FAMILY MOURNING.

The Wearing of Black Apparel Not a Reliable Sign of Sorrow.

For one I believe that the custom of wearing mourning apparel in the way of a badge of sorrow and affliction is going out of use, and that the time will come—and possibly may not be far distant—when such a practice will have become obsolete. Various reasons may be offered why Christian people should discountenance such a custom altogether. It is said that in European countries black is employed generally, because it represents darkness, unto which death is like, as it is a privation of life. In China, on the contrary, white is used, because the people hope and believe their dead have gone to Heaven; the place of all-purity. In Egypt yellow is worn, because it represents the decaying of flowers and trees, which become yellow as they decay. In Ethiopia brown is used, since it denotes the color of the earth from whence we came and to which we return. In certain parts of Turkey blue is worn, because this color represents the sky, where the people trust their dead have gone; but in other portions of the empire blue and violet are adopted, since these colors, being a blending of black and blue, represent, from one point of view sorrow; from the other, hope. Now, in reality, to wear mourning signifies nothing and answers no valuable purpose. It is in truth no certain index to the state of the mind. To see an entire family clothed in black a person would naturally conclude that the family are true mourners, needing consolation in their sorrow. Yet what is the fact in a large majority of instances? Pope speaks of those who bear about the mockery of woe:

"To midnight dances and the public show."

And, alas! mourning apparel is but too often "the mockery of woe." The great expense incurred in providing mourning garments is also a consideration of weight which should not be overlooked. The clothing of an entire family, and especially where the family is large, in mourning garments is no trifling matter. Of course the wealthy and such as can afford the expense make no account of it, but to those who are poor or are in moderate circumstances it is a serious tax, and in fact proves nothing short of a most grievous pecuniary burden. And in many cases the custom of wearing mourning amounts to a prodigal waste of money. Many families are abundantly supplied with clothing, the wardrobe is filled with superfluous garments, and speedily, perhaps, the mourning apparel is laid aside so that it is the same as money thrown away. An estimate made of the amount of money expended in purchasing such apparel would astonish, I fancy, almost any community in the land. Besides, what is there in the good moral influence arising from such a custom to balance this vast expenditure?—*George Newell Lovejoy, in Good Housekeeping.*

ALL ABOUT GOLD.

Hints for Persons Who Are About to Purchase Mines in the Far West.

Auriferous gravels can of course only exist where auriferous quartz veins existed before them. Without a bank to draw upon in the first place, you can not possibly get your bullion. In California the materials that make up the gold-bearing gravel beds were washed down by streams and floods in the Pliocene period from the mountain tops above and deposited in the basins of ancient lakes and rivers now no more. But Pliocene gravel would, under natural circumstances, long since have been washed away. It has been preserved in California to the days of Bill Nye and Jones of Calaveras, by a peculiar accident which those amiable gentlemen would no doubt regard as "almost providential" for the mining interest. Toward the close of the genial Pliocene epoch, that usually well-conducted chain, the Sierra Nevada, suddenly burst forth "on the spree" into volcanic activity on a grand and generally Western American scale. Like the cowboys who "paint the town red" in their simple joy, it covered the auriferous gravels with showers of pumice, ashes and pebbles, and finally capped the entire mass with a broad sheet of solid basalt and lava. Not only did this great prehistoric eruption overwhelm the mastodons, Pliocene lamas and other extinct animals whose bones and teeth still pleasantly diversify the California diggings (giving incidental occasion to the celebrated society upon the Stanislaw), but it also buried beneath its ash and lava the famous and much-debated Cavaleras skull, which, if genuine, is the oldest fragment of a human body now known to exist anywhere. The capping of lava varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in thickness, and it has preserved from erosion the subjacent gravel which would otherwise have been swept away, and so rendered possible the very existence of the California diggings and the town of San Francisco.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

—A Fourth Warder, says the New York *Sun*, stopped a dignified man on the Bowery recently, saying: "Say, young feller, give me a light, will yer?" "I will give you a light," said the gentleman, "but I am not a young feller, and that is not the way to address me." The Fourth Warder got a light, and as he handed the cigar back, with his politest manner said: "Thank you, pop."

—The following sign adorns the front of a boot-blacking establishment on Blackstone street, Boston: "Pedal teguments artistically illuminated, lubricated and embellished for the infinitesimal compensation or remuneration of five cents per operation."

