

White & Johnson, Publishers & Proprietors.]

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, FEB. 24, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 160.]

James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

L. Hamilton Evans, B.A., M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHER.
Graduate of the University of Toronto.
Residence—One door south of the Orange Hall, Garafra Street, Durham, Ont. (187-9.)

J. F. Halsted, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HANOVER, Ontario.

Medical Advice Gratis.
F. W. Pritchard, A. M. M. D.,
formerly Surgeon C. S. Army.
Residence one door south of the Orange Hall, Garafra Street, Durham, Ont. (187-9.)
The doctor will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE, each day from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.
All orders left at Pritchard & Shaw's Drug Store promptly attended to, as being under your children and have them vaccinated.

R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRADUATE of Victoria College, Toronto.
Office—in Griffin's Building, Durham, County of Grey. All calls, day or night, promptly attended to.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—
Over Tenants & Richardson's store,
Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c.
Money to lend from one to ten years, on easy terms of interest. Farms for sale.
Durham, 16th June, 1868. 71-17.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.
Lands, &c., Valued, Books and Accounts made up and collected. \$25,000 to lend on good Farm and Town Property at 8 per cent. Office—14 Garafra St., Durham.

George Isaacs,
SADDLER, HARNESS and Trunk Maker, opposite the Crown Land Office, Durham, Ont.
Whips, Spurs, &c., always on hand.
Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

C. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, Durham, Ont. Painting, Glazing, and Paper Hanging, done in the most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,
FROM GLASGOW,
Bookseller, Stationer, and Printer.
Sullivan Post Office. Charges moderate. All orders left at the Crown Land Office, Durham, 1-17.
See, promptly attended to.

Christopher Chittick,
BLACKSMITH, Scar.—South of the Bridges, Garafra Street. Blacksmithing of every description done in a workmanlike manner, on short notice. Particular attention paid to horse shoeing.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Wagons and Sleighs, manufactured from the best material, at the cheapest possible rates. All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr. Carson's store, Lower Town, Durham.

Kerr, Brown & McKenzie,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS AND Groceries, and General Wholesale Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

J. W. McDONNELL,
CARPENTER, Builder, &c., Plans, Specifications and Estimates of every description reasonable. Funerals furnished at five hours notice, in the best style at the lowest terms.

HUCH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite the Store, Lower Town, Durham.
Good workmanship, punctuality and moderate charges are the rules at this Smithy.
Apprentice wanted, one who has worked sometime at the trade preferred.
Durham, Jan. 4th, 1870.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE GO TO
SHAW'S
Cabinetmaker and Chair-maker.
OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL DURHAM.
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY description can be had as cheap, and as good as at any other establishment in the County. All work warranted. Warehouse, One Door North of the sign of the big chair.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
TINSMITH,
GARAFRA STREET, DURHAM.
(TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE BRIDGE.)

EVERY description of Tinware constantly on hand and made to order. All work is manufactured under my own supervision, and none but the very best stock used. JOBBING done promptly and in the very best style, at the lowest living rates. Particular attention paid to Eave-Tronching. A large stock of Stove-Pipes, Elbow, T-Pipes and Ridge Plates always on hand, CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.
(76-7.)

HOTEL CARDS.
DEACON'S HOTEL,
HANOVER.

This House is furnished with all the requisites to insure the comfort of travellers. The Table supplied with the best of the market affords. Choice wines, liquors, and cigars kept constantly on hand. There is also a good living in connection with this house. Charges moderate.

April 26, 1868.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,
RICHARDVILLE JAMES BELL,
PROPRIETOR.

Having leased the above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J. Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Superior Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily, and a carriage on hand.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
RICHARDVILLE. This House has recently been refitted and furnished in first class style, with a view to the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always on hand. Good Stabling and hands always on hand. Stages call daily—Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR.
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham,
R. WATERS, Proprietor. The above Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished with a view to the comfort and convenience of its guests. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands always in stock. The Larder will at all times be supplied with the best of the market. Good Stabling. Charges moderate.

A CHOICE LOT OF FRESH MEAT ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market."
CHARLES LIMIN.

A NEW GAUGE RAILWAY!
The Mount-Gage Branch, from MOUNT FOREST, will bud & blossom at every Station, and bring forth FRUIT at the Terminus!

The undersigned would be glad to inform the public in general, that he has on hand ready for this Fall or Spring planting a large quantity of first class Fruit-Trees—

HOMEWOOD NURSERY.
Established in 1864, and all trees offered for sale were grown in Mount Forest. I will warrant them grafted fruit, of good hardy kinds, as I have tested them, some of them bore fruit this season. Standard Apple Trees from 6 to 10 feet, Dwarf Apples, Siberian Crab and Cherry Trees, that I can recommend. Small fruit such as Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c., also Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Dahlias and Gladiolus Bulbs, &c.

