

BONNET, HAT AND CAP.

She wore a wreath of roses
The day that first we met,
With mighty pin and tiny string
Upon her tresses set.
"Art not afraid of wind and sun?
Thy hair hath nothing on it!"
She smiled. I found her very fair.
"Indeed, this is a bonnet."

I sat behind that lovely head—
'Twas at a matinee—
A vast white hat with nodding plumes
Completely blocked the way.
It hid the stalls, it hid the stage,
I longed to change my place,
For, perched upon the topmost coil,
It almost hid her face.

We met again on Norman strand,
A wondrous sight were we,
Clad in gay garment, short and scant,
While round us surged the sea.
Alas, my vision sweet was fled!
My dream of love was o'er!
For, unadorned, behold her head—
An oilskin cap she wore!
—Edith E. Cuthell in Temple Bar.

Men, Women and Smell.

Two physiologists, Professors Nichols and Brewne, have been making experiments to show the relative feebleness of women's senses in respect to smell. They took four odoriferous substances—essence of cloves, of garlic, lemon and prussic acid. With these they filled a series of bottles up to a single part in 2,000,000 of water. They then shuffled the bottles and called in 44 men and 88 women, all young and healthy, who, guided by their sense of smell, should arrange the bottles containing each tincture by itself. The results show, as the reporter testifies, that the women were not in it.

The nose of no woman could trace lemon beyond the 100,000 dilution, while men discovered it up to 250,000 limit. Prussic acid could not be detected beyond the 20,000 mixture by women, while men recognized it at the 100,000 part mixture. There were two men, however, with phenomenal noses, who identified prussic acid up to the 2,000,000 limit. The names of these two men have been mercifully concealed. What woman who values domestic peace would marry a man with such a nose for odors? Fancy with what beating heart she would listen for the scratch of his latchkey in the door with the knowledge of a pot that had boiled over in the morning or an old rubber shoe that had got into the furnace with the coal.—New York Sun.

Bastien-Lepage's First Work.

One day a manufacturer of antephebic milk asked Bastien-Lepage to make a sort of allegorical picture intended for an advertisement for his elixir of youth. The artist, making a virtue of necessity, painted a bright, gay picture, after the manner of Watteau's landscapes, with groups of young women dressed in the modern style approaching a fountain where cupids were gamboling. The painting finished, Bastien explained to the manufacturer his intention first of all to exhibit it at the Salon.

The perfumer wished for nothing better, but insisted on one condition—above the fountain was to be placed, on a scroll of all the colors of the rainbow, the name of the cosmetic and the address of the place where it was to be sold. Naturally Bastien refused, and the tradesman, disappointed of his advertisement, left him the picture for his pains. This painting was exhibited at the Salon of 1873 under the title of "Au Printemps."—"Jules Bastien-Lepage and His Art," A. Thieriet.

Misplaced Gallantry.

A judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of

a lady by his side imagined he knew her and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."
"Why do you wear a veil?"
"Lest I attract attention."
"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.
"Not when they are married."
"But I am not."
"Indeed!"
"Oh, no. I'm a bachelor."
The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.—Boston Courier.

Roman Doctors.

Oculists were in bad repute in Martial's time. "The blear eyed Hylas," he says, in a satire, "would have paid you sixpence, O Quintus; one eye is gone, he will still pay you threepence. Make haste and take it; brief is your chance. When he is blind, he will pay you nothing." Pliny tells us what income the more fashionable physicians made. Some had an income of 250,000 sesterces, about £2,000.

Quintus Stertinus condescended to take 500,000 sesterces from the emperor. He could have made 100,000 more by private practice, and he and his brother left a fortune of nearly £250,000 of our money. Galen's fee for curing the wife of the Consul Boethius was about £400, and Manlius Cornutus, according to Pliny, paid £2,000 for the cure of a skin disease.

A modern writer, however, does not think the average physician made more than enough to keep himself. The status of the medical profession was fairly well defined in Rome. There were district medical officers, who were allowed to practice, but had to attend the poor gratuitously. Imperial physicians, archiatri palatini, were the prototypes of the "physician extraordinary."—London Spectator.

