

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAIR, INDIANA.

J. W. McVAY, - - - - - PUBLISHER.

PEARL fishing is still carried on in the River Tay, in Scotland.

AFTER New Orleans, Bombay is the greatest cotton port in the world.

THE deposits in the savings banks of the Dominion of Canada declined \$3,200,000 last year.

THERE is a great scarcity of stenographers in Savannah, and a constant demand for them.

It is reported that white servants are rapidly replacing colored help in the towns of Southwestern Georgia.

THE King of Italy has decided to hold no great army maneuvers this year, in order to spare the heavy expense.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., has a large surplus of unmarried young men, and an influx of New England girls would be gladly welcomed.

A FARM-HAND at Lower Merion, Pa., killed with a stone a fox that had been chased for two hours by forty horsemen and twenty-six dogs.

BARON HIRSCH has already given about \$14,000,000 to the Hebrew poor, in addition to his recent gift of \$2,500,000, and is still worth \$100,000,000.

An English company is working a silver mine in Bolivia which yields more than 360 ounces to the ton, while specimens of almost pure silver are met with.

THE City Council of San Antonio, Tex., is said to be seriously contemplating the creation of the office of city aeronaut and the selection of a competent balloonist for the place.

THE Prince de Rohan, in a bet with Prince Torlonia, has lately driven a trap and four down the stone steps of the town of Monaco. The descent was rather steep, but it was done without a stumble.

A MRS. ZOOK, of Kansas City, who died recently, left \$100,000 to distant relatives, and cut off her husband with a \$5 legacy and a request that he wouldn't make a fool of himself by spending it recklessly.

THE Arab ponies which the Sultan recently presented to the three elder of the German Emperor's six sons are said to have a pedigree which dates back to the "sacred mare" on which the prophet fled from Mecca to Medina.

A PREHISTORIC smelting furnace has been discovered near Albuquerque, New Mexico. Near by a bar of pure silver was found. The furnace had been filled with ore and never fired. It is not larger than a common baker's oven.

A SPECIAL kind of paper has been invented, which, it is alleged, is absolutely impervious to water, and will even stand boiling. The water-proofing can be carried out either after the paper is made or during the operation of making it.

A BOX alleged to contain books, and addressed to a minister of the gospel in Montana, was inspected by customs inspectors, and found to contain ninety-six pounds of opium, valued at over \$1,400. The reverend smuggler has not claimed his goods.

ABOUT one million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these England has 535,000; United States, 300,000; Germany, 250,000; Belgium, 100,000; France, 90,000; Austria, 100,000; Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000,000.

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Senate which imposes a fine of \$1,000 on any person in that State who manufactures or has on sale a cigarette, and a further penalty of \$100 fine on any person found smoking one. If that doesn't stop the traffic hanging won't.

ELECTRICITY has found use in the stable in a new idea for grooming horses. The power furnished by an electric motor is taken by a flexible tube to a brush that revolves rapidly. With this brush a man can groom a horse better in five minutes than in a much longer time by hand.

HOWELL COUNTY, Missouri, had until recently, when death took him, an eccentric genius named Henry Crone. He owned two fine farms, never divulged his secrets to a living soul, allowed no one to make his clothes, do his washing or make up his bed. If he had any relatives he never spoke of them.

THERE is a trade which consists in the destruction of echoes. These in churches, meeting-halls, and even large rooms are so powerful at times as to prevent all enjoyment. They are destroyed by spinning wires not far from the ceiling at points and lines where the waves of sound are most easily shattered.

THE first passenger cars for this country were merely stage coaches on the rail, and in other countries they still keep something of this form. In America, large, airy cars for passengers were early introduced, and the parlor car, the sleeping car, the hotel car, and the dining car are all of American origin, and are little used elsewhere. The street tramway, or horse

railroad, and the elevated railways for rapid travel in cities were first used in this country.

DR. H. S. TANNER, who fasted forty days, now lives near Clinton, Mo. He now challenges Signor Succi to sit down with him in Chicago during the World's Fair to test the matter in a ninety-days' fast on water only; or, if Succi prefers, let the fast continue from day to day until one or the other yields the contest.

On the 1st of May at least 400,000 miners and mechanics will strike for eight hours per day. Either success or failure will mean a month's idleness to most of them, and it is estimated that the direct damage to the United States, no matter who wins, will be \$75,000,000. Strikes come high, but we must have 'em.

