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Early What.
Mrs. Hervey writes on Oct. 25, 1897, to her husband, that his "four sisters have been heard this afternoon, and as they never come unattended, brought with them Mr. G., Mr. Down and Mr. Bo." Part of them strid and played at which (sic) tel this moment, which is past 11 o'clock.

Twenty years later (March 18, 1877) Lord Hervey, as his title was then, writes to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Foulkes, the tutor of Mad Tom Hervey, at Oxford, about that son's gambling propensities. He is to follow the example of his "good grandfather Hervey, who, pray tell Tom, never played at any game but whist, and at that only in Christmas time for sixpence a corner."
Lady Bristol was at Bath in April, 1723, and was then in the center of the world of whist. "Poor Bishop Nevell," she writes, "can scarce be reckoned among the living, being (in my opinion) worse than dead. They say he sits at Lindsey's with one to hold his cards and another to give him snuff. Palsy and gout have brought him to this miserable condition." On May 1 he cheerfully informs her husband that the diversion of the evening is the puppet show. "Ditty is gone with Leavy Torrington. The whisks are promised me some diversion after 'tis over."
Notes and Queries.

The Cunning Fox.
The sagacity of the fox is most wonderful. It is related that he is tormented by fleas, and when the infestation becomes unbearable he gathers a mouthful of moss and slowly walks backward into the nearest stream into the mouth of the fox, and when the fox refuges on the moss, and when the fox opens his mouth, and the moss drifts away, while the wily fox regains the bank, happy in freedom from his tormenters.—Exchange.

Savages, on the whole, live longer than civilized people.

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Only Thirty and Gray

How is this? Perhaps sleepless nights caused it, or grief, or sickness, or perhaps it was care. No matter what the cause, you cannot wish to look old at thirty.
Gray hair is starved hair. The hair bulbs have been deprived of proper food or proper nerve force.

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increases the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair bulbs.
Used according to directions gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns.
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INSECURITY.

Every prop on which I lean,
Every earthy prop, I mean,
Of whose power I chance to boast,
Fails me when I need it most.

Lover, brother, sister, friend,
On whose nearness I depend,
Those whose very presence gives
Strength by which my spirit lives.

Fall away by some mischance,
Death or other circumstance,
And I find myself indeed
Leaning on a broken reed.

When these earthly fetters part,
All these clasps around my heart
Fall away, and I am left
Of life's sweetest joys bereft.

To what depths of woe I drop,
Seeking vainly for some prop
All sufficient to sustain
In loneliness and pain.

Like a drowning man I reach
Upward and for aid beseech,
"Help me, Lord!" I cry and stand
Well supported by his hand.

Through the desert, through the tide,
He has promised to abide
Ever near; where'er I be,
Whisper gently, "Lean on me."

Earthly ties, how insecure!
Heavenly ties alone endure.
And my soul will ever cling
That I might his knowledge gain.
—New York Ledger.

THEY GAVE THE BALLS.

And the People Danced to Pay the Debts of Louis XIV.

In 1718 Louis XIV favored the Opera, then established in the first Salle de la Royal (there have been two) with a special mansion for the better accommodation of its administration, archives and rehearsals. This hotel is situated in the Rue Nicaise. The building was generally designated under the name of "Magasin," whence the term "Filles du Magasin" (not "de magasin") subsequently not only to the female chorists and supers, but the female dancers themselves. It so happened that the king forgot to pay his architects and workmen. In order to satisfy them the Chevalier de Bouillon conceived the idea of giving balls in the opera house, for which idea he received an annual pension of 6,000 francs. He was paid, but the king's debtors were not, for, although the king's debtors were granted somewhere about the beginning of 1713, not a single ball had been given when the most magnificent of the Bourbon sovereigns descended to his grave.

One day, shortly after his death, d'Argenson, the then lieutenant of police, was talking to Louis' nephew, Philippe d'Orleans, the regent. "Monsieur," he said, "there are people who go about yelling that his majesty of blessed memory was a bankrupt and a thief. I'll have them arrested and have them flung into some dungeon or underground dungeon." "You don't know what you are talking about," was the answer. "Those people must be paid, and then they'll cease to howl." "Let's give the balls that were projected by Bouillon." So said, so done, and the people danced to pay Louis XIV's debts, as, according to Shadwell, people drank to Eliza's health.

The king's most faithful subjects were in a service are not dull.
We drink to show our loyalty
And make his coiffers full.
—London Saturday Review.

A Change.