All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

Early Rose, Early Goodrich, and Glasgow Potatoes for sale, as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

A. T. GREGORY.
Homewood Nursery, Mt. Forest, }
September 13th, 1869. } dt.

OPEN REBELLION. TAKEN BY STORM!
Fenian Raid!
Photographs for the Million!
BETTER than the BEST and Cheaper than the Cheapest
at KELSEY'S GALLERY,
Opposite Fletcher's, Upper Town, Durham.

DURHAM FOUNDRY.
Along with any quantity of
Stove-Pipes.
THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
A. & A. COCHRANE.
DURHAM, Oct. 1869.

The Better Land.
Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal;
A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are never rebar,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers;
The city's shining light we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent wanderer, keeps the key,
That opens those gates elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noisily,
Unlocked by unseen fingers
Of land unknown, O land of love divine!
Father, All-wise, Eternal,
Guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those fields eternal.

Cling to those Who Cling to You.
There are many friends of summers,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action,
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to those who cling to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endures,
Cling to those that cling to you.

Soothing Syrups.
The New York World publishes a letter from a druggist calling attention to the dangerous character of some of the medicines advertised for children. He refers particularly to one preparation, the sale of which is enormous, known as "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," an analysis of which is alleged to detect a large percentage of morphia, and from which several cases of narcotic poisoning have been reported in medical periodicals of high authority. The World, in commenting on this letter, says—
"It is well known that not only are children proportionally less tolerant than adults of the action of opiates, but that in them the operation of these drugs is exceedingly capricious and uncertain; and hence medical writers are unanimous in impressing the utmost caution in their administration to the young. Hoffman states that opiates are dangerous to children, not only in their immediate effects, but as leading, in some instances, to permanent mental imbecility and loss of muscular power," and warns against the popular custom of giving analgesics for slight attacks of colic or other pain. Trousseau asserts that he has frequently seen infants poisoned by a dose of wine of opium containing not more than one-hundredth of a grain of opium. Hundreds of cases are recorded in which children, ranging in age from a few days to a year or more, have been fatally poisoned by preparations containing opiates, and thousands of older invalids are suffering the consequences of a drug deficiency."

Serving Bread at Table.
In the first place, tins in which bread is baked should not be more than four inches wide, two or three inches deep, and about twelve or fourteen inches long. A large bake tin may be divided into compartments by strips of tin running across. But do not mold bread into large, broad loaves that are very awkward to cut, and when cut, yield ungladly looking slices.

First, the bread plate should be of wood, perfectly round, and with a flat surface. They cost at the shops from seventy-five cents to six dollars, or more. The high-priced ones are beautifully carved. Next, a bread knife, which has a wooden handle to match the plate. The blade should be thin and long, and the edge kept well sharpened. Bread slices are better, one of white bread, the other of brown—and the knife. When it is time to serve the bread, the one nearest the bread plate asks each one what kind is preferred, and if thick or thin slice. Where the table is large, a small plate is used to pass it on. In this way every one at the table has the bread cut to his or her liking. The bread is cut only as wanted, and no more out than is used.

The outside piece of either bread or meat should not be served, unless some one manifests a preference for it. Not much strength is required to cut meat and bread. The muscles of the wrist and hand should do the work, and not those of the arm, elbow, or shoulder.

What is the best stimulant for the hare? The greyhound.

What is the difference between a pill and a hill? One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

Useful Recipes, &c.
HOME PUDDING OR CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sweet milk; four eggs; three cups sugar; five cups flour; two teaspoonful cream tartar, sprinkled in the flour; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little milk; one teaspoonful essence of lemon.

CREAM PIE (very nice).—One tablespoonful of syrup, a large tablespoonful of flour; one do. of butter; stir well together; one cup of rich cream and one do. of milk, sweetened with sugar and seasoned with nutmeg to your taste.—This for one pie; bake in crust.

MOLASSES POUND CAKE (new).—Four eggs, four cups flour, two cups nice cream, one cup butter, one cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of soda.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—To one gallon of berries pour a quart of boiling water. Let it stand twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally; strain it and add two and a half pounds of sugar to a gallon of juice. Bottle and seal; do not open before October.

MOCK DUCK.—A steak of beef well beaten, a rich stuffing, such as is used for ducks; spread it over the beef and roll it in the form of a duck; then bake. Make a rich gravy with onions and pour over it.

BREAKFAST BATTER CAKES.—Three eggs, one tablespoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of soda, one pint of corn meal, one-half pint of flour, one pint of buttermilk, a little salt.

CHOPPING DOUGH.—We think that it is not generally known that wheat bread, at least, is greatly improved by chopping it, at the end of the second kneading, and if you want good bread, let there always be a second kneading, putting in all the flour before that.

