

THE SONG OF THE WORKERS.

BY EDWARD WILKETT.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the
Who give us our daily bread and keep us from
hunger's harm;
Who labor far in the forest, who leaven the
fields with their toil;
Who take no heed of the sunshine, and mind
not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers, who harvest the
golden grain,
And bind it, and thrash it, and sift it, nor care
for the shine and stain;
Who load it in creaking wagons, and stonily
their oxen drive,
And bid them good-by as they go, like the bees
flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who
struggle and strain,
Who give us their muscle and nerve as they
guard the loaded train;
Who give us their sinew and brain as they watch
the prisoned steam,
And run the risk of their lives as they pass the
perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who
labor and strive,
Who handle for us the money that comes to the
human alive;
The patient and tireless workers, with muscles
tough as steel,
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and lift, and
trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for
every one
His just and rightful due for all the work he has
done;
For all the work of the workers, no matter
whom or where,
To each from the grand result his honest, pro-
portionate share.

A MATER DOLOROSA.

A Chinese woman has no identity of
her own. She is simply of consequence
as the wife of some man, or the mother
of a son. If this phase of existence
sheds but little glory upon her, it also
relieves her of many responsibilities,
and gives to her obscurity the value of
contentment.

Aunt Nancy was the wife of Uncle
L'isha.

It would be impossible to give a biog-
raphy of Aunt Nancy without including
Uncle L'isha, or to eliminate her
individuality long enough to serve her
up alone. And I doubt if the dear old
lady would like such marital independ-
ence. Nor do I think she would be
a reflection of him. Like the moon,
she shone by borrowed light.

Uncle L'isha was a living illustration
of the old adage, "It is better to be
born lucky than rich." His property
was inherited, and he never did a day's
work in his life. But everybody else
in his family worked, Aunt Nancy, his
wife, more than any of them. Uncle
L'isha didn't work because he enjoyed
poor health. A partial list of his com-
plaints would read about like this:

Fever and ague.
Chronic indigestion.
Paralysis of the heart.
Paralysis of the liver.
Inflammatory rheumatism.
Lameness in the left knee.
Lameness in the right knee.
Ossification of the joints.
Hereditary consumption
(On the mother's side.)
Hereditary apoplexy.
(On the father's side.)

These were just a few of the ills
which beset the poor man, and made
him exceedingly careful of himself.
He couldn't stoop for fear of apoplec-
tic symptoms; he was afraid to lift any-
thing, on account of his spine; he never
dared hurry, as his heart had a habit
of beating, and, in fact, nothing agreed
with him except—doing nothing. He
was the very same boy referred to in
the following incident. I am aware it
is credited to the Beecher family, but
they never had a monopoly of lazy boys,
if they had of bright ones. Uncle L'isha's
father, the good doctor, had one time
been away from home a few days,
leaving his two boys, Elisha and Eze-
kiel, to do the chores. When he re-
turned, nothing had been done, and he
discovered the boys in a hay-mow, read-
ing stories.

"Zeke!" thundered the Doctor, "come
here, sir."

Zeke came and stood shame-facedly
before him.

"What have you been doing since I
was away?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Elisha, come here, you, and give
an account of yourself. Tell the truth,
now. What have you been doing?"

"Helping Zeke, sir."

This faculty was Uncle L'isha's stock
in trade, and he steadily improved it
and made others believe in it, until they
really considered it wrong to expect
him to do anything. I can see him yet
putting on his boots of a winter's
morning. All the cattle had been fod-
dered, water drawn, and wood carried
in. Aunt Nancy had been up hours,
getting breakfast and hushing the chil-
dren, and telling them not to make a
noise and wake "poor father," who
hadn't slept a wink all night. Gentle
soul! It is possible that she believed
it for she was too tired herself to lie
awake to see. And when he came down
they all waited on him and hand-
led him his boots, while he lingered pa-
tiently in front of the hot fire. Then
he would cough feebly, put his hand
to his heart, sigh—and warm the inside
of his boot. After resting from this
exertion he would take a strap in each
hand and with several attempts get it
on. Then a long rest, before a similar
process with the other one. A drink
of reviving water was then handed by
one child, while another stood by and
looked at him as if he had been a ten-
horned wonder. "Poor father" was
only afflicted with spring fever, which
lasted him the year round—in other
words, chronic laziness.