He—'I can't imagine what's the matter with me. I'm not myself at all.
She—Oh, stay and spend the evening. It'll be such a delightful change.—
Cleveland Leader.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

A Mountaineer Who Highly Appreciated Really Good Cooking.
As a rule the mountaineer of Kentucky is not a gastronomical connoisseur, and the visitor at his table is quite as likely to hear dried apples referred to as "fruit" as he is to find any other kind of fruit on the table. Occasionally, however, one of them is sufficiently fortunate to get away from his fastnesses, and living temporarily down in the blue grass has an opportunity to acquire some virtues not otherwise obtainable. It was such a one I caught up with one morning in June along the ridge of the Cumberland.

"I'm looking for a place," I said after a few preliminaries, "where I can stop for a week or so while I look up some timber I have in this neighborhood. Do you know of any?"
"There ain't much up that sort round here," he replied, "exceptin' you go to Mount Pleasant, an I reckon that's too far. But hol' on," he broke in with a sudden thought, "thar's the Widdler Tackett. She axed me yistidy to see some uv yer folks at the mill and tell 'em she had a place to sleep and eat two or three men of they wuzn't too pertickler."

"Is it a pretty good place?" I inquired thoughtlessly.
The young man's face flushed.
"Well, I reckon," he said with some emphasis. "She's goin' to be my mother-in-law come next September."
"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "I only asked to know if she had good eating. Some of that we get in private houses even in the cities, you know, is not the best in the world."
"Cities be dernd," he said with a fine feeling. "Yer ain't never tried the Widdler Tackett's pie yet, mister, an yer want to keep still till yer do. Ain't nothin like it nowhere, no matter what kind uv a pie she sets afore yer. It's all no plusibus unum, an I no mistake. Why, I'm tellin you, an no mist do to one uv her pies last week, dern I remember what kind it wuz, of I ever knowed, an I wuz eatin right into it like a hot shovel goin' into a snow pile, an Bill Rogers axed me a table from he called me a liar, an I never said a darn word to him till he had plum'ed up my pie and got my teeth picked. Dern my buttons of I did, colonel."

I did not like to inquire further into the mystery of what happened to Mr. Rogers after the last taste of the pie was safely housed by my informant, but I made a fair guess and went on to see the Widdler Tackett concerning board and lodging for one man for one week.
—Washington Star.

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A JOKE ON THE TEAMSTER.

So Roughly Ordered General Sherman to Brush His Mules.
A good story is told of one of General Sherman's Missouri teamsters. He had just joined the service, a raw recruit, and was assigned the task of driving a six mule team. When the army halted for the first night, he was wearily un-harnessing his team.

"Hello there," said the wag of the company in passing. "What do you mean by taking care of those mules yourself? Why don't you have the hostler do it?"

"Why, I thought every man had to take care of his own team," said the bewildered teamster.

"You bet he doesn't. We've got a hostler for that. There's his tent right over there. He's a lazy, contrary old rascal, and he may not want to do it, but you swear at him and he'll move off at double quick."

The Missourian strode over to the tent indicated, which happened to be General Sherman's headquarters.

"Here, you son of a gun," he roared fiercely, "get out of here and brush those mules!"

Needless to say, the teamster spent the evening in the guardhouse.

A pious old Indiana farmer was assigned to the duty of teaming, probably by mistake. The roads were muddy, and the rest of the teamsters were literally bombarding their charges with oaths. It was against the old man's principles to swear, and he held his peace, albeit in impotent rage. At last one of the hind mules balked and refused to advance a step. The old man used every endeavor to urge the beast along, but to no purpose. At last he roared in a loud and solemn voice: "Oh, Lord, you know where you ought to be as well as anybody. This whole army knows where he ought to be this minute. He knows where he ought to be. I know where he ought to be, oh, Lord, and if he doesn't move in a minute I intend to say so, by gum."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

GLADSTONE AS A CHEMIST.

An Incident In the Grand Old Man's Career In the Commons.
If Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm, it was not because he lacked the gift—for he possessed it in a high degree—but because he forbore to use it. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the house, and sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wounded. One of his most persistent, but never ill-natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to illustrate this generous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character.

Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry and in one of the debates on the commercial treaty with France he made a speech expounding, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder in the treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the most amusing manner," said Hennessy in relating the story, "proving, as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregiously."

Having thus disposed of his critic, Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy," he said. "Your speech was ingenious, and it may console you to know that the emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray."—Canon McColl in Fortnightly Review.

That Grand Air.
"Papa, I want a pug dog. They're so aristocratic looking."
"Bobby, what do you mean by aristocratic looking?"
"Why, they look like they'd git hoppin' mad if they had ter git acquainted with anybody."—Brooklyn Life.

It is estimated that there are no fewer than 70,000,000 Europeans who wear wooden shoes. Bluewood is ordinarily employed for clogs, but willow is the best material.

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