

A SOLDIER IN LUZON.

At the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the midnight sky, pecked thro' by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes. He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and, now, with a thro' of pain, He places his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

A pathway barred by shadows and shine, a glow in the golden West; A song in the rustling leaves overhead, as a blue bird hushes its nest; A slip of a girl in a muslin gown, a cadet in a coat of gray—

But the slim little hand he clasps in his is a half of the world away!

Thro' the vibrant hush of the starry night comes the life of a tropic climate, And under the breast of his khaki blouse the heart of the lad beats time. In a land where an endless summer reigns, he dreams of a June gone by— And a wandering wind steals into his tent, and carries away a sigh!

—National Magazine.

The Winged Death

I HAD been for some little time engaged, through a medical agency, in doing locum tenens work in different parts of England, when I received a summons by telegram to go and take temporary charge of a practice in the suburbs of Bradford. The address was that of a Dr. Wolford, who had died suddenly two days before, but beyond this I had no information. I was met at the Bradford Midland station by a surly-looking individual, who, saying that his name was Sugden, and that he was the late Dr. Wolford's dispenser, at once suggested that we should go and have a drink.

I looked sharply at the man, and what I saw prompted me to decline, on the plea that I must look after my luggage. I have formed the habit in dangerous one, by the way) of judging by first impressions, and already I knew that I should dislike this man. I concealed this feeling, however, and during the drive from the station endeavored to learn something about the manner of Dr. Wolford's death; but as I received only monosyllabic replies from my companion, I soon gave up the attempt at conversation.

On our arrival at the house I was at once shown into the dining room, where Mrs. Wolford was waiting to receive me.

"Oh, Dr. Meldrum," she cried, as she came forward to greet me, "you can't think how glad I am to see you. I've been counting the hours till you could be here."

The warmth of this welcome rather surprised me, but I murmured some suitable reply, and expressed my regret for the sad occurrence which had made my presence necessary. At the mention of her husband's name, Mrs. Wolford's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," she said simply; "it was sudden, and very, very cruel." And then, with a sudden, keen glance up into my face, she added: "Are you clever, Dr. Meldrum?—clever in your profession, I mean, because there is a problem in this house to be solved that will need a clever man. Oh, Dr. Meldrum, I wonder whether you know what it is to be without a friend whom you can trust?"

At this point she showed signs of breaking down altogether, but with a strong effort restrained herself.

"You wonder why I ask you these questions?" she went on. "You think me hysterical—but I'm not, doctor."

"No," said I, though in point of fact I did think so. "I recognize that you are anxious that your husband's practice should be in competent hands, and from what I have seen of the dispenser—"

She interrupted me with a gesture. "It's not that," she said, impatiently; and then, after a slight pause, "Mr. Meldrum, I'm afraid!"

"Afraid?" said I. "Of what?"

"Afraid for my boy's life—and my own."

The terror in her voice as she said these words was very real.

"Is your son ill?" I asked.

"Yes. Will you come and see him now? There is just time before dinner."

I expressed my readiness, and went upstairs to the boy's bedroom. On the way Mrs. Wolford explained that this was her only child, 10 years old; and added tearfully, that if she were to lose him too, as well as her husband, she should die. We found the boy sleeping quietly; without waking him I took his temperature, but found no indication of feverishness, and this, as I pointed out to his mother, was, in a child, a fairly conclusive proof that at present there was not much the matter.

"Thank heaven for that!" she said, earnestly.

"What do you fear?" said I.

There was a sound of some one opening and shutting the door of the room next to the one in which we were. The footsteps came along the passage and passed at our door. Instead of answering me, Mrs. Wolford, who seemed to be listening intently, wrote with her finger on the counterpane the one word, POISON.

Then we heard the footsteps pass on, and go down stairs.

"Come," said Mrs. Wolford, after a slight pause, "when you have washed we will go down to dinner. You must be hungry, and I just now heard Mr. Sugden leave his room, so he'll be waiting for us."

After my experience in the cab, I quite expected that the conversation at dinner would be mostly between Mrs. Wolford and myself; but in this I was

wrong, for Sugden, who in the presence of the lady seemed quite to have thrown off the eccentric moroseness of manner which I had put down to semi-intoxication, talked continuously and well, and proved himself an exceedingly interesting and well-informed companion—so long, that is, as Mrs. Wolford remained with us. As soon, however, as she had left the room his behavior underwent a complete change. He became sullen at once and did not trouble to observe even the ordinary courtesies of the dinner table for my benefit.

