

had a dreamy realization of what was who was called in Dr. Clayton's stead often as I look upon it, I see again the and more than once hinted of continued little gleeful girl, my "Georgia rose," heavity, citiug similar cases which had who for a brief space dwelt within her tome under his observation; but in spite fair Southern home, and was then transnorning, awoke from a refreshing sleep, with perfectly restored faculties. At first, all which deck the fields of heaven, I thought I was alone, for there was a keep silence in the room, and from the hall below I distinctly heard the ticking of the clock, reminding me of the time, rears ago, when once before I had hovrred between life and death. Now, as then, I experienced the delicious feeling of returning health, but I missed the familiar faces of my friends, and as I thought how far I was from home and all who loved me, I said aloud, "I am alone, alone."

"Not alone, Rosa, for I am with you," answered a deep voice near; and the next moment the dark form of Richard Delafield bent over me.

Eagerly scanning my face, he said, "D you know me?"

"Yes," I answered. "Mr. Delafield. Then as a dim remembrance of the past came over me, I lifted my head and look ed round the room for one who I knew had not long since been there.

Divining my thought, he said very gently, as if the announcement would of course give me pain, "He is not here, Rosa. He was obliged to go home; but I dare say he will soon return; meantime I will take care of you. Don't feel so badly," he continued, as tears of genuine joy at Dr. Clayton's absence gathered in my eyes.

I could not tell him the truth; and when I spoke it was to ask him concerning my illness. After telling me all that he thought proper, he took the letter from his pocket, and said, "Dr. Clayton left this for you. Have you strength to read it now?'

"Yes, yes," I replied, eagerly, at the same time stretching out my hand to take It.

There was a blur upon my eyes as read, and I pitied Dr. Clayton, who had thus laid bare to me his wretchedness, but mingled with this was a feeling of re lief to know that I was free. He told me what he had written to Mr. Delafield, and when I came to that portion of the letter. I involuntarily uttered an exclamation of delight, while I glanced timidly toward him. But he made no sign. The letter which would have explained all was safely lodged behind the bureau. and with a gloomy brow he watched me

CHAPTER XXII. It was early morning. The windows neath the tall magnolia. Then he told f my room were open, admitting the me how she had stood like a ministerresh, cool air, which had been purified ing spirit by the rude couch of the poor y one of those terrific thunder storms Africans, who with their dying breath to common in a southern clime. For had blessed her, calling her "the Angel hany weeks I had lain there in a state of of The Pines." From her head he himinconsciousness, save at intervals when self had shorn her beautiful shining curis, one of which he gave to me, and which ranspiring around me. The physician I prize as my most precious treasure; for if his opinion, I, that bright August planted to her native soil, where now she blooms, the fairest, sweetest flower of

The shock of her death very naturally retarded my recovery, and for many weeks more I was confined to my room. About the middle of October, Charlie, whose coming I had long expected, arrived, bringing to me the sad news that death had again entered our household, that by my father's and Jamie's grave was another mound, and at home another vacant chair, that of my aged grandmother, whose illness, he said, had preventd him from coming to me sooner, add

ing further that they had purposely Lept her sickness from me, fearing the effect it might have. Of Dr. Clayton he could ell me but little. He had not visited Sunny Bank at all; but immediately after is return to Boston he had written to hem, saying I was out of danger, and 'harlie must go for me as soon as the

atense heat of summer was over. This vas all they knew, though with woman's ady tact, both my mother and my sisers conjectured that something was

vrong, and Charlie's first question after elling me what he did, was to inquire into the existing state of affairs between me and the doctor, and if it were my illness alone which had deferred the marriage. "Don't ask me now," I replied, "not

intil we are far from here, and then I

will tell you all." This silenced Charlie, and once when Mr. Delafield questioned him concerning Dr. Clayton, and why he, too, did not ome for me, he replied evasively, but in a manner calculated still further to misad Mr. Delafield, who had no suspicion of the truth, though he fancied there

vas something wrong. One day Charlie, with his usual abruptness, said to me, 'Rosa, why didn't you fall in love with Mr. Delafield? I should much rather ave him than a widower?"

