The Sweet Girl Graduate.

She has wrestled with the cases of the dim history, [illegible] declamation from Demosthenes to Burke; She has sounded conjugations and been under Dante's power, and was giggle in all languages from English down to Turk.

She can argue in the lists, knows the [illegible] of sublime, and will go way back to Adam to shelter her views;

She can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers fatigue on the women and strained relations of the Christians and the Jews.

From old Socrates to Spencer she has read and [illegible] and hence her intellectual adornment are a wonder to be seen;

She's a terror and a [illegible] she makes [illegible] and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some [illegible] speeds a nimiy; she has succored at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task;

She's versed the laws of Solon, knows the value of a dollar and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous cask.

She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction, knows the views of [illegible] Pater and that [illegible]

She can quote from Pepys' diary and knows Pope (so small and wiry) and has fathomed Billy Shakspeare and read Burton on the Blues.

There is not a branch of knowledge that this [illegible] so fresh from college has not made herself familiar with. Dear Fate, down to you

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us men with [illegible] [illegible] Shelley Stewart.

And that's just the reason why.

—*Tom Masson.*

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

CHAPTER XXI.

Rilchester again with its quiet, undisturbed streets and its busy hangout; the cathedral with its daily services and its thin congregations; the deanery, with all its luxurious discomfort, and the weary, distasteful life once more. Strive as Esperance would to be thankful and contented, it was of no use—each day seemed more burdensome, each petty trial more unbearable. It was an inscrutable effort to be even ordinarily polite to every one, and when Bella was provoking she was sorely tempted to box her ears.

Cornelia told her openly that her visit to Gaspard had upset her, that she was ungrateful for the kindness shown her, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Mrs. Mortlake put everything down to the long holiday at Bournemouth, and was always on the lookout for fresh employment for her. Bella's nurse, a kind-hearted, sensible person, suggested that mademoiselle felt the spring weather, and should take a tonic.

April passed into May, and the alternations of cold east wind and hot sunshine did not improve matters. Esperance grew more and more languid and depressed; she could not sleep, she could not eat, she could not even think clearly. The one idea impressed on her mind was that Gaspard was alone and starving, and this thought never left her; by day, she dwelt on it with bitter tears—in her brief intervals of restless sleep it haunted her dreams.

Things went on in this way for about a month. Cornelia was beginning to feel alarmed, and to watch her with real though carefully disguised anxiety.

One day when the lessons had gone worse than usual, and Esperance felt that she really deserved a scolding, she was surprised by the sudden question, "You do not feel well, Esperance, I am sure. What is the matter with you?"

"I do not know," she answered, languidly.

"But you must know what you feel like; come, tell me at once."

"I don't feel anything particular."

"Would you like to see a doctor?"

"Oh, no, thank you; I have nothing to say."

Cornelia was not at all satisfied with the spiritless tone of her answer. She had lost all her brightness and energy, and whereas she had before been eager and responsive, she was now silent and apathetic.

"You need not prepare your lessons for to-morrow; we will read together instead," said Cornelia, after a minute's thought, watching to see what effect this would have. There was some slight shade of relief in Esperance's "Thank you," but it seemed as if nothing could make very much difference to her now.

Just then the gong sounded for luncheon, and the two went down-stairs together, Cornelia feeling uneasy and puzzled. In the dining-room they found the dean and their cousin, George Palgrave, who had just arrived on a visit. Esperance looked at him rather curiously, remembering with a pang the scene of their last meeting. He was not the least changed in appearance, but he seemed less awkward, a fact which she naughtily explained as owing to her increased acquaintance with Englishmen. He won her heart, however, by inquiring after Gaspard, for though the question was hard to answer, and brought the ready tears to her eyes, it showed that he was not forgotten.

Cornelia watched Esperance carefully, noticed her reply to George Palgrave's questions, the sudden blush which rose to her cheek quickly succeeded by deadly paleness, the almost impatient gesture with which she rejected the dishes handed to her, and her languid attempts to eat a few mouthfuls of what was before her. All brought to her mind that sharp, despairing sentence, which had so startled her, "Should I take care of myself, when he is dying?" It must then be this trouble which was weighing down Esperance; she should know as soon as possible that help was at hand.

Several letters had passed between Mr. Seymour and the dean, and Cornelia knew that Mr. Seymour intended to have a personal interview with Gaspard, and that if pleased with him, it was highly probable that he would give him employment. Matters were arranged even more quickly than she had expected; that very afternoon the dean received letters both from the coffee-planter and from Gaspard.

"Mr. Seymour really takes him?" asked Cornelia, anxiously.

"Yes; he seems much pleased with him; you can read his letter, and the young man himself writes very properly. I am glad something is settled; it has been a most troublesome correspondence."

"You will tell Esperance will you not, father?"

"Oh, well, yes, if you think best; but send her here quickly, for I am very busy, and have been sadly hindered this morning by George."

"She shall come at once. You remember, father, she has no idea of this; it will be a great surprise to her."

