

SCENES.

Beatrice Clayton in Philadelphia Ledger.
There's a pinch in the air and a trace of frost.
On the window pane,
And the leafless boughs and the weather-vane
Are swirled and tossed
By the wind that sweeps from the ice-bound pole.
But where the woodbine clings, thus late,
To the trellised arbor, near the gate,
The wind sighs low, breathes soft and slow,
Now murmuring "Sh-h!" now low-drawn "Oh-h!"
And the woodbine tosses its tendrils out,
And nods surprise as it sways about,
Just as if they were whispering secrets!

There's a rich, warm light where the lamp soft glows
On the group indoors,
Where mother over her reading pores
Or busily sews;
While father naps in his big armchair,
And the children steal into corners dark,
Heads together, and then a spark
Of quick intelligence father things
To mother, whose glance speaks myster-
ious things.
Tiptoe footsteps upon the stair,
Doors made fast with jealous care,
All seem to be whispering secrets!
Oh, what a scurry and bustle and noise,
And turmoil of joy!
Shrieks from the girls o'er each longed-for toy,
Shouts from the boys!
For the secrets, long whispered, have all been told,
And father's nine slippers—such a surprise!
He can't quite see for the mist in his eyes;
And her splendid workbox and grand new shawl!
Mother praises and laughs, but the tears will fall!
And there's something half tremulous all the while
In each bright face and in each glad smile,
And it's Christmas! Hurrah for Christmas!

Health at Home

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Straining-cloths, dish-cloths, etc., should be thoroughly cleansed by boiling in washing soda or pearline; one teaspoonful to a quart of cold water. In hot weather this should be done daily.

Rubber gloves protect the hands from vegetable and fruit stains; they are especially needed in making grape jelly. Get them several sizes too large or the hand will not have room for free action. Grease will melt them.

When a dish seems rather tasteless a dash of salt will improve it. This also applies to puddings and other sweet dishes.

Jellies give zest to meats and vegetables, as do pickles also.

Scallops, celery stalks lengthwise with a small vegetable russet, scrape off all rusty lines with a silver knife, and keep covered with cold water.

Drain all but two tablespoonfuls of oil from the roasting pan before making the brown sauce, and chop the giblets very fine.

To bring out its perfect flavor mince meat should be allowed to ripen two or three weeks before it is used.

Make the vegetable pie rich, but delicately flavored. Use your very deapest tub, and bake with steady heat for one hour, never having it intense enough to boil the filling.

Jars kept for the use of creams should be thoroughly cleaned and covered with a small vegetable russet, scrape off all rusty lines with a silver knife, and keep covered with cold water.

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small are vain and finical. The man who wears his hat drawn over his eyes may not be a "crook," but he is unclean and a "schemer." He excels in strategy, whether he uses his gifts in an army campaign or in a campaign of Wall Street. He is a successful, in fact, is given to gloomy meditation. Much more does the man who habitually wears his hat pushed off his forehead enjoy the confidence of his fellow men. The man who wears his hat off his forehead is essentially frank. He is admired by those who do not agree with any of his views, for his straightforwardness; if nature has not gifted him with a singing voice, he whistles. The man who wears his hat on one side is independent, self-assertive; he is in danger of becoming vicious. He is "sporty" by nature if not by practice. Hatter's Gazette.

LUMBAGO.
Lumbago is a painful affection of the muscles of the lower part of the back. Physicians are not agreed as to its nature, some holding it to be a form of muscular rheumatism, others believing that it is a neuritis—that is to say, an affection of the nerves supplying the muscles of this part. Very probably both opinions are right at different times, lumbago being sometimes rheumatic and sometimes neuralgic in its character.

The pain may come on suddenly or gradually, and it may vary from a dull ache to a sharp "jumping" pain. Usually it is felt across the entire back, but it is sometimes confined to one side. It may increase the pain, but firm pressure upon the loins often affords more or less relief. There is never any redness or heat of the skin, or other sign of inflammation, except what may have been produced by fog or peppery applications.

Some persons are greatly subject to lumbago, being seldom free from a little ache in the back, while others may never have a second attack, or even a first attack, for that matter.

Those who suffer frequently from the trouble are usually persons of so-called "prickly" temper, who often have little twinges of pain in one or another of the joints, or inflamed eyes, or repeated colds, or headache, or any other of the troubles known as rheumatic or gouty.

The immediate exciting cause of lumbago is usually a strain produced by lifting a heavy weight, stooping for a long time, horseback riding, and so forth; or the pain may be brought on by a draught of cold air playing on the back, as sometimes happens when the bedclothes slip off.

