themselves begin to decay, go at once to a good dentist, and have the evil corrected. You cannot be too careful of your teeth. To allow teeth that are badly cleaned to remain without cleaning and filling is ruinous to the health.

The Finger Nails.—These must always be kept scrupulously clean, and not permitted to grow inordinately long. A good nail-brush is indispensable. Keep the nails of a neat, oval shape. People of culture give special attention to the appearance of their finger nails. To neglect this indicates vulgarity. Gloves should be worn on all proper occasions, both for protection and etiquette.

The Hair.—The hair requires a good deal of care. Frequent brushing with a stiff brush keeps the scalp clear, and stimulates the growth of the hair. Wash often enough to keep clean, but not so frequently as to render the hair harsh and brittle. Ordinarily, no oil should be used. When deemed necessary, apply as little as possible. Regular clippings of the ends of the hair improve its growth and appearance. Avoid baldness and headaches, by keeping the head cool. Head coverings should be worn only when indispensable, and these should not be very warm. To keep the head warm is extremely injurious both to the hair and to the general health. Of course, then, wigs are undesirable appendages. To remove dandruff, use borax water. Bedorized Carbolene is an admirable application. Long hair is a woman's glory, and a man's shame.

The Beard.—The full beard is now in vogue. This is nature's ornament to a man's face. And unless it has some grave defects, it should be allowed to grow, and be carefully trimmed and cared for. Whether in early manhood or in a advanced age, there is nothing more in keeping with a manly appearance.

THE WAY THEY KISS

Adapted from the original by our poet.

The Montreal girl bows her stately head,
And fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go
In spasmodic little sips.

The Kingston girl removes her specs
And freezes her face with a smile,
And she sticks out her lips like an open book,
And chews her gum meanwhile.

The Ottawa girl says never a word,
And you'd think she was rather tame;
With her practical view of the matter in hand
She gets there just the same.

The Toronto girl, the pride of the world,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all in a yearnful yearn,
As big as a bale of hay.

The Belleville girl gets a grip on herself,
As she carefully takes off her hat,
Then she grabs up her prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Peterboro' girl, so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss,
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful soul
Floats away on a sea of bliss.

We have sung you a song of the girls who kiss,
And it sets one's brain in a whirl—
But to reach the height of earthly bliss
You must kiss a London girl.

With your arm 'round her waist, her face upturned,
In a sweet confiding way,
You care not a cent for the whole wide world
Though the wind through your whiskers play.

And closer together your lips you draw
Till they meet in a rapturous glow,
And the small boy hidden behind the fence
Cries "Gallagher, let her go."

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

It is not generally known that a habitual drunkard in Norway and Sweden renders himself to imprisonment for his love of strong drink, and that during his incarceration he is required to submit to a plan of treatment for the cure of his failing which is said to produce marvelous results. This plan consists in making the delinquent subsist entirely on bread and wine. The bread is steeped in a bowl of wine for an hour or more before the meal is served. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without repugnance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate; finally he positively loathes the sight of it. Experience shows that a period of from eight to ten days of this regime is generally more than sufficient to make a man evince the greatest aversion of anything in the shape of wine, and it is said that many men after their incarceration become total abstainers.

SPOILED HIS FUN.

Said a man to his friend, with whom he went out for a constitutional, "Come, let us take a walk down this way." "Why?" asked the other. "Didn't you see that fellow over yonder?" "Yes, what of him?" "Well, I want to meet him as often as I possibly can." "I don't understand you." "I'll explain. You know that I am the worst man in the country for owing people." "Yes." "And that when I owe a man I bridge him." "I've noticed that." "Well, now I've got my revenge." "How so?" "Why, you see, the fellow over there owes me. When I see him dodge me, it tickles me nearly to death. I have become bampered by men who I owe that I now enjoy being owed. See how he gets around the corner! Let's go over the way. See, he's coming! Let's go back." "What's the matter?" "See that fellow?" "Yes what of it?" "Nothing, only I owe him. Confound it, a man never begins to enjoy himself but some unfortunate thing arises."

POLITENESS AT HOME.

If people would only keep a little of the suavity which they waste on strangers for the home circle, how much more charming life would be.

When among acquaintances, almost everybody is agreeable and obliging, while they are not so by and large to those who are the nearest to them. It doesn't seem worth while to converse around the family table. There the little "if you please," and "I thank you," are dropped.

If only their own folks are present, some people are not so fine in their good breeding for the time. This is all wrong. A certain pleasant freedom from restraint makes home happier but carelessness and crossness will break the charm entirely, and make home a place to eat and sleep in, but nothing else.

BEWARE OF THE QUIET MAN.

A big burly man, with the form of a heavy-weight pugilist, says the New York *Times*, was asking himself exceedingly objectionable to the passengers on a Sixth avenue elevated railway train recently. He sat with his long legs stretched clear across the aisle, his hat forward over his eyes, and a look on his face which seemed to declare:

"I'm a bad man, see! I'm looking for trouble, and I don't care where it comes from."

Several passengers were unfortunate enough to stumble over the man's feet, and in return were profanely abused for doing so. There was not a man in the car who did not feel inclined to punch the fellow's head, but he looked too formidable. At Thirty-third street, however, the bully met his match.