CARE OF THE SKIN.

A System of Diet and Exercise That Will Assure a Good Complexion.

Plenty of exercise, good, wholesome food, well digested, will do more for the complexion than all the toilet appliances in the world. Use the flesh brush with vigor, walk, ride, row, run, giving every muscle in the body something to do; eat beef, brown bread, cereals, fruit, vegetables and milk, and a good complexion must be the result.

Good, nourishing food must be eaten and well digested; the circulation equalized by plenty of exercise in the open air and frequent bathing. Each woman must be a law unto herself as to the number and temperature of the baths, as what strengthens and braces up one may be found to weaken and enervate another.

For those who have vitality enough to react, the cold sponge bath in the morning will be found a delightful tonic. Delicate women will find that by beginning them in the warm weather they will, in most cases, be able to continue during the entire year. A handful of sea salt dissolved in the water will do much to strengthen the weak chest or back. In many cases the hot bath at night quiets the nerves, refreshes the body, and induces sleep, but care should be taken not to remain in the water too long; otherwise it will be found debilitating.

Distilled water is, of course, the best, but as all can not—like Queen Victoria—afford so expensive a luxury, it will be found that clean rain water or any soft water will do nearly as well. Those who can not obtain either one of these may use a few drops of ammonia, which will make the hardest water soft and clean off all impurities. A box of powdered borax is also an indispensable article upon the toilet table; a pinch of this will soften the water and is said to whiten the skin.

Oat meal used externally and eaten frequently is very beneficial to the skin, as are also cracked wheat and other cereals. Put a handful of oat meal in a bowl and pour a cup of boiling water over it. When this is settled wash the hands and face in the starchy water that rises to the top of it. The continued use of this for a week and the wearing of gloves at night will soften and whiten the roughest and darkest skin.

Ladies with oily or greasy skins may use, sparingly, a few drops of camphor in the bath, or a few drops of diluted carbolic acid. The latter removes the odor of perspiration from the body and leaves a clean, wholesome smell. Care should be taken that it is not used too strong, as it is not only poisonous, but the odor is very offensive to some people. Borax and glycerine combined are used with good effect by some ladies, while thoroughly disagreeing with others. Glycerine alone softens and heals, but used too frequently will darken the skin and make it very sensitive; the borax obviates this and has a tendency to whiten.

To remove tan and sunburn use a preparation composed of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water, to which add the juice of two lemons after having strained it through fine muslin. More or less rose-water mey be used to make the preparation the required consistency, as it is rather disagreeable if sticky. Fresh freckles may frequently be removed by touching the discolorations with a tiny camel's hair brush dipped in lemon juice.

Finely powdered pumice-stone, which may be had at any druggist's, is very efficacious in removing all superfluous and roughened skin. Rub the hands and face thoroughly with it, dry, then wash off with tepid water and soap. The use of warm water is also very beneficial; some people go so far as to claim that the continued use of it will not only preserve the skin, but prevent wrinkles.

The proper toilet observances at night should be considered as a personal duty.—*Home Knowledge.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

The Delight Men Take in Relating the Story of Their Progress.

Man is made in the image of God, and his mind is peculiarly interested and impressed by this feature of the Divine handiwork. And when, on a far humbler scale, it characterizes his own works, he is greatly moved. Witness the delight of the school-boy when a handful of snow rolled patiently along the garden becomes a huge lump, taller than himself. Witness the satisfaction of some laborious writer, who for years upon years has been toiling at some dictionary, or a history of the world, or a philosophy of the universe, or some such task, and at last sees the slender first day's page multiplied into a work of a dozen enormous volumes. A successful man of the people who founded an institute in a provincial town in Scotland, placed in it a little green box, more interesting to him than to the public, because when he started in life it contained the whole of his earthly possessions. In the hall of a splendid mansion on the edge of Loch Lomond I have seen the picture of a little sailing vessel, which carried the owner and all his goods when he set out for the East to begin what proved a vast and most lucrative business. And how often at firesides, or dinner tables, in the course of friendly saunters by the way, do men who have acquired a position delight to rehearse the story of their progress; and how interested are most of us in hearing or reading how the gulf was spanned between the lawyer's first brief and the woolsack, or the doctor's first fee and the baronetcy, or, in the case of the American President, between the log cabin and the White House.—*Quiver.*

SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR.