One incident I mention, because of its bearing on the tragedy which occurred later. There was a big Persian cat in the room, which Sugden seemed to take a strange delight in teasing to a point of fury. Finally, in its struggles to get away from his rough handling, the cat scratched his left thumb, deeply enough to draw a good deal of blood, and got a savage slap for doing it, and the dispenser got up and left me, slamming the door behind him as he went.

Hardly had he left the room when Mrs. Wolford returned, and in a low, frightened voice asked me to come at once and see her son.

"Certainly," said I; "but what is the matter?"

"He's in a fit of some sort. And, oh, Dr. Meldrum, I'm afraid—horribly afraid—of that sinister man."

His nurse was standing by the bedside as we entered the boy's bedroom, holding his hand and trying to keep him covered by the bedclothes, which in his convulsive movements he continually threw off. At our approach she made way for us, and went over to the fireplace. The first glance I took at my little patient told me that it was no trivial child's ailment that I had to treat; the muscles of his face were drawn and set, and his limbs were stretched out straight and rigid. I had hardly time to note these symptoms, however, before the paroxysm passed, and the boy lay panting and exhausted, and almost immediately dropped into a sound sleep.

"Send that woman away," I whispered to Mrs. Wolford.

"You can go to your supper, Jane," said the lady. "Dr. Meldrum and I will stay with Master Roland."

"Now," said I, when the nurse had gone, "how many of these attacks has he had?"

"Three, to-day. The first came on about 11 o'clock, just after he had had his lunch."

"What did he have?"

"Some strawberries, which I bought for him myself."

"No one could have tampered with them, I suppose?"

"Quite impossible," said Mrs. Wolford, decidedly. "I brought them straight up to this room, and he ate them about half an hour afterwards. I did not have occasion to leave the room in the interval, so that the fruit was in my sight the whole time until he had it."

"Strange!" said I. "What else has he had?"

"Nothing that I have not prepared for him with my own hands," replied Mrs. Wolford, emphatically; and then, with a little cry, "Haven't I told you that I too, suspected poison? Doctor, what is the poison?"

"Strychnine," I answered; "at least, I think so, but the symptoms are not absolutely characteristic. He has not had enough, fortunately, to be fatal, provided we can prevent him having any more. But tell me—what made you suspect poison?"

"Because," said Mrs. Wolford, "his father had a similar attack, though a much milder one, the night before he died."

"Yes! he died of heart disease—the doctors say so; but how am I to be sure that they are right? He was found dead in his study chair. No one saw him die; and there will be no inquest."

"But about your boy," said I; "why do you suspect Mr. Sugden of wishing him harm?"

At this question Mrs. Wolford, strangely enough, seemed to become confused. She hesitated, began sentences which she did not finish, and then, in a sort of defiant rush, gave me three or four very feminine and, to my mind, absolutely unconvincing reasons for thinking as she did. I was puzzled by this peculiar change in her manner. I said nothing, however, and a movement on the part of our patient put an end to what threatened to become an awkward silence. The boy was awake, and complained of thirst. His mother ran to a cupboard, and, opening it with a key which she took from her pocket, brought out a plate of calves-foot jelly.

"I made this myself, doctor," she declared, "and have kept it locked up, so it will be safe to give him it."

"There's a wasp having some of it, mummy," said the boy, and I was pleased to notice that the painful symptoms which had shown themselves before were now gone. The muscles of his face were still slightly drawn, but that was all. Mrs. Wolford took a spoon and knocked the wasp, together with the part of the jelly which it had attacked, into the fire, and then fed the boy with the remainder. After he had had it he went to sleep at once.

Presently Mrs. Wolford went away to prepare some more food to be ready for him when he should wake again, and I meanwhile undertook to stay with him. I was musing over the difficulties of this peculiar case, when I suddenly became aware of a buzzing sound in the room, which I presently traced to another wasp which had somehow found its way in.