A quiet-looking little man, with the appearance of a prosperous young clerk but who, in reality, was a well-known teacher of fencing and boxing, entered and as he made his way to one of the cross-seats, encountered the outstretch ed legs of the objectionable person. Very politely the newcomer turned to him and said:

"Sir, will you kindly draw in your feet so that I can pass?"

The bully looked up to see who had made such an impertinent request, and said to the inoffensive-looking man, after a string of oaths:

"I'll do nothing, see! If yer wants to get by, you'll step over dese feet, and if you not good enough, you'll be careful how you does it."

The little man's eye flashed, and he said, in a tone very different to that he had previously used:

"Sir, draw in your feet!"

An oath was the only response, and the little man, with a "then take that," gave the big man a magnificent kick in the shins. The big fellow jumped to his feet to annihilate the little one, but he did not. Hardly was he out of his seat before a sledge hammer blow under the chin knocked him flat on his back, and there he lay. The blow knocked him out.

The passengers fairly cheered, but the quiet little man was not looking for glory. Going to the seat he had selected before the encounter, he sat down, unconcernedly pulled out a newspaper and began to read. The guard and one or two passengers roughly picked the prostrate man up, and pumped him into a seat. His dazed senses soon began to return, but he did not say a word, and at Fifty-ninth street he meekly left the train.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

[The Wichita *Eagle* says that the following poem was left at that office by an unknown man who came to ask for work.]

Near the camp fire's flickering light
In my blanket I lie I die,
Gazing through the shadows of light
At the twinkling stars on high
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breath my childhood prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Softly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs on yonder tree,
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in fervent fear,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

'Mid the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away;
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain brake,
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Painter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies,
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries,
Over me they soon will cry—
'You may never more awake,"
Low I lisp, "If I die,
I pray the Lord my soul to take"

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take

ATCHISON PHILOSOPHY

It is human to be jealous, divine to conceal it.

There is great charity for poor relations, every one has them.

We are all inclined to distrust a boy who does not like to lie.

Keep any letter long enough, and it will finally make you ashamed.

Only one thing melts faster than money, and that is the resolution not to spend it.

It may be wise to think twice before speaking, but it is a sign that you are getting old.

I, is the man who can light good fires who is nearest able to hire others to light his fires for him.

When two friends quarrel, you will find out how much there was in their friendship originally.

The most sacred things we have in this world often turn out to be only varieties of selfishness.

An honest man will regret that he is not as good as a woman, instead of pretending that he is better.

The two things that honest people never excuse, under any circumstances, are thievery and insincerity.

Only believe half of what you hear that great people say, only believe half of what you hear that little people do.

When you can induce a man to hold your horse in the rain, how natural it is to carry around the fire on the inside.

You are always saying that your friends desert you at the time you need them most, but they do exactly what you have been doing all your life.

It is a cold clammy thing to say, but those people who treat friendship the same as any other selfishness get most out of it.

A pup looks so mild and innocent that we sometimes think it will turn out be ter than others of its race but it always turns out a dog.

The sympathies of people are always with the unfortunate, because the people know they are so liable to be unfortunate themselves.

THE NEW "FINGER" PRAYER BOOK

Mr Henry Frowde of Oxford University, has designed a series of prayer books, the novelty and merit of which consist alike in their diminutive size and the beauty of their binding. It is difficult to believe that a book of nearly 700 pages will go into the waistcoat pocket or into the purse, but such is the delicacy of the workmanship and the compactness of the binding that no difficulty will be found in such a method of carriage. The tiny volume, bound in morocco and velvet, which Mr Frowde has called the "Finger" prayer book, weighs about three-quarters of an ounce, is only one inch in breadth, three and a half inch es in length, and one-fifteenth of an inch in thickness. To get 670 pages and two morocco covers into the thickness of one-third of an inch is a marvel of paper making and binding. One specimen is contrived to hang on the chatelaine, a case is made of silver consisting of a double cross, one for each of the velvet covers of the book, and this both adds to the beauty of the volume and serves to keep it in a compact form. A ring is added, which serves for attachment to a chain. An edition is also issued without the calendar and the occasional services, thus reducing the thickness by one-third, and the weight to about half an ounce.

INFORMATION ABOUT "YOURSELF"

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-eight pounds.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds six ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds that of any other animal.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute and 1,200 in an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads a day.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds of a woman two pounds and eleven ounces.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogshead and one and a quarter pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches, of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches, of a Belgian 5 feet 6 and three-quarter inches.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 130 per minute, in manhood eighty, at 60 years sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

TID-BITS.

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Goldthwaite, Charley. Haven't you had some aspirations in that line?" "I had but it was no go. Her family were all opposed to it." "Well, but if she girl herself——" "I said *all* the family. She was one of 'em."

They say that the girls in the more esoteric circles of Boston are discussing the question whether the dative or the ablative is the more oblique case. We hope the dear creatures will finally settle this momentous question, so that the car of progress may move on.

The nervous timidity of brides and grooms can be easily explained, since it is natural for contracting parties to have a shrinking manner.