

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

"Palmer Nevada" is what the prima donna will henceforth call herself.
Two soldiers of the Light Brigade, made famous by Tennyson's poem, are residing in New York.
General Borden, the American rifle and torpedo-maker, is said by a correspondent to be one of the czar's "most intimate friends."

Ex-Governor Long, according to the Boston Post, is one of the brightest after-dinner speakers in the country. He never drinks wine or liquor.

C. M. Lewis, the Yale class poet of 1885, is a brother of J. M. Lewis, the class poet of 1883, and they are the sons of C. T. Lewis, the class poet of 1855.

Miss Abbott says "she has fallen in love with a great many pretty girls in her life, but never once the least bit with a man." Just so with us.—Chicago Mail.

A child was recently born at Moose River, Me., with but one hand, and another infant was born at Augusta, Me., with six toes on each foot.—Boston Transcript.

General Grant's height, as stated by Colonel Frederick D. Grant in a letter to an inquirer in Scranton, Pa., was five feet eight inches; chest measure, about thirty-eight inches.

Sarah Althea Hill, of San Francisco, who has achieved notoriety as the plaintiff in the celebrated Sharon divorce suit, has resolved to adopt the stage as a profession.—Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Langtry, not satisfied with the natural color of her hair, which was beautiful, and of which she took incessant care, has painted it a kind of reddish color, which, it appears, is becoming the fashion in Paris, and has much injured her appearance.—N. Y. Sun.

Says a Georgia newspaper: We note with regret the death of J. M. Bryan, of McVie. Mr. Bryan was a harmless gentleman of many peculiarities. He has for many years worn his hair as long as any lady's, and done it up in an old-fashioned net. He was also a somnambulist, would walk miles all through a dense swamp while asleep.

The late Governor Coburn of Maine, left a fortune of about \$2,000,000. He was never married. Scores of girls wore their nets for him, but he eluded capture. One day he saw a poor girl, and she was so attractive and agreeable in her manners that he became smitten with her. Subsequently he made up his mind to marry her after he found that his affection was reciprocated. This so overjoyed the poor girl's family that they babbled about the coming marriage with the rich man. The babbling reached his ears and he was displeased. He broke off the engagement and never thought more of woman and her wiles.—Boston Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Talking about dates, one ought to have them at one's finger ends," said he. "Why?" said she. "Oh, because their home is on the palm."—Evansville Argus.

The circus proprietor is obliged to keep his somerset performers where they can always be seen, for there is a law against carrying concealed revolvers.—Boston Transcript.

Professor: "In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.—Boston Budget.

A little girl of two and a half years burned her finger for the first time the other day. She paced her finger on a hot potato, and suddenly drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh, it's a pin in it!"—Boston Courier.

Little Chas. says: "Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond father: "Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charley: "O, no, papa, I won't drum except when you're asleep."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A High School boy at Lawrence, Mass., went home delighted with the idea of the military drill about to be introduced in the school. "I tell you," said he, pitifully, to his sister, "it pays to be a boy."—Boston Herald.

"Johnny, is your sister in?" "I don't know." "Lorraine says what's your name?" "Bernie—Mr. Barnes." "All right, Mr. Barnes. You just sit down, and I'll ask her what her name is, and I'll ask that's the name." "I see," said Mrs. De Wagon to her husband, "that the King of Bavaria is in debt about \$7,450,000." "Yes." "How in the world can he have got so deeply in debt?" "Dunno, unless he has a tremendous credit."—Boston Herald.

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THE YEAR 1887.

Some Philosophical Speculations as to What It May Bring Forth.

