

A SAXON PROVERB.

There is a jolly Saxon proverb
That is very much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetest may forsake it,
So, I tell you, be careful of kissing,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you smiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way of kissing,
And the jolly ones who do it
Have a motto that is winning,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own;
Would you have the golden apple,
You must climb the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh I tell you that is magic,
And you cannot, but to take it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

—Lester Post-Dispatch.

THE CURSE OF THE CASTLE.

BY EMMONS BAIRD.

It has happened again! So all the
tellers said at the "Golden Dragon."
"It has happened again!" So the
old kelter at the Schwartzberg said,
and the servants repeated it; and that
was how they had the news at the
"Golden Dragon" and all over the vil-
lage before night.

How it happened was a mystery, but
there was no denying it. If any of the
mole folk at the Schwartzberg were
going to die, something in the castle
was sure to fall with no human hand
near—no loophole for explaining why
the crash should come before the death,
and not at any other time. The omen
had begun again in these days, after a
lapse of a century. The old kelter's
father, who had kept the keys long ago,
had told strange tales about it. He
had only heard them in his youth, but
they were very strange tales, and the
"Golden Dragon" and the village in
general decided that they were not to
be explained away. But it was much
more satisfactory when at the present
time the evil omen began to show itself
again. It was no grandmother's story
now, but a reality. The gossip and ex-
citement went on with shudders and
whispers; it was so pleasant to have
something to shudder about. Why, if
nobody had died after the great stag's
head fell in the hall, the "Golden
Dragon" would have been downright
sorry.

But as it happened, the little boy—
the old baron's grandson and heir—fell
on the Black Mountain the very day
after, and broke his neck. That was
only three months ago. And now the
great mirror in the tapestried drawing-
room had fallen. It was certainly the
old baron that was to go off this time.
The village waited, breathless, to know.

Home went Fritz Hartmann with the
news on the Saturday night. He was
in a worse humor than usual: that is
saying a great deal for Fritz Hartmann,
for he was the blackest man in the vil-
lage; and who he was or what he was
thinking of was all a mystery.

"Flowers, father!" said the little
bright-haired child, wanting to be
noticed.

"Go to bed!" said Hartmann, and
dropped the flowers and kicked them
away.

"Any news?" his buxom, good-
humored wife asked. The blackest
mood Fritz could be in was never too
black to stop her smile; many a gather-
ing thunderstorm was laughed off by
Martha.

"Why should there be news?" he
said, savagely, flinging his coat aside,
and throwing himself on a seat, with
his hat still on. Love in a cottage has
many drawbacks, and his absence of
manners is one of them.

The brisk and buxom Martha popped
the child into bed, and began to make
Fritz's supper hot. There was no fear
in her nature, and a great deal of
curiosity.

"I wanted to hear about the poor,
dear old baron," said Martha.

"He is dying, they say," growled
Fritz.

"Oh! Poor old man!"

"Why?" said the husband. "He paid
us for his bit of carving. What need
we care?"

"Yes, we should care, my wicked old
Fritz," shaking him by the shoulder.

"If a poor man died," said Fritz,
"they would shovel him into the ground
and forget him. Why should not the
rich die too? He has the gout; it
would be a comfort to the old fellow to
die."

Martha had prayed that he might not
die for many a year, gout or no gout—
he had been so good to her long ago,
when her parents died, and she was
taken to the castle to feed the chickens
and the ducks in the yard.

Fritz did a bit of wood-carving as
well as his daily work. Tourists bought
his carving in summer; it was bought
at the castle too. He had carried his
trunk and frames to the Schwartz-
berg Castle so often, that he was free
of the servants' hall any day, and when
he took the carved chair on Thursday,
the baron had made him bring it into
the library with his own hands. It was
ungrateful of Fritz to be glad that the
poor old baron was dying; but then
Fritz was always growling at the
castle folks, and grumbling at his own
poverty.

After supper he went out to the
"Golden Dragon," and lolled with the
idlers on the benches outside the inn.
He was not a man for speaking to the
others; he had the name of being as
proud as Satan, but he listened with
his arms folded, and the corners of his
dark eyes watching everything. There
was no reason that the baron should
die because the mirror fell, he said. It
was all nonsense. He was the only
man in the village that disbelieved in
the omen of the Schwartzberg Castle.

When the notary passed, the old
man with long black hair bowed to
Hartmann. It was a queer thing that the
notary always bowed to Hartmann, the
working man. Sometimes Hartmann
even went to supper with him—which
was a queerer thing still.

