

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

BY BONA NAUBETTE CAREY.

Author of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Queen's Whim," "The Search of Bunt Lyndhurst."

CHAPTER XXXI.—A CALAMITOUS.

About three weeks after my mistress's visit something very terrible happened. I wish the history of that day would get itself told without the pain of telling it. My life has been a happy one, thank God! I have been "led by paths that I have not known," but even now I never look back upon that day without a shudder. Oh, Reggie, my darling! But God was good to us, and the danger passed; still, it will be only in Heaven that we shall bear to look back on past perils without dimness of eyes and falling of heart.

I had never left Rolf alone with the children for a moment since Judson had told me of his mischievous propensities. I had grown fond of Rolf, and he was certainly very much improved; but I always felt he was not to be trusted, and either Hannah or I kept a strict guard over him. He was never permitted to enter the nursery in the morning; if we went out, he joined us, as a matter of course; but more than once when he begged for admittance I had refused it decidedly. Hannah was always busy in the morning, and the children for an hour, and if there were time I liked to take Joyce to her lessons, or to set her some baby task of needle-work, and Rolf always made her so rough.

On a rainy afternoon or in the evening she would be allowed to romp with Rolf, and they always played together on the beach. Rolf was more in his element out-of-doors. Judson had been very unwell for some days; she was a sickly sort of body, and was often ailing; but just then she had a threatening of quinsy, and seemed very feverish and suffering.

Her room was close to the nursery, and it was only sheer humanity for Hannah or myself to go in now and then and see what we could do for her. I had got it into my head that she was somewhat neglected by the other servants. I know Gay thought so, for she asked me to do what I could for her.

She had been ordered some linseed poultices that morning, and Mrs. Markham had come up to the nursery, and asked me very civilly if I would apply them, as the upper house-maid was away, and Susan was very clumsy and helpless.

"I will stay with the children," she said, quite graciously, for her "Aunt Hannah is here." And as I knew Rolf and Hannah in the garden with his aunt, I could not find a loop-hole for excuse. I do not think I was wrong now, for how could I have refused such a request? But the Fates were against me. That is a foolish and untrue expression, but I will let it stand.

The poultices were far from hot, and poor Judson, who seemed in great pain, and very nervous about herself, begged me to go down to the housekeeper's room and make some more. "It is no use Susan making them, and Mrs. Rumble is always so busy," she whispered; "do go yourself, Miss Fenton, and then I shall be more sure of hot ones."

The housekeeper's room lay at the end of a long passage leading from the hall, shut in with red baize doors. These swinging doors deadened sound, and that was why I did not hear Rolf come in from the garden and scamper up stairs.

The front-door bell rang immediately afterward, and some visitors were asked into the drawing-room. I knew Gay was about the premises, and the idea never crossed my mind that Mrs. Markham would desert her post and leave the three children alone in the nursery; but I heard afterward that this was the case. An old Indian friend had called, and Mrs. Markham had desired Rolf to summon Hannah from the night nursery; but Rolf, who was seldom obedient to his mother, had simply ignored the order.

I was some little time in the housekeeper's room. The kettle did not boil, and I was compelled to wait. I was rather impatient at the delay. As I stood talking to Mrs. Rumble I saw Mr. Hawtry ride up to the front door.

I succeeded at last in making the poultices. Judson was very grateful to me, and thanked me warmly as I put them on. I had just covered her over comfortably, and taken from her the red woolen shawl in which she had wrapped herself, when a sudden report, as though from a toy cannon, and then a piercing scream from the nursery, made me start as though I had been shot, for the scream was from Joyce.

The next instant I was in the nursery; but, oh, merciful heavens! the sight that met my eyes. Hannah had just opened the door. Rolf and Joyce were huddled together on the window seat, beside themselves with terror, and there stood Reggie in the middle of the room, with his pinafore and white frock in flames! I must have uttered a scream that roused the house, and that it seemed to me as though I knew nothing, and felt nothing except the smarting pains in my arm and shoulder. I had thrown the child on the floor and covered him with my body, and the woolen shawl was between us, and I was crushing the dear life almost out of him with that terrible pressure.