The hot blood rushed to my cheeks as replied quickly, "He is engaged to Miss Montrose. They were to have been mar-ried this fall, Mrs. Lansing said, but the marriage is, 'I presume, deferred on account of their recent affliction. At least, I hear nothing said of it."

"If I am any judge of human nature," returned Charlie, "Mr. Delafield cares far more for you than for Miss Monwhile I read, interpreting my emotions | trose, even if they are engaged. But a naturally sup- then you are poor. that, I suppose, makes the difference.' I knew Mr. Delafield too well to sus pect him of mercenary motives in marry pression of his face contempt for one ing Ada, and so I said, "He loved her, who had presumed to love him, and burst- of course, and it was natural that he ing into tears, I cried and laughed alter- should, for though she had some faults, nately, while he tried to soothe me; but he probably saw in her enough good to At last the morning dawned on which I was to say good-by to the scenes 1 away-I was better without him than loved so well. I was to leave the "sunwith him," I said, "and he would oblige ny South," with its dark evergreens, its flowering vines, its balmy air. I was to

about to remove when they were surprised at the unexpected appearance of Mr.

Delafield, who could not resist the strong desire which he felt to stand once more in the room where Ross had spent so many weary weeks. For a moment the blacks suspended their employment, and then Linda, who seemed to be leading, took hold of the bureau, giving one end of it a shove toward the center of the The movement dislodged the longlost letter, which, covered with dirt and cobwebs, fell upon the floor at her feet. She was the same woman who, weeks before, had careleasly knocked off the letter, which she now picked up and handed to Mr. Delafield. saying, as she wiped off the dirt, "It must have leid thar a heap of a while, and now I think on't, 'pears like ever so long ago, when I was breshin' the bureau, I hearn somethin' drap, but I couldn't find nothin'. and it must have been this."

Glancing at the superscription, and recognizing the handwriting of Dr. Clayton, Mr. Delafield broke the seal, and read. From black to white-from white to red-from red to speckled-and from speckled back again to its natural color. grew his face as he proceeded, while his eyes grew so dazzlingly bright with the intensity of his feelings that the negroes, who watched him, whispered among themselves that he "must be gwine stark mad."

His active, quick-seeing mind took in the meaning of each sentence, and even before he had finished the letter he understood everything just as it was-why Rosa had appeared so strangely when she read Dr. Clayton's letter to herself, and realized perfectly what her feelings must have been as day after day went by and he still "made no sign."

"But she is mine now, thank heaven. and nothing shall take her from me," he exclaimed aloud, unmindful of the presnce of the negroes, who, confirmed in their impression of his insanity, looked curiously after him as he went down the stairs, down the walk, and out into the street, proceeding with rapid strides toward the depot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Delafield's great object now was to reach Charleston before the boat in which Rosa was to sail should leave the landing. Suddenly he remembered that the express train left Augusta about four o'clock p. m. It was now ten, and he could easily reach it in time for the cars, provided there had been no change in the time table. To ascertain this, there fore, he hastened to the depot, where, to his dismay, he learned that the train left Augusta at two.

But with him to will was to do. Fly ing rather than walking back to his iouse, he called out Bill, his coachman. startling him with the inquiry as to whether it would be possible, with his best horses-a span of beautiful dappled grays, which were valued at a thousand dollars-to drive to Augusta in less than four hours.