Up at the mountain castle, the lonz

tapestried drawing-room was dimly
lighted, and the great, round, broken
mirror lay unbroken upon the floor.
The granddaughter of the baron was
there with a friend from Geneva, the
young lawyer, Ludwig Schmidt—a
friend, and more than a friend. Bertha
was in the first blush and beauty of
girlhood, fair and pink, with soft blue
German eyes, and curls too rich to be
flaxen. She was letting Ludwig cut
one little curl, with her pretty head
bent for the robbery. The shadow of
death loomed over her home again,
while she was still wearing a mourning
gown for her boy brother; so, though
they were lovers, even to the sweet
folly of giving a love-lock, they could
not be very light-hearted to-night.

"And why not have the broken mirror
taken away?" the young lawyer of
Leipzig asked. There is no room for
superstition in the legal and logical
mind.

"It is ill-luck for whoever touches it,"
said Bertha, with a blush; but she
could not get him to believe such fool-
ishness. He put the love-lock in the
innermost recess of his pocket-book,
and then with his own hands, gathered
the ruins of the mirror on to a table,
rang for a servant to take them away
out of everybody's sight.

"You picked them up, sir?" said the
servant, nervously.

"I did," said Ludwig, with a laugh.
"There's no fear of ill-luck for you, my
good fellow, you are so cautious."

"It would have been wise, sir, to have
left it as it fell until after the change
of the moon."

Ludwig gave a growl of contempt.
"My good man, I would not be such a
moonstruck lunatic. Take the pieces
away."

Bertha admired him more than ever,
as every girl admires a brave man. It
seemed such a daring deed to be the
one to pick up that mirror; she mistook
his common sense for bravery.

"Your grandfather is dying of sheer
fright," the young man went on, step-
ping out on the terrace and leading the
girl with him. "The omen will come
true if the fear of it kills him."

"But, dear Ludwig," said the girl,
leaning on the balustrade, and feeling
helplessly ignorant as she looked up at
her wise lover, and loved him the more
for the man's superior wisdom, "we
should all like not to believe in the
omen; but what could have knocked the
mirror down?"

It was indeed puzzling. The nails
that had held that mirror were as long
as a man's hand. They had been buried
in the wall like shafts of iron, and out
of the wall they had dragged them-
selves, after being for fifty years safe
and firm. Bertha herself had been in the
drawing-room, singing Gounod's "Sere-
nade," with her fiance leaning against
the piano, watching the light from the
candles making a halo about her fair
hair, and the old baron was dozing in
his chair with the dog at his feet. When
all at once, with no hand near it, the
great mirror had dragged its nails out
of the opposite wall, and crashed down
upon the floor. The dog had howled
and barked, the servants had rushed in,
and in the midst of the confusion the
old man's voice had said, with a trem-
ble—

"My hour has come!"

His strength had failed; he had been
confined to his room; he was dying.

When Ludwig and Bertha walked
along the terrace, they hustled their
steps near those open windows farther
on than the old drawing-room.

"He is awake again," said Ludwig,
looking into the curtained gloom. Go
to him, Bertha, if you like, and I can
have a smoke in the garden. You might
ask him about the will."

"But I don't want him to die, Lud-
wig."

"My poor little Bertha, what strange
things they have taught you! He won't
die a moment sooner because he makes
a will. It is the right thing to do."

Whatever Ludwig said was right, was
supremely right always to the lonely,
half-taught girl; so as she sat beside
the death-bed that evening, she ten-
derly and gently coaxed the old man to
leave his last wishes written down.

Ludwig was called in from the garden,
where his cigar had been gleaming
under the lindens, and they sent for
the village notary, and the butler was
the witness.

It was well the will was made that
night. The old baron was dead before
morning.

Then how the idlers at the "Golden
Dragon" talked, and how all the vil-
lage whispered and shuddered! Well,
a few months after, Ludwig Schmidt
owned the castle, and Bertha was his
wife, and it was to be hoped nothing
more would jump down from the walls
to give mortals a warning.

The gloomy Fritz Hartmann was
more gloomy than ever. Martha swept
the cottage and played with the child;
but he grumbled at his poverty, and the
child shrank from his black looks.
He was at the old notary's house every
night now.

"Are you selling him carving, Fritz?"
said Martha. "Why, we shall be rich!"

Fritz Hartmann was going out of the
notary's before he had even tasted a
bit after his work.

"I am doing some carving there—at
the house, of a night. We may be
rich—if we are, it is only my just right,
and thanks to nobody."

