

Some of the many instances of extraordi nary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded, are here offered to our redears, together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo, he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an eacounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, out off from his troop. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelagh, knocked their lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off full speed, his eager foes following in hot purseit, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment, the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance and struck him down. The second, pressing on to average his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handlowk, trotted off whistling The Grinder.

Ponsonby's brave cavalry-man knew how to take things coolly, which, according to Colonel R. P. Anderson, is the special virtue of the British man-of-war, who, having the utmost reliance on himself and his commanders, is neither easily over-excited or readily alarmed. In support of his assertion, the colonel relates how two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two the testing the colonel relates how two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, two the colonel relates how the testing the colonel relates how the colonel relates how the colonel relat desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and

four pound shot struck the road just in front of them. "I'm blessed, Bill," said one of the tars, "if this here channel is properly buoyed!" and on the happy-golucky pair went towards the Residency, as calmly as if they had been on Portsmouth Hard. During the same siege, a very young private of the 102nd was on sentry, when an eight-inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deal of noise and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Colonel Anderson rushed to the spot. The youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded.

a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deast of noise and throwing up an animonane quantity of earth. Colonel A

from his lips.

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest ways; and from a story told in Mr. Marshall's Canadian seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments, at one of the company's forts. On paying the last law, who knew his man too well. the company's forts. On paying the last instalment, he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a space of the writing-table, and levelled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with the half-breed's head.

"Three months!" exclaimed the aston-ished commander. "Why, my good fel-low I have not seen my wife for three The Tennessean looked incredulous, and

drawled out: "Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort." wife ain't that sort."

The Postmaster-General of the United States once received an odd official communication. The Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer: "Seeing by the regulations, that I am required to send you a letter of advice. I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up." To this day, that Postmaster-General has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

or was quietly poking fun at him.

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. If that be true, there is a church dignitary in

"These two must be a rich man that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other stands as cool as a cucumber." Of the two, the latter was more likely to have been intending a raid on another man's purse, for the men whose "very trade is borrowing 'are usually, we might say neccessarily, the coolest of the cool; like Bubb Doding-

ton's impecunious acquaintance, who, rushing across Bond street, greeted Dodington with: "I'm delighted to see you, for I'm wonderfully in want of a guinea."

Taking out his pure, Bubb showed that it held but half a guinea.

"A thousand thanks!" cried his tor-

ing no one knew how, was once under cross examination by a certain sergeant at this man too well. "Now,

## REVEALED IN A SONG.

One of the tenderest and most touching of Uhland's poems is that which describes the departure of the youth, escorted by his comrades, from the town where he had lived, and his sad glance up to a window where a maiden is sitting, and his sad thought. "If she could only love me!" while the girl looks down with melancholy eyes, and thinks, "If he had only loved me!" And so he goes his way, and neither knows of the other's love; neither knows that each might have had all the heart's desire. I fancy there is more of this kind of thing in real life than people are inclined to suppose. Let me tell the story of a pair who might have served as living illustration of Uhland's poem, but for the fortunate chance which flung them for a moment heart to heart, and compelled a mutual recognition and revelation.

London and Paris and Rome and Madrid; his hunger for the life of the old European lands was not extinguished by the physical hunger which often gnawed him; he managed to visit and live in every country of Europe, and to know the ways and the life of every capital; he became a cosmopolitan in the matter of language, and could talk with almost any body any where in the any body's own tongue; he took part in at least half a dozen revolutionary movements, and received several wounds.

with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubble was over, the victim said: "Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my stick?" 'Yes," "And whatdid you want?" "Oh," said Phenix, with imperturable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would or not!"

"Yack Holmes," a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross examination by a certain sergeant-at taw, who knew his man too well. "New," New, twas taken up and discussed there; no thought was proscribed, no prejudice was held ascred; and the pulse of the little community vibrated with an active, healthy, inquiring life and energy. Professor Rhodes bore a high character, and won general confidence. A manly and honest nature is soon recognized by unconventional and congenial people. Rhodes found admirers among women as well as turbed by the emotions which the imminent coming of her flance awakened in her, and although poor Theodore was looking on her, as he believed, for the last time. Perhaps the very belief that he was to see her no more lent a freedom to his soul and his manner, for he felt that he might as well enjoy the present—it mattered nothing now.

