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Management of the second of th RISE AND FALL OF THE MUSTACHE *****

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

CHARLES CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR We open our eyes in this living world around us, in a wonder land, peopled they saw Cain. And there wasn't an with dreams, and haunted with wonderful shapes; and every day dawns upon us in a medley of new marvels. We are not even an illustrated handkerchief. awakened from these dreams by contact There were no other boys in the repubwith hard, stubborn facts, not rudely lie, to teach young Cain to lie, and and harshly, but gradually and tenderly. swear, and smoke, and drink, fight, and E) much that is bright and beautiful steal and thus develop the boy's dormant and full of romance and wonder, passes statesmanship and prepare him for the a vay with the earlier years of life, that sterner political duties of his maturer by the time we are able to earn our first years. There wasn't a pocket knife in salary we hold in our hands only the the universe that he could borrow-and crumpled, withered leaves of childhood's lose, and when he wanted to cut his simple creeds and loving superstitions. finger, as all boys must do, now and Year after year, the inconoclastic hand then, he had to cut it with a clam shell. of earnest, real life, tears from the lofty | There were no country relations upon pedestals upon which our loving fancy whom little Cain could be inflicted for had enshrined them, the gods of gold two or three weeks at a time, when his that crumble into worthless clay at our wearied parents wanted a little rest. "Puss in Boots"; we cease to weep over Adam couldn't show him how to make the sad tragedy of "Cock Robin"; there a kite. He had a much better idea of comes a time when we can read "Ara- angel's wings than he had of a kite. If bian Nights' and then go to bed without little Cain had even asked for such a a tremor; with one heart-breaking pang simple bit of mechanism as a shinny at last we give up darling "Jack the club, Adam would have gone out into Giant Killer," and acknowledge him to the depths of the primeval forest and be the fraud he stands confessed; it is wept in sheer morticilation and helpless, not long after that we learn to look upon | confessed ignorance. I don't wonder that William Tell as a national myth, and Cain turned out bad. I always said he then we come to know, in spice of all would. For his entire education dependthen we come to know, in spite of all would. For his entire education dependthe contrary, that Adam was not the the very palmiest days of his ignorance, was too old-when he was born-to care | tried all his life on a high salary and when there was nothing else; cattle go- earth to escape him, leaving Eve to look ing wild with the horn ail; moth in after the stock, save the crop, and raise the bee hives; snakes in the milk house; her boy as best she could. Which would moles in the kitchen garden-Adam had have been 6,000 years ago, as to-day, just just about got through breaking wild like a man. land with a crooked stick, and settled down comfortably, when the sound of the boy was heard in the land.

was probably the most troubled and grew by the acre. When a placid, but worried man that ever lived? We have exceedingly unanimous looking animal always pictured Adam as a care-worn went by, producing the general effect who would sigh fifty times a day, and "Oh, lookee, pa What's that?" the pati-· looking man; a puzzled looking granger of an eclipse, and Cain would shout, sit down on a log and run his irresolute fingers through his hair while he wondered what under the canopy he was going to do with those boys, and whatever was going to become of them. We have thought too, that as often as our esteemed parent asked himself this conundrum, he gave it up. They must have been a source of constant trouble and mystification to him. For you see they were the first boys that humanity ever had any experience with. And there was no one else in the neighborhood who had any boy, with whom Adam, in his moments of perplexity, could consult. There wasn't a boy in the country with whom Adam's boys were on speaking terms, and with whom they could play and fight. Adam, you see, labored under the most distressing disadvantages that ever opposed a married man and the father of a family. He had never been a boy himself, and what could he know about boy nature or boy troubles and pleasures? His perplexity began at an early date. Imagine, if you can, the celerity with which he kicked off the leaves, and paced up and down in the moonlight the first time little Cain made the welkin ring when he had the colic. How should Adam know what ailed him? He couldn't tell Eve that she had been sticking the baby rid. Where did you get it? There now, full of pins. He didn't even know enough to turn the vociferous infant over on his face and jolt him into serenity. If the fence corners on his farm had been overgrown with catnip, never an idea would Adam have had what to do with it. It is probable that after he got down on his knees and felt for thorns and snakes or rats in the bed, and thoroughly examined Cain for bites or scratches, he passed him over to Eve with the usual remark, "There, take him and hush him up, for heaven's sake," and then went off and sat down under a distant tree with his fingers in his ears, and perplexity in his brain. And young Cain just split the night with the most hideous howls the little world had ever listened to. It must | 365 times a year to think of, and the flies have stirred the animals up to a degree | to chase out of the sitting-room; think that no menagerie has ever since attained. There was no sleep in the vicinity of Eden that night for anybody, baby, A LARGE assortment of Tweeds, beast or Adam. It is more than probable possible twins and more colic.