The Power It May Exert Upon the Strength and Even Life of a Man.

One of the survivors of an early Polar expedition lately told an incident which illustrates the power which superstitious terrors may exert upon the strength and even life of a man. One of the strongest and most hopeful members of the expedition was a young Scotchman. The party was obliged to spend the second winter on the ice; the rations were low, and many of the men already had died of scurvy and cold.

C——, the Edinburgh man, though weak, was the life of the party. His joke and laugh never failed. One night, after they had shifted camp to a new place, he said: "I am sure to go back home. An old Gypsy read my fortune ten years ago. I am to die in Van Dieman's Land, and it's many a league from here to there."

"Not so far," said one of his companions. "The captain named this place 'Demon's Land' this morning. That is near enough for your purpose."

The Scotchman laughed uneasily. But from that moment he gave up all energy and hope. In twenty-four hours he was dead. Cold and hunger did their part. But it was fear that killed him at last.

Among the records of Washington's campaign of 1777, a well accredited story is told of a young English officer, Lord Percy, who served under Cornwallis. On riding to the crest of the hill which overlooked the Brandywine, he suddenly checked his horse and looked about him in silence for a few moments. He then said to a friend: "I dreamed of this place before I left England. I saw it all, in every detail. I shall die here." He called his servant, and gave him his money, watch and a message for his mother. He was one of the first men to fall in the engagement. The coincidence was singular. But when we consider that probably ninety men in every hundred go into a battle believing that they shall fall in it, the proof of the truth of presentiments is not established by one or two fulfilled premonitions.

No record is preserved of the cases in which a very strong presentiment is followed by events which bear no resemblance to those anticipated. These, nevertheless, constitute so large a proportion of the whole that when the matter is viewed merely as a problem of chances, it is extremely improbable that any particular presentiment will be fulfilled.—*Youth's Companion.*

ABOUT SPECTACLES.

People Not so Timid About Wearing Them as They Used to Be.

"I do not think that eye troubles are on the increase," said a dealer in optical goods, "although the demand for spectacles is greater in proportion than the growth of population. The reason for the increase is that people have less timidity about using spectacles. There is an impression, not yet effaced, that the use of spectacles once begun can never be laid aside. This is not true. The fact is that a person who really ought to use spectacles by putting off the adoption of them only necessitates the wearing of a higher number when he does put them on; whereas, if he had worn spectacles in time he might have so nursed his ocular strength as to discard them at pleasure, for a period at least."

"Are not eye-glasses very often worn when there is no real need for them?"

"Quite likely they are," replied the dealer, "but I notice that the sale of eye-glasses does not keep up in the same proportion as the sale of spectacles. The eye-glass mania seems to be dying out."

"Where are spectacles manufactured?"

"The frames are made in this country. Foreigners can not compete with us in making the frames. The pebbles are mostly ground abroad. Pebbles are also ground to order here in special cases."

"I would sooner sell one pair of spectacles to a man," added the dealer, "than half a dozen to a woman. A woman seems to be more anxious as to how she will look in the spectacles than how she will look through them, and seems to think we ought to have looking glasses here as big as those in the dry goods stores."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sharks in the Rhine.

In a bathing establishment in the Rhine at Wyhlen, near Basle, consternation was caused not very long ago by the capture of a shark of the species called spotted dogfish. Its presence in the peaceful waters of the Rhine was finally accounted for as follows: Years ago there was employed in the large chemical works of Wyhlen a gentleman who was greatly interested in zoological researches and to whom it occurred to try whether salt-water fish could not live in the salt springs of Wyhlen. He had a number of fish sent him from the zoological garden of Frankfort-on-the-Main, but the experiment proved a failure; most of the young fish died, and he finally threw the survivors into an outlet of the springs emptying into the Rhine. It seems that just there the conditions were favorable to the propagation of some of the fish. Already last May, a laborer while bathing was bitten in the leg by what he described as a large animal, but his story was not believed. Now, however, since the presence of sharks has been indubitably demonstrated, the authorities have warned the inhabitants of that region against bathing in the Rhine. The shark lived nearly a day after its capture, and was sent to the museum at Carlsruhe.—*Cologne Gazette.*

JUDGING AT SHOWS.