"Yes, yes, I understand, my dear; only let us waste no more time."

Cornelia hastened away in search of Esperance, not feeling quite satisfied. After all, would this help which she had taken so much pains to secure be very acceptable to her little cousin? She wished Ceylon were not so far off, or that she had persuaded her father to try for some English appointment for Gaspard; and then wished heartily that she had more tact and sympathy, or could fancy in the least what her feelings would be on hearing that her improper brother was to be shipped off to the other side of the world.

Poor Cornelia! in spite of all her wishes, her voice was as cold and peremptory as ever when at last she found Esperance.

"My father wants to speak to you in the library; no, pray don't fidget about your hair, it is quite tidy, and he is in a hurry."

Esperance went without a word. A few months ago she would have been excited by such an unusual request, now she only raised her eyebrows slightly. Cornelia would almost have been thankful for one of those objectionable French explosives, this silence seemed so unnatural, and with many misgivings she watched her as she went slowly down the dark staircase, her hand passing lendquidly over the balustrade rail.

The dean was pacing up and down the library when Esperance entered.

"Cornelia said you wished to speak to me, uncle," she said, approaching him.

"Yes, my dear, just for a few minutes upon a little matter of business; take this chair. Cornelia told me that your brother could meet with no employment, and that he was in fact in very poor circumstances, and I have been trying for some weeks to find some suitable situation for him."

"Dear uncle, how very good you are," cried Esperance, springing up with all her old energy, "and you have really found something for him."

"Yes; Mr. Seymour, a friend of mine, has offered him a situation on his estate in Ceylon, and your brother seems very much pleased with it."

Esperance tried to believe that she did not hear rightly; it had never entered her head to think of work for Gaspard out of England; she turned giddy at the thought, and sinking back into the chair from which she had startled in such an ecstasy of hope, asked faintly, "Ceylon, did you say, uncle?"

"Yes, Ceylon, my dear, on a coffee plantation; very interesting work, no doubt, and a most fortunate opening for your brother. I am very happy to have been the channel introducing him to Mr. Seymour, I am sure."

"You are very kind," said poor Esperance, feeling rather as if she were thanking her executioner, and trying hard to grasp this new idea, though well aware that the realisation would bring pain.

"Don't mention it, my dear," said the dean, absently. "Three o'clock, is it? Dear me, there was something at three, surely? Ah! that tiresome missionary meeting! I must go at once. The archdeacon might have taken the chair, instead, I am sure—what's in a name?" Then half rousing himself, "Here are the letters; you may read them, Esperance; by the bye there was one inclosed to you from your brother," and the dean hastily delivered the whole packet of letters to his niece and hurried off muttering grumblings about a "dull deputation," and "missionary twaddle."

Esperance took the letters eagerly and began to read Mr. Seymour's marveling at her own composure. He spoke very kindly of Gaspard, and agreed to take him to Ceylon with him, offering him a salary of £100 a year to begin with, and a prospect of speedy advancement. Then came Gaspard's letter of thanks to the dean, written in English, and this failed to awaken Esperance's feelings, for she could not realize that it was his writing at all. Lastly, there was the little inclosed envelope directed to herself, which she opened eagerly, and read through fast-falling tears.

MY VERY DEAR ONE,—I have been offered a very good post on a coffee plantation in Ceylon, by a friend of Dean Collinson. I thought long before accepting it, for I cannot endure the thought of leaving you alone in England; but at last I have made up my mind to do it. It seems wrong to refuse such an offer, and you see, *mon cœur*, the sooner I begin to earn something, the sooner your exile will end. Perhaps in three or four years you will be able to join me in Ceylon, and we shall be independent once more. This is worth all sacrifice and all present pain to my mind. Am I wrong in thinking that you will agree with me? How I wish we could have talked it over together! These letters are terribly unsatisfactory things. The whole affair is such a mixture of pain and relief that I hardly know how to support it. I shall, indeed, only be too thankful to be at work again, but the separation from you, cherie, will be well-nigh unbearable—"

Unbearable!! Yes, indeed! Esperance could read no further, and throwing aside the letter, she buried her face in her hands, sobbing unrestrainedly. To be away from Gaspard—thousands of miles away—with a vague hope held out to her of seeing him again in three or four years! How was it to be endured? Was life worth having when it was so full of pain?

In the midst of this outbreak, Cornelia opened the door, full of anxiety to know how Esperance liked the new idea. She made a gesture of annoyance when she saw her leaning on the dean's writing-table, her face hidden, and the open letter pushed aside. Why must French people always be having "scenes?" Tears were so contemptible and weak in Cornelia's opinion, she could not sympathize with sorrow that found such an outlet.

"Why are you crying in this way?" she asked, coldly. "Come, pray control yourself; you are getting quite hysterical."

Esperance raised her head, and made an effort to check her sobs. If Cornelia would only have taken her in her arms, would have given her but one caress, or said one kind word, the relief would have been unspeakable; as it was, her coldness only added to pain already almost intolerable.