When the other boy came along, and the boys got old enough to sleep in a bed by themselves, they had no pillows to fight with, and it is a meral impossibility for two brothers to go to bed without a fracas. What comfort could two boys get out of pelting each other with fragments of moss or bundles of brush. his mother does, and much more to What dismal views of future humanity your own satisfaction than to the Adam must have received from the boy's comfort. Your boy is, glimpses of criginal sin which began to Adams boy was, an animal that asks

heads the thousand and one questions with which they plied their parents of y after day. We wonder what he tho ight when they first began to string buckeye. on the cat's tail. And when night came there was no hired girl to keep the boy quiet by telling them ghost stories, and Adam didn't know even so much as an

Cain, when he made his appearance was the first and only boy in the fair young world. All his education depends on his inexperienced parents, who had never in their lives seen a boy until educational help in the market. There wasn't an alphabet block in the country. We live to lose faith at last, in | There was nothing for him to play with. first man-that raised a mustache. Adam | who couldn't have known less if he had very much about what our grander and had a man to help him. And the bey's more gradually developed civilization education had to be conducted entirely considers the crowning facial ornament. upon the catechetical system; only, in And after his natural human idleness this instance, the boy pupil asked the got him into periectly natural human questions and parent teachers, heaven trouble he was kept too busy raising help them, tried to answer them. They something to put under his lip, to think | had to answer them. For they could not much about what grew above it. If take refuge from the steady stream of Adam were a mustache he never raised questions that poured in upon them day it. It raised its itself. It devolved itself after day, by interpolating a fairy story, out of its own inner consciousness, like as you do when your boy asks questions a primordial germ. It grew, like the about something of which you never weeds on his farm, in spite of him, and heard. For how could Adam begin, to torment him. For Adam had hardly "Once upon a time," when with one got his farm reduced to a kind of turbu- quick, incisive question, Cain would pin lent, weed producing, granger fighting, him right back against the dead wall of regular order of things-had scarcely creation, and make him either specify settled down to the quiet, happy, care- exactly what time, or acknowledge the free, independent life of a jocund farmer, fraud. How could Eve tell him about with nothing under the canopy to molest | "Jack and the bean stalk," when Cain, or make him afraid, with everything on fairly crazy for some one to play with, the plantation going soothly and lovelily, knew perfectly well there was not, and with a little rust in the cats; army never had been, another boy on the worm in the corn; Colorado beetles plantation? As day by day Cain brought swarming up and down the potato patch; home things in his hands about which cut worms laying waste the cucumbers; to ask questions that no mortal could curculio in the plums and borers in the answer, how grateful his bewildered apple trees; a new kind of bug that he parents must have been that he had no didn't know the name of desolating the pockets in which to transport his collecwheat fields; dry weather burning up tions. For many generations came into the wheat, wet weather blighting the the fair young world, got into no end of fully hot for the strawberries; chickens pocket solved the problem how to make are snowdrop lift; its tiny head, a appealing slouch of his battered hat, and corn; too cold for the melons, too cread- trouble, and died out of it, before a boy's dying from the pip; hogs being gathered | the thing contained seven times greater to their fathers with cholera; sheep fad- than the container. The only thing that ing away with a complication of things saved Adam and Eve from interrogational that no man could remember; horses insanity was the paucity of language. getting along as well as could be expect- If little Cain had possessed the verbal ed, with a little spavin, ringbone, wolf abundance of the language in which teeth, distemper, heaves, blind staggers, men are to-day talked to death, his collar chafes, saddle galls, colic now and father's bald hend would have gone then, founder occusionally, epizootic down in shining flight to the ends of the

