HOOD'S TEXAS RANGERS,

[Joaquin Miller,] I bring from the land of flocks and of herds, From broad fertile fields of measureless land, From lands of untamable beasts and of birds, From lands of the guif and of Itio Grande, The tall Texan ranger, the mate of wild

With blade in his hand he is blazing the way For the world to come after. He does no

say,
Nor yet comprehend. But flually, when
The New World is finished, 'twill be written
that he
Was no dull worker in its destiny.

The Lone Star that rose from the Mexican

And role in the morn of the tropical west Over gray Sun Jacinto, still shines in the trees, Where foliage is freshest, and fruits are the Here roves the ranger. He is strong, he free,
As the storms of the gulf. Lo: the majesty
Of manhood is his. The turbulent seul
Of an Arab sheikh, that defies control.
It tides and it swells in this half-tamed

man, As he turns and he talks like a king to his

"I'm one uv them fellers as fought with ole Hood.

I reckon, by golly, yer might recoleck Them lean ragged rangers * * Not 'lig lously good. They'd cuss, and the like. So! Then I speck They've writ up a book 'bout that tussle with

"What! you fit us? Lord! Thar stood you'n A long blue line uv blazin' red bell.

Then Hood giv a whoop, and down on the blue'ns; Then back rolled the gray'uns, then, God sich

And, cats and black dogs! it was hot then for you'ns . . "We scorched you that day. Lord! Every

Shucks! Let a man brag. That's all we've Yer needn't to straddle and make sich a

muss The bare right to brag uv the fight that we fought, That's all we got. Thar ain't much left uv

"You wallopped us, eh? Say, remember that fight W'y, uv course the Feds won! But then,

don't you see,

No matter who won, or which 'uns was right,
'Twas a reg'lar ole American victory,
An' a reg'lar ole he-American fight!

THE LAST SURVIVORS.

WHAT GUNPOWDER HAS DONE FOR OUR WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

Felix L. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer. Beavers are now so scarce that it seems hardly credible that their dams once lined all the river shores from Hudson's bay to the Gulf of Mexico. Like the Chinese gardeners who live on artificial river islands, they certainly tried their best to be in nobody's way but at the current market value of their skins they could not be permitted to

And what has become of the wild pigeons that once darkened the sun with their endless swarm? There are a few "roosts" left in Arkansas, one or two in southern Missouri and West Virginia; in northern Ohio they are still hunted toward the end of the year, and fly from county to county in flocks of four dozen or so; but what is that to the legion that once traveled through the beech forests of the Ohio valley? The naturalist, Audubon, once saw a swarm eight miles wide, as nearly as he could estimate it, flying overhead at the rate of at least fifty miles an hour; and after sitting five hours with his watch in hand, hoping to see the end of the phenomenon, he got tired of waiting any longer, for as yet the swarm had not perceptibly diminished. Of their total number hardly one in ten thousand is now left. How many pounds of powder must it have taken to exterminate the rest?

Still, our last wild pigeons will outlive the last buffaloes and last grizzly bears, for in the warfare against a superior foe caution is a better weapon than strength. The forests of northern Europe were once inhabited by a fighting ox, the Ur, or Auer-Ochse, an extremely fierce brute, that often turned the tables against its would-be hunters. But the invention of gunpowder decided its fate, and the only wild specimens are now found in the deep forests of eastern Caucasus.

The grizzly bear has been driven back to the Pacific slope, and seems to disappear faster than his black brother, who has more talent for tree-climbing and cave-digging. Wherever gunpowder is used in the warfare of man against the beasts and birds of the wilderness, the art of hiding is their best hope of escape, and of all the forest creatures of this continent the last survivors will probably be the raccoon and the squir-

THE MAN WHO GETS CARRIED BY R. J. Burdette.

The man with the oil-cloth "carpetsack," who is storming at the conductor, is the man who gets carried by. He never misses it. If he is only going fifteen miles, the first thing he does is go to sleep. He declares that the brakeman never called "Mount Joy." "As though," says the indignant brakeman "I couldn't waken a dead man on that station. Now, if it was Dillersville. or Swissfield, or some little thin name like that, all i's and e's, maybe I couldn't shake 'em up quite so boisterously, but a big mouthful like Mount Joy or Tyrone, where your voice has something to catch on to, why, man, I can put the headlight out with it!"