It had the effect she desired, however, of forcing Esperance to control herself, though, whether the unnatural calmness to which she schooled herself was really good for her, is doubtful.

"How is is that your are so inconsistent?" asked Cornelia. "A month ago you weren't crying because your brother had no work, and now that he has met with a good appointment you are crying again."

"The separation!" said poor Esperance, afraid of breaking down again if she said too much.

"Nonsense! why you are separated now practically; it is only a question of thousands of miles instead of hundreds. Besides, how selfish to think of that, when it is for his good."

It was very true, no doubt, but Esperance was too sore-hearted to find much comfort in this; moreover, all Cornelia said, though intended to be salutary, made the wound deeper, and the idea of being left behind in England more terrible. To be left alone!—alone!—so utterly alone! She could not even cry now; her tears seemed to be scorched up, her eyes felt hot and dry, and even Cornelia could not have desired anything more controlled than the voice which asked, in an odd, unnatural tone—"When does Mr. Seymour go?"

"At the end of June, I believe; that will be just a month from now. Your brother had better see about his outfit at once."

"What kind of outfit do they require?" asked Esperance, wondering how it was to be obtained, and turning almost willingly to this practical difficulty, in the hope of stifling the pain.

"I have not the least idea, but probably Mr. Seymour will have told him all about that; does he not tell you in his etter?" and Cornelia glanced at the closely written sheet which lay before her.

Esperance took it up and read to the end, and there, sure enough, was the formidable list of necessaries suggested by the coffee-planter, but which Gaspard looked upon as so impossible to obtain that he mentioned them half laughingly. She was greatly perplexed.

"Well?" asked Cornelia.

"Yes, he speaks of it," she replied slowly. "But I do not much understand such things; I am still only very young."

The combination of adverbs offended Cornelia's ear, but she was touched by the pathos of the confession. There was something weary in the tone, as if it were sad still to have so much of life to look forward to, and it struck her that there was something strange and wrong in such a remark being made by a girl of scarcely seventeen, who should have been rejoicing in the hope of coming life, and proud of her age,

"I would not worry over the outfit if I were you," she said, more kindly. "No doubt your brother will manage it himself. You have a headache, I am sure, after all this crying; suppose you go out for a walk—you will have time before afternoon service."

Esperance was grateful for the kindness of this speech, and wearily assenting, folded Gaspard's letter and carried it up to her room, her mind still full of the difficulties of procuring his outfit. Whether it was from the relief of shinking of anything except her grief, or from the anxiety to being something for Gaspard while it was still possible, this idea quite absorbed her. The nineteen shillings in her purse were not consolatory—how little they would procure for him! She racked her brains for some means of making money, but for some time it was quite in vain. At length an idea struck her—her face lighted up with eager hope, and hastily putting on her walking things, she followed Cornelia's advice and went out-of-doors.

No country walk was to be hers, however. She bent her steps toward the town, and walking hurriedly through the more frequented parts, reached a quite side street, and entered a hair-dresser's shop. Her heart was beating quickly, and her voice was a little tremulous as she made known her wishes to the master of the shop, a round-faced, gray-headed, cheery old man, who would not have betrayed his profession but for the extreme accuracy of his parting, and the elegant curve of the hair plastered down on his temples.

"For cutting only, miss? will you please to walk upstairs?"

Esperance obeyed, following her conductor to the shabby little room above, ostentatiously advertised as a "Hair Cutting and Shampooing Saloon." There she took off her hat, loosened her hair, and with heightened color drew it out to its full length, and glanced at her reflection in the gilt-framed mirror.

"Just tipped, I suppose, miss?" said the hair-dresser, arranging his implements and surveying Esperance's beautiful hair with professional admiration.

"No, I want it cut off," she said, half carelessly taking the chair he had placed for her, and tossing her hair over its back.

"Cut off, miss!" exclaimed the astonished hair-dresser.

"Yes, please," said Esperance, quietly.

"But, miss, you will excuse me, but it is such a pity. I have not seen such hair for many a day—so long, so thick, in such capital condition! Many ladies, miss, would give any money to have such a head of hair; they would indeed, miss."

"Would they?" asked Esperance, smiling. "Then that is just what I want. In fact, Mr. Jenkinson, I may as well tell you that I want to sell my hair. How much would you give for it?"

"Indeed, miss, I hardly know what I ought to say; but it seems a thousand pities to cut off such beautiful hair as that."

"Never mind," said Esperance, flushing crimson. "I want money; what will you let me have for it?"

The man examined it more critically, felt its weight, and again admired it. It was, indeed, very beautiful—long and thick, yet at the same time both fine and glossy, the color of the darkest shade of brown, while a soft waviness, ending in tendril-like ringlets, added not a little to its value. He thought for some minutes, then said, "I would give five guineas for it, miss. If it were light-colored it would be worth twice that, light hair being fashionable. If you care to part with it for five guineas, though, I will take it."