Because, it was no off hand, absentminded work answering questions about things in those spacious old days, when Did is ever occur to you that Adam | there was crowds of room, and everything ent Adam, trying to saw enough kitchen wood to last over Sunday, with a piece of flint, would have to pause and gather up words enough to say:-

"That, my son? That is only a mastodon giganteus; he has a bad look, but a Christian temper."

And then, presently:-"Oh, pop! pop! What's that over yon?" "Oh, bother," Adam would reply; "it's only a paleotherium, mammalia pachydermata."

"Oh, yes, theliocomeafterus. lookee, lookee at this 'un!" "Where, Cainny? Oh, that in the mud? That's only an acephala lamelli branch-

iata. It won't bite you, but you mustn't eat it. It's poison as politics." "Whee! See there! see, see, see! What's

him?" "Oh, that? Looks like a plesiosaurus; keep out of his way; he has a jaw like your mother." "Oh, yes; a plenosserus. And what's

that fellow, poppy?" "That's a silurus malaplerus. Don't go near him, for he has the disposition of a Georgia mule."

"Oh, yes; a slapterus. And what's that little one?" "Oh, it's nothing but an aristolochiquit throwing stones at that acanthaplerygian; do you want to be kicked? Keep away from the nothodenatrichomanoides. My stars, Eve! where did we get that anonaceo-hydrocharideo-nymphacoid? Do you never look after him at all? Here, you Cain, get right down

from there, and chase that megalosarius out of the melon patch, or I'll set the monopleuro branchian on you." Just think of it, Christian man with a family to support, with last year's stock on your shelves, and a draft as long as a clothes-line to pay to-morrow! Think of it, woman, with all a woman's love and constancy, and a mother's sympathetic nature, with three meals a day if your cherub boy was the only boy in the wide, wide world, and all his questions which now radiate in a thousand directions among other boys, who tell him lies and help him to cut his eye teeth, were focused upon you! Adam ing of the latest design kept in stock. shady places, and slept in troubled dozes, had only one consolation that has been His boy never belonged to a baseball club, and never teased his father from

> March for a pair of skates. Well, you have no time to pity Adam. You have your own boy to look after. Or, your neighbor has a boy, whom you can look after much more closely than develop itself in his boys. How he must questions. If there is any truth in the have wondered what put into their old theory of the transmigration of souls.

when a boy died he would pass into an the corner; wherever there is a patch of interrogation point and he'd stay there. ice big enough for him to break his neck He'd never get out of it; for he never gets through asking questions. The older he grows the more he asks, and the more perplexing the questions are, and the more unreasonable he is about wanting them answered it suit himself. Why, the oldest boy I ever knew-he was fiftyseven years old and I went to school to him-could and did ask the longest, hardest, crookedest questions, that no fellow, who used to trade off all his books for a pair of skates and a knife with a | helpless dismay He has an unconquercorkscrew in it, could answer. And when able hatred for company, and an averhis questions were not answered to suit | sion for walking down stairs. For a year him, it was his custom-a custom more or two his feet never touch the stairway honored in the breeches, we used to in his descent, and his habit of polishthink, than in the observance-to take ing the stair rail by using it as a passenup a long slender but exceedingly tena- ger tramway, soon breaks the other cious rod, which lay ever near the big members of the family of the careless dictionary, and smite with it the boy habit of setting the hall lamps or the whose naturally derived Adamic ignor- water pitcher on the baluster post. He ance was made manifest. Ah me, if the boy could only do as he is done by, and and on the dryest. dustiest days in the ferule the man or woman, who fails to reply to his inquiries, as he is himself