I seemed to know instinctively that nothing else could save him. Happily, I wore a stuff dress, for there was no rug or carpet in the nursery, and, with the open door and windows, another moment would have been too late. I could hear Reggie's piteous cries, but I dare not release him; I must crush and smother the flames. There was the terrible smell of burning, the singeing of stuff, a sudden uproar round me, confused voices and exclamations. I seemed to hear Gay's voice crying, "Oh, Merle! will you smother the child?" And then strong arms lifted me off Reggie, and I knew it was Mr. Hawtry; no one else could have done it. His grasp gave me intense agony, and I tried to free myself.

"Let me go! I must see if he is hurt." But Gay had him already in her lap, and I knelt down beside her and examined him carefully.

His frock and pinafore were hanging in blackened shreds around him, but there was only a large hole burned in his flannel petticoat, and one of his dear little legs was scorched; not a curl of his hair was singed, and only one hand had sustained a slight injury. They said there were bruises on him that I had caused by my violence, but that was all. Mrs. Markham assured me; there were tears in her eyes, and her face was as white as death as she said:

"The little fellow will soon be all right," observed Mr. Hawtry, kindly; "he has been frightened and hurt; that makes him cry so. But now it is time your wound should be dressed. Miss Fenton."

I looked at him, as though I failed to comprehend his meaning, but he pointed to my arms with such a piteous expression on his face that I looked, too. My sleeves were hanging in shreds like Reggie's frock, and there were large burns on each arm; my right shoulder felt painful, too; a faint, sickening sensation seemed creeping over me. I must have got my arms under him, or I should not have been so badly burned, and some of my hair was singed. When Gay touched me gently I shuddered with pain, and they all looked at me very gravely.

"We must have Dr. Staples, Roger," observed Mrs. Markham; "her arms must be properly dressed."

"I will go for him at once," returned Mr. Hawtry, "but I advise you to give her a little wine or brandy; she looks faint with pain." And then he went away, and we could hear him galloping down the avenue and along the road.

I drank what they gave me, but I refused to lie down until Reggie had been undressed. I would not be persuaded without the evidence of my own eyes that he had sustained no serious injury. I suppose his scorched leg pained him, for he still cried incessantly, and beat us off, in his usual fashion; but when Hannah had dressed him in his nice clean frock, he grew pacified at the sight of his blue ribbons, and only said, "Poor, poor," as he pointed to me. He wanted to come on my lap, but when I tried to take him I turned so faint that Gay looked frightened and snatched him away.

"I wanted to know what had become of Rolf, but Mrs. Markham said, sternly, and her lips were still very pale, that she had sent him to his room. 'Tell me how it happened, Joyce,' she continued, drawing the child to her. 'I told Rolf to fetch Hannah. Did she not come to you?'"

"Rolf didn't fetch her, Aunt Adda; he said he was a big boy, and would take care of us. Poor Rolf did not mean to be naughty, did he, nurse?"

"He must be severely punished for his disobedience, he has nearly killed your little brother, Joyce. Tell me what Rolf did after that."

"He asked me if I would not like to see his dear little cannon that went pop when he told it," went on Joyce, looking extremely frightened. "I did not know cannons were wicked things, and I said yes; and Rolf showed us the cannon, and told us to get out of the way, for it would kill us dead, and I ran, and baby clapped his hands and ran the wrong way, and Rolf had fire in his hand, like Hannah lights the candles with, and baby's pinafore got on fire, and I screamed as hard as I could for nurse."

It must have been just as Joyce said, for the toy cannon was on the floor, and a box of matches beside it. Probably Rolf had set off Reggie beside him, and had thrown the lighted match aside in his excitement. Mrs. Markham sighed deeply as she listened. She had sustained a severe shock; her face looked very dark and rigid as she left the room. I was afraid she meant to punish Rolf severely, and begged Gay to follow her and plead for mercy.

"Rolf has had a fright that will last him for life; his terror has been punishment enough." But Gay shook her head.

"It is no use interfering with Adelaide; she will take her own way. I am sorry for Rolf; but he deserves any punishment he gets. Reggie would have been burned to death but for your presence of mind, Merle; none of us could have reached the nursery in time. Mr. Hawtry said so at once."