Esperance did not hesitate a moment.

"Thank you," she said, eagerly, "we will settle it then." And without a shadow of regret she submitted to the hair-dresser's scissors, and thought of all that the five guineas would buy.

In ten minutes all was done, and Esperance, feeling rather cold and shorn, was walking back to the cathedral, contemplating the little pile of coins in her hand with great satisfaction. The service over, she returned to the deanery, and found afternoon tea going on in the drawing-room. Mrs. Mortlake had just returned from the missionary meeting; George Palgrave and Bertha were talking together by the window, Cornelia was pouring out tea—an unusual thing—holding the tea-pot ungracefully high, so that the tea frothed into the cups.

"A very dull affair, indeed," Mrs. Mortlake was saying. "My father actually went to sleep in his chair, while a young converted Kaffer was speaking through an interpreter—such a creature—you should have seen—Why, Esperance!" breaking off suddenly, "what in the world have you done to yourself? Are you trying to imitate our Kaffer friend?"

Esperance laughed and colored, and there was a general exclamation.

"I have had my hair out, that is all," she said, quietly.

"Cut! Why, it is cropped all round your head! What is the meaning of this extraordinary freak?"

"I thought I could do very well without my hair, and I wanted it for something else."

"Absurd! What have you done with it?"

"I have sold it," said Esperance, blushing, and wishing Mrs. Mortlake would not be so inquisitive.

"Sold it!" Even Bertha joined in the exclamation.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, was more than surprised; an angry flush rose to her cheek as she continued.

"You sold it in Rilchester? How could you think of doing such an imprudent thing. It will be all over the place now, and every one will be gossiping about you."

"I do not mind that," said Esperance.

"Of course not," said Cornelia, coming to the rescue. "That is the most sensible thing that has been said yet. I'm sure I don't know why you make such a fuss, Christabel."

"It's a disgrace to the house!" said Mrs. Mortlake angrily. "A most unladylike thing! and in a small place like this, where every one must know! Why, all Rilchester will talk!"

"Well, Esperance, the family seem to disagree about the matter," said Cornelia, calmly. "For my part I have never respected you so much before."

Esperance looked up gratefully. The unexpected kindness was welcome enough, and she was still more thankful when Cornelia quietly turned the conversation away from the subject altogether, and succeeded in engrossing Mrs. Mortlake's attention.

As soon as possible she slipped out of the room, and went to the nursery to discuss ways and means with Bella's nurse, and was soon so deeply engaged in the necessary calculations for a set of shirts that she forgot the grievances of the lost hair.

"A spirited little creature," said George Palgrave to Bertha; "but what induced her to do such a thing?"

"Probably to help her brother; he is going out to Ceylon, you know."

"Will no one else help her? It really is a hard case; I shall report it to grannie."

"Well, that is not a bad idea, for she is a favorite with grannie; but I doubt if she will thank you for begging for her—she is very proud."

"She must not know of our intervention," said George. "What do you say to a walk to the Priory this evening?"

"It would be too late after dinner; besides, we should have to take Esperance as a third party; you forget propriety and gossip."

"Hang propriety! you and I ought to be exempted from such a tiresome thing; to-morrow morning, then, by broad daylight," and he looked up, persuasively.

Bertha colored.

"Very well, on condition that you do the begging," she said. George willingly agreed, and the result was so successful that Esperance found a five pound note added to her earnings, and given in such a kind and delicate way that even her sensitive nature could not shrink from the help.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Poor Esperance! So your protege is disposed of, Katharine," said Frances Neville, handing an open letter to her sister.

Lady Worthington read it in much surprise.

"Who would have thought of Dean Collinson coming to the rescue! My opinion of him is raised. But they might have managed to keep him in England. This poor child! what a heart-broken letter it is."

"I suppose it is really a good thing," said Frances, sighing. "But it does seem hard to send him to the ends of the earth like this."

"If Henry could only have found something for him; but he is so very just, he would not hear of giving Gaspard de Mabillon the chance of a situation till Julius Wright was settled. There was that capital secretaryship the other day, but he got that for Mr. Frankland, you know."

"They hage been waiting a long time," said Frances. "I suppose it is all right."

"Of course; but still—," and Lady Worthington sighed impatiently. She would have liked to help all the world, in her own way.

Just then Sir Henry came in, not too busy too listen to his wife's story.

"I am sorry we are forestalled," he said, kindly. "But is is a capital appointment for him, and Mr. Seymour is a very pleasant sort of man; I met him at the deanery once, not so very long ago."

"Ah, yes," said Lady Worthington. "I remember now, it was at that dull dinner which they gave for some colonial bishop, while Mrs. Mortlake was at Bournemouth. Mr. Seymour was the little, dark, talkative man who tried so hard to put a little life into us all."

Sir Henry smiled at this description.

"He is a kind-hearted man, I should think, and will be a good friend to young De Mabillon."

