

East Oregon Herald.

RUENS, OREGON.

A CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

Midnight Conversation Between a Fashionable Wife and Her Democratic Husband.

Mrs. Thompson—Are you asleep, Mr. T.?

Mr. Thompson (hesitatingly)—No, no.

Mrs. T.—Prof. Caugnet's bill for Arabella's first quarter—

Mr. T.—Humph! How dear?

Mrs. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.

Mr. T.—The dear—deuce, I mean! It's the first I heard of it!

Mrs. T.—O, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.

Mr. T.—You told me awhile ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and you said very well.

Mr. T.—And on the strength of that you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!

Mrs. T.—I've heard that before.

Mr. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.

Mrs. T.—It isn't the piano; it's the violin.

Mr. T.—Violin!!!

Mrs. T. (calmly)—Yes; don't rouse the household. The piano is so very common.

Mr. T.—Indeed!

Mrs. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, either or banjo.

Mr. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.

Mrs. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabella's arm is so lovely. I decided in favor of the violin.

Mr. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.

Mrs. T.—Oh, you don't understand.

Mr. T.—No; I only pry.

Mrs. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—

Mr. T.—I don't know when we're off—

Mrs. T.—I really think you might increase Howard's allowance.

Mr. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.

Mrs. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.

Mr. T.—O, has it?

Mrs. T.—But this summer he wants to play polo at Newport.

Mr. T.—O, does he?

Mrs. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.

Mr. T.—Oh, is he?

Mrs. T.—And he wants his own ponies.

Mr. T.—O, does he?

Mrs. T.—I think (sob) you are very neglectful of the way (sob) you have neglected (sob) the education (sob) of your children.

Mr. T.—I don't see as if I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.

Mrs. T. (still tearful)—Well, what can you expect?

Mr. T.—I wasn't brought up so. I worked hard for my daily bread.

Mrs. T.—You hadn't a rich father.

Mr. T.—(with grim humor)—That's so! Perhaps it isn't their fault.

Mrs. T.—You see the children have got to live up to their station.

Mr. T.—Humph!

Mrs. T.—A sort of *noblesse oblige*.

Mr. T.—Back to English, my dear, I catch your meaning quicker.

Mrs. T.—And Howard is sure to marry splendidly. He is so handsome.

Mr. T. (accidentally)—Yes—a chip of the old block.

Mrs. T.—There is no doubt that Clara Knickerbocker is greatly taken with him.

Mr. T.—If he might do so.

Mrs. T.—Worse indeed! Why, they're one of the oldest families, and rich into the bargain.

Mr. T.—Quite a rare combination.

Mrs. T.—Arabella's prospects are not quite so flattering. The dear girl is so fastidious.

Mr. T.—Belle is a little fool.

Mrs. T.—Why, how can you say so.

Mr. T.—Because it is so. Fastidious, indeed! Do you know the way she judges a young man?

Mrs. T.—I know that her standard is very high.

Mr. T.—Is it? Well, at the Lawrence dance the other night, young Brown took her down to supper—a nicely young fellow—

Mr. T.—But hardly Arabella's.

Mrs. T.—And when I asked her at breakfast how she liked him, she said, "Pretty well, but O, Papa, did you notice he put his napkin on both knees?"

Mrs. T.—She is so ultra-refined.

Mr. T.—Ultra-fiddlisticks! Another young man wears ill-fitting gloves, a third let his hair grow in an ugly way at the back of his neck, and so on—

Mrs. T.—My dear, you don't understand girls.

Mr. T.—My dear, I don't want to.

Mrs. T.—You ought to be very proud of Arabella.

Mr. T.—I am—she has a lovely arm.

Mrs. T.—And to strive to establish her well in life—

Mr. T.—What shall I do? Advise for one who wears his napkin over a knee only, whose gloves are made of order, and—

Mrs. T.—He awake half the night, plotting and planning for my children, while you snore serenely on.

Mr. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

Mrs. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—*Philo's H. Wick in Puck.*

VISITING THE CONVICTS.

Pathetic Scenes Witnessed Nearly Every Day at Sag-Island.