Now, I have an intense dislike to wasps, so when after a few circuits of the room the insect found the remains of the jelly on the plate by the boy's bedside, and settled down to enjoy this, I killed it with a flick of my handkerchief. Hardly, however, had I done so when again I heard a buzzing, and it seemed to me that this time the sound came from behind a wardrobe in one corner; it was not continuous, but was intermittently sandwiched in between intervals of silence, as though another wasp were imprisoned there, and were making spasmodic efforts to get out. I went to reconnoiter, and presently the yellow insect crawled out, and, escaping the blow which I aimed at it, started in its turn to perform the irritatingly sonorous voyage of discovery round the room.

Then a strange thought struck me: Why should there be this succession of wasps coming thus mysteriously into a bedroom, long after the hour when these insects, in the ordinary course of things, would be abroad? And why? I looked at the jelly. The third wasp had already settled upon it. Great heavens! was this the clue for which I had been seeking?

I examined the wardrobe again. It concealed a door which communicated with the next room—Mr. Sugden's! My suspicions were being rapidly confirmed.

With a feeling almost of elation I took an empty tumbler and carefully inverted it over the jelly dish, imprisoning the busily feeding wasp. And then I rang the bell.

Mrs. Wolford answered the summons herself. I showed her the wasp, and explaining that I had formed a somewhat strange notion about it, asked her to stay with Ronald while I went to my room to test my theory.

Ten minutes later I was in Sugden's room. I went in without knocking, and taking no notice of his presence, walked straight up to the door of communication between his room and Ronald's, and examined it. Fixed in a corner of one of the panels, I found a funnel-shaped piece of tin. My hypothesis was almost proved now, for this plainly was the path by which the wasps had entered, and the analysis I had hurriedly made of the fragments of jelly told me only too clearly the murderous errand on which they had been sent.

A low, chuckling laugh behind me caused me to turn sharply round, and a cold shiver ran down my spine at what I saw. Sugden was covering me with a revolver, and the gleaming barrel was within six inches of my face!

"So, Dr. Meldrum," he began slowly, watching me the while with an evil, cat-like alertness, "you have been spying upon me? No, I wouldn't try a rush, if I were you; you might get hurt. This revolver is really loaded."

He spoke quietly, but there was a gleam in his eyes which I knew and feared, for I had seen it once before in a time of danger shining in the glances of a homicidal maniac.

"I must congratulate you, Dr. Meldrum," he went on, "upon your acumen, for I see you have suspected my little winged messengers of death. What, by the way, is the death which they carry? Did you find out? Strychnine—no, Dr. Meldrum, not that. It was something much more deadly than strychnine, though its effects are, I grant you, similar. What do you think of ptomaine—the poison that is bred of putrefaction? More artistic than your strychnine, I think, and infinitely more deadly; for I've improved on the book methods of preparation, I may tell you, and this little four-ounce jar (which contains merely a scientifically prepared putrefaction of a rabbit's brain) will kill you if you so much as dip a scratched finger into it."

He had laid down the revolver while he spoke, and I thought I saw my chance. With a quick movement I tried to grab it, but he was quicker; and almost before I had risen from my chair, the revolver was in his hand, and he had me covered again. But he had not expected that I would make the attempt, and the start which he gave caused him to spill his horrible liquid, which trickled slowly over his left hand, and fell in big, oily drops upon the floor.

"Too bad of you, Dr. Meldrum," he said, with mock chagrin, "to make me spill my elixir of death; before it has finished its work, too! Ah, well, it has not been altogether wasted, since one victim has fallen already by its means. You doubt me? I assure you I speak the truth—the late Dr. Wolford is my witness."

"You sneering fiend," I cried, in an access of hysterical fury, "you lie! He died of heart disease!"

"And shall I tell you why he died?" went on the maniac, with rising excitement. "I loved the woman he married; loved her for years; loved her long before he ever met her. She knew this, and she scorned me."

"And now, Dr. Meldrum, you have thought good to come in my way! Well, I have five shots in this pistol—one for you, one for the boy, one for the mother, the fourth for myself, and a fifth in reserve, in case any of the others should chance to miss. Shall I use them now? No, I'm in a quixotic mood to-night. I'll take you on level terms!"

With a wild laugh, he fired the five shots into the grate, and then, throwing the pistol to the floor, sprang tiger-like at my throat. He was a stronger man than I, and he bore me down; but, in a moment, even in the very act of his rush, an agony of terror seized him. His grasp on my throat relaxed, he gave a wild shriek of torment, and then his muscles quivered and stiffened, and his body bent backwards like a bow.