"But I do wish we could have helped him, Henry; we have done scarcely anything, and now that he is going out of England there will not be a chance."

"I will call on Mr. Seymour, and see if we cannot be of some use," said Sir Henry. "Perhaps I might take his passage for him, it will be a heavier expense than he can bear, I should think."

(To be Continued)

Extremely Ingenious.

The Russian policeman when he arrests a prisoner invariably kicks him. The Nihilists therefore carry packages of dynamite in their coat tail pockets, and line the more remote regions of their trousers with iron. The result is that when a policeman kicks a Nihilist the dynamite explodes, and as its force is always exerted in a downward direction the Nihilist himself is unhurt, although the policeman's leg is blown off.—*Paris Edition Herald.*

Beyond Redemption.

"Mamma, said a little Boston boy, "Willie Jones is a very bad boy, isn't he?"

"Why, Willie?"

"He uses bad language."

"Why, I am surprised. What did he say."

"Pants."

Foreman—Smith is a good workman, but he's in love and takes so much time to wait on his girl that he can't tend to business. Manager—Well, hire a good looking dude to get his girl away from him and he'll be all right.

"What causes pimples?" repeated a Boston girl in town to one of our peach-complexioned girls. "Your ignorance surprises me. They are caused by the clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum."

Bridge work, as it is called, is a new dental process of inserting artificial teeth on what might be called a band plate, consisting of a narrow band of gold to which are fastened the substitutes for the missing teeth. The plate is permanently anchored to remaining teeth or roots and cannot be removed.

One of the new stars in Wall street is Camille Weidenfeldt, who has just paid $23,000 for a seat on the stock exchange. Not long ago he was a junior clerk in a broker's office. Now he is worth half a million.

THE ILLS OF BABYHOOD.

Some Advice to Mothers About the Rearing of Infants.

THE SACRIFICE OF CHILD LIFE.

(Nell Nelson in N. Y. World.)

From a physical standpoint babyhood, which embraces the first two years of life, is the most important period of life. In all the animal kingdom the most helpless is the human offspring. The new-born babe can utter a feeble cry and is possessed of a degree of automatic motion, but until the ninth day of existence there is no evidence of intellectual life. Infancy is more often than otherwise the victim of ignorance, and in the very first stage of life is laid the foundation of diseases that swell the list of mortality.

This fearful sacrifice of child life is not a necessity, but a natural sequence of the violence done to nature. There is no more reason why the modern baby should run the list of so-called infantile diseases than the parents should wrestle alternately with the boils, gout and rheumatic twinges, to which the clubmen of the day are subjected by violated laws of health.

It has been proven by the registry of vital statistics that one out of every five infants dies before the completion of the first year and one out of six before the second year, the best argument that can be advanced for the importance of a more general knowledge of the care of young children. For the following facts I am indebted to Dr. F. J. Bowles:

During the early weeks of existence the conditions essential to growth are food, digestion, nutrition, respiration and sleep. It is not until about the sixth month that the muscles and ligaments have acquired sufficient strength to enable the child to support its head or to sit upright. Parents who do not heed this natural process of development must not be surprised to find indications of pressure upon the internal organs or curvature of the spine.

A healthy baby will sleep a greater part of the time for the first few days, and it is not necessary to waken it for nourishment. Is sometimes happens that the milk does not supply the required amount of nourishment, and nature offers a compensation in an increased amount of sleep. These two states must not be confounded. In the after a regular habit of weighing, and of noting the conditions of the muscles will show a lack of firmness, and that the baby is not gaining its one pound per month.

The demand for warmth for the first week will require that the baby sleep at night in contact with the mother, but not that it be wholly covered so that it breathes nothing but impure air, freighted with emanations from the skin. It is well to begin at an early date to accustom the baby to going to sleep in its crib. This will do much towards establishing a regular and early hour for retiring, and will save the mother a good deal of care, in addition to allowing her the disposition of her evenings.

The position of the child in the crib is more favorable to development than that of lying in the lap, and its sleep is not interrupted by being transferred to the crib. Some one has suggested a basket for cradling a baby to and fro in the nursery, the swaying motion being agreeable and the sides admitting of a covering being thrown over without interfering with the motion of the limbs.

A baby that is held in the arms of the mother or nurse a great deal and rocked to sleep before being put in the crib will soon become so exacting that the mother's time and strength are all consumed in waiting upon a healthy child.

As the child increases in interest with age the wisdom of having strictly observed the hour for "putting to bed" will be apparent. The demands made upon the nervous system by vigorous playing in the fresh air can only be met by a full night's sleep.

No child should be out of bed at 7 o'clock in the evening. However pleasing the intercourse with children may be, they cannot with impunity be allowed to figure at evening receptions. Of the many failures to succeed in adult life, how many can be traced to unstable nerves. The way to keep them strong is by supplying in full doses that best tonic of all, "Nature's sweet restorer."