Views of a Writer Who Does Not Believe in Existing Methods.

I have never been able to see that justice would be done by a slavish adherence to the card, and unless it is to be strictly observed, it would be better to leave it alone except as a mere sailing chart, which a capable mariner would not frequently require to consult. The difficulty in apportioning values by a general standard of merit is manifest. If an animal is decidedly deficient in an important point, it should not be allowed a place among the winners at all, whereas it might happen, by a mere enumeration of the counts assigned upon the basis of an ideal standard of perfection, that it would come out at the top of the list.

Although I am of opinion that breeders and critics should alike exercise a little restraint in commenting upon the decisions of the judges as given under the present system, and in suggesting either incapacity or unfairness on their part, I am far, indeed, from considering that improvement in the method of adjudication is undesirable. It is a marvel to me that the mode of selecting and appointing judges has not long ago been reformed. When shows were established it was not remarkable that a defective plan was adopted, but why we should have gone on in these lines for a hundred years is incomprehensible. Could any thing be more ridiculous than what occurred in several classes at Reading recently? We are told that a Short-horn breeder and a Hereford breeder decided upon the merits of Short-horns and Herefords, and a Devon breeder and a Sussex breeder did the like service for Devons and Sussex. I have nothing whatever to say against the qualifications of the gentlemen whose names appear in the catalogue as regards their own variety of stock—some of them I know are very high—but I have yet to learn what special fitness they possess for determining nice points in character and form in the case of breeds they have never themselves owned or reared. What would a manufacturer, showing goods at the inventions exhibition, think if an expert in iron work were appointed to decide upon his ingeniously-designed articles of upholstery, or a rope and twine manufacturer on delicate specimens of textile fabrics.

It seems to me that there are only two intelligible systems of judging—one is for the society privately to select a jury of six or ten, or any number above the orthodox three, and let them arrange the order of merit. This is the happy family arrangement, a very pretty specimen of rural felicity. The other, and to my mind the practical and businesslike method, is to appoint a single expert judge. Most of the breeds have now specialist societies to look after their interests. Let them recommend a number of their most distinguished members to the agricultural societies as competent judges. The societies will be compelled to appoint one of the authorized judges, because if they do not their show can be boycotted. The name of the judge should be published when the schedules are sent out, and breeders would then be in a position to know whether it is worth while to exhibit under him. If a judge proves himself incompetent or displays partiality once, he is not likely to have an opportunity of exercising judicial functions again. The judge should be a man of sufficient intelligence to be able to draw up a detailed statement as to his work, and he should be obliged to deposit this written report with the secretary, so that exhibitors could have an opportunity of consulting it.

Against the adoption of some plan as this, for which I need hardly say I lay no claim to originality, there are no arguments except those of frivolity or sentiment. The show system has recently been compared to a "comic grammar," and as at present conducted it does not wholly escape from this reproach. The late secretary of the national society could say no better of the chief work of his institution than that it was throwing down money to be scrambled for. Now these are not times when agriculturists can waste money on "comic business" or undignified scrambling. The shows, I believe, are of very real value, and even under their present faulty management they have done more for agriculture than all the wasteful and abortive field experiments that ever were attempted. But the time has come for a change of method as regards judging, and also in other points, as to which I have not left myself room to write.—*British Live-Stock Journal.*

How Is Business?

To the question, "How's business?" the tailor answers: Sew, sew; the acrobat, jumping; the yachtsman, booming; the distiller, still; the baker, rising; the writing master, flourishing; the trial justice, fine; the apartment hotel keeper, flat; the weather bureau clerk, fluctuating; the plumber, piping; the gardener, springing up; the furniture teamster, on the move; the minister whose church is in debt, fair; the shoemaker, awl right, with an upper tendency; the rag gatherer, picking up; the hod carrier and the elevator boy, now up and now down; the undertaker, run into the ground; the doctor, recovering; the cobbler, on the mend; the astronomer, looking up; the cooper, (w)hooping her up; the aeronaut, going up; the diver, going down.—*Boston Courier.*

—About half the work of reclaiming the Potomac flats has been completed, and 375 acres have been evolved for the splendid new park that the flats are to furnish.