Lumbago is often more distressing on account of the aggravation of the disease of the kidneys or other internal organs than because of the severity of the pain. But the physician can readily distinguish the distinction by the employment of modern methods of examination.

Among the remedies are heat, electricity, liniments of various kinds and plasters. The most satisfactory home treatment of an ordinary case is by rest in bed and an application of hot cloths or a strong liniment to the back—Yonkers' Companion.

AN XMAS ACCIDENT.

Little Willie was having a splendid time. Sitting up in bed, he was licking the yellow paint off a jumping Jack, that Santa Claus, with a careless disregard of the rules of hygiene, had left at the foot of the bed for him. It was just daylight, and at the same time Willie was travelling it was quite possible he would need a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet before breakfast. He certainly would if he persevered with his intention of licking all the color off his Noah's Ark after he had finished his jumping Jack.

Willie was not particularly fond of yellow paint; in fact, he was rather impartial as to color. But he did enjoy paint of some kind, if only the harmless red stuff on the back of his mother's hand mirror.

There was one thing Willie couldn't stand, however—rattles. Egad, give him no rattles! There was no taste to 'em. He liked a good rich brown paint like they put on wooden horses, or a dark Paris green. It was a lucky thing for Willie that his mother, after she had finished her jumping Jack, had kept Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in the house.

This jumping Jack, however, was something new. It was of a good rich yellow, thick and oily. It was beginning to creep across Willie's mind that he couldn't quite grasp the flavor. It was a little beyond him. As a matter of simple fact the jumping Jack was too strong for Willie. He was getting sick before he had finished the job, and in urgent need of a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet already.

Willie felt deeply humiliated. Besides that he felt a peculiar and decidedly unpleasant sensation in his little stomach. So coming to the conclusion that the jumping Jack was a snare and a fraud, little Willie raised his voice and bawled lustily.

Of course there was a great deal to his mother said it was his father's fault—the poor precious innocent lamb—and incoherent words to that effect. However, Willie's digestive system was strong, and a couple of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets had him all right by dinner time.

The Last Year of the Century.

Only twelve months remain in which to set in order all the things that belong to the expiring century, to the end of giving it a decent dismissal and to save the coming century from the handicap of an unfairly large burden of arrears. There has been a rather curious misapprehension in the minds of many people as to the proper location of the year upon which we are just entering, and even in print there has been a good deal of allusion to the year now ended as the closing one of the nineteenth century. A half minute's clear thinking is enough to remove all confusion. With December 31 we complete the year 1899—that is to say, we round out 99 of the 100 years that are necessary to complete a full century. We must give the nineteenth century the 365 days that belong to its hundredth and final year before we begin the year 1 of the twentieth century. For some of the mathematical faculty usually works far more keenly in monetary affairs than elsewhere; and none of the people who have proposed to allow ninety-nine years to go for a century would suppose that a nineteen-hundred-dollar debt had been fully met by a tender of \$1.99. There would remain due just one hundred cents. It is to be borne in mind that the year 1900 is not a leap year, although divisible by four. Under the Gregorian calendar the year consists approximately of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds. The accumulated surplus over and above the 365 days amounts, in the course of a century, to nearly 24½ days. To indulge in a leap year every four years would require equal remnants of time stuff to make up 25 days for every century. The arrangement in practical use allows 24 leap years each for three consecutive centuries, and then gives the fourth century 25 such days. Thus, though it is not likely to concern many of us in an immediate, practical way, it may be remarked that the twentieth century will be one day longer than the nineteenth, since it is arranged that the twenty-fifth leap year of the century is assigned to every fourth century shall be brought into the calendar of the year that is divisible by 400. The failure to sacrifice three quadrantal leap years—that is to say, three extra days in every fourth century—has led to the discrepancy between what is known as the Julian, or old-style calendar, and the Gregorian.—"From 'The Progress of the World,' in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.

CHARACTER SHOWN IN HATS.
Show me how a man wears his hat, and I will tell you what manner of man he is. Notice yourself how he wears his headgear, and you can make a fair estimate of his character. Select the man whose hat seems to have been made for him, and which he has set squarely upon his head as if it were designed so to do, with new a tilt to the left or right, fore or aft. He is a methodical and a comfortable man, with rare endowment of common sense. He is not given to flights of fancy. He obeys the injunction of the homely philosopher, who advised all mankind to keep his feet on the ground. Men whose hats are always too large for them are of reflective habits. They are careless, extroverts, and given to introspection. They are philosophical and likely to fall into fits of preoccupation. They are of the more details. Conspicuously of this class was Mr. Gladstone, whose hat brims always showed a disposition to reach his ears. Men whose hats are always too

Glory to Old England.