Confidentially the brakeman lowers his voice.

"Why, yes," he says; "somebody gets carried by every run, unless I bounce him just like a tramp. I believe when the last day comes, and Gabriel sounds his awful trumpet, and the dead rise up and answer the summons, there'll be some men won't know anything about it till the next day, and then they'll say Well, you never blowed at Snyder's Crossing!"

NO REMEDY DISCOVERED. New York Sun.

The commission appointed in France to consider the phylloxera has not awarded to anybody the prize of three hundred thousand francs that was offered to the discoverer of a trustworthy remedy or preventative for the fatal grape disease. There were not less than 182 competitors for the prize; but none had made a discovery that

In the Cause of Science.

Flora L. Stanfield.

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted. The twins, as a matter of course, were the culprits. They, however, with the complacency natura to boys of 6 or thereabouts, were in different to the tempest of despair which raged in their sister's breast. They had considerately refrained from adding deceit to their guilt, but had confessed fully and unreservedly, to rifling the canary's nest, to tearing a jacket, and losing a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to catching their most faithful hen with a fishhook. That fishhook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne any thing better than downright cruelty developed so early in one of her own She never was a boy. "And a man was here," went on Pop

sey; "a big man," volunteered Wopsey, the other twin. "And he asked us about everything, and we said our mother wasn't very well and our sister was a old maid school-ma'am."

Charlotte winced. Where had he picked up that expression? And had it

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he "He wanted to see you."

"Me?" Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, only they had nothing to "burgle," as Popsey had said one day, came into her mind. "How did he look?"

"He was beautiful," "He was dread ful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these facts. He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he had a mustache, and was a bug-man. In the last and crowning fact the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome a tolerable clairvoyant, so far as reading those two small minds was concerned. She jumped at the conclusion that some wandering naturalist chasing an elusive bug had chanced that way, and gave the subject no more attention. She had other things to think of than "bug-men" or any men, and the problems of how to provide a new hat for Wopsey and how to instill remorse into the hearts of her charges drove other thoughts away. Sitting down on the low doorstep of

the house that had been home to her for six and twenty happy years she tried to reason it out. The sun was yet high, the days were at their longest. Behind her flowed the tireless river; in front of her, across the prairie, the hills were green. In the field of rye over the way gleamed a large white wooden cross. Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed some of the blue blood of France, had bought a home in this western country when the remnant of an Indian tribe had still property to sell. The deed of sale provided for the preservation of their little burying-ground. Here among the sinking graves Pierre Brantome had built the cross. It had been renewed several times since then, but had always seemed the same, and was ever the patient protector, solemnly holding its white arms out as if to defend the moldering sleepers. The grain grew thick around, but the tiny village of the dead was never disturbed by spade or plow.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered. Neither did Pierre the younger; and one night when, riding home, his horse shied at the sight of the white cross in the moonlight and threw him with his head against a stone, he left no legacy but the homestead and a debt to his wife and children. There was a gap of twenty years between Charlotte and the twin babies, and she really had a third infant on her hands, for the mother was nothing more useful than that after her husband's death. She was not feeble-minded exactly, but painfully gentle-strange and unaccounta-

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent -for grandfather Brantome's blood had never filtered through Canada—brought her employment in the school in the town near by. The long walks back and forth kept the roses blooming in her cheeks, the boys were good-sometimes-and she, being busy, was happy. It requires leisure to be successfully miserable.

The cross typified to her the "daily martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely they were more strawberries ripe in the garden, the canary would lay more eggs. the jacket could be mended, and old Speckle had proved superior to the fish-

But what could the boys be screaming

about? "The bug-man! the bug-man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet. It was certainly strange. should a stranger call twice? That he should come once was not surprisingbut twice?

"We showed him your photograph, said Popsey, "and he said you didn't look like a old maid a bit."

"And he said," went on the other fer rible infant without a pause, "wasn't we proud to have such a nice sister he wished he had and he had such a lot of bugs he puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up and we told him to come again some more and here he is!"

Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found herself rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was taking off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even grandfather Brantome would

have approved. "Miss Brantome, I believe."