His own vile drug, stealing into his blood through the opening door left by the scratch of a tormented cat upon his thumb, had seized him in its cruel

grip; and before the servants, alarmed by the sound of the shots, had time to reach the room, he was lying before me dead, slain by the venom of his own brewing.—Waverley.

DOWNED BY BULLHEADS.

How a Bidding Statesman Was Retired to Private Life.

"I went into the legislature a dozen years ago by a rousing majority," said a western Michigan man the other evening in a Detroit hotel, "and all my political ambitions were aroused. I saw a United States senatorship, if not the presidency, ahead of me, and I went around stepping high. If anybody had told me that I would be drowned in a mudhole I should have had him locked up as a lunatic. It came to pass, though. They had the fish question up before the House and the bills made it unlawful to fish in inland lakes during certain months of the year. Among the lakes in my district was a mudhole affair covering about two acres and full of bullheads. Three different farms touched this pond and the fishing had always been free to other farmers."

"While the bill was hanging fire several farmers wrote me to have the pond exempted from the operations of the law, but I couldn't see it their way. I didn't care to get off my pedestal to wrestle with bullheads and frog ponds. It was included with the others when the bill passed and I heard no more about it until the session was over. Then an old farmer came to see me one day and said:

"Judge, is it true that you are going to run for the Senate?"

"I expect to," I replied.

"Well, I wouldn't if I was you. You beat us out of two months' fishin' for bullheads every year and we are going to down you. Bullheads is mighty good eatin' after you've been on salt pork for six months."

"I tried to laugh it off, but when he got ready to go he added: 'We ain't much on the declaration of independence down our way, Judge, but when it comes to bullheads we are ready to shed our last drop of blood.'"

"I got the nomination and planned the campaign," said the erstwhile politician, according to the Detroit Free Press, "but it wasn't long before I discovered that my old farmer had given me a pointer. Nothing I could say would appease the wrath of the bullheads and they gained such strength that when the polls were closed I was a beaten man by over 400 votes. It knocked the political ambition out of me and I have never recovered from the blow. I pass that mudhole occasionally in my drives and see old Josh sitting on a log and fishing away, and it cuts me up to think that while I was hunting for whales I was downed by bullheads."

REFORMING MEN'S DRESS.

Lord Ronald Gower Decries Silk Hats, Frock Coats, and Trousers.

Does the present day wearing apparel represent the maximum of comfort and warmth with the minimum of weight? In addition, is it the most becoming we can wear?

To these questions Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower gave the writer an emphatic negative.

"I have no wish to design a dress which shall be beautiful at the expense of utility, nor do I wish only one class of society to benefit," said Lord Gower. "With slight modifications the proposed reformed dress could be worn by all classes. It is only a question of material, not of cut."

"To begin at the top: The silk hat must go. I feel especially strongly about this article of head-dress. It is heavy, hideous, and unhealthy, and should be discarded in favor of a Hamburg, for instance, or a soft felt hat, something between a cavalier's and a New South Wales lancer's in shape."

"They say that the silk hat is the only one that can be worn with the frock coat."

"Granted; but why retain the frock coat? It suits very few men, and its length adds to the weight on the shoulders. Let the man who would dress sensibly dispense with tails and wear a rather short coat—not too abbreviated—in which I am sure he will look well and feel comfortable."

"My most radical recommendations apply to the nether garments. The ungraceful trousers should be replaced with close-fitting knee-breeches, coming below the knee and fastening with three buttons, and silk stockings and neat-buckled or laced shoes would complete a serviceable costume."

"As for the ladies, I cannot criticize their toilet. They always look charming."

Lord Ronald frankly admitted that he had not the courage to adopt his reformed costume at once. However, he has not worn a silk hat for years, the last occasion being a royal garden party.

"I don't think the present period is the ugliest in the history of man's dress," he admitted, "but that is not saying a great deal. In 1840, in my opinion, the high-water mark of downright ugliness was reached; but we are nearly as bad to-day."

"The only way to get a sensible style of dressing generally adopted," concluded Lord Ronald, "is to wear it in one's own home and among one's intimate friends. Then a body of us may visit a theater in reformed attire; but it will need a lot of courage."—London Mail.

The truly good young man doesn't accumulate a lot of letters and photographs for the purpose of making a bonfire the night before his wedding.

In some homes the management is so poor that the house should be known as a soup kitchen.