Now glory to old England.
As she rises stern and grand,
The ancient spirit in her eyes
Her sword within her hand.

Ever upon the battle-ground
She bore the brunt of war,
And now again with mighty bound
The tyrant's path doth bar.

Forces hard at work will soon
Bring out Great Britain's thunder!
Her civilizing powers a boon
Her foes would rend asunder.

They gaze at her with jealous dread,
She prospers while they cavil,
In ways of progress far ahead
They see old England travel.

A thousand problems rise before
The helmsman of her state,
Yet England still rises safely o'er
The waters, calm and great!

Oh! world, that Britain has so blessed!
Oh! world, where glorious Freedom came!
Britain, where Hampden's ashes rest,
What nation owns a nobler name?

Where Oliver taught tyrant kings
The lesson written out in blood;
Where Eliot to his dungeon brings
A heart that firm for freedom stood.

All countless blessings on the way
Did Liberty to England bring,
The dawning of that grander day
Whereof her star-crowned poets sing!

—R. BOAL.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

One of the Objections to Its Adoption for General Use.

From the Electrical Review.

The great difficulty that has been encountered on the continent of Europe in working with the metric system is the seemingly hopeless task of standardizing screws, threads, &c. under it. Whether it be the natural tendency of mankind to count by tens, or to continually multiply and divide by two, it is certainly very difficult even to suggest any satisfactory subdivision of the centimeter for screw threads. Another important point is that the Whitworth thread, in inch sizes, is standardized all over the world, that innumerable screws and bolts and taps and dies are in existence with such threads, and that practically all the machinery that is now at work in the world is dependent for repairs upon ease in getting standard sizes of these goods. To change them would involve mechanical confusion for a generation, and even to-day, in Germany, notably, where machinery is made on the metric system, the screw threads are cut to Whitworth inch gauges.

The difficulty of adopting a centigrade thermometer scale is apparently not a difficulty at all, but in Germany, notably, where machinery is made on the metric system, the screw threads are cut to Whitworth inch gauges. The difficulty of adopting a centigrade thermometer scale is apparently not a difficulty at all, but in Germany, notably, where machinery is made on the metric system, the screw threads are cut to Whitworth inch gauges. The difficulty of adopting a centigrade thermometer scale is apparently not a difficulty at all, but in Germany, notably, where machinery is made on the metric system, the screw threads are cut to Whitworth inch gauges.

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NOW THE PUZZLE PARTY.

An Easy Way to Interest and Amuse Congenial Guests.

The latest thing in the way of an evening entertainment is the puzzle party. It is an informal sort of an affair, and is intended to afford a breathing spell between dancing parties and receptions. The only essential is that the guests should be well acquainted; the entertainment practically takes care of itself.

One very amusing thing is this:—The hostess asks each of her guests to bring a picture of himself in early childhood, and to show it to nobody. These are passed around, and a prize is awarded to the one who makes the most successful guesses at their identity. It is surprisingly hard to recognize the photographs, and in addition they are most amusing.

Then parts of the familiar advertisements in the magazines are passed around, and the guest who guesses the most gets a prize. It seems easy, but is far from being as easy as it seems. All sorts of mechanical puzzles, the simpler the better, are provided, with a prize for the guest who works out the most. It is decidedly amusing to

SMOTHERING SENSATION.

A Kingston Lady's Experience with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in Relieving this Distressing Condition.

"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous and my whole system was run down and debilitated.

"Hearing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and got a box at McLeod's Drug Store. They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble.

(Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH, Kingston, Ont.

LAXA LIVER PILLS cure Biliousness, Constipation and Sick Headache.

GOOD WORK IN AN EMERGENCY.

A Brooklyn Street Railway Engineer's Disposition of Burning Coal.

From the Electrical Review.

"The Electrical Review has taken just pride in printing the achievements of electrical men in emergencies," remarked an old subscriber. "But I want to tell you what the chief engineer, a steam and mechanical engineer, did when 700 tons of coal in a Brooklyn street railway power house caught fire. The coal was stored in pockets in the top of the building, and something, probably spontaneous combustion, set it afire. An alarm was sent in and a contingent of the Fire Department arrived on the scene. The chief engineer didn't get rattled, and didn't lose his nerve, but devoted his energies for the time being to keeping the firemen and their hose out of the plant.