THE thread of the silk-worm is so small that an average of forty-two of them are twisted together to form a thread of common sewing silk; that of the spider is many diameters smaller. Two drachms of spider-web by weight would, if stretched into a straight line, reach from London, England, to Edinburgh, Scotland, a distance of over 400 miles.

AN electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise rockets, roman candles, wheels, Niagara Falls, and all the modern pyrotechnical effects.

THE longest board fence in New Jersey, and possibly in the country, is just being completed at Tranquillity. It incloses J. O. Stuyvesant's new deer park, and will be twelve miles long. The tract is 2,000 acres. The fence is ten feet high and is made of hemlock boards an inch and a half thick. The sawmill at Allamuchy has been running constantly for a year cutting lumber for this one fence. It will cost \$20,000.

THE battle of Long Island was fought near Brooklyn on the 27th of August, 1776. In this battle the Americans were defeated, and Washington withdrew his troops from Brooklyn, and left the whole of Long Island in the hands of the British. The Americans were not strong enough to hold New York, and it was soon evacuated. Fort Washington, above New York, with 2,000 Americans, was captured by the British, who soon crossed the Hudson. Washington was obliged to retreat, step by step, across New Jersey into Pennsylvania.

A COUNTRY social club invented a "hammer and needle party" for entertainment the other day. Each lady was requested to bring a needle, a spool of thread and several buttons, and each gentleman a hammer. When all the materials were on the table, each lady picked out a hammer and was given a block and some nails. Each gentleman chose sewing materials and buttons, and the contest began. The ladies dove as many nails in their blocks as they could in five minutes, and the gentlemen sewed on as many buttons as possible in ten minutes. Prizes were given and much laughter provoked.

FOR a long time the tomato was regarded as little better than a poison. Then followed a reaction, and virtues were attributed to it which it did not possess. And now certain Philadelphia physicians declare that it is injurious to the system. This recalls the theory of an old lady who lived in Boston a few years ago. After many years of study and investigation she came to the conclusion that the use of the tomato as an article of food invariably resulted in a moral decadence. Her explanation was that it affected the brain in such a way as to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong.

A FRENCHMAN, who evidently revels in handling large sums of money, has compiled some interesting statistics in regard to the weight of a milliard of the French coin of the realm. According to him a milliard in silver weighs 10,000,000 pounds; in gold, 645,160 pounds; in 1,000-franc checks, 2,560 pounds; and in 100-franc checks, 23,000 pounds. Assuming that a carrier could carry 200-weight, eighteen men would be required to carry a milliard in 1,000-franc checks, 115 men the same sum in 100-franc checks, 3,225 men in gold, and 80,000 in silver. A milliard in 1,000-franc checks would make 2,000 volumes of 500 pages each.

A STRANGE story is furnished from Dubuque, Iowa, the truth of which is vouched for by the city officials. About ten days ago Michael Conley died soon after being discovered in an outhouse on the Jefferson House premises. His body was taken to the morgue and the old clothes he wore when found were thrown aside. When his daughter in Chickasaw County heard of his death she fell into a swoon. In her dreams she saw the clothes he wore when dying, and received from him a message saying he had saved up a roll of bills in his shirt. On recovering she demanded that some one go to Dubuque and get the clothes. To quiet her mind her brother visited the city, received the clothes from the coroner and found the money sewed on the shirt with a piece of her red dress, exactly as she had described, though she knew nothing about the patch nor the money until after her father's death.

THE END OF DAY.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Past away
The long and changeable day—
The glory of the azure dawn,
The dewdrops shining on the lawn,
The sunrise, when heaven's gate
Stands open, and the state
Of morn is compassed by angel choirs;
The noon's unclouded fires,
When the rose dropped for very light oppressed,
And song-birds sought their nest.

Past away
The rain-clouds chill and gray;
The tempest, lightning-winged,
By red horizon ringed,
That tore the blossoms sweet
And bruised them 'neath its feet;
The pallid sunset flame
That grew and overcame,
Till, in the golden pageant of the west
The last cloud sunk to rest.

Past away
The burden of the day:
Gone are the gold and red,
The sunset colors fled,
The dark'ning, deepening sky
Holds one pure star on high,
A silver of heavenly flame to light
The watches of the night;
Dimmer and dimmer yet grow wood and hill,
And all is hushed and still.

Past away
The changes of the day:
Hours dark and bright have run
Their course. All work is done;
Or good or bad, 'tis o'er,
And we can work no more.
Joys, fears and pains
Are done, and only remains—
Rest, sweeter far than tongue can tell,
If we have labored well!