"I shan't last long," he would say, in
that whiny-piny voice which exasperated
all who knew him as he really was.
"Then, Nancy, you and the chil-
dren can have it all your own way."

And Aunt Nancy would cry, and the
children bowl, and there would be
some added delicacy at the sufferer's
plate for the next meal.

"There's only a dozen eggs in the
house," that saintly woman would ob-
serve. "Now, children, I'm going to
cook those for your poor father—don't
one of you ask for eggs."

But when he reached the last egg
one of the tempted children would
pluck up courage to hint for it. Uncle
L'isha would look at that child with a
countenance of meek reproach, and say:

"Yes, take it, take it, and let your
poor sick father starve."

There was no chance for Aunt Nancy

to have any pet ailments. If she was
sick and complained, Uncle L'isha
would say:

"I've felt just so, mother," and that
settled it. If he was going anywhere,
he would put in the saying clause:
"If I live, and Nancy's well."

Her headaches were mere chimeras
of the imagination.

"I've suffered worse and never men-
tioned it—suffered like a wintergreen,"
he would add, as if that were the plus
ultra of misery.

Every year or two he made a new
will, and every day he advised Aunt
Nancy what to do when he was gone.
In their early married life, when the
children were small, he had dreaded
that she would marry again, but in
later years this fear had no place in his
thoughts. The children themselves
were married and gone, and Aunt
Nancy was an old woman with a white,
placid face, and bands of iron-gray
hair—not really old, but worn out—her
life had been such a perpetual echo of
Uncle L'isha. He didn't like company,
so she didn't have any. He never
wanted to go anywhere, so she stayed
at home. If she ever went to church
she had to go alone, and that was so
dreary, and she had so many inquiries
to answer about his health that she sel-
dom went.

"You'll miss me when I'm gone," so she
would say, cheerfully, and so she
would. And she would have missed
the old clock in the corner, too, if it
had suddenly disappeared.

"What does the doctor say about me?"
he asked her one day when the village
physician had gone out, first calling
her to one side. Perhaps Aunt Nancy
was a little worn out that day, or be-
lieved in heroic treatment, but she de-
liberately answered:

"He thinks you haven't a disease in
the world, Elisha, and that if you
would take more exercise it would be
better for you."

He was wounded to the quick, and
did not speak to her for twenty-four
hours, and he discharged the impolitic
physician the next day.

Uncle L'isha was fond of lachrymose
hymns, and when not singing

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,"

he would tip back his chair—the easi-
est in the house—close his eyes and
chant by the hour:

"I'm going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow,
No more to wear
The brow of care,
I'm going home to-morrow."

But to-morrow came and went, and
Uncle L'isha did not go home.

There was a shelf in the closet which
was especially devoted to his medicines.
In his early days he had dosed mildly
with rhubarb and sarsaparilla. Then
quinine became the fashion, and he dis-
sipated on that. Liniments for rheuma-
tism, patent nostrums and alterative
pills completed the list, except that
there was no end to the domestic re-
medies, such as mustard and ginger, and
other alleviating agents.

"When I am gone," he would say,
mournfully, "give my medicines to some
deserving poor person. There'll never
be another such sufferer in the family
as I have been."

But there came a day when even
Uncle L'isha's ailments were of little
account. Aunt Nancy was sick, very
sick. She had been breaking down all
summer, but no one had been concern-
ed, least of all her husband, who had
developed new symptoms that were
very alarming—to himself. Finally,
she went to her bed and sent for the
children. They at once called in a
doctor, who on his first visit looked ex-
ceedingly grave. Upon the second he
asked for a private interview with
Uncle L'isha.

"Your wife is a very sick woman," he
said, abruptly.

"She does seem ailing," said Uncle
L'isha, rubbing his lame knee, and for-
getting at the moment which one it was;
"but, bless you, I've had the same
symptoms so long I'm used to them,
Doctor. She's well, compared to me,
actually well."

The doctor looked at the old man
with some contempt.

"Threatened lives last long," he said,
bluntly. "But have it your own way.
I've tried to prepare you—that's all."

The doctor took his leave, and Uncle
L'isha went into the sick-room. All
was calm and serene. Most of all, that
pale still face on the pillow. The pa-
tient eyes held the same kindly light in
them that had been there for thirty
years when they met his. The pinched,
white cheeks were only more sunken
and withered.