Reggie burned to death! and then my mistress would have died, too; she could not have survived the horror of that shock. I begged Gay faintly not to say such things; the bare mention of it turned me sick. I suppose she was alarmed by my ghastly look, for she kissed me, and said, soothingly, that I must not distress myself so; we could only be thankful that Reggie was safe.

Dr. Staples came soon after that. He was a benevolent-looking old man, and was very kind and gentle. He said one of my arms, the left one, was severely burned, and that it would be some little time before it was healed. "These things depend a great deal on the constitution; but you seem strong and healthy, Miss Fenton, so I hope you will soon be right again; but you must not expect to lose the scars."

I was sorry to hear that, for I knew the scars would remind me of a terrible hour in my life. The dressing was very painful, and when it was finished I was compelled to follow Dr. Staples' advice and go to bed. I was suffering from the shock, and I knew my arms would be useless to me for a week to come. I felt shaken and sick, and unable to bear the childish voices.

Gay followed me into the night nursery, and gave me all the help she could, and she did not leave me until my head was on the lavender-scented pillow. In spite of pain and dizziness, it was nice to lie there and hear the birds twittering under the eaves and the bees humming about the flowers, and to look out on the sunshine and feel a great mercy had been vouchsafed to me, that I had not been suffered to fall in the hour of peril.

Gay hung up her cage of canaries in the window, to divert my mind, and laid a bunch of dark clove carnations, with a late rose or two among them, on the quilt.

"Mr. Hawtry is still here, Merle; he is very anxious to know if you are in less pain, and whether there is anything he can do for you. He seems quite grieved because Dr. Staples says your arm is badly burned."

I sent a civil message of thanks to Mr. Hawtry, and then I detained Gay a moment.

"Miss Gay, you must write to Mr. Morton yourself. I have promised your sister to tell her everything; but it will shock her too much, and I think Mr. Morton should know first."

"Gay looked distressed.

"Need we tell them, Merle? Violet is not at all well; Aleck said so in his letter this morning. Scotland does not seem to suit her, and he thinks they will soon come home."

"And they have not been away a month yet," I observed, regretfully; "not more than three weeks and two days; and Mr. Morton is so fond of Scotland."

"Aleck thinks more of Vi than deer-stalking. If she be not well, he will bring her home without a word of grumbling. In some respects Aleck is a very good husband. Why need we say anything about the accident, Merle? Reggie is scarcely hurt at all; his scorched leg will soon get right."

"It is not fair to keep everything from them. I promised I would tell everything; and my mistress must know I am invalided and cannot do my duty."

"You need not fret about that," she returned, cheerfully. "Susan shall help Hannah, and I will be here as much as possible. I am a famous nurse. We will

make Mrs. Rumble wait on Judson. Very well, Merle. I will write to Aleck; but I would much rather not."

That forgotten poor Judson, but I did not forget Rolf; I asked several times after him, but Gay had not seen him. Rolf was in disgrace, and a close prisoner to his room. He had his dinner sent up to him; but Adelaide was lying down in her own room all the afternoon with a bad headache, and, as Rolf communicated with hers, no one could visit him unperceived.

I wondered if Mrs. Markham's eyes were at last opened to the danger of Rolf's disobedience and her own faulty management. She was to blame as much as the child. She had given me her word to remain in the nursery, and no visitors should have tempted her from her post. It was no surprise to me to hear she was ill with worry; her conscience must have reproached her for her breach of trust. If Reggie had been killed, his death would have been owing to her carelessness. Later on in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, Gay came to me for a minute with a plate of fine fruit in her hand. They had tempted me all day long with delicacies, but I had felt too ill to eat. The fruit just suited me, for I was feverish with pain.

"Adelaide has just come down-stairs," she said, with a droll little laugh. "Mr. Rossiter had heard of the accident, and had dropped in to inquire, so father kept him to dinner. When Adelaide heard that, she came down as soon as possible; and there she sits, looking like a ghost, until Mr. Rossiter takes his departure."

"And Rolf?"