It is not well to have the room painfully still in order that baby shall sleep. Rather accustom it to sleeping in a room where there is the ordinary noise incident to moving about. We are creatures of habit, and this, when acquired, will save many wakeful hours later, as well as add to the comfort and freedom of those in charge. The nursery should be an airy room on the sunny side of the house.

Fresh air should be given undiluted and unsparingly. Children born in warm weather may be taken out when a week old. It is better at first to go out often, for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, than to take a prolonged airing. It is a bad practice to cover the faces of babies with a thick hood for the purpose of keeping the cold air from the lungs. You compel the child to breathe the air it has already exhaled, at best but partly mixed with pure air. This increases liability to take cold, in addition to depriving it of what the blood and other tissues need so much.

The advent of a tooth with its attendant irritation, does not offer an excuse for depriving a baby of its outing. Neither should a slight cold with a little cough. Fresh air without medicines will do more to improve both conditions than an unventilated room with medicines.

As a rule a cold, unaccompanied by fever, does not offer an obstacle to a child's going into the open air. It does require, though, that they should be more warmly clad. All are quick to appreciate the importance of protection by clothing against cold when going from a warm room into the open air, but all do not recognize the importance of protection against the shock of coming from the cold air into a warm room. The clothing should be laid aside gradually, so that the system may accommodate itself to the change.

A failure to observe this is a fruitful source of catarrh. It is necessary that the eyes be protected from the glare of the sun's rays, as well as from the grate fire. The vision in young babies is imperfect and the eyes very sensitive, and great harm may be done by carelessness in this respect.

While strong children will be invigorated by exposure to a degree of cold, others who are frail and weak would have their lives endangered by an equal course of treatment. It would be inhuman to attempt making these vigorous by reckless exposure. It is to be remembered that many feeble children, when judiciously cared for, become useful citizens.

Unless reliable indications to the contrary are present, babies should be bathed daily in water at the temperature of the body, dried and rubbed with a soft hand, and then dusted with unscented starch powder. The unscented is to be used, as by it an odor pointing to a condition calling for treatment is not masked.

After a time the temperature of the water should be lowered to that of the room in which the bath is given. The best time is when the baby wakes in the morning and before it has taken nourishment. A light bath at night has a tranquilizing effect upon the nerves and invites sleep. A fixed rule as to frequency for all cases cannot be given.

It is well that the regular morning bath be followed by feeding and then sleep before the baby is taken into the open air.

Children are very susceptible to odors such as from flowers and certain oils, and their nerves are often disturbed and they made irritable by them. A German physician reports disastrous results to a baby by the father rubbing a rheumatic joint with sabine oil while near the crib.

The practice of drying wet and soiled clothes in the nursery is a pernicious one, and should not be tolerated for a moment. They should not be used a second time until washed, but baby's room should not be used for laundering purposes. Nothing should be permitted that takes from the purity of the air that the baby breathes.

That's What She Is.

The sweet girl graduate is the personification of pulchritude, the sublimation of symmetry, the idealization of intelligence, the embodiment of enthusiasm and the typification of tenderness.

Master Eddie Leo, of Cedar Rapids, Ia 11 years old, is about to take the concert stage. His voice differs from that of young Kavanagh, in that is is a boy's voice, while Kavanagh's is a full-grown soprano.

Many a man has made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut, but the rule won't apply to the $2,000 tenor.

A writer says: "There are some things May was $504,164, and the withdrawals $706,984.

NOT THE THING FOR CANADA.

Commenting upon the Bill before Congress, intended to prevent aliens from acquiring and holding large tracts of land in the United States, a Canadian paper said the other day that British investors might soon regret that they had neglected Canada. Surely our contemporary does not want to see the land of this country owned by absentees, who will be enabled, as population and demand for land increase, to take large sums as rental or selling price from Canadians who desire to cultivate the lands. The experience of early settlers in Western Ontario with the Canada Company should not so soon be forgotten. Why not let the land value all go to the "Crown," that is, to the public treasury, to be used for the good of the whole people, instead of steering it away to British speculators? A letter in *Bradstreet's* from New Zealand shows how that colony has been injured by the system which our contemporary appears to favor for Canada, when it invites the British speculator to look this way. After describing the condition of general trade, the writer in *Bradstreet's* says: "The gold mining prospects are better than they have been for some time, and excellent yields of the precious metals have been obtained from some of the mines during the last few weeks. Other indications of an improved state of affairs in New Zealand are not wanting, but it is becoming more and more apparent that no great and permanent improvement throughout the country can take place until the land question is settled on some equitable basis. A few words on this important subject cannot fail to be of interest. The total acreage of New Zealand is 66,000,000 acres, of which 25,000,000 acres are suitable for agricultural purposes, and about 28,000,000 acres are suitable for sheep and cattle runs, most of the remainder being waste lands. Up to December, 1888, 19,244 544 acres had been dealt with by the crown, but last year the authorities received £344,000 for other freehold and leasehold lands, and it is sufficiently accurate to say in round numbers that about 20,000,000 acres have been disposed of by the colony. Now 17,987,507 acres of that land is owned by 1,615 families, and the greater portion of it is used for the grazing of sheep, the value of their wool last year being nearly £4,000,000. But 1,140 of the owners are permanent absentees from the colony, drawing large incomes from it, one owner deriving an annual revenue of £85,000 from it, which he spends abroad. An immense drain thus yearly takes place, but that is not the worst feature. Only 9,172 families are living on their own freeholds, from 1 to 10 acres for each family, and 7,507 families are living on their freeholds of from 10 to 50 acres each. These 16,679 families, the bulk and flower of the agricultural population of the colony, thus occupy an acreage of about 400,000 acres in round numbers, while 1,615 families, largely absentees, hold about 18,000,000 acres. The absentees escape most of the taxation, as well as the labor and expense of developing the colony, whose eyes they have picked out by securing at mere nominal prices the bulk of its best land. When the small holders, whose properties are on the margins of the large estates, want to buy more land, they are asked almost prohibitive prices, and thus the development of the country is retarded. In this colony there are 360 private owners, banks and companies, which own between them 7,348 713 acres of unimproved land, valued by Government valuers at £15,153,630. Those properties are freehold, the estates averaging 20,300 acres. Seventy six persons own between them land valued in Government returns at £8,498,541. How these lands are to be unlocked is at present a mystery, but it is felt that such large holdings of absentees will have to be dealt with before New Zealand can progress as she should, considering the climate, resources and the people."