There was a song which Cynthia sometimes, not often, sang—a sad awast helled.

Company anything. If you think I do, why, there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have nice family, nice father and mother; relatives all of good standing; they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me, and the idea that I would take a penny that did not belong to me would break her heart. I den't care anything for the matter myself; but on account of my family and relatives, if you won't say anything more about it, I'll give you say—a dollar."

Len, mid-night hours, in rain and frost and snow; many a night did he outwatch the Bear; many a time did he fling himself down, literally prostrate, and grovel on the floor of his little study, in humiliation and agony. Neither walking nor watching, nor prone and prostrate, could he conquer his passion, or recall his old, calm, active self. He began to lose all interest in the studies that once delighted him, in the scholars whose young voices and fresh thoughts used to gladden him. No one on earth, probably, suffers from the love-fever like your middle-aged philosopher, if once the contagion can seize him.

Why did he keep this thing as a secret?

the contagion can seize him.

Why did he keep this thing as a secret?
Could he not have spoken? Was there no hope? To him there seemed no hope whatever—the very thought of any possibility of hope appeared preposterous. Cynthia was about half his age; there was nothing in him to attract any girl; he was only her father's friend, and apparently her father's contemporary; and Cynthia, had, since she was little more than a child, been affianced to a youth of fortune who was now in Europe. So Theodore could only affianced to a youth of fortune who was now in Europe. So Theodore could only bear his pain, or try to bear it. He felt himself degenerating under it. He could not conquer it; and the futile struggle his mental resources seemed all running to waste, and he found himself at last neglecting his duties. Not that any others could have perceived this neglect, for his regularity of attendance was never varied, and his lectures to his class seemed as instructive and valuable as ever. But he structive and valuable as ever. But he felt in his own heart that he was only performing mechanically a perfunctory task; forming mechanically a perfunctory that his soul was no longer in his and this his sensitive conscience declared to be neglect. He began to fear that a time would soon come when actual neglect would begin to set in; when he should positively be unable to give even a mechanizal attention to his duties. He shuddered as he heard of the expected return of his market had been actually as the shuddered as he heard of the expected return of his market his facet when the shuddered as he heard of the expected return of his market his facet had been actually as the shudder had been actually as the shuder had been actually as the shudder had been actually as the shud turn of Miss Meredith's fiance; and when, in his presence, her father spoke of the young man's speedy coming, and her eye-lids fell and her cheek flushed and her manner seemd manifestly agitated, poor Theodore could hardly keep his agony un-der decent control. Natures less ingenuous than those of Louis Meredith and his

daughter might well have found out, even then, his sad secret, After that, Theodore Rhodes made u After that, Theodore knodes made up his mind he would resign his professorship and go back to Europe. Nothing but this would be of any avail—nothing but this could yet perchance stand between him and degeneracy. He could not fight the fight out. He could only leave the field. So he went straightway, sought out his friend, and told him he was resolved on

ed away from her, a bearded man who holds one hand partly over his eyes and clasps his beard with the other; farther off, an elder man who stands near the window, and looks meditatively out. Not much to be made out of such a picture as that, surely. Hardly any painter's skill could make it tell much of a story.

Cynthis began her song in a sweet, low, clear tone that vibrated through the room, and through the soul of at least one of the listeners. It was a song of farewell to hope, to all that made life dear—save for the memory of the one eternal love. A true poet had given the words; an immortal musican had glorified them in melody.

While Theodore listened it seemed to him as though, in Jean Paul Richter's language, "his heart had been pierced with a thousand cuts, that it might the more gently bleed away."

In the midst of the song the door was softly opened, and a servant brought to Mr. Meredith a letter Mr. Meredith quietly rose, and, without interrupting the song, withdrew to his study. Cynthia sang on, apparently unconscious of his departure. Theodore had never looked up. He still covered his eyes with one hand, clasped his beard with the other.