Besides being naturally lazy and unwilling for exertion of any kind, Bill was also remarkably tender of said grays, who were his pride, and whom he had named Fred and Ferd. On hearing his master's inquiry, therefore, he looked perfectly aghast, and diving both hands into his matted wool, by way of illustra-tion undoubtedly, replied, "Mighty tough scratchin', I can tell you mars'r. Them ponies hain't been driv, only what I've exclused 'em for health, for better'n a month, and to run 'em as I'd hey to run em, would kill 'em stone dead. No, mars'r, can't think on't for a minit;" and as if this were conclusive, and his word the law, Bill stuffed his hands into his bagging trousers, and was walking quietly away, when Mr. Delafield stopped him, saying, "I shall try it at all events. So get out the carriage immediately, and mind you are not over five minutes doing it. Ask some one to help you if necessary. Ho, Jack!" he called to a tagged mulatto boy who was doing nothing, and bade him assist Bill in harnessing

the bureau, the latter of which they were you get along dar, I say? An' you Fred, wake up yer bones to de merits of de Clise.

But if in this way he thought to deceive the resolute man inside he was mistaken. Perceiving that their speed was considerably slackened, and hearing Bill lon 'ly reproach the horses for their luziness, Mr. Delafield softly opened the carriage door, and leaning out, learned the cause of the delay. Bolt upright upon the box, with his erawny feet firmly braced against the dashboard so as to give him more power, sat Bill, clutching the reins with might and main, for the horses' mettle was up, and it required his entire strength to keep them from running furiously. All this time, too, the cunning negro kept chiding them for

their indolence in moving so slowly. "Bill," said Mr. Delafield, sterniy, "stop the carriage instantly. I under stand your tricks, and for the rest of the way I shall drive myself."

Rolling his eyes wildly in their sockets, the crestfallen Bill folded his arms and resigned the horses to their fate, saying mentally, "I shall wear mournin' for 'em, I shall, and he may help hisself."

Over rough and stony places, over smooth and sandy roads, over hills, over plains, through the woods, through the swamps, and through the winding valleys, on they sped like lightning, the excited horses covered with foam, their driver silent and determined, while poor Bill, with the perspiration streaming down his shining face, kept up a continued expostulation, "Now, mars'r, stop 'em 'fore dey draps down dead. Look at de white specks al over Ferd's backhe'll never stan' it. You kills 'em sartin, and dar goes a thousand dollars smack

(To be continued.)

nn' clean.

CANNOT FIND ITS SPECIES.

Singular Animal Brought from the East Indies Puzzles Naturalists. A very fine example of the binturong (arctictis binturong) has just been received at the zoological gardens and placed in the small mammal-house, says the London Standard. This curious animal is a native of the East Indles, ranging from Assam southward through Siam and the Malay peninsula to Sumatra and Java. A large specimen will measure about five feet in total length, of which the tail counts for nearly a half. The long, coarse hair is black, but there is a gray wash on the head and forelimbs and there is a little white over the eyes and on the throat; the ears are short and carry long tufts of hair. Its English book name, "bear cat," is modeled on its generic appellation and records the difficulty early naturalists experienced in ascertaining the animal's true place in their schemes of classification.

Although it was at one time placed with the bears, it is now regarded as closely allied to the palm olvets. In matters of diet the binturong is not hard to please. When opportunity serves it will take small mammals, birds, insects and worms. When these cannot be secured it will support it self on fruits, and in captivity it wil. take fruit of all kinds readily. The



A Camuy Housewife. Make special provision for the "always-borrowing and never-returning" brush handy, and your good brush noexperience that borrewed napkins never come home, loan the ragged ones nicely ironed, so the holes do not shew when folded, or buy a new, cheap set, and always keep them ready. "She" can't object to them so long as they are new, and you will soon save their price by not having your best ones lost or used as jelly strainers. (Neighbors sometimes do these things.) A cracked lamp chimney is just as good to loan. and will probably come home in as good condition as would any other. If you have an old carpet stretcher that you never think of using, don't throw it away; it will be convenient for the "lady next door" in the spring and autumn. Give one of the boys the tack hammer to keep, then when it is asked for of course you do not know where it is. (Caution-Be sure to keep the boy where you can easily find him when you want to use the hammer.)