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Continued.

In order to do this, the household goods, as well as the contents of the stable, were to be sold at auction; while the elegant house and grounds would be put into the hands of an agent to be disposed of as soon as a suitable offer should be made.

These things were all accomplished in due time, and on the day when the Queen was ready to sail, Dr. Earle Glendenning, as we must now call him, together with Tony, who was retained in their service, half-carried, half led his still suffering parent into a comfortable stateroom, where the latter instantly induced him to lie down, in order to rest after his journey from Yonkers.

Soon they were steaming away from shore, and Earle noticed that every breath his father drew seemed to revive him, and before they arrived at their destination his old enemy, asthma, had almost departed, and his other difficulties were also exceedingly lessened.

By the time they reached Glendenning Hall Sir Fitzroy was able to walk around with a cane, and really seemed to have taken a new lease upon health and life. With joy Earle marked this change, and when he saw how intensely happy he was thus to be restored to his own home and rightful place, and how proud to boast an honorable name and righteous life, he thanked God and prayed that he might be spared long to its enjoyment, for his lengthened days he knew would add to his own pleasure, as it was so sweet to own a father's love, a father's blessing.

But in his heart he felt that no hope of permanent change for the better could be possible, as his maladies were incurable; therefore, he redoubled his watchfulness over his beloved form, standing ready to aid by skill and advice, as far as Providence would permit, to free the great weakness he felt sure would ensue as soon as reaction, after all this excitement, should take place.

I need not describe the intense delight of the lovers when they were again united, or the surprise Ethel felt on being told that Earle had found a father since he left her, and a new but rightful name and inheritance.

This news he had not written, preferring to tell it in person. Sir Fitzroy was delighted with his future daughter-in-law, for Earle could not rest until he had taken Ethel to the Hall, in order to make them acquainted. His feeble health made this visit perfectly proper, and certainly gave great pleasure to the old gentleman. From that time he, as well as Earle, looked forward to the wedding-day, which was finally decided to take place by the twentieth of October, with profound pleasure.

A few days after their arrival at the Hall, Sir Fitzroy told his son that he felt sufficiently recruited from his fatigue to visit the ruins, and see the room so long the prison of his unfortunate brother, and, leaning on Earle's arm, he proceeded to the mournful place.

It was well a skilled physician attended him on this sad visit, as he was greatly overcome by the cruel sufferings one he had loved had endured for twenty-five long years.

The tears he shed over each symbol of that long captivity were almost unnumbered, and Earle led him away from the spot, resolving that all these harrowing remembrances should, if possible, be removed from the place. If not in his father's lifetime, at least as soon as he had passed away.

But to his great surprise, after he had rested and become calm, Sir Fitzroy said voluntarily:

"I never, never wish to go there again! I have seen it all once—let that suffice. Now I wish the old ruined part with the concealed room torn down as soon as it can be done."

"Father, I am rejoiced to hear you say so. The place is too full of sadness to be allowed to stand. I wish all to be bright and beautiful before my bride comes home."

"Study out, then, Earle, what you would like to erect in their place. The tower with its beautiful views can remain, and something ornamental take the place of those terrible ruins."

Earle waited for no further orders, but that very day engaged workmen to at once demolish all evidences of that sin-dyed spot, and soon an elegant gallery for pictures and statuary stood where had been, hitherto, but neglect and decay.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ETHEL'S BIRTHDAY.

The time for opening the package left

In Ethel's charge by Mrs. Nevergall was now fast approaching, it being the first of October, and consequently she began to feel exceedingly anxious in regard to the unknown parent, who was to present himself upon the fifth.

What sort of a person should she find in him, and would he be satisfied with her attainments and appearance?

These questions were continually presenting themselves to the mind of the poor girl.

On the morning of the second, a letter was placed in her hand by one of the servants, and as "private" was written on the outside, she at once repaired to her room, in order to read it while alone.

The contents, to her surprise, ran as follows:

"Very strange will it seem, my daughter, to receive this, your first letter, from an entirely unknown parent. Not from any lack of paternal feeling have I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my only child until she reaches her twenty-first birthday, but from a train of circumstances which made this course the wisest. I, however, am now granting the days when I shall at last clasp her in my arms, and give her the father's kisses and blessings. I presume you have in your possession a package to be opened on that eventful day. I have seen Mr. Rogers, and he has told me of the death of your foster mother, and that you are residing at Castle Cairn, the country residence of Edward Worthington, Duke of Westmoreland, situated in—shire."