She acquiesced in silence. 'I am gathering materials for an his torial work and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say now that I have references and all that sort of thing."

"Then you are not-" She stopped;

"No I am not exactly a bug-man, as these little fellow have called me, alleaning in that direction. Yet just now I would joyfully part with the biggest bugs of my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfathers pa-

He was so gracefully genial that one could no more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin singing on the Indian cross.

Will you walk in?" "I will sit out here instead if you will

permit me." So Pops v and Wopsey dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wonder-eved, listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore. Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melan-

choly, wavering way.
"The postmaster's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she had heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz. Her opinion of him would not have made him vain. She does not believe in 'pop- yard. pery,' as she calls it."

I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug, remarked Mr. Duncan. Then they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister that they were perishing of hunger; so she let the conversation lag in order to end the call.

"Come, to-morrow and see the papers if you like," she said. "It will be Saturday, and I shall be at home to answer questions."

He thanked her and withdrew, jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye in order to get a near view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were now holding a vesper conclave. And the tea-kettle was soon singing in the Brantome kitchen a song as gay as that of the robins, and Charlotte was not her usual self as she picked the strawberries for tea.

"Half of them green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "Spect she's thinking of the bugman."

It certainly was astonishing how much consulting the Brantome manuscripts needed. And, too, Mr. Duncan required so much assistance. It was "Miss Brantome, will you kindly read this list while I copy it?" or, "Miss Charlotte, really I can't make out whether this is an e or an i," all the while. Grandfather Brantome would have begun to inquire as to marriage settlements and Scotch pedigrees had he been alive to see those chestnut locks, innocent of bargs, and that dark mustache in such dangerous proximity. It was the old story-two young heads bending over the same page. No word of love had passed. All was on a strictly business basis, the corof the northwest the objective aim.

But at last there was no excuse for lingering longer. The hills across the prairie were red and gold, the robins nad fled, and the grain around the little burying-ground cut and stowed away. Charlotte was walking home as usual. Far away in the road two moving dots cutting briny furrows down their not chaos:

"Mother has runned away! She said she would if we didn't stop pounding, and we didn't, and she has runned!" That poor mother! She had made

the same threat a hundred times before. but had been pacified. Which way? Tell me quickly, thinking of the river, so tireless and so

cruel. "She runned up the railroad track." La Paz. The evening train was nearly

Leaving the twins to toddle after as well as they could in their exhausted state, she ran. Ran? She flew. The bright invalid shawl was a beacon. Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track, idly playing with some yellow flowers. Char-

lotte knew her patient well. "Mother," she said, "it is late, and the boys are calling, and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion was no persuader. Then Charlotte scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force. failure. Sit there and pull those yellow flowers to pieces-that the poor, unbalanced woman would do, nothing else. In heaven's name what was to be done? Those who have had experience know the strength of the insane. The train whistled for the crossing a mile away, and just then, some guardian angel guiding him, James Duncan jumped the fence, a wet handkerchief in his

Blessings upon the medicine which subdued this poor woman in a moment, and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past.

Then he explained. He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's cross as the boys went screaming by. He gathered enough from their incoherent words to learn what the matter was. The chloroform idea was simply an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked wet-eyed Charlotte, as the party, boys, mother, and all, were walking back. "By making over to me Pierre Bran-

tome's manuscripts-and his granddaughter. I can never write the history without her.' "Well," softly, "in the cause of sci-

ence-perhaps. And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again, with Charlotte and the bug-man.

As for the cross-it spreads its white arms over a new made grave. The poor mother has "runned away" forever.

"Never give way in trifles, 'cause there's no tellin' how soon you might be called on t' give way in matters o'

WOMAN AND HOME.

Woman's Work Among the Sick .. Modjeska's Ideas Concerning Dress ... Home and Its Surroundings.

[Rural New Yorker.] "What a beautiful place!" was the involuntary exclamation as we neared my friend's ne for the first time.