The song reached its sweetest, tenderest, saddest place—the singer had to breathe the last farewell. Theodore, listening with all his soul and ears, heard the voice grow tremulous, heard it sound as if it were

the last larewell. Theodore, listening with all his soul and ears, heard the voice grow tremulous, heard it sound as if it were tear-fraught, and suddenly it ceased altogether, and then the sudden silence was pierced by a loud cry—and then Theodore, springing from his chair, had just time to seize in his arms the singer who had faint-adin her song.

ed in her song.

Was he to blame if he held her in his arms yet a moment, and allowed her head to rest upon his shoulder, while his heart beat tumultuously with wonder, hope, fear, and all the thousand inarticulate passionate emotions which her cry and her swoon had awakened within him? At that moment Mr. Meredith hurried

into the room, and Theodore gave his daughter into his arms. Some agitating thought, it was evident, had already occupied the father's mind, and left him hardly who believed the mountain fire would reach the city. room for wonder.
"Poor girl!" he said in a low tone to Theodore. "This fainting-fit looks as if it were an omen—as if she could have known I have cruel news for her. Rhodes! that

I love you!"

"And I fainted — because you were about to leave us—to leave me!"

The revelation was complete; and the story is told. Professor Rhodes still retains his chair at the university, and has a wife who shares his studies, and holds his beaut in here.

The clergyman in the front seat solemnly: "A sot and a beggar."

The red ribbon man, disconsolately:

"Oh, no; he is a member of Congress and owns a brewery worth \$50,000."

Sometimes it will happen that way.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE UNITED STATES WAR,—A gentleman well acquainted with Col. Realf, and an ardent admirer of his WAR.—A gentleman well acquainted with tool. Realf, and an ardent admirer of his poetry, relates a story told by him while the two spent a night in conversation, and recollections, so dear to men of his kind, over a cozy fire and warm decontisism, and recollections, so dear to men of his kind, over a cozy fire and warm decontisism. He spoke of the night before the battle at which Gen. W. S. Lytle fell. The two (Realf and Lytle) lay together in the general's tent. They were both given to writing poetry at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand, and they read and criticised each other's efforts humorously for some time, when said Lytle:—"'Realf, I shall never live to finish that, poem.' "'Nonsense,' said I, 'you will live to write volumes of such stuff,' "'A feeling has suddenly come over me,' continued the general solemnly, 'which is more startling than a prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight. As I spoke to you I saw the green hills of the Ohio as if I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I would never see them again.' I rallied him from his superstition, but the belief had become strangely impressed upon his mind, and he succeeded in so far thrilling me with his own unnatural fear that I begged him to finish his poem before he most daring and successful robberies ever the most daring

Extensive Fire at Hamilton. HAMILTON, Dec. 15 .- Last night at 9.45 an alarm of fire was rung from the box at the corner of Hannah and James streets for a fire that had broken out in the Mountain BREAD-MAKING.

a fire that had broken out in the Mountain, View Hotel, on the brow of the mountain, overlooking the city. Shortly afterwards the reflection was so bright that in the centre of the city people could be easily recognized at several yards' distance, and the sight presented was exceedingly picturesque. The building, from its elevated position, commanded a splended view of the city and surrounding district, and from an observatory on the north-east angle, Toronto and places equally distant could be distinctly seen with the use of the telescope. About twelve years ago this favorite resort was frequently attended by the bonton of Hamilton and tourists, but latterly it has been converted into a boarding ton of Hamilton and tourists, but latterly it has been converted into a boarding house. For some time Mr. Henry McKee has been landlord of the hotel, and had some lodgers staying with him last night. The fire occurred through the chimney taking fire, the flames extending to the third flat, where it burst through a stovepipe hole into one of the bedrooms, and before it was discovered the room was in flames. The brigade could not offer any assistance as the building was too far fiames. The brigade could not offer any assistance as the building was too far from the city, and the fire was in consequence allowed to burn out. From ten o'clock until one this morning a steady blaze was kept up, after which the conflagration died out, leaving nothing but the mere walls standing. Some of the furniture was saved, but not to any extent. The bread is baked too hard, rub the loaves building was owned by the Freeman over with butter, wet the towel in which they are wrapped, and cover with another estate, and will cause a loss of about \$20,000. It was partly insured. A crowd
of roughs from Corktown and the lake
region were promptly on hand and soon
cleared the bar. One of the parties having
secured a quantity of liquor, a row ensued for the proprietorship of it, which
ended in many disfigured faces and broken
noses. A second alarm was sounded at
11.30 from the box on the corner of
Catherine and Catharina streets, by some
frightened individual in the neighbourhood
who believed the mountain fire would