An old Irish woman, her face covered with wrinkles, tottered into the room. She was accompanied by a young woman carrying a baby, with a little child walking by her side. They seated themselves on one of the benches, and soon a tall fellow entered and approaching the old woman he scooped over and kissed her. She partly arose from her seat and putting her hand on the man's shoulder said: "Ah, my boy!" Then she began to cry, an rolling her handkerchief into a ball, mopped her eyes with it from time to time. The man turned to the younger woman, who was his sister, and, indifferent to his mother's sorrow, began laughing and talking and playing with the children. He took the baby in his arms and kissed it while it crowded over him and poked its little fingers into his eyes.

On another bench in one corner sat a plump-looking Irish girl with a pretty face. She was not alone long for soon a convict peered sheepishly through the doorway, and recognizing her advanced awkwardly to her side. There was a resounding kiss, and the two sat down and talked cheerfully together. There was not a vestige of sorrow between them, notwithstanding they were both very young and only married a short time before their misfortune overtook them. There is no time to indulge in sorrow in a meeting of thirty minutes' duration once in two months. They have only time to talk and hope, and so they talked.

On the same bench there sat a group which ordinarily should be beyond a thought of hope. There were two women, the oldest the mother of two convicts, the youngest the wife of one. Both the young appeared together and smilingly and affectionately received the greetings that awaited them. They were the two Kahout brothers who were some time ago convicted of arson and sentenced to confinement in the State prison for life. The oldest is only twenty-seven and the youngest twenty-five, and both have nothing before them but a long waste of years. Yet the thirty minutes allowed was spent in the most cheerful conversation, and the eyes of all gleamed happily when the moment for the parting kiss arrived.

A certain convict, considerably above the ordinary grade, was visited by his wife, who was richly, though modestly, dressed. She was accompanied by their little girl. In such cases the warden supplies the man with a blue blouse to conceal the prison garb, believing that it does no harm to shield a sensitive man from unnecessary mortification, while the sensibilities of little children advancing toward a reasoning age are thereby spared disagreeable impressions and memories in years to come. The convict entered and affectionately kissed his wife and child, with whom he conversed throughout the thirty minutes to which they are limited on such occasions. At last the moment for parting came. As he moved away the little girl held of his hand, looked at her mother, then at her father and asked: "Papa, when are you coming home?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Monster Universal Lathe.

One of the finest and most powerful tools that mechanical science has ever achieved has just been finished at Mulhouse for the French navy. It is a two-carriage universal lathe which is a complete machine shop in itself, being capable of performing the most varied operations—such as mortising, shaping, boring and molding—with the most perfect accuracy. It is wonderfully adapted to the delicate and complicated working of pieces for armor-plating turbines of heavy apparatus, of cast iron, of cranked shafts, of pistons, etc., for modern war vessels, and it handles and shapes immense masses of steel almost as skillfully as a carpenter carves small blocks of wood. Its weight is more than three hundred and forty tons, and it is driven by an engine of twenty-five horse-power. Comparison of this tool with one of seventy-six tons, which was a mechanical marvel some twenty-five years ago, gives a striking illustration of the almost incredible progress of our generation.—*National Labor Tribune.*

The Federal Supreme Court.

Every thing about the S. prem Court is impressive and awe-inspiring. The semi-circular chamber, with its six columns of mottled Patmos marble, its half-domed roof, lighted by skylights, and the rich upholstery of the sofas arranged upon the sides for the accommodation of spectators, recall historic scenes, glorified as they are, viewed through the dim mist of time, and its walls seem ready to echo the voices of the past. The appearance and bearing of the nine elderly gentlemen who sit in a row upon the raised platform behind a long desk, clothed in their black silk robes, the absolute silence enjoined upon all not having to address the court, and the subdued monotones in which the business is transacted make one feel that here at least are gravity and atention befitting the dignity of a great Government.—*American Magazine.*

Falklons, or sentences that spell the same backwards or forwards, are becoming popular again. Some have been published recently in the *Americian*. Two good ones came through the *New York Graphic*. One, referring to Cerebus, is: "Dog, as a defiled devil, lived defiled as a god." The other is: "Eve damned Eden, mad Eve." Both of these are new and good. A Massachusetts editor recently got the craze, and after returning from a poor theatrical performance perpetrated this: "Stars, rats!"—*Baltimore American.*

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made of sixty grains of sugar of lead, sixty grains of sulphur, a little glycerine and water, with a drop or two of perfume. The sulphur gradually combines with the lead, forming a brownish sulphide of lead, which slowly attacks the hair—slow in action, but sure in its use.

A recent analysis of a popular hair "renewer" shows that it was made