Another "centennial" date, that of the Federal Constitution, we have been a nation one hundred years. It is a pretty date to write; after the still 8s the pen flourishes so easily down the tail of the 7. The years have somehow run away very fast since 1886, going down hill to the end of the century. In fourteen short years more the Drawer will be trying, in its faithfulness to the twentieth century, to keep out of its columns the facinorae of the nineteenth. The nineteenth century, of which we are proud now, will be analyzed and criticized and condemned as we now condemn and talk about the eighteenth. On the day that 1901 comes in, the same able writers who the day before, in the press, used the term "nineteenth century" as if it were a kind of final achievement in itself will turn on it in a patronizing manner. They will speak about the twentieth century as if they had made it, and that it must necessarily excel all the others. They seem a great many years, 1887, do they not? They are really only a little fragment of time, which has dignity only from the fact that we are adding to it. It is an old conceit we have of it. Looked at in one way, it is a respectable date, but how long shall we be able to add to it and keep it going in the world? There have been several attempts at a continuous date, but they have all broken down. How long shall we keep up ours? It is a pity for scientific purposes that we could not have had universally, as the Hebrews have, a continuous date. Our breaking time in two in this way causes immense historical confusion, leads to an unjust estimate of the past, and adds to our conceit. It gives the impression that the historical stream is not continuous; indeed, we absurdly try to make it run both ways from what we call the year 1. Hence much of the theological difficulty in making people feel that the New Dispensation is actually a continuation of the Old Dispensation. We begin with our 1 and run it up forward, with an increasing sense of power. And we turn about and cast it up backward for the ancient nations, endeavoring to run the civilizations of antiquity into the ground somewhere. It gives a false impression—if we may say it, a "pottering out" appearance to the old nations. Take the Egyptians, for example. They seem to be wasting away in time toward us, losing year after year instead of gaining. We know, indeed, but we have to learn it painfully, that the Egyptians did not live backward in this way. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that Moses, when he came to his throne in Memphis, dated his order to dig the first canal 5004, according to Mariette, or 3623 according to Bunsen, or 2700 according to Wilkinson, or whatever it was, and that every year thereafter he dropped one year—5003, 3622, 2699, and so on. And yet this is the way it appears to our minds, with our queer chronology. Looked at honestly, it is not much of a date, this 1887. Nor is it now. The Pharaoh who used it—and no one knows what Pharaoh it was—no doubt was conscientious that it had been used before him, and he regarded it as merely the beginning of the years that Egypt would pile up in increasing glory. The Pharaoh who wrote 3887 may have had some conceit in the figures, but it was a cheap pride. The vain attempt of the Pharaohs in this direction ought to make us modest of our little achievement in the way of a date. All the people before us have doubtless flattered themselves that their eras would endure as long as the world lasts.

We are interested in this year 1887, however—as the Court was about to say when it interrupted itself—not because it is a centennial year, or to speculate whether it will be a year of war, or earthquake, or droughts, but to see whether it is going to be a good year for "realism" in fiction, or whether the "idealists" will begin to get a going. It is such a seamy world that one can only keep his head by taking a long historical perspective, and noting what tales they are that the race cares to preserve through all the ages. We want to stick to facts, but there are so many sorts of facts, material and immaterial, and human nature is double, and men are perverse. They are so unreasonably interested, even in this scientific age, in the "Arabian Nights." It is absurd that a camel-driver should rise to marry the daughter of the Grand Vizier, and become Grand Vizier himself, and rule over the kingdom. In order to be true to life he should have continued to be a camel-driver, till his camel died, and every thing went wrong with him, and he married a woman who drank, and took to hashish, and ended as a beggar. It is much better for us to read about this sort of camel-driver than the other. After all, the philosophers are merely quarrelling about a definition. It is as necessary to satisfy in fiction the higher aspirations of the mind as its lower tendencies; "high life" is as real, all admit, as "low life." Purity and virtue are just as "real" as their opposites (though not so common), and the steady contentment of them in fiction is more likely to be ennobling than the contemplation of the inferior and the vulgar. It is not a new notion in the world, but it is a queer one, that the base and unpleasant in life are more "real" than the pure and the agreeable. Is it more necessary for the good of mankind that the former should be paraded rather than the latter? Give us "life," by all means, O fictionists of the year 1887. Do not exaggerate the bad or make the good seem impossible, but let us hear now and then about Joseph and Abraham Lincoln and the fortunate camel-driver, and let us asso-

ciate occasionally, sinful as we are, with some of the lovely women who give to this mortal life most of its grace and charm.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

HE WAS MARRIED.

Why an Omaha Man Searched His Grocer's Store for Cooked Things. Customer—Have you any corned beef? Grocer—Best kind, Mr. —; any thing else?

"Any canned tongue already boiled?" "Yes."

"Canned chicken, already cooked?" "Yes."

"Let's see. They don't put up broiled beefsteaks, do they?" "Oh, no."

"Nor roast beef?" "No."

"By the way, what are these; look like fried potatoes?" "That's what they are—Saratoga chips."

"Well, I'll take a bushel of them. Hello! What's that?" "Canned corned beef hash."

"Just the thing. 'Gimme a lot of it. Got any baked beans?" "Yes, Boston baked beans; three different brands."

"Let's see what else there is here. How are these used?" "Those are soup essences, and need nothing but thinning with hot water."

"Well, I'll try those, and throw in a lot of other things you think good, no matter what, only so they're cooked. I'm tired of starving."

"Is your mother sick, Mr. —?" "No, she's well, but I don't live with her now, I'm married."—Omaha World.