Fruit as Medicine.

It is very seldom that fruit is taken as a preventive or cure for illness or disease, yet the value of many varieties in cases of slight ailments, and in some instances of serious indisposition, is indisputable, and advantage might well be taken of this fact by those engaged in the fruit trade to impress it upon the public more strongly. Of the various fruits—English and foreign—grapes stand first from a medicinal point of view. They are both purifying and nutritious. Peaches also are most hygienic, especially if taken at breakfast time, whilst nothing is more palatable and wholesome than this fruit. An orange eaten before breakfast will, to a great extent, prevent or cure dyspepsia, and the juice as well as that of lemons is extremely useful in cases of fever. Stewed apples might with advantage replace many salts, powders or pills given to patients by physicians. A taste for tomatoes, although not natural, is easily acquired, and indulgence in this, to many unpleasant, fruit, has a good effect in liver and gastric complaints. Currants, raspberries, strawberries, figs, and many other kinds of fruit are equally purifying to the system, if taken regularly and frequently but not spasmodically. We might continue to cite examples to a considerable length, but the preceding will be sufficient to indicate the value of this class of produce as health producers and supporters. Besides the almost universal use of the orange as a dessert, the sweet variety abounding as it does in citric acid, possesses in a high degree anti-scorbutic properties. The enormous consumption of this fruit among all classes must have a very beneficial effect on the health of the population. The late influenza epidemic undoubtedly gave a temporary spurt to the orange retail trade. As is well known, the medical profession strongly recommended the fruit as a means of alleviating, if not actually staving off that distressing complaint. This fact was endorsed by the analyst of this publication, and then made the most of by the metropolitan retailers, who, especially in the poorer districts, exhibited large placards with the quoted medical opinion respecting the anti influenza virtues of the orange. The bitter orange is a valuable stomachic, and the astringent properties contained in the rind make this fruit an excellent tonic. Orange wine is made in great quantities from the Bigarade.—*Fruit Trade Journal.*

The Girls' Brigade.

The Girls' Brigade in Scotland is fast becoming as popular and beneficial an institution as the widespread and famous Boys' Brigade. The girls belonging to these brigades are usually from 12 to 18 years of age, and are wage-earners in printing offices, factories, shops, etc. They wear red aprons with red and white borders and red and white shoulder sashes over their dark dresses, and the girl officers have scarlet and silver stripes denoting the rank of the corporals and sergeants. Their drill consists of calisthenics to music, without apparatus, but with precision and grace, exercises in which rings, flags and ropes are used, and marches, including several intricate figures—wheeling turning and a maze. There is also singing, and sometimes a May-pole dance, with a little address from the superior officers, who are usually ladies of leisure with philanthropical purposes. The work was inaugurated by two or three young ladies in Edinburgh, who formed the first brigade, and there are companies now in all parts of Scotland. In addition to the drill there are classes for singing, sewing and Bible teaching, and kindly talks on temperance, thrift and purity, somewhat of the same nature as our working girl's clubs in America.—*New York Sun.*

Not That Kind of a Critter.

Silversmith (to rural old lady ordering a tea service)—Would you like to have it with repousse decoration?

Old Lady—No, I reckon not. If there's got to be any critters on it, I don't want cats. I'd rather have canary birds and butterflies.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

The coming European rifle is said to be by Col. Milanovitch of the Servian army.

Col. Bradford, the new London Chief of Police, has ordered that members of the force shall not hold meetings to agitate their grievances.