"Oh, I suppose Rolf is asleep," she returned, carelessly; and as she was evidently in a hurry to return to the drawing-room, I would not keep her; but as soon as she had closed the door a sudden idea came into my head. I would go and see Rolf myself; I was not easy with him. I knew his mother could be too severe even with her idolized boy on occasions, but I never could bear a child to be long unhappy. I rose very quietly, so as not to disturb the children, and threw on my dressing-gown. I was rather afraid my white face and bandaged arms would frighten Rolf, until I remembered it was dusk, and he could not see me distinctly.

Mrs. Markham's suite of rooms lay in the west corridor. I knew no one would be about; poor Judson was in bed; so I reached Rolf's room without interruption. I thought I heard him sobbing softly to himself as I opened the door. When I spoke to him, making my way through the summer twilight to his little bed, he started up and held out his arms.

"Oh, Fenny, is that really you, dear Fenny? Do come close and let me feel you. I have been thinking of such horrid things."

I told him gently that I was in great pain, and that he must not touch me, but that I would sit down for a little while beside him and talk to him.

"But I may hold your hand?" he pleaded. "Is your hand burned, too, Fenny, or don't you like to touch me because I am such a wicked boy, as mother says, and very nearly killed poor little Reggie?"

My heart melted at his piteous tone, and I stooped over him and kissed his hot face. "You may hold my hand, Rolf, dear, if you like; it is only my arms that are hurt; there, we are comfortable now. Tell me, have you had a very miserable day?"

"Oh, so miserable!" and there were tears in Rolf's eyes. "Mother has been so angry; she shut me up in this room, though it was such a fine day, and would not let anyone speak to me; and I could not get her to answer, although I said over and over again that I was sorry, and would not have hurt Reggie for the world; he is such a dear little fellow, you know. Oh! I am so fond of him. But mother said no, she would not listen; I had disobeyed her, and nearly killed Reggie, and that Aunt Violet would never speak to me again."

"Oh, yes, she will, Rolf!"

"But if Reggie had been really burned, you know, and here Rolf shivered; his hand was quite cold, though his face was burning. He was a nervous, excitable child, and no doubt this long summer's day had been a martyrdom to him. He had conjured up all sorts of horrible fancies to haunt his dreams. Yes, he had been sufficiently punished, I was sure of that.

"Tell me how it happened, dear," I said, quietly.

"I was firing my cannon to please Joyce. I know mother told me never to take it in the nursery, and that she did not like my lighting it unless Judson had the match-box, but I forgot."

"Did you really forget, Rolf?"

"Yes, really! I never do remember things, you know. I was only thinking how Joyce would scream when the cannon popped. I told them to get out of the way, only Reggie, poor little fellow! ran against me and knocked the match out of my hand—it was alright, you know—and then Joyce did scream, and—" but here Rolf buried his head in the pillow; the recollection was evidently too painful.

"You will all hate me," he sobbed, "because I nearly killed Reggie—you and Aunt Violet; and I do love Aunt Violet, because she is so pretty."

"No one will hate you, my poor child; we are only sorry that the son of a brave soldier like Colonel Markham should be such a coward as to disobey his mother. You mother told you to fetch Hannah. Did you forget that, too, Rolf?"

"No," in a conscience-stricken voice, "I did not forget, Fenny, but I thought it would be fun to take care of the children."

"But it was disobedience, Rolf, just as much as your coming into the nursery at that time you took advantage of my absence first, and then of your mother's. I think a brave soldier like your father would call that cowardly. Now, I want you to listen to a story about the bravest boy of whom I ever heard." And as I stroked his rough hair, I told him the story of Casabianca and the burning ship.

(To be Continued.)

The Sailing of the Pan-Americans.

NEW YORK, May 5.—Among the passengers on the steamship La Normandie, which sailed for Havre today, were Roque Saenz-Pena, one of the most popular of the Pan-American party, and his wife. On Mr. Saenz-Pena's return to Buenos Ayres he will assume his new portfolio in the cabinet of President Celina. Among other Pan-Americans who sailed were Senator M. Quintan, Judge Jose Alfonso and his son from Chili, Dr. J. F. L. Mendoza and Senor Gonzalo de Quisida.

LABOR NOTES.

What is the Farmers' Alliance?

In an address to the farmers of the Northwest, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, State Lecturer of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance, says:

The Alliance is an association of farmers. It is national in its character—having branches in many States. It is not a secret society. It has neither grip, password nor oath; therefore there need be no religious scruple on the part of anyone, about joining it. Its meetings are open.