A Disgusted Speculator.

He was a man of some means, and was usually ready for a speculative venture.

"Do you want to buy some real estate?" asked a dealer of him the other day.

"Not much," he said, decisively. "Why not? There hasn't been a man in Washington who has invested, and lost anything on it."

"Ain't there? Well, look at me; I'm one."

"How?" "Five years ago I bought a nice lot in the cemetery, got married and settled down to house-keeping with my wife and her mother."

He stopped as if enough had been said. "Well," inquired the dealer, "what's that got to do with losing on the investment? You've got the lot, haven't you?"

"Yes, and that's were the bullet-hole is. The blamed lot has been lying idle ever since, and the old lady is growing fatter and sicker every year. No more real-estate investments for me at present, thank you," and he moved on.—Washington Critic.

The Population of Prussia.

Concerning the large and constant increase in the population of Germany in general, and that of Prussia in particular, the Royal Statistical Bureau gives the following figures for 1885: The total population on December 1, 1885, was 28,318,458. The births during the year numbered 1,064,400, the marriages 230,707, and the deaths 716,859. The natural increase, therefore, was 347,542, and the average number of births per 1,000 of population 37.6, of marriages, 16.4, and of deaths, 25.3. These figures, high as they are, as compared with those of England and Wales, show a surplus for the last-named country, whose population was 27,499,041, with 894,270 births, 197,745 marriages, and 322,750 deaths, making the actual increase per 1,000 in England (and Wales) 13.5, as against only 12.3 in Prussia.—Paris American Register.

Where He Was Great.

Miss Duffy: I hear that you are engaged to young Solder, the Plumber. Miss Duffy: It is a fact, Jane.

"It always struck me that he was a cold, callous creature."

"Well, Jane, I confess that he does not do very much cooking, but on billing he can not be surpassed."—Philadelphia Call.

According to the Belgian savant, Quetelet, a man attains his maximum weight about his fortieth year, and begins to lose it toward his sixtieth year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum weight until her fiftieth year. The weight of persons of the same age in different classes of society also differs. In the affluent classes the average maximum weight is 172 pounds, and it is attained at fifty years of age. In the artisan class it is 154 pounds, attained at forty. Among farm laborers it is 171 pounds, attained at sixty. In the general classes it is 164 pounds, and reached between forty and fifty years of age.

An absent-minded lad rushed into a telegraph office at Johnstown, Pa., recently, and grabbing his hat from his head as politely as he could hurry would permit, laid it on the counter and split through the door and out the gate. A few minutes later he came back, looking very crestfallen, laid a telegram on the counter, picked up his hat and hurried out before any one could speak to him.—Pittsburgh Post.

A footpad near South Prairie, W. T., held up a citizen the other evening about dusk, but before he could rifle the pockets of his victim some men came along. They caught the robber, stripped him to the waist, gave him a sound thrashing and advised him to leave, otherwise he would be hanged on the spot. He took the advice.

THE COST OF GIRLS.

New York Society Rosebuds at Fifteen Hundred Dollars Apiece.

"First tell me about clothes. I mean those dresses that are actually required by a girl who intends to go every where and look smart?"

"Well," said mamma, "I've not been extravagant with my girls, yet you know they have all been well dressed. This is the outfit I allow for the first winter, and I find the more attractive it is the sooner the girls get married. A cloth costume for the street, tailor made, with a toque to match, \$125. A silk and woolen dress for church and afternoon wear, including a jacket, \$140, and bonnet, \$18. A reception dress of dark velvet, trimmed with fur, with hat and muff, \$200. An evening costume of black silk and jet, with a mantelet and bonnet to match, \$200. A tea gown, \$75."

"Good heavens! you haven't mentioned ball gowns yet."

"I'm just going to. A simple gauze dinner or ball gown costs \$90. A more elaborate one of satin and tulle, \$125. And a third of very smart occasions, \$175. Two or three pairs of walking shoes at \$11, and say four pairs of slippers for \$7. Then gloves of all lengths, say costing from \$1.25 to \$5, and a variety of handkerchiefs, silk stockings, fans, ribbons, etc., which are dear to the girl's heart."

"But do you mean to say that all these things are necessary?"

"I should be sorry think that one of my girls had been without them," was the proud maternal reply.

"But can't you have these things made at home by clever maids?"

"No; I've tried that. A clever maid is very good later in the season to refresh her gowns, but the moment one of them learns enough to be valuable she sets up in business for herself, calls herself Mme. O'Brien and charges you worth prices."

"Can you give me any idea of what a debutante's tea costs?" I ventured to remark.