Postage stamps may be kept in a tin box on the back porch, and you may conscientiously say: "I don't believe there's a stamp in the house." Fibs are not to be encouraged, but it often does require considerable planning, scheming and strategy to keep one's private belongings, from a tooth brush to a fur coat, and the family property, from the cork screw to the baby, any where near home .-- Woman's Home Companion.

Women Well Groomed.

well groomed. They see that their hair tall, slender and quite bald. is kept in excellent condition and their nails are beautifully manicured; they indulge in facial massage and buy creams and lotions galore to preserve what good looks they have, but there is scarcely one who considers her expression sufficiently to keep her mouth pretty. It is the mouth which tells the tale of a fretful and irritable disposition. This is the feature which acts as a give-away when a woman wishes to appear what she is not. Just notice the mouths of women whom you pass on the street or in a car. Hardly one is sweet and pleasant and smiling, if the woman is by herself and

even in cleaning soiled white kids, afterward rinsing them in clear gasoline. A wool stocking better than any other neighbor. Keep a 5-cent scrubbing article will clean the dust from black silk in a skirt or dress. The fluid given where in sight. Having learned from is also excellent for lace, which, if heavy or much solled, may first be dipped in kerosene, then in the fluid, and then be washed in a little suds. carefully pulled into place and when dry or nearly so, ironed on the wrong side. Do not be afraid to try this for the finest hand-made work .-- Household Ledger.

Mrs. Anthony Hope.

Quite the sensation of the London literary and theatrical worlds was the recent marriage of Miss Elizabeth Sheldon and Anthony Hope Hawkins, the distinguished novelist

who, under the pen name Anthony Hope, wrote the "Prisoner of Zenda," "Dolly Dialogues" and other popular books.

Mrs. Hawkins, MRS, A. HOPE. who has just turned 21, is the daughter of Charles H. Sheldon, lessee and manager of Carnegie Hall, New York, and sister of Suzanne Sheldon, the actress. Her brothers have been famous Yale athletes.

Mrs. Hawkins is a beautiful blonde with Titian red hair and a superb figure. Her early life was spent in Rutland, Vt., where she was born. She is an accomplished musician and is fond Women of to-day are particularly of outdoor sports. Anthony Hope is

Eating Fruit.

Plenty of fruit in its season, eaten while it is ripe and fresh, is no doubt an excellent thing for the health and promotive of good digestion, a healthy liver and pure blood. But our hygienic friends, especially if they are of vegetarian symulthies, are sometimes likely to become a little "cranky" on this subject and to carry the advocacy of fruit-eating to an extreme. Judgment is needed in eating fruit as in other things, and selection should be made to suft the individual and his present condition. Fruit of any kind may easily be eaten to excess, the not talking. There is scarcely one fruit enthusiasts to the contrary notwho does not have drooping corners withstanding. Much is said about the or a pouting expression that is un- benefit of eating fruit in the morning

posed I would feel in hearing from my With me the revulsion was too lover. great, for I fancied I saw in the exwould not be comforted by him--he overbalance the bad." hated me, I knew, and very pettishly I told him at last "to let me alone and go

me by leaving the room."

The next moment I repeated my harshness, which I knew had caused him pain, with what didn't concern him; end lastly, at myself, for being so foolish as to care

whether anybody loved me or not. At the end of that time Richard came back. The cloud had disappeared, and very over my pet, and if I wanted anything."

Before night I was so much better that Ada, Lina and Halbert came in to see me, each expressing their pleasure at my convalescence. But one there was who came not to greet me, and at whose absence I greatly marveled. She had ever been the first to meet me in the morning and the last to leave me at night. Why, then, did she tarry now, when I wished so much to see her? Alas! I did not know that never again sunshine of her presence, for it was Jeslonged-straining my ear to catch the sound of her ringing laugh or bounding footsteps.