The Alliance is not a political organization. It does not interfere with the political affiliations of its members. It raises no question as to whether a man is a Republican, a Democrat or a Prohibitionist. It knows that there are good men in all these parties, and some mean men among the leaders of each. The rogues do not all think alike on questions of statemanship, any more than they do on matters of religion; but they have a happy faculty, nevertheless, of combining against the honest man in a way which is instantaneous and startling.

The Alliance, therefore, while it does not propose to start a new party, or (except in a somewhat desperate extremity of public affairs, which is not likely to) New recruits are being taken in at every meeting of the alliance in J town-ship, Seward county.

The Farmers' alliance of Platte county has decided to hold a county convention some time during June.

The farmers' alliances and Knights of Labor of Furnas county have invited ex-Senator Van Wyck to name a date when he can speak at Arapahoe.

The alliance of Berlin, Otter county, has organized an elevator, stock yard and lumber company. It will be known as the Berlin stock yard, elevator and lumber company, and will be located 100 feet north of the depot.

The Chadron alliance held a meeting Saturday and received a number of new members. Alliances have been organized in Dawes county at Crawford, Whitney and Chadron with a total membership of two hundred and fifty.

The farmers of Nebraska have at last begun to realize that "in union there is strength," and that in order to accomplish something they must all work together, says the Leigh World. The fact that all over the state they are organizing is a hopeful sign, and there can be no doubt of their meeting with success in the end. Organize!

Says the McCook Tribune: There is an unprecedented demand for farms to rent which will be promptly recognized arise to put a State ticket in the field; and while it thinks that its members can do more good by remaining in their respective party organizations, and trying to purify and control them, in the interest of the people, nevertheless it does not shrink back from the ballot box or try to politically emasculate its members. It believes that it is the duty of the farmers, who constitute a large majority of the population, and of the taxpayers of the State, to work together to secure good laws for themselves, and the rest of the people. And it knows it can only do this by electing honest and to do this there must be concerted action; and to secure this there must be organization; and there is no organization that proposes or attempts to do this work, but the Farmers' Alliance.

The alliance meets at Wabash every Saturday afternoon.

An effort is being made to start an alliance store at Riverton.

The next meeting of the Pender alliance will be held May 10.

The Farmer's alliance at Bee has decided to put up a hall of its own.

A farmer's alliance has been organized at Spring Creek, Dawes county.

The alliance of Verdon proposes to buy an organ for use in their meetings.

An alliance was organized at the Hoffen school house near Rulo last week.

Harmony alliance, Phelps county will hold a largely attended meeting Tuesday.

The Farmer's alliance of Sparta, Knox county, meets regularly every Saturday.

An alliance was organized last week at the Pulver school house in Kearney county.

Notice is given that there will be a meeting of the Phelps county alliance at the court house in Holdrege Saturday, May 3, at 1 p. m. Each sub-alliance is requested to send one delegate for each ten members. All committees appointed by the sub-alliance to meet May 1 will meet May 3 with the county alliance.

An alliance will be started at Norden as soon as the papers arrive, says the Borealis. That is right, and every farmer in the west end should join, and see if by consolidated work desired ends may be reached that will benefit the farmer. Organize! That's the word.

As one of the most favorable indications of the times, the rent asked is generally one-third the crop, and on basis the demand is in excess of the supply.

Four lodges of the Farmers' alliance have organized a joint stock company with a capital stock of \$12,000 and propose to establish a grain, stock, implement and general merchandise business at Pleasanton, in Buffalo county.



GORMANDIZING.

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects.

If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the Pellets with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. Unlike other blood-purifiers, it operates equally well at any season of the year. It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion. On the contrary, it retards fermentation and promotes all the digestive and assimilative processes. It is as wonderful and peculiar in curative results as in its chemical composition. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Newspapers of the World.

A large number of statistics have been collected in connection with the Paris Exhibition, and of these probably the most interesting are those which deal with the total number of journals published in the whole world. They have been collected by La Nature.