KEEPING BEEF IN SUMMER.—To three hundred pounds of beef take eight gallons of water; put in salt until it holds up an egg; add one pound brown sugar, one-half pound saltpetre, one quart molasses; boil and skim. Let it stand until cold, then pour on your beef. This pickle is good for either hams or sausages. It will keep beef killed in midsummer.

Transfusion of Blood Successfully Performed upon a Young Lady.
The readers of this paper will remember the report of an interesting experiment of transfusing blood into the veins of a dog, performed at Rush Medical College last Wednesday, by Drs. Freer and Hunt. The eroid artery of the animal was severed and the blood allowed to run out until the subject was apparently lifeless. An incision was then made in the jugular vein, and the blood was injected back into the animal's system, with the effect of restoring him to life. The account of this interesting experiment given to the Post was noticed by the friends of a young lady in Iowa, who had been for some time wasting away with disease supposed to be consumption, and they sent to Dr. Freer to come and make the experiment of transfusing blood into her system. Dr. Hunt, of the Faculty of Rush College, responded to the call, and found the patient in a very low condition. He proceeded to take some sixteen ounces of blood from the arm of a young brother of the girl, and injected it into her veins. The patient went into a comatose condition, and it was found that still more of the vital fluid was necessary. Another supply was therefore drawn from a sister of the invalid and injected, and finally a third supply from another, about ten years of age—thirty-six ounces of warm, living blood being thus conveyed into the system of the young woman within a few hours. The event is not yet determined, though the prospects of recovery are very hopeful, if the lungs are not too nearly destroyed. If the disease is only incipient, it is thought that life and health will be restored. This experiment is the only one of the kind ever attempted in the West, and is very rare elsewhere, though it has been tried with success. The result in this case will be anxiously looked for, not only by the friends of the patient, but by the scientific world generally.—Chicago Post.

A Dying Wife Giving Her Husband to Another Woman.
HOW SHE GOT HER FOOT IN IT.

Just in the outskirts of Poughkeepsie lives a man by the name of Warren, who for years has enjoyed a plurality of wives, much to the disgust of the entire neighborhood. Warren, many years ago, married a young lady, and for years they lived on in harmony, but one day she sickened, and her friends supposed she would die. At this crisis she became anxious about the welfare of her husband, and busied herself in selecting her successor, who was to share with Warren the joys of matrimonial bliss. This difficulty she at last overcame by selecting a woman she thought worthy to follow in her footsteps. Once settled in her mind, she desired the twin to be made one flesh, even before her death; that she might be made happy in her last moments. They were accordingly married by her bedside, and the sick woman, having her heart's wish gratified, turned over to her, but it was not to be for she, much to the astonishment of all the parties, rapidly grew better, and soon after recovered her health, only to find her husband given away to another. This was more than the woman bargained for, but the two females fixed up the matter, and it was agreed that they would live in harmony in the same house and thus they lived for years. One had raised a family of children; one had six and the other had five. Some of these children are grown up men and women at the present time. About six months ago the women quarrelled, and the husband was called on to settle the difficulty, and he espoused the cause of the youngest wife, and it was determined by the two to get the old wife out of the house, which was speedily accomplished, and she is now doing housework in the neighborhood, while the second wife enjoys the bed and board that was once hers.

AN INNOCENT YOUTH.—In a city, not many miles from us some new sidewalks were laid, and the flagstones were soon covered with advertisements. A youth from the rural districts passed reverently before a stone on which was inscribed: "Miss Susan Crowley, milliner, King street, No. 211." "Why," said he, soberly, "I shouldn't hardly be thought she'd wanted to be buried right here in the highway, so. When did she die, eh?" The innocent youth was overwhelmed with amazement at the roars of laughter which greeted him; but he decided, as he strolled on, that city folks had much reverence for serious subjects.

A clergyman of Wolcott, Vermont, has patented a globe made of strong linen paper, in sections which folds up so as to look like a thick sheet of paper. By means of a steel spring it is sprung into shape, so that in all respects, it is a perfect artificial globe for common school use.

What a Man Knows.
Lord Stanley truly says:—What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows whatever else he may be ignorant of.—For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe that there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made.

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The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said, "I'll take ale," as he had always said before, his son would take it also, and then? And the father shuddered as the history of several young men, once as promising as his own bright lad, and ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should his hopes also be blasted, and that open faced lad become a burden? But for strong drinks they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if that could ruin such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls he will not have me to blame," and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water," and from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home.