They had chosen a pleasant, nearly level spot for building. I cannot agree with those who build on steep hillsides, or damp low situations to be near a spring. Desirable as that might be, I think there are many far superior reasons for selecting a higher point; dryer, more healthy air, better views and driveways, less mud, less washing away in times of heavy rains, etc. The approach adds to or takes from the appearance of a place; it is preferable on some accounts to drive directly into the yard; but here, as upon many other farms, the same road is used for the carriage as for driving stock from the barn to other parts of the place, thus rendering a fence necessary to separate it from the

The lawn was not large, they preferring a small one well kept rather than a larger one which is so apt to be neglected among many busy farmers. Yet it was not kept in exactly the style which seems to be growing in favor -perfectly clean-shaven, without a tree, shrub flower; neither was it so full of shrubbery as to obstruct the view to or from the road. The main part was smooth and velvety, sloping gently to the road. A few choics shrubs and a very few evergreens occupied positions in the outer portions of the yard, and on one side a latticed summer house, covered with climbing roses and grapevines, suggested a cozy retreat.

Near the house, on each side of the entrance, was a triangular border filled with bright budding plants—now in all their autumn glory. We also catch a glimpse of other floral treasures bordering the path to the back yard. There were no vines climbing over the house, for pretty as a "vine-covered cottage" is in the poetry, it becomes quite prosaical when they have to be taken down to paint under them; trellises near the windows or elsewhere are nearly as pretty and more desirable in many ways. Still a few vines might be allowed on porticoes or porches. We must look no longer, for our hostess is smiling a welcome at the door. I shall not describe the furniture of this model home, as the purchase of this must depend so much upon one's means, but I wish I could tell you what it is that gives it such an inviting, cheery look, and makes one feel so thoroughly happy and at ease. I suspect it was inmates more than the surroundings; yet who can say how much the beautiful, tasteful things, about us had to do with molding the characters and aiding in the mental development of the gentle, derly children whom we afterward saw! For what thinking, observant person will deny the refining influence of beautiful homes, when ingenious minds, loving hearts and willing hands have made them sof

We think Bayard Taylor says truthfully "Nothing is useless which gratifies that perception of beauty which is at once the most delicate and the most intense of our mental sensations, binding us by an unconscious link rectness of the history of the missions nearer to nature and to Him, whose every thought is born of beauty, truth and love.

We were taken at once to the family sitting room, it being, as it should always be, the pleasantest room in the house. A hint of frost is in the chill evening air and the careful mother has had her little boy build a fire which gives a cheerful appearance and throws a genial glow over pictures and ornaments. I am pleased with appeared, which developed into the the latter, for instead of cardboard and other twins as they came nearer. Tears were frail articles (which were reserved for chamvery clean cheeks. Hysterical sobs friend had chosen more substantial material. alone came from their mouths as they A paper-holder was of carved wood to match tried to speak, but finally sisterly intui- a corner bracket on which stood a vase tion eminated these words from the freshly filled for winter, with delicate sprays of dried grasses and a fern or two. The case for letters, lamp-lighters and comb and brush, were of heavy pasteboard, cut and sewed in proper shape, then painted black, bright embossed pictures or pressed ferns pasted on, and lastly, several coats of Demar or chromo varnish; these are handsome, durable, easily made, and can be wiped off with a damp cloth when soiled.

A few delicate mosses which had been carefully pressed were glued in pretty designs on white cardboard and framed; and just here I No more words were needed. Back of think of a simple and easily made frames for the garden was the branch railway from small pictures and mottoes. Make it the desired size, of smooth strips of light or dark wood, give it a coat or two of varnish, and when partially dry place small fronds of pressed ferns tastefully upon it; when dry

enough varnish again. Of course those who can afford costly pictures, frames and other ornaments would not so much appreciate these home-made articles, but that class do not need any assistance, but a tittle good taste in the selection. So I write, only hoping to throw out a few hints to those less fortunate in that way, as no doubt a large class of rural readers are, for a very little money with taste and occasional suggestions from other thinkers on the subject can work wonders. Even books are so cheap now that a small sum will secure a library that would be an ornament to any home. Going soon to my friend's kitchen, we found her young daughter pressing autumn leaves with a warm iron first passed over rosin; they were very pretty, but