The case against Harry Phillips, of Montreal, charged with abducting a Crown witness, collapsed yesterday, and Phillips was discharged.

—Reporter—"Anything new, in the west end?" New—"Oh, yes, twins!"

—Philadelphia's population is placed at 1,040,449: increase in ten years, 193,379.

—The population of Boston is estimated at 417,790, a gain of nearly 55,000 during the decade.

It has been lately shown that if two coins be placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass.

The total amount deposited in the Dominion Post Office Savings' banks during

A BRIDE FOR STANLEY.

Sketch of Dorothy Tennant—How the Famous African Explorer Wooed a London Celebrity—Miss Tennant as an Artist—Grand Wedding in Prospect.

A tall, robust, handsome woman, rather inclined to embonpoint, with fair hair, deep blue eyes, a straight, well-developed nose, a lovely complexion, white teeth, full mouth, small, dimply hands and pretty feet, about describe the young lady who will become Mrs. Henry M. Stanley next month. Miss Dorothy Tennant is nearly 34 years of age and first came into prominent literary notice by her clever illustrations of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's popular book, "Anybody's Stories," which appeared some years ago, and still enjoys an enormous sale. From a society point of view, few young ladies in London are better known than Mr. Stanley's betrothed. Not a festival of the year, from a flower-show or a "first night" at the opera to a garden party at Marlborough house, but Miss Dorothy Tennant's name appears in the list of guests. She has acquired a distinct fame in London for the quiet elegance of her gowns and the number and variety of her parasols, which is apparently a hobby with her, and she never appears in the park, either riding or driving, without a cavalcade of admirers en suite, which has not been lessened by the announcement of her engagement to the famous explorer. A clever artist, generally illustrated, in one of the magazines, or a striking picture in one of the galleries, keeps her always in front in literary and art circles; in fact, as the Princess of Wales remarked, when congratulating Mr. Stanley, "You marry not only a very pretty and very charming girl, but a woman brimful of genius."

The story of Stanley's wooing is gradually being disclosed. He first met Miss Tennant when last in England and for a while was received with the same coolness which has usually characterized the lady's reception of attentions from gentlemen. But the indomitable courage, energy and wonderful powers of description possessed by the explorer gradually won the heart of one who possessed similar traits in so marked a degree and when Stanley managed to pluck up sufficient courage she fainted with mingled delight and excitement. She promised to wait until he returned from his next African trip, and insisted that their engagement should be kept secret.

The letters which have passed between "Stanley Africanus" and his fiancee, if they ever see the light of publication—love-letters of eminent persons are now included in the printer's prey—will be truly curious stories, for no doubt the explorer told more to his lady love than he will ever confess elsewhere of the awful tribulations of his march through the African swamps and forests. His brother explorers were aware of their commander's love story, and many a jest they made in the strange belief that "Dolly" deeply cut into the bark. The natives used to think it the sign of the white chief's fetish and often prostrated themselves before it. In one of of his letters Stanley wrote such a harrowing account of the sufferings of his band and gave such a vivid picture of the death of a gigantic negro swallowed by a huge serpent that Miss Tennant swooned after reading it.

Stanley has brought a most extraordinary collection of curios home for Miss Tennant, many of them being now on exhibition at the African society's show. He declares that he will never permit his wife to share the dangers of exploration, and that if he goes again to Africa she must relinquish her home or in Egypt until he returns. He is not anxious to have his wedding celebrated in Westminster Abbey, but would like a quiet ceremony in the little village church near the county seat of the Tennant family. This wish, however, is not likely to be fulfilled, as the Princess of Wales and other exalted ladies have intimated a desire to be present.

Stanley and Miss Tennant appear together everywhere, and of course are always asked to meet each other at dinners and receptions. The explorer is almost worked to death, despite the fact that he has three secretaries laboring day and night answering letters from all parts of the world. Samples of every conceivable article of apparel and color are sent to him with the notification that they have been named "Stanley," and even Stanley pies, Stanley sausages and Stanley toothpaste are among the presents poured in upon him from anxious advertisers.

Lost Its Ball Club.

An editorial from a recent issue of the Punkin Holler *Weekly Bugle* laments the death of its pet baseball nine in the following touching manner:

They have gone! The darlings of the diamond have evaporated from our midst, and our hearts are bowed down in woe, while we sadly turn us to our patent boiler plate viscera and embossed paste-pots. No more the antics of the tape-wrestler, suddenly taken ill with the cramps, will disturb the serenity of the dry goods store. No more will the post office close the pigeon-holes at 8 p. m. sharp. No more will our notes go to protest because the cashier, teller and clerks of the bank go to spend an American holiday and swell the multitude in whooping up things lively for the heavy hitters.

Alas! The flower has been plucked from the stem, and Punkin Holler is no longer represented among the Great United Consolidated Empyrean Baseball Constellation.

They were the very flower and gems of our choice; they came among us strangers—and have left us without settling their board and beer bills. But such things are chronic among