"My child, I shall leave Liverpool on the morning train, reaching the castle at noon. Until my appearance on the scene, I prefer that you do not open the package. Together we will break the seal. Until then I will only sign myself, your affectionate FATHER."

Noon of the long expected day at length arrived, and her grace, the Duchess of Westmoreland, condescended to feel considerable interest in the young governess of her granddaughter, together with Lady Claire, was seated in the drawing-room, striving to calm the unusual agitation of the anxious and excited Ethel, who restlessly paced up and down the elegant apartment, or flitted from window to window, in order to watch the drive, to catch the first glimpse of her coming sire.

At length her weary watch was rewarded by seeing a hansom dash up to the entrance and an elegant-looking gentleman descend.

On moment passed, then the door opened and the stranger entered.

Tall and exquisitely proportioned, with an air at once dignified and easy, handsome features and large dark eyes, hair and full beard a rich brown, in which blended a few gray threads. This was the picture of the one who paused a moment near the threshold to survey the little group of ladies.

Then, as Ethel advanced a few steps to meet him, he exclaimed:

"My darling daughter, I am rejoiced to see you!" at the same time folding her to his bosom in a joyful embrace.

Holding her away from him at length, for another look at her beautiful face, he added:

"My child, you are the perfect image of your mother, and to my partial eyes she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

These words were spoken in so low a tone that the ladies present had not caught their meaning, and murmuring in return that she must introduce him to the waiting Duchess, he allowed her to lead him forward while she presented him as "my father."

Drawing close to her grace, on being thus introduced, he turned a half-quizzical look upon her, which caused her to spring up instantly as she met it, exclaiming:

"Edward! Can this be my son Edward?"

"My own, dear mother! then you do know me after all these years?" was the answer, as he held forth his arms to embrace her.

Amazed at this unlooked-for revelation, Ethel and Lady Claire clasped hands in mutual sympathy, and looked on in silent wonder.

After this fond greeting, the Duke turned and saluted his sister's child, whom he had never seen, after which he took Ethel's hand, and leading her to his mother, said:

"Now, dearest mother, let me ask for a share of your love to be given to my daughter, Lady Ethel Worthington, for in her you see your own granddaughter."

"Edward, this is a surprise, indeed," returned her grace, as she pressed the sweet girl to her bosom and kissed her forehead, young brow. "Ethel has already won our affections during her brief residence here, without knowing that she could lawfully claim them. But now, please, tell your mother who you married, and why you kept your marriage so long a secret?"

"Before answering your question, my dear mother, we will proceed to open the package left in Ethel's charge."

Taking the small bundle of what seemed papers and letters from his daughter's hand, the Duke cut the strings and drew forth the contents.

The first thing to meet the eye was a marriage certificate, setting forth that on October 18, 18—, just twenty-two years before, in New York City, Edward Worthington, only son of Charles, tenth Duke of Westmoreland, was united in marriage to Florence Nevergall, daughter of the late John Nevergall, of London, by Rev. Henry Morris, D. D.

Next came to view a magnificent circle diamond ring which he had given to her at the time of their engagement, and a plain gold band, containing their joint initials and the date of their wedding.

The last was his wife's wedding ring. Then appeared a small locket, set with diamonds, containing the likenesses of both; and as he threw the gold chain to which it was attached over Ethel's neck he bade her wear it hereafter, "for the sake of her parents."

As the Duchess and Lady Claire looked at the beautiful face of Ethel's poor, young mother, they were each struck with the likeness she bore to the picture, and thought she might almost have been its original.

"Now, my dear mother and daughter, I will tell you why I have so long concealed the fact of my marriage."

"You, mother, can scarcely blame me when you remember the set and stern disposition my father ever possessed. His will was law, his rule a rod of iron, and a child daring to disobey him was sure to be punished with the utmost severity."

"When I was only a stripling of nineteen years, I had accompanied my father to a fox hunt, and after the chase was over, on our return ride he commenced talking about my being heir to his title and wealth, and about the intense desire he had that when I married I should select a wife from a certain number of ladies belonging to the nobility."

"I remember that," I replied. "But, father, perhaps I could not love

either of the persons named. Surely you would not wish me to marry without my heart's affection being enlisted?"

"I surely do not expect love to have a single consideration. Wealth, title and beauty are all that is requisite."

"Father," I replied, "I have always expected to love some sweet young girl, and on that account solely to marry her."