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Jennie Jane has the following about hair, paint, and other mysteries of the feminine toilet:
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There is a want of harmony and proportion between the representative silliness of the average American neck and arms and the mountain of hair—I had almost said—towering over the elephantine bustle and panier.
I am sorry to see that with the hair and panier has come in an era of cosmetics, which quite takes us back to the seventeenth century, and to the reign of Ranelagh and Vauxhall.
Not only is paint actually plastered on the face, neck, and arms, but upon the surface thus produced veins are traced with such delicacy and accuracy that it would almost puzzle the Creator to decide which was his own work.
As a matter of choice, however, I prefer the work as originally done—Whatever may be lacking in smoothness is made up in inspiration and flexibility, and if one must be turned into a plaster cast I think I should prefer it to be after I was dead.

A Pitched Battle Between Rats and Cats.
A farmer living near Peru relates the following as a veritable truth: He was sitting in his barn silently engaged in mending an old harness, when he observed his favorite cat, Tom, cautiously approaching an opening between two barrels. Tom squatted near the point of observation, his tail moving with majestic slowness, his ears set forward inquiringly, while his body glided nearer and nearer the opening. Suddenly he shot forward like a black bolt of lightning, and as quickly back again, bringing with him a huge rat. The rat struggled violently and squealed terrifically, but Tom laughed, his long, black tail proudly perpendicular. Tom laughed broadly he was out of the woods, for the terrible screams of his victim called to the whole regiment of rats to the rescue. They rushed in upon Tom from every point of the compass, too swift and too numerous to be counted. Tom was surprised out of his discretion, and sprang up three feet from the floor, with a rat holding to each hind leg, and the rest eager for him to come down. He came down, of course, and then began a most fearful struggle. Tom swore terribly (in cat-latin), furious fell his blows—the rat fought in silence, except when Tom's sharp teeth met under the backbone of some luckless wretch. Tom was losing ground; the pressure was too great for him, he was down, two or three clinging to each leg, half a dozen at his throat, and rats swarming all over him. At this critical moment an amazon cat, with her two grown kittens, leaped from the hay-mow, and pitched in for Tom. This timely reinforcement soon ended the struggle. Tom limped away, bleeding freely, but the dead and dying victims of his prowess were no less than thirteen, besides the wounded that escaped—no prisoners taken.

The most practical criticism was given to a gentleman who remarked to his country cousin, as they left the theater, that "they played it well, didn't they?" To which his rural relative replied, "Of course they did; that's what others in this heavy laden life. A. R. they are paid to do."

SABBATH READING.
The Higher Life.
The "higher life," which nine tenths of the human family practically ignore, is either a myth, or it is not. If not, then it is that for which everything else was made; if it is, then "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

But glorious old Paul never thought it a myth, as it kindled in him such a fiery zeal that its light is yet shining with undiminished beam. Nor did Luther think it so, for the words which it inspired in him are ringing yet. It cannot be that Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Seneca, and the Hebrew prophets thought it so; for they lived such lives of devotion to it that the world will not let their names die.

It cannot be that man who has burned at the stake, and hung on gibbets, and died on scaffolds and the rack, for civil rights and liberty of conscience, thought it so, for nothing less than an adamantine faith in the higher life could have led them through the Red Sea of their trial, and made them such victims of glory as we survey the darkness of the past, that we blazon them on our banners and bear them to the front like a "pillar of fire."

Clear Discrimination.
There never was a time when that Divine faculty attributed to our Lord, as Messiah, and promised in its measure to His people, was more required than at the present moment—the power of discrimination—"that we may know how to refuse the evil and choose the good"—"that we may approve things that are excellent," or, as it is in the margin, may discern things that differ." Light and darkness, truth and error, are so bleaded together, assume shapes so plausible and similar, that "if it were possible," they would deceive the very elect.

But the truly enlightened Christian has an instinctive perception of false doctrine. He shrinks from its approach like the sensitive plant, and recoils from the smooth and polished subtleties by which it is often veiled. The indefinite suggestion, the half-uttered doubt respecting God's truth, is, to the believer, as the first poisonous breath of vice passing over the features of virtue. There is a chill, a shudder, a consciousness of approaching danger; and the "Sword of the Spirit" is grieved more firmly, and the helmet of salvation borne more bravely, that, having done all, he may be able to stand.

What is Thine Age?
"Father," said a Persian monarch to an old man who, according to oriental usage, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated. I cannot receive homage from one bent with years, and whose head is white with the frosts of age."
"And now, father," said the monarch, when the old man had taken the proffered seat, "tell me thine age, how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?"
"Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years old."
"What?" interrupted the king, "darest thou not to answer me rashly, or fearest thou just of the very brink of the tomb?"
"I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man, "neither would I offer a foolish jest on a subject so solemn. Eighty long years have I reposed in folly and sinful pleasures and in amassing wealth, none of which can I take with me when I leave this world. Four years only have I spent in doing good to my fellow men; and shall I count those years that have been utterly wasted? Are they not worse than a blank, and is not that portion only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life which has truly answered life's best end?"

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