At last, as the day wore on and she did not come, I asked for her and why and whispered his farewell. she stayed so long away. Wringing her hands, Mrs. Lansing exclaimed, "Tell Rosa, I once hoped to call you. But it her, Richard, I cannot. It will kill me. Oh, Jessie, Jessie!"

But I had no need for further knowledge. I saw what I had not before observed, the mourning garments of those round me, and in tears of anguish I cried: "My darling is dead!"

"Yes, Jessie is dead," answered Rich-"We shall never see her again, ard. for she is safe in the happy land of which you so often told her.

I could not weep. My sorrow was too great for tears, and covering my face. I thought for a long, long time. "Why was it." I asked myself, "that always when death had hovered near me, I had in the way," I said to myself, and coverbeen spared and another taken," for, as ing my face with my veil, I wept as I in the case of Jessie, so had it been with thought of all I had lost when Richard brother Jamie-they had died, while I Delafield offered his heart to another. He might not be in vain.

Gradually, as I could bear it, Mr. Delafield told me the sad story-how she had hung fearlessly over my pillow when all else had deserted me; how she had come for him; and how naught but her had just vacated. Scarcely had the whis there came back to me a vague recollec-

leave him, who, ere the next autumn leaves were falling, would take to his for there was a look of sorrow upon his beautiful home a bride. Then I thought face as he complied with my request. But of little Jessie's grave, which I had not I was too proud to call him back, and seen, and on which my tears would never for the next half hour I cried and fretted fall, and taking from its hiding place the alone, first at him for making Dr. Clay- tress of shining hair, I wept over that ton think he loved me when he didn't; my last adieu. It was later than usual secondly, at Dr. Clayton for meddling when Mr. Delafield appeared, and as he came in I saw that he was very pale.

"Are you sick?" I asked, as he wiped the perspiration from his face. "No, no," he hurriedly answered; at

the same time crossing over to a side tagood-humoredly he asked "if I had got ble, he poured out and drank two large goblets of ice water.

Then resuming his former seat near me, he took my hand, and looking me I ever see you here again?"

in, "Of course we shall. Do coax the doctor to bring you here some time, and long, lank limbs and in adjusting his let us see how you bear the honors of palm-leaf hat. being madame!"

Instantly the earnest look passed away from Mr. Delateld's face, and was suc would her home be gladdened by the ceeded by a scowl, which remained until the carriage which was to take me to the sie whom I missed-Jessie for whom I depot was announced. Then the whole expression of nis countenance changed. and for a brief instant my i eart thrilled with joy, for I could not mistake the deep meaning of his looks as he bent over me

"God bless you, Rosa," he said. "My

cannot be. Farewel'!" There was one burning kiss upon my lips, and the next moment he was gone.

"Are you "oing to the depot?" asked his sister, as he was leaving the room.

"No. no. no." he replied; and then as Charlie again bade me come, I rose bewildered to my feet, hardly realizing when Mrs. Lansing, Ada and Lina bade me adieu.

Halbert went with me in the carriage, and together with Charlie looked wonderingly at me, as I unconsciously repeated in a whisper, "My Rosa, I once hoped to call you. It is Ada who stands had lived, and with a fervent thanks- did love me. I was sure of that, but giving to herven, which had dealt thus what did it avail me. He was too honpreversibility is in me, I prayed that it orable to break his engagement with Ada, so henceforth I must walk alone, bearing the burden of an aching heart. .

In the meantime, a far different scene was being enacted in the apartment I mother's peremptory commands had tak- the of the engine died away in the disen her from my side. As he talked, tance, when a troop of blacks, armed with boiling suds and scrubbing brushes, tion of a fairy form-a scraph I thought entered my chamber for the purpose of it to have been-which, when the dark cleaning it. They had carried from it river was ranning fast at my feet, bad nearly every article of furniture, and dar. Ferd-none your lazy tricks here

the horses. Rolling his white eyes in utter astonshment at what seemed to him the folly of his master, Bill begar to expostulate, Mars'r, you kill-

"Silence, and do as I bid you!" said Mr. Delafield in a tone which Bill thought best to obey, and sauntering off to the stables, he brought out the ponies, who pranced and pawed the ground, while he admired their flowbag manes and smooth, shining coats.