"Easily. First, 2,000 cards at \$1.50 a hundred. Johnson charges \$3 a hundred to deliver them. He charges \$25 an afternoon for calling carriages and other services at the door, which sum also includes the use of an awning and drugged on the sidewalk. The confectioner's bill for cakes, ices and so on is not much, say \$50, although some people attempt to serve an elaborate menu."

During all this talk I had been jotting down items, and now found myself confronted with a pretty array of figures, thus:

Table listing costs for various items: Cloth costume, \$125; Silk and woolen costume and bonnet, \$140; Velvet reception dress complete, \$200; Evening costume, \$200; Tea gown, \$75; A simple gauze dinner dress, \$90; A satin and tulle ball dress, \$125; A still better one, \$175; Soulekin sash, \$6; Gloves, stockings, shoes, etc., \$20; Sortie de bal, \$100; Tea, every thing included, \$150.

Grand total, \$1,696. "This is what I make it," said I, handing over the slip of paper. "Is that what it actually costs to bring out a girl?"

"Rather under than over the rule. And, mind you, this is only a beginning—the cost of the first step. If your girl develops a voice, or wants to play on the violin, or has sporting tastes, then come the teachers, the habits, the covert coats, ulsters, and I have usually given my girls saloon sashes, \$200, and a sortie de bal costs \$100."

"Well, good-day, Mrs. Bountiful. So sorry your daughter is not at home. I had no idea she was so expensive."

"Had you?—N. Y. Star.

GREEN BUT SMART.

How a Yankee Boy Secured a Position in a New York Store.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in this city, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosted the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know. What can you do?"

"Do?" said the man. "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I were to hire a man, it would be one who could lift well—a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store, and never lay it down."

"There—now, Cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift any thing I can hitch to. You can't suit me better. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant. "If you shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across the store twice, and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at a hundred dollars a month."

"Done!" said the stranger. And by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around, and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as if it was not extremely heavy, and, walking with it twice across the floor, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now! it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do, and a hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh; but the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept his agreement; and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

—Ballou's Monthly.

BOLIVIA'S PRESIDENT.

A Talk With an Intelligent South American Friend of the United States.

General Gregorio Pacheco, the President of Bolivia, may truly be called a public benefactor. He maintains two public free schools at Sucre at his personal expense. He has made gifts to the University. He has built at an expense of \$140,000 the first insane asylum ever established in the country and donated it to the State. What are most wanted in this country are lines of railway. I had the pleasure of having two interviews with the President. He received me most affably. We touched on the Antofagasta railway scheme. He expressed himself against that on account of Chile, and I asked why he was afraid of Chile. "You have," I continued, "powerful means at hand to protect yourselves, pour own people—I mean the Quichos. In the last war they took no part. They have no interest because they have no voice in the Government. Educate your Quichos, multiply your public schools, and you will build up a fortification unseen, but of the strongest kind, because founded on the advanced intelligence of your people." President Pacheco coincided with this way of looking at the subject, and said: "Any person or persons coming to us from your country with, or representing capital, or with the project to establish colonies of immigrants, shall receive from us not only protection, but land free and the most liberal concessions. We love the United States, and are anxious to be more closely connected with our big brother." Then I continued:

"Why not pick out a number of your most intelligent Quichos, send them to the United States, let them acquire a practical school education and return to form a heaven among their people. Thus you would in a few years strengthen yourselves in a marvelous manner." We also spoke about the silver question. A peculiar idea was advanced—that the United States, Mexico and Bolivia, being the three countries which produced the bulk of the silver, should form a pool, all the silver to be sent to the United States, and in order to encourage this that the export-duty should be remitted on all such bullion; that each country appoint commissioners to superintend the handling of the metal; that the proceeds of the sale be divided pro rata according to the amount sent by each country. The object of this plan would be the control of the silver market in America, in place of in London, and to maintain the price so that Europe would have to come to us to purchase.

—Bolivia Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

HONEST WRITERS.

The High Sense of Honor Cultivated by the Modern Newspaper Correspondents.

There is much more honor now among newspaper correspondents than there has been in the past, and the most prominent correspondents of the country have, weekly, intrusted to their secrets which would have a large money value as news, but which they, in honor, do not sell. They hear daily expressions of opinions which would ruin men who utter them if they were published, but are given in confidence and such confidence is seldom violated. No one understands the effect of a statement upon the character of the man interviewed better than the interviewer, and good correspondents often withhold sentiments expressed for publication out of regard for the future of the man interviewed. This, however, is a matter of mere friendship.

