer the perme somer taken down the dilimer than it menous expansion of one, two or even three
was teleso to bring up the tay." case tousing and Cleenen her error.