I suggested leaving a portion on the branches, laying them away between beds for two or three weeks without any preparation, then place them above pictures and mirrors; they have a pleasing effect and seem nearer to nature. Oak leaves. are specially nice this way, as a warm iron fades their bright wine color. I admit that none of these are as pretty as growing plants, but so few have the room, time and know-ledge to keep these healthy and bright, and many have not suitable windows that they ought to spare for them, for the children need them worse. A walk through the back yard showed that it had not been neglected; no rubbish, no uncovered drains or cess-pools, but neatly swept stone walks, a few oldfashioned shrubs and the children's flower

At the north end of the house was a nook where little else but ferns would thrive; these grew there in luxuriance. I wonder we do not see more of these easily-cultivated beauties about our homes. They will grow up strong and healthy every season without any care whatever after the first setting. I would like to speak of the kitchen conveniences, the boys' room (which had its full share of pleasant things) as well as the guest chamber, were it not that my article is already too long.

But let us not forget dear sisters all, that to husband, son or brother a pleasant, cheerful loving woman is the brightest ornament a home can have.

Be Mighty Patient with Children [Bill Arp.]

Parents and teachers ought to be mighty pa-tient with children. Some have more capacity and some more memory. Some are

slow and some are quick. It is not the smartest child that makes the smartest man or woman. It is a powerful strain on some em to keep up, and the dull ones oughtn't to be prowded until they hate books and dread the time of going to school. Some folks send their children to school to get rid of 'em, but my opinion is the parents ought to help the teacher every night. It shows the children how much interest they feel in their educa-tion. It is a sign of a good teacher when the children get ambitious to keep up and get head marks, and bring their books home at night and want to go to school if it is raining

a little. Wrap 'em up and let 'em go.

There is nothing that demoralizes a schoolboy like staying at home every few days and getting behind the class. We used to walk three miles to school, and we never minded it at all. It was a frolic all the way there and all the way back and we did have the best dinner in the world. Delmonico never had as good things as our mother used to fix up for us. It seems to me so now. A child's life is full of romance and fun—the best sort of fun. A child's dreams are splendid, but we don't dream now, hardly ever. I used to read Robinson Crusoe and dream it all over again. How I did long to be ship-wrecked on an island and raise monkeys and goats

and parrots. Slow children are generally sure children, but they don't show off much. Daniel Webster was most always foot in his class, but when he learned anything he never forgot it. Some boys are wild and restless and have no love for books, but they oughtn't to be given up or hacked or abused continually. If they have good parents they will come to

themselves after awhile.

It is astonishing how humiliation will follow a boy. One time a boy stole a quarter of a dollar from another boy at school, and that followed him to his grave. He got to be a great man and was thirty years in congress and was a senator, and one day when he made a bitter speech against the corruption

of the opposite party and denounced their stealing and plundering by wholesale, one of his opponents replied by saying he would remind the gentleman that preachers of morality should come into the pulpit with clean hands-that Ben Franklin said, "He that would steal a pin would steal a bigger thing," and he asked no quarter from the gentleman

So, boys, remember and keep your hands clean. Folks will forgive mischief and a heap of other things, but they wont forgive

Woman's Work Among the Sick.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.] "Little things mean a great deal in the sick room. 'Will you have an orange or a fig!' said Dr. James Jackson to a fine little boy now grown up to goodly stature, and whom may be fortunate enough to recognize among my audience of to-day. 'A fig.' answered Master Theodore, with alacrity. 'No fever there!' said the good doctor, 'or he would certainly have said an orange."

Now, it is in just these little unimportant allimportant matters that a good nurse is of incalculable aid to the physician. And the growing conviction of the importance of thorough training of young women as nurses is one of the most hopeful signs of medical advancement. So much has been done and is doing that the days of the Sairy Gamps and Betsy Priggs are numbered. What is there in the hour of anguish like the gentle pasence, the quiet voice, the thoroughly trained and skillful hand of the woman who was meant by nature and has been taught by careful discipline to render those services which money tries to reward, but only gratitude can repay? I have always felt that this was rather the vocation of women than general medical, and especially surgical,

I have often wished that disease could be hunted by its professional antagonists in couples-a doctor and a doctor's quick witted wife making a joint visit and attacking the patient-I mean the patient's malady, of course-with their united capacities. For I am quite sure that there is a natural clairvoyance in a woman which would make be as much the superior of a man in some particulars of diagnosis as she certainly is in distinguishing shades of color. Many a suicide would have been prevented if the doctor's wife had visited the victim the day before it happened. She would have seen in the merchant's face his impending bankruptcy while her stupid husband was prescribing for dyspepsia and indorsing his note; she would recognize the lovelorn maiden by an ill-adjusted ribbon-a line in the features-a droop in the attitude, a tone in the voice-which means nothing to him, and so the brook must be dragged to-morrow.