"You know water is bad for electric railway generators, and the chief didn't see how he could have a lot of firemen squirting streams on coal in the top of the building, the water running down on the generators, and at the same time keep the plant running. So he barred out the firemen, opened wide the coal chutes, and as fast as the burning coal arrived on the fire room floor he had it shovelled into the furnaces where it belonged. The coal that was not burning was piled at one end of the fire room, and as rapidly as possible was placed on the conveyors and carried up to the pockets again. This process was continued until all the burning coal had been removed from the pockets, and not a boiler, engine or generator was shut down for a minute. I call that good emergency work, don't you?"

No Nonsense for the Son and Heir.

"My dear," said the young father, "there is one request I want to make of you."

"What is it, dear?"

"I wish, dear, that you wouldn't talk this baby talk to our child. It's absurd. The idea of saying 'kitchey-kitchey-kee' and 'whose wizzicoons is 'oo?' to a human being is little less than barbarous. Don't you let the neighbors hear it either."

"I'll try not to, dear," she answered, patiently. "But it seems to amuse Dorcy so much."

"There are rational ways of amusing a child. You can sing to him."

"I have been singing to him."

"Well, give him to me, and I'll sing to him a while."

"She passed the baby over and he proceeded to do his best with the 'kitchey-kitchey-kee' and 'whose wizzicoons is 'oo?' and various other selections. He continued to sing, and presently the little one began to smile. In a little while the little one was fast asleep."

"The mother admitted. 'By the way, what was that song you sang over and over again? It seemed so tuneless and lively.'

"Haven't you heard that?" he asked in astonishment. "It's from the comic opera, and it's a corker. The chorus goes:—

"Todely, footedly, up-idee! Jimmy jammy, jingree! Riggly, jiggly, rummity-ho! Riggly, jiggly, rummity-ho!"

"I can remember the chorus, but I'm going to buy it and learn the whole thing by heart."

Is German Music on the Wane?

"It is easy to speak of nationality in music—explain definitely the meaning of the term is difficult enough," writes an authority in The Contemporary Review. "As often as not the quality heard is self-evident in the spirit of the work, and its outward form. We are perfectly aware of its existence, but it seems almost too subtly definite and intangible to express in words. We think of Chopin, Gluck, Smetana, Dvorak, Grieg, as the composers who have most prominently displayed this nationality. In reality, each, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner were, to all intents and purposes, as intrinsically national as any of these. Who but Germans could have composed the 'Waldesrauschen,' the 'C Minor Symphony,' the 'Carnegie,' the 'Nibelungen Trilogy,' or the 'Brahms Requiem? Only we have had so close a acquaintance with Germany, her people, and their history for generations past that we have become completely familiar with her modes of expression. For years her giants in music dominated the whole musical world, and her school served as an exclusive model for other nations; consequently its type became universal, and we have long ago ceased to realize that it is purely German. So entirely, too, had Germany become mistress of the musical field, that musicians of the other nations, conservative as they are, are bound to produce its quota. Trust their ears when anything was heard outside the orthodox German range. Thus the independent utterances of Chopin and his followers could for a time be

The Coloring Power in Coal Tar.

From Good Words.
The coloring power which can be derived from coal tar is quite astonishing. From one ton of good canal coal are obtained by distillation about twelve gallons of coal tar. From this tar are produced one pound of benzine, one pound of toluene, one and a half pounds of phenol or carbolic acid, six pounds of naphthalene, half a pound of anthracene, and a small quantity of xylene. From benzine are obtained the yellow, orange, green, blue and violet colors. From toluene come magentas and beautiful blues. From phenol, reds, browns and pinks; from naphthalene, the finest yellows and greens; from xylene, the finest scarlets, and from anthracene, the well-known Turkey red. From one pound of coal is obtained one ounce and a half of tar, from which can be derived dyes sufficient to color the following lengths of material: Four inches of Turkey red, eight inches of magenta, and a half inch of scarlet, and two feet of violet. When we remember that over 10,000,000 tons of coal are used for smelting every year in this country alone, our minds cannot realize the immense amount of coloring matter which it represents.

The manufacture of coal-tar colors has now assumed immense dimensions, and its development within the short space of time stands unique in the history of commerce. Few of our readers, except those engaged in the chemical and color trades, can realize its beneficial influence upon allied industries. The raw materials alone exported from England consume annually, before their conversion into coloring matters, somewhere like 70,000 tons of sulphuric acid, 30,000 tons of carbonate of soda, 40,000 tons of hydrochloric acid, besides large quantities of various other chemicals. In one large establishment alone over 4,999 work people are employed to color the goods of some 80 different chemists. Even such figures give us but a poor idea of the great influence such an industry has in promoting trade.

Can't Figure It Out.

Bluffers—I'm a pretty good hand at figures, but there's one thing I can't understand about Christmas.