this world. how many additional ones, that Adam's paper. He asks, with great regularity hood, ever looks forward from day to future for brighter light and broader knowledge; day after day, as its world opens before it, stumbling upon ever new and unsolved mysteries; manhood, whose wisdom is folly and whose light is often darkness, and whose knowledge is selfishness; manhood, that so often looks over its shoulder and glances back toward boyhood, when its knowledge was at least always equal to its day; manhood, that after groping for years through tangled labyrinths of failing, human theories and tottering human wisdom, at last only rises to sublimity of child-

pearl on the bosom of the barren earth, a pound and a half of shingle nails in in the spring; he knows where the last his hands. "Mother," he says, "what Indian pink lingers, a flame in the brown | else was it you told me to get besides and rustling words in the autumn days. | the nails?" And while you are counting His pockets are cabinets, from which he your scanty store of berries to make drags curious fossil; that he does not them go round without a fraction, you know the names of: monstrous and hide- hear Tom out in the back yard whistling ous beetles and bugs and things that you and humming away, building a dog appropriate names of his own. He knows to get. where there are three orioles' nests, and tical tests of his teas.

day, while pointing his finger fixedly to- going to stay to breakfast. ward the sun, will cause warts to disapdoes not come home-and if she is a his parents never dream of its existence town cow, like a town man, she does not until it is gone. come home, three nights in the weekyou lose half a day of valuable time at this period. Go up to your boy's room looking for her. Then you pay a man some night, and his sleeping face will three dollars to look for her two days preach you a sermon on the griefs and longer, or so long as the appropriation troubles that sometimes weigh his little holds out. Finally, a quarter sends a heart down almost to breaking, more boy to the woods; he came back at milk- elequently that the lips of a Spurgeon or ing time, whistling the tune that no a Talmage could picture them. The curman ever imitated, and the cow ambles tain has fallen on one day's act in the contentedly along before him. He has drama of his active little life. The restone particular marble which he regards less feet that all day long have pattered with about the same superstitious rever- so far-down dusty streets, over scorchence that a pagan does his idol, and his ing pavements, through long stretches of Sunday school teacher can't drive it out quiet wooded lanes, along the winding of him, either. Carnelian, crystal, bulls- cattle paths in the deep silent woods; eye, china, pottery, boly, blood alley or that have dabbled in the cool brook commie, whatever he may call it, there where it wrangles and scolds over the is "luck in it." When he loses this mar- shining pebbles, that have filled your ble, he sees panic and bankruptcy ahead house with noise and dusk and racket, of him, and retires from business pru- are still. The stained hand outside the business style, with both pockets and a farger with the rude bandage of the boy's tor's meeting in the back room. A boy's tive pathos of its own, for the mischievworld is open to no one but a boy. You ous hand that is never idle. On the never really revisit the glimpses of your brown cheek the trace of a tear marks After you get into a tail-coat, and tight closing scene in a troubled little drama; the first of November till the last of