"Having a kind of spell, ain't you,
Nancy?" said Uncle L'isha. "Now,
don't get discouraged. I've felt just so
hundreds of times! It's nothing new
and nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," said his wife,
faintly; "I am dying, L'isha."

"Nancy, you oughtn't to talk about
such a serious thing as that so lightly.
It—it makes my rheumatism worse to
hear you. You ought to have some
consideration for me. I can't stand every-
thing."

"Poor old boy," said Aunt Nancy,
shaking his plump, strong hand.
"Poor L'isha! you will miss me for
awhile."

"There, there, now," said Uncle L'isha,
soothingly; "I'll give you a spoon-
full of my tonic in the morning, and
you'll come out like a lark in the
spring time. Go to sleep, Nancy; it'll
help you wonderfully. It always helps
me."

The next morning Aunt Lucy had
taken the tonic of a new life. "I'm go-
ing home first, after all," she said with
a smile, and died.

This upset all the calculations of a
life time with Uncle L'isha. He had
nobody to complain to, no one who
cared in the least whether he had
twenty ailments or one. He was not
encouraged to be lazy, and hopeless,
and selfish, and he fell into complete
ruin. He had enough to live on, but
nothing to live for, as he could not
complain to himself, or discuss with
himself his own symptoms. He never
talked of dying or sung "I'm going
home" again. In fine weather he went
up to his wife's grave. Doubtless it
would have distressed her had she known
that she was deaf to his complaints.
In his room a dress and shawl of hers
hung near his chair. When he finally
became ill in earnest he made light of
it. For their mother's sake the chil-

dren tended him dutifully. One night
he stretched out a wasted hand and
touched his wife's dress.

"Nancy," they heard him whisper,
"I'm going home, I'm going home to-
morrow."

They buried him beside her.—Mrs.
Rayne, in *Detroit Free Press*.

A Live Commercial Traveler.

Sheriff Wiggins, of Dallas, Tex.,
made it a prominent part of his busi-
ness to ferret out and punish com-
mercial travelers who traveled in Texas
without license; and one morning he
met his match, a genuine Yankee drum-
mer.

"What have you got to sell? Any-
thing?" asked the Sheriff, as he met
the Connecticut man on the streets.

"Oh, yes, I'm selling medicine—pat-
ent medicine. Selling Rattail's Ready
Relief, and it's the best thing in the
world. You ought to try a bottle. It
will cure your ague, cure rheumatism,
cure anything."

"And you will sell me a case?"

"Sartinly, sir; glad to."

Then the Sheriff bought a case.

"Anything more?" asked the drum-
mer.

"Yes, sir; I want to see your license
for selling goods in Texas. That is my
duty as the High Sheriff of Dallas
County."

The drummer showed him a docu-
ment, fixed up good and strong, in
black and white. The Sheriff looked at
it and pronounced it "all right." Then,
turning to the commercial traveler, he
said:

"I don't know, now that I've bought
this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I
reckon that I may as well sell it to you
again. What will you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know that the darned
stuff is any use to me, but seeing it's
yours, Sheriff, I'll give you a dollar for
the lot, if you really don't want it."

The Sheriff delivered back the medi-
cine at \$4 discount from his own pur-
chase and received his change.

"Now," said the drummer, "I've got
a question or two to ask you. Hev you
got a drummer's license about your
trousers anywhere?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article
myself," replied the Sheriff.

"Haint, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see
about that 'pretty darn soon. If I un-
derstand the law, it's a clean case that
you've been tradin' with me, and hawk-
in' and peddlin' Rattail's Ready Relief
on the highway, and I shall inform on
you—darn'd if I don't now!"

When the Yankee reached the Court
House he made his complaint, and the
Sheriff was fined \$8 for selling goods
without a license.

The Sheriff was heard afterward to
say that "you might as well try to hold
a greased eel as a live Yankee."—*El-
Perkins*.

Opposite Natures.

There seems to be a popular belief in
the law of attraction of opposites as
applying in the matter of love and
friendship—a law supposed to be based
on induction, according to the true
method of science. But is it not
simply one of those formulae which
is true when it is true, and no oftener?
Opposite natures do attract each other,
there is no doubt; a man of phlegmatic
temper sometimes finds an irresistible
fascination in a woman whose gay vi-
cacity cheers and stimulates him like
sunshine and the birds' song; or, again,
it is the sanguine, buoyant-natured man
who is mated happily with a wife whose
serious and discreet mind is the balance-
wheel insuring the safe running of the
household machine.