"Then your expectations will meet a sudden and grievous disappointment," was the stern reply.

"Wheeling his horse so that he faced me in the road, he extended his right hand towards heaven, and then and there took the solemn oath:

"The words were so seared into my heart by my astonishment that I could never forget a single one of them:

"Once for all, Edward, hear me and mark what I say: I solemnly call on God to witness that never will I consent to your wedding any person not in your own rank in life! Never, boy; remember that. Never."

"This vow is now recorded above, and I shall never break it. See that you never ask it of me."

"From that hour matrimony and ladies lost all charms for me. I, as you know, mingled little in society, and found my chief amusement in study, hunting and traveling. When about twenty-six years old I went to America, and while in New York I accidentally met Gertrude Nevergall, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, our neighbor at the Hall. She, in making what they considered a plebeian marriage, had been cast off and disowned by her proud father and all her friends and relatives."

"With her husband and his young orphan sister, Florence Nevergall, they had left England; and Nevergall soon became a talented lawyer, respected, and received into the best society in New York City."

"It was then, at their house, I first met and passionately loved my beautiful Florence. Infatuated to the wildest degree with this young lady, I could not leave the place, and before many weeks passed I discovered that she reciprocated my warm devotion."

"When she did confess her feelings, I saw at once that asking for the consent of my father would be useless, so I urged a private marriage. To this she consented, if I could gain the approbation of her brother and his wife."

"In remembrance of their own happy life, brought about by a marriage solely for love, their consent was soon given, and in their presence we were united."

"I took my darling then to the Hotel, one of the finest in the city, where I engaged a suite of apartments, and dropping my title, I lived with her the happiest year of my life, under the simple name of Edward Worthington."

"But, alas! our joy was but for a brief period, for when our little girl was only three weeks old, she left me for a brighter world—a never-fading heritage on high."

"After her death I was inconsolable. Life for me was aimless; so I cared not what became of me. Then Mrs. Nevergall came with her sisterly advice and consolations, and in her pious efforts I again regained my outward composure."

"Outward, I say, for within my heart remained that horrible, overwhelming, wild, and utter desolation."

"Mrs. Nevergall, with the consent of her good husband, then offered to take charge of my infant child, saying that perhaps at present I might not desire to announce my marriage, or her existence, to my proud and stern father."

"After giving the matter consideration, I consented to their plan, and made up this package at that time, to be kept until this birthday. I charged them to keep my secret sacredly, and to give my little one their own name (her mother had already named her Ethel), and bring her up in every respect as they would had she been actually their own."

"I informed them that on this birthday she might be told this story, but until I reclaimed her I desired her to remain with them. If at this date my father still lived, I should settle upon her a suitable allowance, and perhaps visit her occasionally in New York without his knowledge."

"One year ago he died, and I at once wrote to Mrs. Nevergall the fact, and told her that I had now inherited the dukedom, and should consider myself free to recall my child."

"She instantly answered to the address I had given her, communicating the fact that she was a widow, very near her end, and begged me to leave Ethel with her until she should pass away, or until, at any rate, the fifth of October. She told me she should sail for England very soon, taking Ethel with her, and said that I could hear of her at the residence of her cousin, Mr. Rogers, at any time. I called there last week, and rected, only to hear of my kind friend's death, and the astounding news that my sweet daughter was even then an inmate of Castle Cairn."

"Gladly I repaired hither, to meet at once daughter, mother, and niece. May we never more be parted!"

"Amen, say I to that!" ejaculated the happy Duchess. "I have been lonely, indeed, without my son. Now I am old and need a son's care and attention."

"Which care, rest assured, shall always be yours," again repeated the Duke, as he stooped and pressed a warm kiss upon her still handsome cheeks."

When in the morning Dr. Glendenning called and was told the news, that the poor governess was no other than Lady Ethel Worthington, acknowledged daughter of the Duke of Westmoreland, his heart sank within him, and he could only whisper in trembling tones:

"Will this noble relationship cause you to regret our engagement? Oh, Ethel, Ethel, will this part us?"

"Never!" was the glad reply. "My father knows too well the value of a true love, and he surely will not refuse his consent to our union. If he does, I am of age, and have promised that nothing shall stand in the way of our marriage."

Nothing did separate them.

The Duke was much pleased with Dr. Glendenning's manly demeanor, and when he timidly asked for his daughter's hand he smiled brightly and gave his consent.