The facts given show that Germany has the honor of publishing the largest number of periodicals in Europe, these numbering 5,500, of which 800 are dailies. Journals devoted to special religious dogmas, creeds and scientific theories abound more in this than in any other country. The oldest German journal is the Frankford Gazette des Postes, founded in 1616; the most widely circulated, the Berliner Tagelatt, issues but 55,000 copies.

After Germany comes England, which publishes over 3,000 newspapers, 800 of which are dailies. France follows with a nearly equal number, of which only a quarter are dailies, bi-weeklies, or tri-weeklies. Italy holds the fourth rank by publishing 1,400 journals, 200 of which appear at Rome, 140 at Milan, 120 at Naples, 94 at Turin and 70 at Florence. Of these 170 are dailies. In Austria-Hungary there are 1,200 journals of which 150 are dailies. So far as other countries are concerned, Spain follows with 850 and Russia with 800, 200 of the latter appearing at St. Petersburg and 75 at Moscow. In Greece journals are proportionately numerous, every little market town and village having one. Athens publishes 54, all of which are dailies. In Switzerland there are 450 journals published, and Belgium and Holland furnish an almost equal number. In Sweden, Norway and Portugal journalism is but little cultivated, while in Turkey it is quite active. In all, Europe is credited with over 20,000 journals.

Turning to Asia, the figures show that here no fewer than 3,000 newspapers are issued, most of which appear in Japan and the British Indies. China is very poorly supplied, having but the King-Pan (official journal of Peking), which issues three editions a day on papers of different colors, and one journal at Shanghai and one in Corea. Japan, on the other hand, publishes 1,500 journals. Africa makes out a very poor show, having but 200 newspapers, thirty of which are published in Egypt and the rest in European colonies.

America has a large share of representation in the world's press, the United States alone issuing 12,500 papers, 1,000 of which are dailies. In Canada 700 journals are published, most of which are French. Besides Mexico and Brazil, in which quite a number of papers are published, it may be stated that the Argentine Republic has sixty journals, all of which are English.

Charles Colby, the new president of the Canadian Privy Council, was born in the United States.

HARMONIC TUNE REVEALER!

The most wonderful self-teacher of the ages. Tune taught in a few hours. Note reading, Harmony and thorough Bass especially made easy. Space will permit a full description of that the system teaches. If you have an instrument, you need not the system. No trouble to answer questions. Teachers and testimonials free. Address: AGENTS WANTED. MacMaster & Co., Belleville, Kansas.

V. N. U. YORK, N. Y.

The Jersey Lily.

Mrs. Langtry wanted always a great deal of attention, but her manners were so gracious that there was a sort of competition behind the counter who should do her bidding. The only time I ever personally encountered Mrs. Langtry shopping she was buying silk stockings in light evening shades, and was the only woman on a sweltering June afternoon who looked as if she had her temper or her temperature at all under control. She wore white and the flowers in her belt showed no signs of drooping. She had secured the best saleswoman in the department for her attendant, and before she matched the color of her evening costume she had interested the buyers on either side of her in her hunt for a peculiar shade of, I think, blue. To one young girl with a bluish rose complexion she made a direct appeal, and when she rose from her seat—sitting is more social than standing, while shopping—the young girl and her mother and everybody within noticing distance felt somehow that the Lily was a very delightful sort of woman and that they really must go to see her play. This sort of advertising must have had an influence on the receipts in a quiet but effective way.—Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Care of the Hair.

Of nothing is a woman prouder than of her fine growth of luxuriant hair. It may be the silken chestnut brown, the bright golden strands or the shining black tresses. Some tell us not to wash the hair, as it makes it dry and harsh. I can hardly imagine a thing more horrible than a dirty head. By all means cleanse the scalp; give it a good shampoo, not every day, but about once a week. Every night, before retiring, the hair should be taken down and carefully brushed from ten to fifteen minutes with a stiff brush, and should then be braided. To soften and beautify the hair, beat up the whites of four eggs into a froth and rub it in thoroughly, close to the roots of the hair. Leave it to dry on. Then wash the head and hair clean with a mixture of equal parts of rum and rose water. A large black rubber comb should be used in preference to all others.—New York Star.

A Driving Business.

"I understand you are prospering, Fom."

"Yes, I am doing a driving business."

"What is it?"

"Running a dray."—Arcola Record.