Woman Not Superior to Dress.

[Chicago Herald.] In an interview with Mme. Modjeska last summer that charming lady said: "I am not one of those women who considers herself superior to dress. I was never satisfied with the allowance of personal attractions that Mother Nature gave me, but she lavishes her gifts so begrudgingly that I find I am not alone in my misery. I think all women handsome when they have youth and rosy health, but at 40 they are one in physical destitution-either they become corpulent or shriveled in form, sallowness and wrinkles mar the smooth, fresh face, and between the hair, eyes, teeth and buoyancy of spirit there seems to be a dead race to see which can lose its identity first."

She went on to say that the woman who supposed men to be indifferent to her personal appearance was guilty of a very grave error in judgment. It is her exyerience that a man likes to see his mother or sister becomingly dressed, and is proud of the good appearance made by the woman who is to be his life partner. But let her lose his admiration of her pretty dress, faultless lingerie, and neat boots and gloves, and her chances for retaining his affections are questionable, A homely woman who knows how to dress is far more attractive than a pretty one in slovenly attire or dressed in unsuitable, illfitting garments. For a becoming hat, a quiet suit, made well and accurately the figure, will do marvels in the way of sheltering physical defects. And for a woman of native delicacy of mind it is sheer madness to neglect her dress, which becomes a kind of personal glossary. Costly, the maicrity of women cannot dress, nor is extravagance at all necessary to make favorable impressions, but gaudy, sensational patterns may be avoided, tawdry decoration ignored, and a correct fit and appropriate design attained.

Children at the Dinner Table. [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Robert Collyer once, when lecturing to a country audience, contrasted the strictness of the old days and the laxity of the present time, and, while commending the latter, made this remark: "Let the children begin at which end of the dinner they please." young mother, who hung on his words of wisdom, treasured this particular saying, and a few days after proceeded to put it in prac-tice, but somehow it did not seem so sensible at midday, and she was herself reminded of Mr. Browning's line that "colors seen by candle-light are not the same by day;" but with the mild persistence of her sex, she would not abandon the stand she had taken without a good deal of argument.

"Where is the harm in giving the shild his piece of pie or dish of pudding first, if he pre-

fers it in that way?" she asked herself, and she did not get a very definite reply; but when she turned, as every wife should, to the acknowledged head of the house, she was at once enlightened. Of course the child would prefer the sweets first, and his appetite for the more nourishing and substantial part of the meal would be diminished. This is the reason why even a cookie a little while before dinner is not conducive to health. After more thought the mother arrived at the conclusion that the pretty theory must be givenup, and she instituted a rule that never between meals should one of the children have anything, unless he or she were hungry enough to demand bread and butter without sugar.

Cure for Corpulency. [Jennie June.]

A desire to know how much of quackery there might be in the treatment and some thing of the modus operandi prompted a call upon the physician in question. I found a bright, intelligent woman, who would not impress any one as a quack. Her success she attributed to the fact that she had satisfied herself that superfluous flesh was a disease; had studied it, and worked out a cure for ita cure which she claims to be permanent and lasts a life time. In regard to the treatment she was naturally somewhat reticent, particularly as it varies with difference in constitution and habits, and what is true of one case, therefore, might not be true of another. Of forty cases upon her books no two were treat-ed exactly alike, but she exhibited her books, in which was kept careful record of the reduction of weight which had followed the treatment from week to week, and of the final re-

turn to normal conditions. It was freely stated, however, that the principle of cure was largely based upon diet, which was at first nitrogenous but variable, afterward farinaceous and absolute. The liver is attacked and brought into line by a safe and special remedy; hot water is used; hot medicated foot-baths, and the number of meals at once reduced. It is found that very fleshy people are usually fond of sugar and sweets, and these are tabooed strictly. The reduction of flesh is to the normal standard, to what would be considered the proper weight for the height of the individual, but the cure is not considered complete when this

result is attained. The diet must be prolonged for a cure, and when this is effected the appetite for unwholesome sweets and pastries, and highly stimulating viands has departed. It is a per fectly natural cure, it is said, and one quite in harmony with the laws of the constitution of the patient; and, if so, it is not difficult to see how widely it must differ from the ordinary system of medical practice.