on, or a pond of water deep enough to drown in, the voice of your boy is heard He whispers in a shout, and converses in ordinary, confidential moments in a shrick He exchanges bits of bag .- fear gossip about his father's domestic maters with the boy living in the asji cent township, to which interesting revelations of home life the intermediate neighborhood listens with intense satis faction, and the two home circles in wears the same size boot as his father, year always man ges to convey some mud on the carpets. He carefully steps corrected for similar shortcomings, what over the door mut, and until he is about a vale of tears, what a literally howling I seventeen years old, he actually never wilderness he could and would make of knew there was a scraper at the front porch. About this time, bold but inartis-Your boy, asking to-day pretty much tic pencil sketches break out mysteriousthe same questions, with heaven knows by on the alluring background of the wall boy did, is told, every time he asks one alarming frequency, and growing diffithat you don't know any thing about, dence, for a new hat. You might as well just as Adam told Cain fifty times a day, buy him a new disposition. He wears his that he will know all about it when he hat in the air and on the ground far is a man. So from the days of Cain more than he does on his head, and he down to the present wickeder generation never hangs it up that he doesn't pull of boys, the boy ever looks ferward to the hook through the crown; unless the the time when he will be a man and hook breaks off or the hat rack pulls know everything. That happy, far away, over. He is a perfect Robinson Crusoe omniscient, unattainable manhood, in inventive genius. He can make a kite which never comes to your boy; which that will fly higher and pull harder than would never come to him if he lived a balloon. He can, and, on occasion will, thousand years; manhood, that like boy- take out a couple of the pantry shelves and make a sled that is amazement itday to the morrow; still peering into the self. The mouse-trap he builds out of the water pitcher and the family Bible is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. So is the excuse he gives for such a selection of raw material. When suddenly, some Monday morning, the clothes line, without any just or apparent cause or provocation, shrinks sixteen feet, philosophy can not make you believe that Prof. Ties did it with his little barometer. Because, far down in the dusty street, you can see Tom in the dim distance, driving a prancing team, six-in-hand, with the missing link .. You send him on an errand. There are three ladies in the par- shingle. hood, only reaches the grandeur of boy- lor. You have waited, as long as you can hood, and accepts the grandest, eternal for them to go. They have developed truth of the universe; truths that it does alarming symptoms of staying to tea. not comprehend, truths that it cannot You know there aren't half enough by searching find out, accepting and strawberries to go around. It is only believing them with the simple, unquest hree minutes walk to the grocery, tioning faith of childhood in Truth itself. however, and Tom sets off like a rocket, And now, your boy, not entirely ceas- and you are so pleased with his celerity ing to ask questions, begins to answer and ready good nature that you want to them, until you stand amazed at the run after him and kiss him. He is gone breadth and depth of his knowledge. a long time, however. Ten minutes be He asks questions and gets answers of come fifteen, fifteen grow into twenty; teachers that you and the school board the twenty swells into the half hour, know not of. Day by day, great unprint- and your guests exchange very signified books, upon the broad pages of which ant glances as the half hour becomes the hand of nature has traced characters | three-quarters. Your boy returns at last, that only a boy can read, are spread out apprehension is his downcast eyes, humilbefore him. He knows now where the ity in his laggard step, penitence in the

never saw before, and for which he has house with the nails you never told him Poor Tom, he loves at this age quite so far back as you can remember you as ardently as he makes mistakes and never saw an orioles' nest in your life. mischief. He is repulsed quite as ardent-He can tell you how to distinguish the ly as he makes love. If he hugs his sisgood mushroom from the poisonous ones, ter, he musses her ruffle, and gets cuffed and poison grapes from good ones, and for it. Two hours later another boy, not how he ever found out, except by eating more than twenty-two or twenty-three both kinds, is a mystery to his mother. | years older than Tom, some neighbor's Every root, bud, leaf, berry or bark, that Tom, will come in, and will just make the will make any bitter, horrible, semi-poi- most hopeless, terrible chaotic wreck of sonous tea, reputed to have marvelous the ruffle that lace or ruching can be dismedicinal virtues, he knows where to torted into. The only reproof he gets is tamily to the cemetery by making pract to go until he hears the alarm clock go the armor of Achillis, in which to go As his knowledge broadens, his human the adjoining room banging around superstition develops itself. He has a building the morning fires, and loudly formula, repeating which nine times a wondering if young Mr. Bostwick is