Mr. Delafield hastily packed a few articles in his portmanteau, wrote a line to his sister, and came out to superintend in person the movements of his servant, whose peculiarities he perfectly carnestly in the face, said: "Rosa, shall understood. He ordered him to start up, and entered the carriage, while Bill Before I could answer, Ada chimed mounted the box, where he spent quite awhile in comfortably disposing of his

"Go on, you rascal!" shouted Mr. Dela-

field, beginning to lose his temper; and gathering up the reins, Bill whistled to he spirited animals, who dashed off at far greater speed than their driver hought was at all conducive to their well-being.

"Hold on dar, Ferd! Stop dat foolin" will you, Fred! Easy dar, both on you, for you come mighty nigh histin' me off le box."

This last was said quite loud for the senefit of Mr. Delafield, who, perceiving that their speed had slackened, for they were well trained and readily obeyed Bill's voice, called out, "Drive faster, I tell you. Give them the ribbons, and let them run."

The horses started forward as if volley of artillery had been fired at their heels, while mingled with the roll of the wheels Mr. Delafield heard the distress ed Bill saying, "Whoa, dar, Ferdinand; can't you whoa when I tell you? Come, Frederic, you set him a 'xample. That's good boy; no 'ension for all dis hurry; we misses one train we catches anther. All de same thing. We sin't hasin' a runaway gal, as I knows of." After a little he succeeded in stopping hem, and for the next ten or fifteen minates they proceeded on rather leisurely. and Bill was beginning to think his master had come to his senses, when he was startled with the stern command, "Let them run now as fast as they will, Don't heck them at all until we reach the

depot." Accordingly, for a nile or so the horses rushed on at headlon, speed. Bill sym-pathizing with them deeply, and mentally promising himself "to 'tend 'em mighty keerful to pay for this."

At last, when he thought it safe to do so, he held them in, taking the precaution, however, to say aloud, "Got along howered next, a a spering to me words of nothing remained save the metting and when mars'r's in sich a hurry. Can't

binturong is more active by night than in the daytime, and lives almost entirely among the branches of the trees of the forest regions in which it is found. It is remarkable as being the only true mammal of the eastern hemisphere which has a prehensile tail. It can wind this organ around a branch and thus the tail aids the animal in its arboreal life. Blyth showed, many years ago, that

the young of this species could hang on to a bough by the tip of the tail. Whether the adults can suspend themselves in this manner has been doubted. There can, however, be no question that the tail is of considerable service to them, and that they use this "fifth hand" as a holdfast. The example which has just arrived at the gardens is nearly adult, and, though somewhat shy, is fairly tame, for, with a little coaxing, it will come to the front of the cage to take fruit from visitors. Like all new arrivals, however, it is somewhat distrustful. If one advances too near it darts forward with a splitting noise, like an angry cat, while the paw delivers a round-handed blow, like that of a bear.

Useful as Well as Ornamental.

"What ups and downs there are in life-even in one short twelvemonth of existence!" gloomily observed Mr. Younghusband, as he climbed out of the connubial couch at midnight's chilly hour, fell over a rocking chair and then, limping, made his way toward a crib in which a fretful infant with soleleather lungs was wildly pawing the atmosphere and emitting hair-raising howls of agony.

"Yes," he went on, bitterly, reaching for the complaining bundle of humanity in the crib and cradling it on his arm, "one brief year ago I prided myself on being chief partner in the matrimonial firm. Now, hang it, I find I am only floorwalker in the infant swear department!"

And with a hoarse chuckle at his own wit he continued to walk .- New York Times.

Hoping for the Best.

"Professor," inquired the thoughtful member of the class, "don't you suppose there will come a time when all the coal and all the coal oil stored away in the earth will have become exhaust ed?"