THE KISS IN HISTORY.

Curious Customs Obtaining in Many Portions of the Globe.

There was an old belief that unless a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas she would not be married during the ensuing year.

When Fox was contesting the hard-won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who voted for the great statesman.

In the ceremonial of betrothal a kiss has played an important part in several nations. A nuptial kiss in church, at the conclusion of the marriage service, is solemnly enjoined by the York Missal and the Sarum Manual.

The beautiful Lady Gordon, when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been sadly thinned by cruel Badajos and Salamanca, turned recruiting sergeant, and, to tempt the gallant lads, placed the recruiting shilling in her lips, whence each who would might take it with his own.

In Finland, according to Bayard Taylor, the women resent as an insult a salute upon the lips. A Finish matron, hearing of our English custom of kissing, declared that did her husband attempt such a liberty she would treat him with such a box on the ears that he should not readily forget.

In Wesley's journal, dated June 16, 1758, is given the following description of a duel between two officers at Limerick: "Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards, but Mr. J. said: 'No, six is enough.' So they kissed one another (poor farce!) and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

The Code of Justinian says "that if a man bothered a woman by a kiss and either party died before marriage the heirs were entitled to half the donations and the survivor to the other half; but if the contract was made without the solemn kiss, the whole of the espoused gifts must be restored to the donors and their heirs-at-law.

The Mohammedans, on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca, kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the kaaba. The Roman priest kisses the aspergillum, and Palm Sunday the palm. Kissing the Pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who, it is said, had mutilated his right hand, and was too vain to expose the stump.

In Iceland kissing had deterred penalties of great severity. For kissing another man's wife, with or without her consent, the punishment of exclusion, or its pecuniary equivalent, was awarded. A man rendered himself liable for kissing an unmarried woman under legal guardianship without her consent, and, if the lady consented, the law required that every kiss should be wiped out by a fine of three marks—equivalent to one hundred and forty ells of wadmal—a quantity sufficient to furnish a whole ship's crew with pilot jackets.

In Russia the Eastern salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes the other; chance acquaintances on meeting kiss; principals kiss their employes; the General kisses his officers; the officers kiss their soldiers; the Czar kisses his family, retinue, court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates, and a select party of private soldiers—probably elaborately prepared for this "royal salute." In other parts the poorest serf, meeting a high-born dame in the street, has but to say, "Christ is risen," and he will receive a kiss and the reply, "He has risen, truly."

Home, in his quaint old "Table-Book," gives an account of a curious old kissing festival held in Ireland: "Easter Monday several hundred young persons of the town and neighborhood of Potsferry, County Down, resort, dressed in their best, to a pleasant walk near the town, called 'The Waller.' The avowed object of each person is to see the fun, which consists in the men kissing the females without reserve, whether married or single. This mode of salutation is quite a matter of course; it is never taken amiss, nor with much show of coyness. The female must be ordinary indeed who returns home without having received at least a dozen hearty busses."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Beware of Old Corks.

"It is strange," said a physician the other day, "that in spite of the great interest taken nowadays in the purity of food and drink, no one has called attention to an abuse that is as dangerous as it is dirty. I refer to the second-hand cork business. Every intelligent person, every paper and the board of health should protest against it. Their use should be prohibited under all circumstances. Corks once used are not fit to cut-down, bleached or pressed and used a second time. They may be ever so well cleaned, the fermenting vegetations that get into the cracks and internal fissures, communicate decay, disease and death to liquids they are used to preserve. Corks that lie around for weeks among the filth and dirt of bar-rooms can not be purified. There are several firms in this city that do an extensive business among bottlers of light wines, weiss-beer brewers, sauce and patent medicine manufacturers in these second-hand corks, and the business should be suppressed."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—"My dear," said a very sick husband, "if I die will you see that my grave is kept green?" "Yes, John," was the sobbing reply. "You know how gladly I would do as much for you," he said. Then the lady dried her tears and the sick man got well.—*N. Y. Sun.*

KALAKAUA'S PALACE.

The Gorgeous Structure Erected by the Profligate Hawaiian Monarch.