Tom is at this age set in deadly enpear from the hand, or, to use his own mity against company, which he soon impression, will "knock warts." If the learns to regard as his mortal foe. He eight day clack at home tells him it is regards company as a mysterious and two o'clock, and the flying leaves of the eminently respectable delegation that aldandelion declares it is half-past five, he ways stays to dinner, invariably crowds will stand or fall with the dandelion. He him to the second table, never leaves has a formula, by which anything that him any of the pie, and generally makes has been lost may be found. He has, him late for school. Naturally, he learns above all things, a natural infallible in- to love refined society but in a conservastinct for the woods, and can no more be tive, non-committal sort of a way, dislost in them than a squirrel. If the cow sembling his love so effectually that even

Poor Tom, his life is not all comedy dently, before the crash comes, in true sheet is soiled and rough, and the cut cigar hox full of winnings, and a credi- own surgery, pleads with a mute, effecboyhead, much as you may dream of it. the piteous close of the day's trouble, the boots, you never again set foot in boy trouble at school with books that were world. You lose his marvelous instinct too many for him; trouble with temptafor the woods, you can't tell a pig-nut tions to have unlawful fun that were too tree from a pecan; you can't make strong for him, as they are frequently friends with strange dogs; you can't too strong for the father; trouble in the make the terrific noises with your mouth, street with boys that were two big for you can't invent the unimitable signals him; and at last in his home, in his casor the characteristic catchwords of boy- tle, his refuge, trouble has pursued him hood. He is getting on, is your boy. He until, feeling utterly friendless and in reaches the dime novel age. He wants to everybedy's way, he has crawled off to be a missionary, or a pirate. So far as he the dismantled den, dignified usually by expresses any preference, he would rather the title of "the boy's room," and his be a pirate, an occupation in which over-charged heart has welled up into there are more chances for making his eyes, and his last waking breath has money, and fewer opportunities for be- broken into sob and just as he begins to ing devoured. He developes a yearning think that after all life is only one love for school and study about this broad sea of trouble, whose restless biltime, also, and every time he dreams lows, in never-ending succession, break of being a pirate he dreams of hanging and beat and double and dash upon the his dear teacher at the yard arm in the short shore line of a boy's life, he has presence of the delighted scholars. His drifted away into the wonderland of a voice developes, even more rapidly and boy's sleep, where fairy fingers picture thoroughly than his morals. In the yard, his dreams. How soundly, deeply, peace-

never dragged a sleepy boy off the lounge at 9 o'clock, and hauled him off upstairs to bed, can know with what a herculean grip a square sleep takes hold of a boy's senses, nor how fearfully and wonderfully limp and nerveless it makes him; nor how, in direct antagonism to all established laws of anatomy, it develops joints that work both ways, all the way up and down that boy. What pen can portray the wonderful enchantments of a boy's dreamland! No marvelous visions wrought by the weird, strange power of hasheesh, no dreams that come to the sleep of jaded woman or tired man, no ghastly specters that dance attendance upon cold mince pie, but shrink into tiresome, stale and trifling commonplace compared with the marvelous, the grotesque, the wonderful, the terrible, the beautiful and the enchanting scenes and people of a boy's dreamland. This may be owing in a great measure to the fact that the boy never relates his dream until ell the other members of the family have related theirs; and then he comes in, like a back township, with the necessary majority; like the directory of a western city, following the census of a rival

Tom is a miniature Ishmaelite at this period of his career. His hand is against every man, and about every man's hand and nearly every woman's hand, is against him, off and on. Often, and then the iron enters his soul, the hand that is against him holds the slipper. He wears his mother's slipper on his jacket quite as often as she wears it on her foot. This is all wrong and impolitic. It spreads the slipper and discourages the boy. Then he reads in his Sunday school lesson that the wicked stand in slippery places, he takes it as a direct personal reference, and he is affronted, and maybe the seeds of atheism are implanted in his breast. Moreover, this repeated application of the slipper not only sours his temper, and gives a bias to his moral ideas, but it sharpens his wits. How many a Christian mother, her eyes swimming in tears of real pain that plashed up from the depths of a loving heart, as she bent over her wayward boy until his heartrending wails and piteous shricks drowned her choking, sympathetic sobs, has been wasting her strength, and wearing out a good slipper, and pouring out all that priceless flood of mother love and duty and pity and tender sympathy upon a concealed atlas-back or a good

It is a historical fact that no boy is ever whipped twice for precisely the same offence. He varies and improves a little on every repetition of the prank, until at last he reaches a point where detection is almost impossible. He is a big boy then, and glides almost imperceptibly from the discipline of his father, under the surveillance of the police.