Indisputably, there is an attraction,
sometimes difficult to account for, be-
tween persons of contrasted natures;
nevertheless, a nice observation will
often show, I think, that dissimilarities
between husbands and wives, or be-
tween intimate friends, are superficial,
while the strength of the mutual at-
traction resides in an underlying like-
ness. A marriage which is truly such,
or a serious friendship, involves a very
close intercourse, which to be sustained
must rest on certain deep moral affini-
ties, the union of communion will be
stronger still; but such are not neces-
sary, as the former are. Circumstances
may play their part, and an important
one, in the formation of our friend-
ships or the selection of our life-mates;
but among persons of any depth of
character, choice as well as chance has
to do with the matter, although the
choice be often rather instinctive than
deliberate.—*Atlantic "Contributors'
Club*.

Impecunious Great Men.

A considerable number of public men
have received testimonials from their
friends. Daniel Webster was tendered
and received for many years the earn-
ings of \$100,000, which was put at in-
terest for his benefit by his friends in
and about Boston. Had not this pro-
vision of \$6,000 a year been made Web-
ster would have retired from the
Senate, for he declared he would not
give his life to his country for \$8 per
day. "Tom" Corwin had his debts paid
once at least by his friends. He never
laid up anything while holding Federal
offices. He retired from the office of
Secretary of the Treasury comparat-
ively poor. The mortgage on Cor-
win's homestead was once taken up by
his political friends. Henry Clay had
the same service rendered him on the
part of his political friends. He had
been for a whole generation in Con-
gress. He sometimes lived beyond his
means. He was hospitable and even
generous. He had little tact in manag-
ing his private affairs. His homestead
at Ashland was mortgaged, and would
probably have been foreclosed had not
his Whig friends, just after his defeat
for the Presidency in 1845, stepped in
and privately canceled the mortgage.

Thomas Benton was thirty years in
Congress. Yet in all that time he
never became rich, nor did he improve
any of the opportunities for making
money while holding a Federal office.—
San Francisco Bulletin.

ALAS! it is not till time, with reckless
hand, has torn out half the leaves from
the book of human life, to light those
fires of passion with, from day to day,
that man begins to see that the leaves
which remain are few in number.—*Hy-
perion*.

HUMORS OF DUELING.

Some Amusing Episodes on the Field of
Honor.

A certain mathematical tutor at Cam-
bridge, who had been confidentially
made the recipient of information to the
effect that a graduate and a pupil had
about completed preparations for a hos-
tile meeting, sought out the latter and
inquired: "What is this all about—why
do you fight?" "Because he gave me
the lie," frankly and promptly replied
the young man. "He said you lied,
eh?—well, let him prove it; if he proves
it, then you did lie, of course; but if he
does not prove it, why then, it is he
who has lied. Why should you shoot
one another?"

In the gallery of
Dusenne, one time, a crack shot was
affording a good deal of entertainment
to himself and others by shattering one
after another the puppets set up to be
fired at. There was one man present,
however, who could not laugh. That
man was the proprietor of the puppets.

At last they were all down but one—
that was Napoleon. The marksman
took quick aim, and down went the first
consul. The proprietor gave a wild
scream, and exclaimed: "You cannot
fire as well upon the ground!" "Come
out and see!" "Bang!" and down fell
the proprietor. "He could fire as well,"
groaned the prostrate one.

Croquard was not unlike St. Feix, in
many respects, although not so gallant
and proficient in the use of the sword,
and was always without a sous. One
day, at the instance of the Comte de
Chambord, he called upon a contractor
and challenged him, at which the latter
picked Croquard up and held him un-
der a pump and pumped water on him
until he was completely drenched. He
once challenged a linen draper, whose
wife informed Croquard that her hus-
band was ill and would not recover be-
fore six months. In precisely six
months from the day of his first Cro-
quard again called, and was again met
at the door by the wife of the linen
draper, who invited the nomadic duelist
to breakfast. He declined, although
hungry, saying that he wanted to fight
more than he wanted to eat. "Won't
monsieur try a glass of Madeira?" in-
quired the diplomatic woman, with
well-affected affability. "Maderia!"
ejaculated Croquard, with a smack of
his lips like the crack of a whip. "Oui,
oui, my dear madame; and your good
husband shall remain ill for another
six months." Croquard once got en-
raged with an actor named Mouton,
and was about to challenge the The-
sopian, when he remembered that he
owed him five francs. "How unlucky,
mon Dieu!" he cried, after having un-
successfully attempted to borrow that
amount from others present, "that I
should owe a man money whom I want
to fight."