Whiffers—What's that?

Bluffers—How is it that everybody gives more than he gets, and yet nobody gets as much as he gives?

Whiffers—How is it that everybody can't see what becomes of the surplus?

THE MAN TO ASK.

The question, "Where do the pins go?" is easily answered by the fellow who makes a ten-strike.

trained as inferior, merely because their authors were true to their brilliant, preferring to express themselves in their own language rather than in borrowed foreign conventionalities. Germany has had her musical day, and truly a magnificent one. Even now she has in her midst one or two undeniably great composers. That most powerful force, tradition, will also probably stand her in good stead for years to come. Nevertheless, the opinion that Germany is the one and only musical nation in the world is decidedly on the wane.

UNNATURAL COLLARS.

Destroy Pose of the Head and Lines of the Neck.

Syracuse Herald.

Artists assert that the high collars now worn by young women have destroyed the pose of the head and the lines of the neck. An artist who has studied the originals of the old masters for years says the human form has not only suffered by the use of unnatural collars, but that many of the most beautiful lines have been lost through their influence.

Wearing a stiff, high neckband will change the pose of the head to a marked degree, and this habit, continued through many years, causes important changes in the muscles of the neck, which soon become permanent. From an artistic standpoint there has been a considerable change in the ideal of feminine beauty during recent years, and a comparison of paintings of women by old masters and by modern artists shows a surprising difference as far as the neck is concerned. In old paintings the pose of the head is perfectly natural and graceful, and the lines of the neck are round and in graceful curves. In modern studies of woman's figure the curves of the neck and shoulders have almost disappeared.

The effect of the high collar is frequently hurtful from the health point of view. A very high band about the neck tends to strain the muscles, and, incidentally, the cords of the neck and shoulders. If the collar be very high in front it will impede the circulation, and in time result in headaches and nervous strain. It is also thought that high and stiff neckbands are responsible, by impeding circulation, for much of the bad sight of the present day.

How to Regulate a Watch by the Stars.

Few persons know, perhaps, that a watch may be more easily and more accurately regulated by a star than by the sun. The reason is that the motion of the earth with reference to the fixed stars is perfectly uniform, while with reference to the sun it is not.

Select a window opening to the south and giving a view of a chimney or of the side of a house. To the side of the window attach a piece of cardboard with a little hole bored in it. The card must be so placed that you can see a star through the hole. Watch the star as it approaches the chimney or the side of the house and notice the exact time of its disappearance behind it.

Watch the same star the following night, for the motion of the earth will cause it to disappear behind the chimney exactly three minutes and fifty-six seconds earlier than it did on the first night, and that is what your watch will show, if it keeps accurate time. Let us say that you saw the star disappear at 8 o'clock on the first night; then on the second night it will disappear at 8 minutes and 56 seconds before 8.

If you find, therefore, that the star disappears at three minutes before 8 on the second night, according to your watch, you will know that your watch has gained fifty-six seconds in the twenty-four hours; if it disappears at four minutes and six seconds before 8 your watch will have lost one minute.

If the sky be cloudy, for say three nights after your first observation, so that you cannot see the star, you have only to multiply three minutes and fifty-six seconds by three and deduct the product from the time of your first observation to find the time when your watch should give. It is hardly necessary to say that you must use one of the fixed stars, and not planet, as your guide.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Definition of a Dachshund.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:—

"The dachshund is a dog notwithstanding its appearance. He has four legs, two in front and two behind, and they ain't on speekin' terms. I wunst made a dachshund out of a coveumber an' fore matches, an' it lookt as nacheral as life. Dachshunds is fairly intelligent consternin' their shape. Their brains bein' so far away from their tails it bothers them sum to wag the latter. I wunst nro a dachshund who wuz too impatient to wate till he could sign the hole length of his body when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale then when he maid it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it wud wag. But as fer me, gimme a bull pup with a peddy-gree."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The Visitor—"Busy, old man." Modern Author—"Busy! Why, I'm writing so much that I don't have time to think."



The odds are against the Baby

Surviving the teething period unless the greatest care is exercised by the mother

Dr. Hammond-Hall's English Teething Syrup corrects the action, and prevents fermentation of food in the child's stomach, which is the direct cause of Colic, Vomiting, Diarrhoea, and all infant troubles.

Different from other Teething Preparations it does not lull the child into sleep, but leaves it in the naturally happy and contented condition of all healthy infants.

It is the Only Remedy which will prevent Cholera Infantum and all other diseases of the bowels of children. The treatment of the diseases of children given with each bottle.

Price 25 cents per bottle. At all Drug Stores