If a person talks for publication, the correspondent has a right to report him just as he talks, whether the words be says to be his political death-warrant or the magic sesame which opens the doors of the Presidential mansion. In reporting a private conversation, however, the correspondent has no right to use matter which he does not know will be acceptable to the man of whom he talks. If the correspondent is a well-known newspaper man the supposition is that every conversation he has in the line of his business, is intended for publication, and the public man should expect to see such a conversation reported in print without he makes a special request to the contrary.—Frank G. Carpenter, in N. Y. Journalist.

CHANCES IN LIFE.

An Optimistic View of the Opportunities of the Boy of To-day.

This is a good age to be born in; the infant of to-day whose life is prolonged to the allotted term will see more wonders than any of his predecessors have seen, and if the world continues to progress as fast as it has been progressing during the past seventy years the opportunities will be before him of a fortunate career. He will be in a larger sphere and under greater responsibilities, but the more that is required of him the stronger will be his power of achievement. Men always rise to the occasion. If any work is to be accomplished, somebody is sure to come forward and take it in hand. No matter how arduous the undertaking, if it is within the scope of human prowess its completion will not be suffered to fail. It may be hindered, thwarted, misdirected, but in the end it will be successful. Rivalry is the powerful motor by which great enterprises are impelled, and the zeal with which men are competing with others for the foremost places in the domain of industry and of art makes the contest for superiority intensely exciting. Every body wants to be in it; to stay out is to be lost sight of. And so year by year multitudes of new aspirants are entering the lists; the strife for position is increasing, and the results of the honorable emulation are exceedingly beneficial.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

The Best Things for Making the Little ones Happy and Contented.

The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. With children you must mix gentleness with firmness. "A man who is learning to play on a trumpet and a petted child are two very disagreeable companions." If a mother never has headaches through rebuking her little children, she shall have plenty of heartaches when they grow up.

At the same time a mother should not hamper her children with unnecessary, foolish restrictions. It is a great mistake to fancy that your boy is made of glass, and to be always telling him not to do this, and not to do that, for fear of his breaking himself. On the principle never to give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain, you should grant every request which is at all reasonable, and let him see that your denial of a thing is for his own good, and not simply to save trouble; but once having fully settled a thing, hold to it. Unless a child learns from the first that his mother's yes is yes, and her nay may, it will get into the habit of whining and endeavoring to coax her out of her refusal, and her authority will soon be gone.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing, it is for self-entertainment; with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom, and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" said a mother, with a sigh, one day in despair at her efforts. "Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does." "And how is that?" she asked, dolefully. "Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves—no matter how many servants she had—and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state, that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees and the butterflies, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor any thing so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep and being good." In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no fiery, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—Quaker.

OLD-TIME HEAD-GEAR.

A Crusade Against Feminine Toilet Extravagances in the Year 1581.

The present denunciation of the head-gear of women recalls one of the stories of the Huguenots in 1581. A distinguished Huguenot preacher of Montauban, Michel Bernault, denounced from his pulpit the fantastic and conspicuous head-dress of women, which was made of a frame wire in order to produce a greater effect. The ladies would not give up the fashion, and were excluded from the Lord's supper in consequence. In the midst of the trouble the family of Duplessis Moray arrived at Montauban. Mme. Moray was fashionable, pious and obstinate. Bernault refused to receive her at the communion service, and demanded that she should "remove her hair." She refused. She had worn the same style of head-dress for fifteen years, and in the chief churches of Germany, England and the Netherlands, and she would not change it. The Bible said nothing against wire, and moreover, it was dangerous for the pastor to teach the commandments of men for doctrines. The minister was also obstinate, and would not have her at the communion, so the lady went to a town three miles off, and kept her Easter week there the Huguenot minister did not think the fashion of head-gear was an essential of religion. In another case, M. de Ragier had a controversy with the high-born, pious Mme. de Lamy, on the subject of the farthingale or hoop-skirt. The lady valiantly defended her rights, but was forced at last to yield, and the farthingale disappeared for a time. These anecdotes are told in Prof. Baird's "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre."—Boston Post.

A Sensible Suggestion.

London Truth says the business of sending Christmas cards has assumed such proportions as to become a nuisance, and asks, "Why doesn't some enthusiastic newspaper proprietor start a special column in which people could wish their friends at Christmas the compliments of the season? It would be a source of profit to him, a saving of great expense to the advertisers, and a real blessing to their friends and the unfortunate postman. This would be the sort of thing: Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Fred Smith, Mr. Tom Smith, Mr. William Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Sarah Smith and Miss Jane Smith wish their friends the compliments of the season. No cards."