Saint Beuve once fought a duel hold-
ing an umbrella—during the prelimi-
naries of which he said that he had no
objection to being killed, but that he
was determined not to get wet. When
the Duke of Wellington wanted the
Tenth Regiment kept at Dublin, he ad-
mitted that lots of duels would grow
out of such action, "but that's of no
consequence," he added. Some years
ago two inexperienced shooters met in
the woods near Paris, and at the first
discharge of their pistols a cry went up
at a point only a few yards away, and
it was quickly discovered that a well-
known attorney had been hit. "If it is
only a lawyer," cried one of the com-
batants, "let us fire again."

During the progress of a duel be-
tween Senator William M. Gwin and
Representative J. W. McCorkle, in
1853, a poor donkey nearly half a mile
away was shot dead—and the donkey
was not even a spectator. Sterne once
fought a duel about a goose, and Ra-
leigh once concerning a tavern bill. An
Irishman once challenged an English-
man because the latter declared that
anchovies did not grow on trees. A
member of Louis the Eighteenth's body-
guard challenged three men in one day
—one because he had stared at him, an-
other because he had looked at him
askew, and the third on account of his
passing by without looking at him at
all. A Liverpool sea captain was once
challenged, and named harpoons as
weapons. A Frenchman who had been
called out named twenty-four loaves of
"seige bread"—"we shall eat against
each other," he said, "until one of us
shall die, for one of us is sure to die."
Many who have received challenges
have accepted and named horsewhips
or cowhides. Two Tennessee editors,
who had long quarreled, repaired to
the field to fight, but settled their diffi-
culty after firing one shot by agreeing
to merge their papers into one concern
and enter into partnership with each
other, which they carried into effect af-
ter their return.

In 1858 M. de Pene, a Parisian jour-
nalist, was challenged by a whole regiment.
Dumas fought with Gaillardet, near
Paris, over a controversy concerning
the authorship of "La Tour de Nesle."
Marshal Ney once challenged every
man in a theater. In his fatal duel
with Lieut. Cecil Stackpole, after fir-
ing, said, shaking his head and smil-
ing: "By George! I have missed him."
—*B. C. Trueman, in Alta California*.

Mr. Lincoln's Religious Belief.

There has been discussion as to Mr.
Lincoln's religious belief. He was si-
lent as to his own preference among
creeds. Prejudice against any particu-
lar denomination he did not entertain.
Allied all his life with Protestant
Christianity, he thankfully availed him-
self of the services of an eminent Cath-
olic prelate—Archbishop Hughes, of
New York—in a personal mission to En-
gland, of great importance, at a crisis
when the relations between the two
countries were disturbed and threaten-
ing. Throughout the whole period of
the war he constantly directed the at-
tention of the nation to dependence on
God. It may, indeed, be doubted
whether he omitted this in a single
paper. In every message to Con-
gress, in every proclamation to the peo-
ple, he made it prominent. In July,
1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, he
called upon the people to give thanks
because "it has pleased Almighty God
to hearken to the supplications and
prayers of an afflicted people, and to
vouchsafe signal victories to the Army
and Navy of the United States," and he
asked the people "to render homage to

the Divine Majesty and to invoke the
influence of His Holy Spirit to subdu-
the anger which has produced and a
long sustained a needless and cruel re-
bellion." On another occasion, recount-
ing the blessings which had come to the
Union, he said: "No human coun-
sel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand
worked out, these great things. They
are the gracious gifts of the Most High
God, who, while dealing with us in an-
ger for our sins, hath nevertheless re-
membered mercy." Throughout his
entire official career—attended at all
times with exacting duty and painful
responsibility—he never forgot his own
dependence, or the dependence of the
people, upon a Higher Power. In his
last public address, delivered to an im-
mense crowd assembled at the White
House the 11th of April to congratulate
him on the victories of the Union, the
President, standing, as he unconscio-
usly was, in the very shadow of death,
said, reverently, to his hearers: "In the
midst of your joyous expressions He,
from whom all blessings flow must first
be remembered."—*Blaine's Twenty
Years in Congress*.