REVENGE OF LOVERS.

RIDICULOUS ESCAPADES OF REJECTED YOUNG MEN.

Foolish Freaks of Youths in Old England—One Disappointed Suitor Went to the Expense of "Burying" His Ex-Fiancee's Affections.

Whether the jilted lover feels that he has been made to look so very foolish that it really does not matter how much more foolish he shows himself to be, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that when he attempts "to get his own back," to use a vulgar phrase, he generally descends to a degree of ridiculousness difficult to exceed. Some of his foolish freaks are recounted by Tit-Bits. One said youth recently started and annoyed his erstwhile sweetheart and got himself into trouble with the law by chartering a small, but murderously inclined brass band to play the "Dead March" in "Saul" under the lady's window. This individual is not alone in the glory of his ridiculousness; indeed he was only modestly following in the footsteps of another young man who had been similarly rejected. The latter young man took revenge upon his rejecter by giving her "constancy" a stately funeral, very much to the amusement of the good folks residing in his town. He caused a death notice to be inserted in the proper columns of all the local newspapers announcing that the love and constancy of the young lady had succumbed to an attack of another young man on a certain date. Then he actually went to the expense of "burying" his ex-fiancee's affections.

At noon one day a band of some eight or ten instruments drew up in front of the young lady's house, and was promptly followed by a closed hearse and a single coach. Alighting quickly from the coach the young man of misapplied originality ran quickly up the steps of the lady's house, and immediately returned, pretending to bear some heavy object reverentially on the palms of his hands. This imaginary something was run into the hearse and the funeral cortege started to wend its way slowly through the streets towards the cemetery, led by the band playing the "Dead March," and with the addle-headed young man as sole mourner. Needless to say, the procession caused a good deal of sensation in the town, and by the time it had walked around the boundary wall of the cemetery it was the chief topic of local chatter, and every one knew what was the meaning of it. A few days later there was very nearly a genuine funeral, for the young lady's new lover met the old lover in the street, with a decided advantage in favor of the former. A black eye and a badly swollen mouth, to say nothing of a bump on the back of his head, caused by contact with the curb, must have impressed the young man that he had gone to the expense of a funeral for nothing.

A provincial tradesman may be said to owe the flourishing condition of his business to having been jilted by his heart's choice, and taking revenge in a manner which made him the talk of his town, not a large one, by the way. After an engagement lasting the better part of two years the young woman jilted her lover for a handsomer and more prosperous tradesman from a neighboring town. Hardly were the words of rejection cold on her lips than he set to the work of taking satisfaction for the affront. He shut up his shop and announced his death as having taken place on account of Miss ———'s heartless conduct to him. He had cards printed repeating the sad announcement, and these he sent round to all the young woman's friends and his customers, and he advertised in the local paper that his funeral would take place on a certain date. On the day appointed, however, he placarded his shop with a highly colored notice to the effect that "the cause of all his troubles" had proved to be unworthy to die for, and that he had consequently decided to live and "resume his business on Monday next." By this time, of course, the affair was known to the whole town, and when the shop opened on the all-important Monday there was a crowd of customers waiting.

WASTE COAL ON RAILROADS.

It Is a Big Problem for the Transportation Companies.

Excepting wages paid to locomotive men, the largest single expense in the operation of the Wisconsin Central railway is for locomotive fuel, which costs the company half a million dollars yearly. In other words, the company pays \$500,000 a year for the heat to make the steam to run its locomotives. This fact, among others, has led the company to issue a set of special instructions to engineers and firemen on economy in fuel. The action is a forerunner of similar proceedings by other Chicago roads.

The question of fuel—quantity, character and use—is becoming a most serious one with all railroads. It never was a trivial question. Even in the days of wastefulness when wood was consumed, the master mechanics had much to trouble them. But the subject has become in more than a joking sense a "burning" question and radical reforms are now in progress on Western roads.

A fireman is now warned that he can do nothing that will so effectually make steam, save coal and lighten his labor as to keep his bed of fire in such condition that the air has always easy access through it to the fresh coal he puts on the fire. About 300 cubic feet of air must pass through the engine fire to give the best results from the burning of each pound of coal put upon it.

