

"But it's a great deal better than the drug-store kind, isn't it?" Tom demanded.

"Yes," said Susan, thoughtfully.

"Then," said Tom, "let's give her another dose this evening. 'Shake up well, and use often,' that's the direction."

Then Tom and Susan had a brief consultation together in low tones; and the result was that pretty soon they started into the sitting-room, where father and mother were, together with a couple of sleepy-eyed youngsters, whose bedtime was evidently not far away.

"Hello, Dicky!" said Tom to the elder of the two. "Want to see my new knife?"

"Yes!" said Dicky, opening his eyes wide for an instant.

"Come along with me and Susan, then," said Tom.

And Dicky was ready in a moment.

"And Susan will bring little Mary along to see it too," said the elder sister coaxingly, drawing the little one to her, and picking her up. And the four left the room.

The mother turned her eyes from her work to see what was going on; but, as she could read no signs of mischief in their faces, she let them go without a word.

In ten or fifteen minutes, Tom and Susan both slipped back into the room again; and, before mother had time to start, and exclaim, "What in the world have you done with those children? They'll catch their death of colds out there alone," Susan slipped up and whispered something into mother's ear.

The mother gave her a quick, pleased look, and then settled down to her work again with a sigh of relief, as though she had just escaped something she rather dreaded.

Then Susan sidled over to where Tom was by the fire, and nudged him, and pointed to mother; and Tom grinned, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled, and whispered to Susan: "The third dose since I came from school this evening. Shake well, and use often. Ha, ha! Mother's Hair Preservative! I guess I'll apply for a patent."

"H-sh-sh-sh-sh!" said Susan; "she'll hear you. I believe I'll slip out into the kitchen, and set the buck-wheat batter for breakfast, and then tell her about it when I come back."

"Good!" said Tom. "Dose number four. Shake well, and use often. And I believe I'll get down my geography, and learn my lesson for to-morrow, before mother begins to wonder if I won't miss and get poor marks in my class. Heigh-ho! Never thought of that. Dose number five. Shake well, and use often. —Mother's Hair Preservative. Great scheme! Read our testimonials. Manufactured at home. Tom and Susan, proprietors. Not on sale at all drug-stores."

Tom got down his dog-eared geography,

and commenced to explore the continent of Europe for islands, rivers, mountains, cities, etc., so as to have them all ready on the end of his tongue to rattle off in class to-morrow.

But just as he was about to proceed, it struck him there was a curious contrast between the front part of book and the back part which he had gone over and the part which he had not. "If studying about the earth's surface was as hard on the surface as it is on the book, I guess it would have been pretty badly tumbled around, and some worn by this time," thought Tom to himself, "with all the boys and girls in the world that are at it. Wonder why I can't keep the rest of this book in better shape? I heard mother worrying about that just the other day, that I would have to have a new geography pretty soon, and there would be more expense." Then he got up and brought a newspaper from across the room to lay over the pages of the book he was not studying, so that if he forgot, and rested his elbows on it, or fingered it, the newspaper, and not the book, would get the wear.

"Capital!" he said to himself. Dose number six. Shake well and use often, Mother's Hair Preservative, manufactured by Susan and Tom." And he went at his study as though no geography lesson had ever been half so pleasant to learn as that one.

But when Susan came back from fixing the buck-wheat batter, and whispered in mother's ear again, and they both saw the pleased and gratified look which came quickly, the geography lesson had to be interrupted by another little consultation and some more chuckles upon the part of Tom. They were very well pleased with the success of their scheme.

And it is my opinion that "Mother's Hair Preservative, manufactured by Susan and Tom," is going to be the most brilliant success of anything in its line that has ever been invented. It ought to become a very popular remedy. —REV. J. P. COWAN, in *S. S. Times*.

A SILVER DOLLAR.

UP on the prairie the sun shone down fiercely, and in its intense glow the vast expanse of grasses glistened and swayed like a myriad of tiny lances. The quivering heat hovered over the yellow buttes until they seemed to flash back a reflected light as from molten gold.

But down where a strip of woodland fringed the Heart River were coolness and shade. Here, under a grotesquely twisted cotton-wood, was erected a human habitation of the most primitive order, a tent-like arrangement of poles and skins. It was in short, a genuine Indian tepee. Truthfully speaking, there is very little poetry about a tepee.