The foundation stone of Iolani Palace was laid with full Masonic ceremonials (Kalakaua being a prominent Mason) on Queen Kapiolani's birthday, the last day in the year 1879. It stands on an immense block, close to the heart of the city, bounded by King, Richard and Likelike streets and Palace Walk. The palace itself covers an area of 140x120 feet, being thus nearly square. It consists of two stories and a basement. It has a large central tower and a smaller tower on each of the four corners. From the base to the top of the central tower it is 84 feet high. The original surmised cost was $50,000, but by 1880 $45,000 had been expended and a further appropriation of $80,000 was asked to complete it. Then its completion was promised for 1881, but at its opening in 1883 the whole affair was found to have cost $340,000. It is built of brick (cemented) from designs by Baker, remodeled by C. J. Wall, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented, while the interior is—well, an artistic surprise. In all there are forty rooms, and considering that all but those in the basement are seldom used, it will puzzle the reader to imagine what could be arranged in so many apartments. But the Hawaiian Kamehamehas were powerful and had many visitors, besides which Kalakaua himself has been almost round the globe, and the foundation of decorative orders brings about the promulgation of still more decorative gifts, so that Iolani Palace is literally loaded with curiosities, both novel and ornamental. The front or state entrance to the palace, which entrance is only used on very special occasions, is on King street, nearly opposite the Government buildings. Entering the palace this way, then, the visitor comes first of all to a very broad hall leading from this entrance, each side of the staircase, and then right through to the back or palace walk end of the building. The first room to the right of this hall is the throne room, and here is enough conglomeration of the barbaric and the modern to mystify the beholder. All round the walls are well executed portraits of the former Kings of Hawaii, and at the extreme end a portrait which both the King and Queen have often silently gazed upon. It is an oil painting of Kaahumanu, a wife of Kamehameha the Great, who after his death, became Prime Minister and was virtually monarch during the short reign of Kamehameha II. Perhaps Kapiolani objects to her name ("Captive of Heaven") as she looks on this savage dame's determined features and longs to emulate her. But her spouse knows that those despotic times have long since gone by. Here, also, are the marvelous royal feather robes, the gorgeousness of which no one can imagine. The robe used by Kalakaua, and exhibited in this throne room, is the identical *mamo* (mantle) worn by the great first Kamehameha. It is eleven feet in width and five feet in length, and made entirely of golden feathers from the Oo, or royal bird. Only two feathers are found (one under each wing) on each bird. As it takes a thousand feathers to make an ordinary necklace, what a vast quantity must this robe contain! And this is not only the collection of a lifetime, but the combination of the hoards of eight or ten successive chiefs. At the opening of Parliament this robe is spread upon the throne as symbolical of royalty, but at other times it is always kept over in the palace, and it is said that Kalakana was once discovered alone in the throne room with this robe around him gesticulating and voicing forth vowels to his ancestors like a child with a new toy. Kalakaua is now fifty-one years of age and has been drawing $25,000 a year since he started, besides extra money being paid his Queen, his and her staffs and their household expenses. Although the King has an interest in three saloons and has some good property in land, and certainly often helps some of his poor subjects, yet the mass of this wealth goes for the Poi feasts and Hula dances, in which his predecessors also reveled. Even when the white people are now invited, the old name of Luaa (native feast) is used, and the gyrations of the finger round the calabash of sticktaro form the principal event. Hula dances are even given in the palace grounds, but under great restrictions, and shorn, in the presence of Europeans, of their dominant features. See Kalakaua on a state occasion, and, fairly corpulent as he is, he seems hardly to have room to hold his medals and decorations—all one blaze of useless glitter. But creep down to the Union saloon early some evening. There you will see his Majesty King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands, sitting before a toddy, dressed in an old blue serge suit, with a cheap straw hat on the back of his head, and looking, ah! far happier, after all.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A little girl, who had been carefully trained by her mother, was being dressed for church Sunday. The gay gown had been put on and the little one surveyed herself with evident satisfaction. "Mamma," she said, "does God see every thing?" "Certainly, dear," said the mother. "Does he see me now?" "Why, yes," replied the astonished matron. "Well, then, He sees a pretty neat looking little girl, doesn't He, mamma?"—*Exchange.*

—Ned's father took him in bathing this week for the first time. Ned is four years old. Next day somebody asked him how he liked it. "Well," he said, "I liked it first rate, but I wish God would turn on the hot water faucet first."—*Somerville Journal.*