Shovels such as locomotives are generally provided with hold, when ordi-

narily full, fourteen pounds of coal. When an engine is in need of a "fire," sometimes four shovelfuls will be scattered over the surface of the fire. Four shovelfuls of coal weigh fifty-six pounds, and this quantity placed on the fire lasts about three minutes when the engine is in action. In order to properly consume this amount of coal 10,000 cubic feet of air, or eight box cars full, must pass through the fire in three minutes to burn the coal so that it will produce the greatest amount of heat.

The old theory of engine firing presumed that the fireman had a great deal of time to sit upon his cab seat, let a silk handkerchief flutter from his throat and wink at every pretty farmer's daughter he saw. This is the new rule.

"It is doubtful if climbing upon the seatbox for a short sitting after each 'fire' is really as restful as some men imagine. Evidently a man does a great deal of extra work when, in climbing up and down off the seatbox, he lifts and lowers his body two or three feet 200 or 300 times a day."

The "popping" of an engine, a sound extremely offensive to people when the machine is in a city, is the blowing off of surplus steam through the safety valve. The sound generally indicates that a poor engineer and an incompetent fireman are in charge of the engine. It has been found that the waste of steam usually when an engine "pops" or blows off surplus steam is equal to the loss of about eight pounds of coal—half a shovelful, or at the rate of a shovelful a minute. Safety valves usually remain open about half a minute, when they are raised by surplus pressure, and the loss of heat in the escaping steam equals every second that derived from the burning a quarter of a pound of coal.

In a little book issued by the Wisconsin Central to its firemen and engine men engineers are particularly instructed as to the cause of boiler explosions. Both wrought iron and steel boiler plates rapidly weaken when heated hotter than about 400 degrees. This is the temperature of steam at 235 pounds pressure. It is known that there is no weakening of the strength of the boiler plates at this temperature; the weakening begins after the heat is heated over 400 degrees. When 1,000 degrees hot the strength is reduced 80 per cent, or four-fifths. Water covering completely the heating surface of a boiler prevents overheating, says the Black Diamond. But with a hot fire and a bare crown sheet probably ten or twenty seconds would give time to heat the metal to a temperature at which its strength would be weakened enough to give way beneath the heavy pressure upon it, for with 150 pounds working pressure there is over ten tons of pressure on each square foot of the crown sheet. Most explosions occur this way.

LEVELING TENDENCIES.

Members of the English Aristocracy Have Gone Into Trade.

Americans cannot lay claim to being the only people who now take the sensible view that no man is degraded by engaging in a lawful business. England is coming round to the same way of thinking. It is the aristocrats now who serve many of the retail buyers with groceries, vegetables, coal and other necessities of life.

Lord Hampden is said to supply the best cream cheese, and his carts, filled with all the fresh dairy produce of his farm in Sussex, go daily on their West End routes.

Lord Londonderry will deliver half a ton of coal with promptness. A grandson of William IV. prefers a more retiring method of meeting the demands of his customers. Through the medium of the post he sends out his packets of tea all over the country.

Among the smaller shop-owners who belong to the old aristocratic families of England is Lord Harrington, who opened a shop a few years ago on his London property, that he might sell fruit and vegetables grown at Elvaston Castle. The late Lord Winchelsea was the pioneer of the fresh vegetable crusade which started the shop in Long-acre, where all kinds of British farm produce may be bought at the lowest prices.

Lord Portscouth has gone into the mineral water trade, a bottling establishment for which he has started. The restaurant business seems in high favor. Mr. Alky Burke was one of the first of the "upper ten" to put his energies into the management of a restaurant. He succeeded in making fashionable the restaurant known as Willis' Rooms. Two other young men of gentle birth have gone into the hotel business. These are the half-brother of Lord Trevor and Mr. Mostyn, of the family of Lord Vaux of Harrowden. They have opened a hotel at a new watering place.

Although the interest in millinery shops owned and managed by society women has somewhat abated, this field of trade has found new workers. A man well known in society is the latest milliner. He has taken a shop in Bond street, a short distance from one over the door of which is painted "The Countess of Warwick," and under the name of Camille he successfully carries on his business.—Youth's Companion.

Number of Ill Days.

Between 21 and 30 a man is ill five and a half days a year on an average, and between 30 and 40 seven days. In the next ten years he loses eleven days annually, and between 50 and 60 twenty days.—New York Herald.

Nine people out of ten, when they cannot think of anything else for a Christmas present, buy two handkerchiefs.

Ever notice how, in winter, you become sick for a brass band?