"Poor girl?" he said in a low tone to Theodore. "This faiting, fit looks as if it were an omen—as if she could have known I have cruel news for her. Rhodes! that boy to whom she was engaged—to whom I was for so long all that a father could be has married a dancing, girl belonging to the Opera House in Berlin! That's the story brought to me in the telegram I have in my hand?"

Theodore did not remain much longer that might. When Cynthia began to show signs of returning life and consciousness, he felt that he had better leave; and he left. But he went home with a wild hope glowing in his heart which lighted his way like a sun.

He visited the house next day, and found Cynthia alone, by the piano, in the same room. After some stammered unmeaning words, he said:

"Miss Meredith—Cynthia!"

She started.

"One question I must—I will ask of you! Why did you faint last night?"

Without raising her eyes she spoke in a low tone:

"First tell me—why do you leave us?"

"If felt that I man be a with the story is told. Professor Rhodes still retained because you were about to leave us—to leave me?"

"And I fainted—because I love you!"

"And I fainted—because wou were about to leave us—to leave me?"

The revelation was complete; and the story is told. Professor Rhodes still retain in the steril studies, and told it promotes health. For these coarse breade, always add a little brown sugar or montandictory regarding the election row at Turrene, the chain that Turrene, the monimation papers of Grant and Klyne, two of the candidates, on the ground of informatic papers of Grant and Klyne, two of the candidates, on the ground of informatic papers of Grant and Klyne, two of the candidates, on the ground of informatic papers of Grant and Klyne, two of the candidates, on the ground in the treat in the start of the monimation papers of Grant and Klyne, the condition of the returning life and consciousness, he felt that he had better leave; and he left. But he wish the maniful papers of Grant and Klyne, the felt papers of the feather sta

knew that man whom you saw get off at the last station. He was a young man of brilliant intellect and shrewd mercantile ability. Life dawned before him in all the glowing colours of fair promise. He had some money when he left collegs. He invested it in business and his business prospered. He married a beautiful young girl, who bore him three lovely children—"

The sad looking passenger sitting on the wood box: "All at one time?"

The red ribbon passenger: "No, in biennial installments of one. No one dreamed that the poorhouse would ever be their home. But in an evil hour the young man yielded to the tempter. He began to drink beer. He liked it and drank more. He drank and encouraged others to drink. That was only 14 years ago, and he was a prosperous, wealthy man. To-day where is he?"

The clergyman in the front seat solemnly:

# FATAL SHOOTING CASE.

Peterboro' Rough Shot by a Hotel Keeper-Fatal Termination to a Barroem Row.
Peterboro', Dec. 15.—On Saturday reterror of the community, was shot by R. N. Roddy, a hotel keeper, in a row, On Saturday Montgomery was in town and obtained liquor in several places. Going to Roddy's about six o'clock, he tried

Long value of the special content of the spec



TO BAKE BREAD, Here is the important point, for the bread may be perfect thus far and then be spoiled in baking. No definite rules can be given that apply equally well to every stove and range; but one general rule must be observed, which is to have a steady, mederate best reads. moderate heat, such as is more minutely described in the directions for baking described in the directions for baking large cakes. The oven must be just hot enough; if too hot, a firm crust is formed before the bread has expanded enough, and it will be heavy. Many test the oven by sprinkling a little flour on the bottom; if it browns very quickly, it is too hot, but if it browns gradually, it is just right. An oven in which the hand can not be held longer than to count twenty moderately, is hot enough. When the bread is done (to they are wrapped, and cover with another dry towl. In winter, bread dough may be

It is very desirable that every family should have a constant supply of bread made of unbolted flour, or rye and Indian Election Disturbances in Mani-it promotes health. For these coarse breads, always add a little brown sugar or breads, always add a little brown sugar or

story is told. Professor Rhodes still retains his chair at the university, and has a wife who shares his studies, and holds his heart in hers.