By easy stages he passes into the uncomfortable period of boyhood. His jacket developes into a coat-tail. The boy of to-day, who is slipped into a hollow, abbreviated mockery of a coat tail, when he is taken out of long dresses, has no idea-not the faintest conception of the grandeur the momentous importance of the epoch in a boy's life that was marked by the transition from the old-fashioned cadet roundabout to the coat-tail. It is an experience that heaven, ever chary of its choicest blessings, and mindful of the decadence of the race of boys, has not vouchsafed to the untoward, forsaken boys of this wicked generation. When the roundabout went out of fashion, the heroic race of boys passed away from earth, and weeping nature sobbed and broke the moulds. The fashion that started a boy of six years on his pilgrimage of life in a miniature edition of his father's coat, marked a period of retrogression in the affairs of men, and stamped a decaying and degenerate race. There are no boys now, or very few at least, such as peopled the grand old earth when the men of our age were boys. And that it is so, society is to be congratulated. The step from the roundabout to the tail-coat was a leap in life. It was the boy Julus, doffing the praetexta and flinging upon his shoulders the toga virilis of Julius; Patroclus, donning Tom is slow to realize the grandeur

of that tail-coat, however, on its trial

trip. How different it feels from his good, snug-fitting, comfortable old jacket. It fits him too much in every direction, he knows. Every now and then he stops, with a gasp of terror, feeling positive, from the awful sensation of nothingness about the neck, that the entire collar has fallen off in the street. The tails are prairies, the pockets are caverns, and the back is one vast, illimitable, stretching waste. How Tom slides along as close to the fence as he can scrape, and what a wary eye he keeps in every direction, for other boys. When he forgets the school, he is half tempted to feel proud of his toga; but when he thinks of the boys, and the reception that awaits him his heart sinks, and he is tempted to go back home, sneak upstairs, and rescue his old worn-out jacket from the rag-bag. He glances in terror at his distorted shadow on the fence, and, confident that it is a faithful outline of his figure, he knows that he has worn his father's coat off by mistake. He tries various methods of buttoning his coat, to make it conform more harmoniously to his figure and his idea of the eternal fitness of things. He buttons just the lower button and immediately it flies all abroad at the shoulders, and he beholds himself an exaggerated mannikin of "Capt. Cattle." Then he fastens just the upper button, and the frantic tails flap and flutter like a clothes line in a cyclone. Then he buttons it all up, a la militiare, and tries to look soldierly, but this is so theological-studently that it frightens him until his heart stops beating. As he reaches the last friendly corner that shields him from the pitiless gaze of the boys he can hear howling and shrieking not fifty yards away, he pauses to give the final adjustment to the manly and unmanageable raiment. It is bigger and looser, flappier and wrinklier than ever. New and startling folds, and unexpected wrinkles, and uncontemplated bulges develop themselves, like masked batteries, just where and when their effect will be most demoralizing. A new horror discloses itself at this trying and awful juncture. He wants to lie down on the sidewalk and try to die. For the first time he notices the color of his coat. Hideous! He has been duped, swindled, betrayed-made monstrous idiot by that silver-tongued salesman, who has palmed off upon hima coat 2,000 years old; a coat that the most sweetly enthusiastic and terribly misinformed women's missionary society would hesitate to offer a wild Hottentot, and which the most benighted old-fash ioned Hottentot that ever disdaine clothes, would certainly blush to wear the dark, and would probably ded with thanks. Oh, madness! The cold on the house top, down the street, around fully he sleeps. No mother who has