"Certainly," said the instructor. "What will we do then?" "We shall be playing harps, I hope.

One Reason.

"What is the fascination about those stories of arctic travel, anyhow?"

"I think it comes from the knowledg that there are places on the earth who re the people suffer more from cold west er than we do here."

Ten-elevenths of the world's provid are north of the equator.

wasted, for she cannot be pretty or considered good looking. Then, again, a perpetually smilling woman is an oftiresome creature she was, but a happy-looking, well-groomed woman, with physician's opinion on the subject. a sweet, expressive mouth, is the love-

liest thing in the world, and there are mighty few of them.-Chicago News.

Fretty Waist of Butcher Linen.



Here is a graceful waist in butcher linen with a work blouse, drooping gives a slender, rounded effect,

Valuable Cleaning Mixture.

Those who have found gasoline unsatisfactory for cleaning purposes will mixture: One pint gasoline, two tablespoonfuls alcohol, two tablespoonfuls ammonia. For cleaning black dress goods to be washed, take each piece on a flat surface, as of a table or ironing board, placed where the light is good, and after thoroughly brushing with whisk broom, scrape each spot with a knife, then brush, then scrape again, finishing by rubbing well with a piece that many spots can be entirely reand dip them in the fluid Then prepare a warm suds, wash the goods, wring lightly, rinse in warm water,

drain on the line while the irons are heating, iron on wrong side while en-

before breakfast. But many per lines to prove that is owner is not some cannot eat fruit before broakfast quite happy. A small fortune may be with good results, and many do not spent in ecometics and massages, but relish it in the morning at all. Others if "my ladye" does not watch her do not like to take it at meals. Such mouth and keep it sweet her money is ought not to force their taste and convert fruit into a distasteful medicine. The appetite is, generally speaking, the best guide as to what fruit should be fense against taste. Richard Harding eaten, when, and how much, in case Davis wrote something about what a the person is in ordinary health. If he is not, he should, of course, get his

Young Mothers, Remember.

One of the points for every young mother to remember is this: that the weight and quantity of the baby's clothing must be governed by the condition of the thermometer. The average mother's unwillingness to suit the clothing to the temperature is unquestionably responsible for numberless cases of summer illness among little children; yet the necessary changes must not be made recklessly, or without due regard for the child's physical condition. For instance, a strong, absolutely healthy baby requires less clothing than a puny, delicate one in whom the tide of life runs low. But even in the hottest weather sufficient protection must be given to the stomach and abdomen; hence the little woolen shirt must not be discarded, though almost everything else may be. Fresh air, and plenty of it, is good for the baby at all times, and especially in the summer, when the available supply of cool air is all too small; but at no season of the year can he be exposed to a draught without absolute danger-and least of all when he is overheated and but thinly clad.

Baldness.

The best means to prevent this is to strengthen the hair, and this can easily be accomplished by frequent over the belt. This lengthened waist cutting, and the use of salt and water and vaseline. Has one ever noticed what bushy hair seafaring men have? Does one ever see a bald sailor? It is because their hair is in constant connot be disappointed in the following tact with the invigorating salt air, and is often wet with salt water. A good tonic of salt water should contain a teaspoonful of salt to a tumbler of water, and should be applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be satisfactory.

Cure for Indigestion.

Indigestion is a breeder of disease, but has been known to be cured by of black flannel, or, better, with a wool the following simple prescription. Mix stocking. You will be surprised to find one drachm of powdered colomba root. one drachm of ground ginger, and onemoved in this way. Gather in the half drachm of carbonate of soda. Dihand all the solled places that remain vide this into twelve powders, and take one in a little milk three times a day.

Consistent.

Marie-Why did you break your engagement to Count Spaghetti? tirely damp-using if possible a flannel Edith-Why shouldn't 1? He protroning cloth. This fluid may be used posed in broken English.