Paddling the Well-water.

A neighbor returning from the sum-
mer vacation found the water in his well
had become putrid. Of course it was a
dead cat. John was sent down to ex-
amine. He reported a bad smell, but
no cat. Another descent, this time a
good light. He bawled up, "I can see
every part of the bottom, and all round,
and I tell you there ain't no cat nor
nothin' down here!"

A consultation among the neighbors
was now held. Two rheumatic old men,
leaning on canes and squirting tobacco-
juice, enlarged luminously. The univer-
se seemed to be rather their pet
theme, but finally they got down to
plain work, and explained very clearly
how things went on under the ground.
They showed by various gestures and
illustrations, how the gases and the
substances worked upon each other all
up and down and through the various
passages and crevices and caverns of
the earth, and how sometimes, in spite
of everything you could do, the water
would turn bad, and then no power on
earth could turn it back again. Each
voted that this very thing had happened
to the neighbor's well, and that nothing
could be done but to fill it up and
dig another. When this conclusion
had been emphasized by various punch-
ings with their canes in the ground,
our blind neighbor, having felt his way
to the spot where the committee had
just pronounced its verdict, and having
only heard the dead-cat theory, enun-
ciated as follows: "The water has
turned putrid from stagnation; that's
the dead cat. You stir it up well for
two hours, and the water will be just
as sweet as ever."

John was sent down to try it, though
the old men advised that he should first
look up a putrid carcass of some kind,
and stir that awhile, to see whether
stirring such things would sweeten
them. But the man took his paddle
down and began. At the end of half
an hour, he bawled up, "She's all right
now. Send down your bucket and try it."

The water was a little stale, but not
bad. Another good stir, and the water
was sweet. Since then we have advised
the "Movement Cure" in a number of
sick or putrid wells and cisterns, and
with success.—*Dr. Dio Lewis*.

Broadcloth an Enemy of Health.

Professor Hamilton, in an address on
hygiene, denounced broadcloth as an
enemy to exercise, and therefore to
health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted,
as a national costume, a thin, tight-
fitting black suit of broadcloth. To
foreigners we seem always to be in
mourning; we travel in black. The
priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the liter-
ary man, the mechanic, and even the
day-laborer, choose always the same
black broadcloth—a style that never
ought to have been adopted out of the
drawing-room or the pulpit, because it
is a feeble and expensive fabric, and be-
cause it is at the North no protection
against the cold, nor is it any more
suitable at the South. It is too thin to
be warm in winter, and too black to be
cool in summer; but especially do we
object to it because the wearers are al-
ways soiling it by exposure. Young
gentlemen will not play ball, pitch
quoits, or wrestle, or tumble, or any
other similar thing, lest their broadcloth
should be soiled. They will not go
out into the storm, because the broad-
cloth will lose its luster if rain falls
upon it; they will not run, because they
have no confidence in the strength of
their broadcloth; they dare not mount
a horse or leap a fence, because broad-
cloth, as everybody knows, is so faith-
less. So these young men and these
older men, these merchants, mechanics,
and all, learn to walk, talk, and think
soberly and carefully; they seldom ven-
ture even to laugh to the full extent of
their sides, because of their broadcloth."

How to Be Pretty.

A tablespoonful of sulphur taken
every other morning for a week, then
omitted three mornings and taken again,
will clear the complexion in a couple
of months, but will probably make the
black specks more numerous for a week
or two. A mixture of powdered brim-
stone or sulphur in diluted glycerine,
rubbed on at night, in connection with
the other treatment, will soon cause
them to disappear. Wash off carefully
in the morning with soap and water in
which there is a little ammonia. After
this, if the face seems oily, wash it
at night with spirits of camphor, re-
duced with half as much glycerine
and a few drops of ammonia. In the
morning bathe the face as before with
a little ammonia in it, and after wiping
it carefully, sponge it over with cam-
phor and water, and in a short time the
fairness of your skin will delight your-
self and surprise your friends.—*Lilly
Langtry*.

Served Through the War.