

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 decayed 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 clean, and stimulates the growth of the hair. Wash often enough to keep clear, 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 give 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. Use deodorized dandruff, use borax water. Deodorized Carboline 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 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 removeth her spees
And freeth her face with a smile,
And she sticks out her lips like an open book.
And chews her gum meanwhile.
The Ottawa girl says a 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 yearful yearn,
As big as a hole 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
Flies 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 render this list 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 clear together your lips you draw
Till they meet in a rapturous glow,
And the small boy hidden behind the fence
Cries "Galagher, 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 falling which is

said to produce marvelous results. This plan consists in making the delinquent subsist entirely on bread and wine. The man is steeped in a bowl of wine for an hour or more before the meal is served. The first day the habitual taker takes his food in this shape without renunciance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate; finally he positively loathes the wine. Experience shows that he out of ten days of this regimen is generally more than sufficient to make a man evince the greatest aversion to 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 other fellow?" "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's money." "And that when I see a man I ought to see how he gets around the corner? Let's go over the way. Say, hold on; let's go back that way." "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 civility which they waste on strangers for the home circle, how much more charming life would be. When among ourselves, we should everybody is agreeable and obliging, while they are surly and glum 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 apt to drop their good hearing for the time. This is all wrong. A certain pleasant freedom from restraint makes home happier; but carelessness and crossness will break the cheer 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 making himself extremely objectionable to the passengers on a Sixth avenue elevated railway train recently. He sat with his long legs stretched out on the aisle, his hat forward over his eyes, and a look on his face which seemed to indicate—
"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 to the car who did not feel inclined to punch the fellow's head, but he looked to formidable. At Thirty-third street, however, he was taken into custody.
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-aisles, encountered the outstretched legs of the objectionable person. Very politely the new-comer 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 after a look at the ineffective-looking man, asked a string of oaths.
"I'll do nothing, see! If you want to get by, you'll step over those feet, and if you see good sense,

you'll be careful how you do it."
The little man's eye flashed, and he said, in a tone very different to that he had previously used:
"Sir, I'm the only response, and the little man, with a 'then take that,' gave the big man a magnificent kick in the groin. The big fellow jumped to his feet to annihilate the little one, but he did not. Hardly was he out of the car when a sledge-hammer blow under the chin knocked him flat on his back, and there he lay. The blow knocked him out.
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 jammed 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 bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of light
At the twinkling stars on high
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Sadly sighs the whippoorwill
In the depths on yonder tree,
Languishing the dancing fire
Swells the midnight melody,
Focusing me by lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep,
"I breathe in Jesus' care."
"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 world of sin and strife;
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."
Fainter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintfully the birds sing
Fill the air with saddened cries,
Over me they seem to cry—
"You may never more awake,"
"Low I lay," "If I die,"
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
"Now I lay me down to sleep
If I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

THE WEIGHT OF THE CIRCULATING BLOOD.
The average number of teeth is thirty-two.
The average weight of the circulating blood is twenty-eight pounds.
The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds.
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 hoghead and one and a quarter pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.
The average height of an Englishman is five 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 body.
The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood eight, at 70 years of age it was 60.
The average weight of female is more frequent than that of males.

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 play.
Keep any one in doubt enough, and it will finally make you ashamed.
Only one thing melts faster than manly, 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.
It is the man who can light good fires who is soonest 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 virtuous things we have in this world often turn out to be only varieties of selfishness.
A 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 cease, under any circumstances, are thievish and unthievish.
Only believe half of what you hear that great people say; only believe half of what you see that good 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 silly, claimy thing to say, but those people who treat friendship the same as any other selfishness get most out of it.

A girl looks so mild and innocent that we sometimes think it will turn out better than others of its race, but it only says 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 500 pages will go into the waistcoat pocket or into the purse, but such is the delicacy of the workmanship and the strength 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-eighth of an inch thick, and contains nearly 700 pages and two morocco covers into the thickness of one-third of an inch. It is made of paper making and binding. One specimen is contrived to hang on the neck of one of its authors, and consists of a double cross, one of each of the velvet covers of the book, and this both adds to the beauty of the work and the convenience of the 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 YOUR SELF.

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TID-BITS.

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Goldthwaite, Charley Haven?"
"I had had aspirations in that line," I had but he was not my family were all opposed to it."
"Well, but if the girl herself—"
"I said all the time that it was no go."
They say that the girls in the more easterly circles of Boston are discussing the question whether the dative or the ablative case of the verb is more correct. We hope the dear creatures will finally settle this momentous question, so that the car of progress may move on.
The newly-fitting of brides and their grooms can be easily explained. It is natural for contracting parties to have a shrinking manner.