Elien Terry.

[Jennie June.]
It is never possible to decide whether Ellen
Terry is beautiful or whether she is a great artist, and there is a sort of intangibility about her which eludes fixed laws and ironclad opinions. You only know that you would not have her anything else but what she is, and that whatever she does is right. It is the same about her acting. You are carried away by her Portia. Its winning charm, its gracious aignity, its sweet persuasiveness, its one little scene where she receives Bassanio's friends, is a lesson to any lady in exquisite manners and worth volumes of twaddle about etiquette. Yet you know half a dozen little American actresses who could "rise superior" in declaiming Portia's famous lines in regard to the quality of mercy. Her dress is as elusive as her appearance. Worth would never be able to do anything with her. She is very tall, yet does not appear so. She has the Oriental feeling for color; her dress always seems to have grown upon her, never to have been made, cut, twisted or tortured by any ordinary dressmaker. Could any one who saw her ever forget her appearance as Camma in the temple of Artemis-the slow expansion of the gray, mist-like veil that enveloped her with every motion of her arm! Nor did I thank the friend who told me that this weird impression was produced by simply fastening to be strongly impressed myself, and do not care to know much in regard to the mechansm of the means that produce the Certainly Miss Ellen Terry is alone in her atmospheric relation to the dramatic world; she is as much herself as Mr. Irving is himself, and if she has not genius, one would say it is because she is genius herself.

· Women in the Long Ago.

In the essay on "Women in the Fourteenth Century," we read some things which, in view of the omission of the word "obey" recently from the marriage service of the Methodist church, may be read with interest. Speaking of a "Book for Women," by one Geoffrey de La Tour Landry, in the early period referred to, Prof. Wheeler says:

Wifely obedience is pushed to extreme (in the book). Three merchants laid a wager that each had the most dutiful wife. The test should be "leping" into a basin of water. Then they went to their homes, one after another. The first wife refused to leap, and her husband ',up with his fust, and gave her two or three grat strokes" in the presence of the other merchants. The second wife also refused, and her lord beat her with a staff. The third lady misunderstood an order to bring salt for a command to leap upon the table where they were all feasting, and, being better bred than the other wives, obeyed the order as she understood it, leaped upon the table, and brought it down with a crash. The wager was declared won, without appeal to the basin experiment. "And so ought every good woman do the commandment of her husband, be it evil or well; for yef he bidde her thing that she ought not to do it is his shame."

Good doctrine for those times; but how are the mighty (husbands) fallen,

A Mother's Kiss.

[Post-Dispatch.]
There is first the infant kiss. The tiny lips and little, passionless face is molded into smiles by a kiss-the first lesson in the language of life-and as it rests in the arms that are made of tenderness, and pillowed on a mother's bosom, who shall fathom the deep, carnest love and proud hope of a mother's kiss! And when, too pure for earth, the little spirit wings its way to the somewhere unknown land, does it not seem as if her very life would go out with the last sad kiss to the pulseless clay? Should the infant be spared to be her stay in the decline of life, "mother's last kiss" will be a spell to keep the school-boy in the right path when other home influences are forgotten or fled. And in later years "mother's last kiss" may prove the salvation of many a man whose lips have long been sullied and defiled by impurity. Though its influence may slumber, it can never be effaced, and through good or ill the memory of that kiss will continue until he sleeps to wake no more.

> The "Sweetest" New Hat. [Paris Notes.]

The newest and "sweetest" thing in hats is decidedly the Marie Antoinette, copied from a picture in the Louvre of that unfortunate queen. The full soft crown and broad slightly curving brim are in rifle-green velvet. Around the crown is a torsade of palest pink silk crepe, on the left side a large pacache of pale pink and coral feathers, with high aigrette. Given a pretty face beneath this elegant bat, and broken bearts will be