Swallowing Itself.

The boa constrictor was once in such a position that even his magnificent fasting capacities were exhausted, and it became absolutely necessary for him to procure something to eat. This particular constrictor was quite a large fellow with a correspondingly extensive appetite. He could get nothing to eat and became very feeble and weak. Finally he resorted to cannibalism and began to swallow the end of his tail, which was lying handy, and he was too dull and hungry to realize what he was doing. He proceeded to swallow with his usual abandon when the historian left him, and now the question is when did he stop swallowing his tail, and if he didn't stop what eventually became of the unfortunate creature.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

So Like John.

An addition to the stock of parrot stories comes from England. "The other day," says a writer in The Pictorial, "a clergyman told me he had been visiting an old woman who had lately lost her husband. He was commiserating with her on her loneliness and said he understood how much she must miss her husband. 'Well, sir, not so much as you'd think,' was the somewhat unexpected answer. 'You see, our old parrot, he do swear so like John, I feel as if he were a-sittin nigh me!'"

Right in the Swim.

Mrs. Highleighfe—Have you had your monogram put on your carriage?

Mrs. Bongtong (who is making her debut into society)—Yes, indeed. And I had "R. S. V. P." put with it, just like your lovely invitation cards.—Chicago Record.

OLD GLORY AT HALF MAST.

Why Eager Faces Blanched and One Mother's Heart Grew Faint.

Men on the wharf were looking through their long glasses at the vessel coming in. Two of them spoke almost at the same time. "It is the Jessie Roberts," they said.

A little boy, who had been looking, too, started on a run up the wharf. He never stopped running till he broke, breathless, into a little house, low and weather beaten and banked with seaweed, under the brow of the hill. "Mother! Mother!" he cried. "She's coming! she's coming! the Jessie's most in."

The young woman, making bread, threw a faded shawl over her head and shoulders. She wiped her hands on her apron and started with the boy.

A little crowd was already on the wharf—folk drawn together by the common bond of daily bread, won from the deep waters, and the dearer ties of husband, lovers, brothers and fathers on board. Two of the owners were there. They saw their vessel back from the crafty sea and the stealthy fog. All her white sails were spread and drawing. The sun of the clear winter morning shone on her clean decks. Ice in the rigging gleamed like diamonds. She was deep in the water, an earnest of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of barrels of fish in the hold.

"I hope they've got a good fare this time," said a careworn woman. "We've got to pay something on our mortgage next week. I ain't had any new clo's for a year."

The vessel fast grew bigger, and while those on the wharf watched, she came about. Then the light left every face. No one said a word—no one made a cry or a groan. The men pressed nearer the edge of the wharf, and the women, white faced and shuddering, shrank back and drew together. Every eye was fixed on the vessel's mainmast, where the stars and stripes flew at half mast. The topsail had hidden the flag until the vessel came about.

There they stood, waiting till the Jessie had been made fast. The woman from the little house, pale and trembling, held the boy by the hand. To her came the captain with uncovered head. His blue eyes were wet with water that, though salt, was not of the sea. He tried to speak, but failed. The woman hid her face in her hands. The captain took the boy by the hand and put his arm about the woman's waist and led them home.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Benefactor to His Species.

During the recent drought I sat in the train opposite a gentleman who seemed to be haunted by a fixed idea. He never tired of repeating how great a blessing it would be for humanity if artificial rain could be produced. "You see," he excitedly remarked, "I have already tried everything. The plan of going up in a balloon and sending down a shower with a watering can failed, because we have no means of transport to lift sufficient quantities of water into the air; further, a fountain, rising at least 300 feet into the air and scattering jets of water in all directions, came too expensive; cannons to perforate the clouds and make them explode are not yet invented, and are, in fact, useless when there are no clouds about."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "you wish to become a benefactor of the human race, and more especially the agricultural population. You are a landed proprietor, I presume?"

"No," he replied, "an umbrella maker"

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