A Railroad Temperance Lecture.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.)

"Twenty years ago," said the passenger with the red ribbon in his buttonhole, "I knew that man whom you saw get off at Western Roll and not a number started in in the settlement and a number started in out and press through a colander, or mash the way found Charbonneau locked up a prisoner in Gallie's hotel, considerably bruised. Other versions claim that Taliffer if the boiling water from the potatoes the toroughly and when cool add a post of tepid water, flour enough to make a thin batter, and a cup of yeast. This sponge makes very moist bread. out and press through a colander, or mash very fine in the crock in which the sponge

Six potatoes boiled and mashed while hot, two tablespoons of white sugar, two of butter, one quart of tepid water; into this butter, one quart of tepid water; into this stir three cups of flour; beat to a smooth batter, add six tablespoons of yeast, set over night, and, in the morning, knead in sufficient flour to make a stiff, spongy dough; knead vigorously for fifteen minutes, set away to rise, and, when light, knead for ten minutes, mold out into moderate-sized loaves, and let rise until they are like delicate or light sponge-cake they are like delicate or light sponge-cake. BREAD SPONGE AND BREAD.

Five pints of warm water, five quarts of

sifted flour, one coffeecup of yeast; mix in a two-gallon stone jar, cover closely, and set in a large tin pan, so that if the sponge rises over the top of the jar, the drippings may fall into the pan. Set to rise the evening before baking. In winter be careful to st in a warm place. In the morning sift six quarts of flour into a pail, pour the sponge into the bread-pan or bowl, add two tablespoons of salt, then the flour gradually; mix and knead well, using up nearly all the flour. This first kneading is sifted flour, one coffeecup of yeast; mix in nearly all the flour. This first kneading the most important, and should occupy at least twenty minutes. Make the bread in one large loaf, set away in a warm place, thoroughly again for ten minutes. Then take enough dough for three good-sized loaves (a quart bowl of dough to each), give five minutes kneading to each loaf, and place to rise in a dripping-pan well greased with lard. The loaves will be light in five or ten minutes, and will bake in a properly heated oven in half an hour. Make a well in the center of the remaining dough and into it put one-half teacup of white sugar, into it put one-half teacup of white sugar, one teacup of lard, and two eggs, which mix thoroughly with the dough, knead into one large loaf, set in a warm place about fifteen minutes to rise, and, when light, knead five minutes and let rise again for about ten minutes, when it should be light. Take out of pan, knead on bread-board, roll about an inch in thickness, cut out with a biscoit autter and place in drinning.

MEANS OF PRESERVING HE AMOUNT OF FOOD REQUIRED.

Persons using little exercise require paratively little animal food. As the tric juice is secreted in quantity com surate with the wants of the system not in proportion to the amount of taken, excess in eating not only leave stomach burdened with a load of undig ed food, but prevents the pr digestion of what is actually demanded the system. There can be no doubt excess in eating is the source of mo the painful affections which cut sho embitter existence in man; for he only animal who has not sense enou-discontinue eating after hunger is sat We eat too much, too often, and too q ly. Different occupations require diff amounts of food—the labouring-man eat more than the student. Those wh not live by manual labour suffer most over-eating; most of such persons con three or four pounds a day, which is a twice too much. The Rev. Sydney S twice too much. The Rev. Sydney Si who has said and eaten so many things, according to his own calcula consumed, in sixty years, forty-four hwaggon loads of meats; or, in other we have ating more than was necessary health, had, during that time, act starved one hundred men to death.