So Lady Ethel Worthington married Dr. Elfenstein Glendenning, amid great rejoicings and vast displays of wealth, beauty and fashion, after which the "bonnie" bride was welcomed gladly to the remodeled and greatly improved Hall, a place that still bore so strange a history.

Sir Fitzroy lived nearly two years after the marriage of his son, and these years were unclouded by a single sorrow.

He loved his children fondly, and was greatly beloved by them in return.

He died at last quite suddenly, and was laid to rest beside his brother Arthur in the family vault.

Sir Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, M. D., and his beautiful wife, Lady

Ethel, were ever regarded with true affection by all their neighbors and tenants; and when, at last, the Duke, after his mother's death, did, in his loneliness, love and wed a second time, a lady of rank, the Countess Teresa Lovell, they found in the new Duchess a rare addition to their circle of dear ones, and the most happy intercourse ever existed between the two families.

But a few more words remain to be said; and those relate to persons whose names have been mentioned in the course of this story.

Lady Claire Linwood developed rapidly, and a few years saw her a lovely woman, whose beauty, amiability and wealth attracted much attention and many suitors. She married early one who had gained her whole heart, Lord George Ashton, and they now reside in London, a devoted and happy couple.

Poor Constance Glendenning, in losing husband, title and wealth, became a melancholy invalid. The fate of her former lover, whom she dearly loved, was so impressed upon her heart and imagination that after she heard it in its hideousness the very name of her husband in her presence brought on nervous tremblings to such an extent that the subject had to be banished entirely from her hearing.

The real facts of the case were that all the first warm love of her heart had belonged to Sir Arthur, but when assured that he was dead, she had allowed ambition to rule her movements, and for the sake of position had given her hand to Reginald, a person she both dreaded and disliked.

Bitterly, however, had she regretted the unwise step, for he had proved an unkind, morose and ugly companion, and under his influence she had allowed her whole nature to change from gentle sweetness to cold, apathetic heartlessness, as well as selfish indifference.

The horrible exposure of her husband's sin produced at length another revulsion of feeling, and with deep remorse her heart returned to her early love, clinging ever to his memory, only to shed tears over his sorrowful fate and devotion to herself, tears of unavailing regret.

So she had lived and so at last she died. Just two years after she left the Hall she breathed her sad life away, and her last words were:

"Arthur, Arthur, my only love, I come to thee now, nevermore to be parted."

[THE END.]

Cold Weather Rules.

Always regulate the clothing to suit the temperature; a too heavy wrap induces copious perspiration, thus causing debility, and consequently the danger of taking cold is increased. Always open or throw off a wrap on going into a warmer atmosphere.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well protected, as well as the chest.

Never lean the back against anything cold.

After exercising, never ride in an open carriage or near an open window. Avoid draughts, in or out of doors.

Never stand still in the street, especially after walking, and most particularly when exposed to a cold wind. Also always avoid standing on ice or snow.

Keep the mouth closed as much as possible when in the open air, particularly upon going from a warmer atmosphere. By breathing through the nose the air becomes warmed before it reaches the lungs. A silk handkerchief, a piece of loosely-woven woolen cloth, or knitted woolen material, placed over the mouth and nose, or the mouth only, when in the open air, is very beneficial for persons with weak lungs, and should never be neglected when the temperature is at or below freezing point.

Never take warm drinks immediately before going out into the cold, and never start on a journey in the morning before eating breakfast.

Amber.

Genuine amber is becoming a scarce article. It is a fossil gum, formerly produced in large quantities by trees having a resinous sap, which flowed down the trunks and collected in masses at the root. It is found in the ground, or in marshes and other places where forests flourished in former times, and is also obtained by dredging. The German Ocean, Baltic and Black Seas formerly produced it in considerable quantities, but the supply is constantly decreasing, and unless other fields are discovered, real amber will soon be scarce and costly. There is some satisfaction in knowing that the imitation is just as good in every way, so that even if the real amber gives out there need be no diminution in the number of holders for cigars or mouthpieces for pipes. In this country comparatively little is used, save for these purposes; but in India and China large lumps are in great demand, for from some cause, an amber idol is far more highly esteemed than even a golden image, and so the best amber all goes to the East to be made into gods for the pagans.

The Kindergarten.

The kindergarten is very imperfectly understood even by many parents who send their children to it. It is very apt to be the case that parents send their children to such a place to get rid of them for a time, and it is often true that it cannot be seen that the child is learning anything. Day after day and week after week nothing seems to be learned. But,