To show what gluttons people r consciously make of themselves, prod derangements in the system which cannot account for, the following sation between Abernethy and a gen farmer may be introduced. "Do your good breakfast?" inquired Mr. Aber Pretty good," answered the pa "You lunch?" "Yes, I take lun "Do you eat a hearty dinner?" hearty." "You take tea. I supp "Yes, I do." "And, to wind up al sup, I suppose?" "Yes, I always "Why then, you beast," said the sur "go home and 'eat less, and there nothing the matter with you." This eminent but eccentric phy was remarkable for the stress he laid over-eating as a cause of disease; an fond of addressing his patients in words as these: "Your stomach being of order, it is my duty to explain t how to put it to rights again : and stration of my position, for I like people something that they will rem The kitchen, that is your stomach, out of order, the garret, (pointing head) cannot be right, and every the house becomes affected. Repainjury in the kitchen, remedy the evil and all will be right in parlour and ber; this you must do by diet. If you

improper food into your stomach, you the deuce with it, and with the machine besides."

The Duke of York once consulted nethy, who treated him with the grindifference. The Duke, astonished conduct, said, "I suppose you know am?" "Suppose I do," said the sur "what of that? If his Highness of wishes to be well, let me tell him h do as the illustrious Duke of Well often did in his campaigns—cut off lies, and the enemy will quickly

Strict as Abernethy was in regard as to his own; hence, in common other physicians at the present tim was often asked why he did not p what he preached. To such taun would reply by reminding the inquithe sign-post: it points the way, bu not follow its course; it is none th useful for that.

The exact opposites of the glutto the hypochondriac men and n women, who almost starve themseldeath for fear of injuring themseldeath for fear of injuring themseldeath gimproper food. To such p the advice of Sir Richard Jebb m recommended: he says: "My dir

recommended; he says: "My dir will be few and simple. You must the poker, shovel, or tongs, for th hard of digestion; nor the bellows, h they are windy; but anything

The above advice, both to the too gr the too little eaters, is applicable countries than England, to other than London, and is just as true in

in the last century.

THE USE OF WATER. THE USE OF WATER.

The celebrated French ph
Dumoulin, in his last moments, wh rounded by several of his colleague were deploring his approaching des dressed them thus: "Gentlemen, behind me three excellent phys Each of the doctors present con self to be one of the three; but th soon undeceived, when he informe rise, and diet: As the last two have been sufficiently

ed of in these articles, the first m demand attention, as it is of great tance. The application of cold w

tance. The application of cold we the body is beneficial as a purifier at tonic. It is a true saying, that "ness is next to godliness;" the ancie givers recognized the intimate con between the former and health, and a great sanitary blessing by making ion a religious ceremony.

The skin is the natural outlet discharge of carbonaceous and effe-ters, the retention of which is li-produce disease; if the pores of the obstructed, the lungs have doub to perform in separating the carb the blood. Cold water acts also as a to most powerful and the most natur moting the circulation in the skin, ing internal organs, and, by its con reaction, increasing the vigour of the body. The most convenient mod plication is by means of a spon avoiding the sudden shock of the bath, and the greater cold of a gen mersion. The use of cold water a necessity implies that of friction however, is valuable in itself, by in the flew of blood to the skin, and a the internal congestions-the cause of many diseases. The c system, especially in old person pathizes strongly with the condition skin; at this time of life, a langui of the cutaneous circulation is a The Duke of Wellington, well ca remarkable preservation of his faculties to habits of exercise, an

vigorous and persevering use of over the whole body. He hear proved of that excellent invention hair friction-gloves, which, by their conducive to health. He lived so that his cook, a master of his forced to leave for want of opport displaying his skill; he never used nor wine; he slept on his narr cot-bedstead, thinking that when i ed to turn over it was time to ge was often early in the streets, on a horseback, when other persons bed. The late Emperor Nicholas lived in the most simple mann active exercise, sleeping, and eve on his leather camp-bedstead. The habits of the Emperor William of during the Franco-Prussian war,

The skin is composed essentiall layers—the true skin, or dermis, o tissue, modified according to the its various situations, and more or meated by fat and muscular fibres, cuticle, or epidermis, external to, product of the true skin, which it being therefore the thickest