This was a strange way of talking of
wood-carving. Martha wondered and
puzzled while she was taking off bright-
haired Gretchen's strong little shoes,
and putting her to bed. Well, after all,
it was the just right of a workman to
get the value of his work; perhaps that
was what Fritz meant. But Fritz now
was making a great deal of money now.

Why, he had gone up to the castle in
the middle of the day to mend a broken
part of the Swiss clock-case.

When Fritz Hartmann reached the
notary's house, he forgot that there was
any such thing as carving in the world,
unless it was carving out a fortune. Yet
there was some carving to be done, and
he might be rich. The old notary and
Hartmann walked in the garden by the
colored spires of hollyhock flowers.

They smoked and talked of the time of
Hartmann's father, and how the old
notary knew him well, and how there
had been a quarrel.

"No one in the village knows?" asked
the old lawyer keenly.

"No one! I am a good gaoler to keep
secrets fast."

"But it is time," said the notary.
"Your case is safe. The old baron was
almost dead. I was called in to make
the will by the man to whom the prop-
erty was willed. His defence would
not have a leg to stand on."

It was a very strange thing that
while those two men were talking by
the hollyhocks, considering the
future law-suit which was to make the
Schwartzberg Castle change owners, at
the castle itself the evil omen came
again. In the old tapestried drawing-
room young Schmidt was telling his
tale, leaning over the back of his little
wife's chair, after a day's shooting. On
the wall opposite to the windows
there was only the sooty-shaded
tapestry; but at one end of the room
there was the portrait of Bertha, in
white and pearls, as a bride; it had
been hung there instead of the broken
mirror.

All at once the portrait dragged the
long nails from the wall, and fell face
downward on the polished floor.

Even Ludwig Schmidt, man as he
was, turned pale, and stood unable to
stir in the dead silence after the crash.
Then seeing his young wife's head sink
forward, he turned to her in panic.
Was she already dead? No, it was
only a faint. The faint passed off,
and the servants were gathered round
her where she lay in the cool air on the
terrace. Her eyes sought her hus-
band's face, and the only words she
spoke were, "I am to die!"

Now, to a dead certainty—and a very
dead certainty indeed—Bertha would
die if she sank as she was sinking dur-
ing the month or two that followed the
falling of the great picture. All the
neighborhood had the tale; the "Golden
Dragon" had sent it round—the bride
at the castle was wasting away and
dying. The doctors found no disease,
but she was fading as a flower fades
when life is done.

The Schwartzberg case began to fill
the papers of Geneva. Two brothers
had quarrelled long ago, and the
younger of the two had incurred his
father's anger, and gone away an exile
from his home and country. He ran
through his portion in a wild life, and
never came back like the prodigal. But
his son came back, as a stranger and
a peasant, to live gloomy and dis-
contented under the shadow of the
castle, where his father had lived as a
boy. His father's brother was there,
grown old now, and the heir was the
grandson—a boy with an elder sister
just in the flower of girlhood. The
young heir had been killed by a fall
on the rocks. The old baron had died,
and a man with no name but Schmidt
was in the place of the barons of
Schwartzberg. The great case dragged
on as a nine-days' wonder. There were
two wills: one produced from the safe
of the old notary of Schwartzberg; it
was written after the boy's untimely
death, and gave the property to the
next heir of the Schwartzberg barons,
the male descendant of the absent
brother; the other will was written on
the night of the baron's death. It was
disputed because it had been drawn up
when the testator was weak in mind,
on the brink of death, and it had been
done at the instigation of Schmidt him-
self. Well, all the village had been
amazed to discover who Fritz Hart-
mann was; there was no doubt how the
case would go.

"But the poor lady—it is sad for
her," said one of the idlers outside the
inn.

"She is dying, anyhow, so it does not
matter," answered another. "It does
not make any difference to the dead
whether they owned a castle or a
hovel."

"But she is dying?" with a shudder.

"Yes," it was a whisper: "the portrait
fell—it was the omen. She sickened
at once. It will be a great funeral.
My lord will go back to his law-books;
his time at the castle was a short life
and a merry one."

But Ludwig Schmidt sped home from
Geneva to his young wife. "Victory!"
—the decision is for us."

She raised herself from her couch to
lean the fair head against his
shoulder. "I am glad to think
you will be here—you will not
be poor—when I am gone."

"But you are not dying, darling—or
if you were dying it was of fear, and
you shall fear no more."

"Do not blame me—I can't help be-
ing afraid," Bertha's weak voice said.
"I have heard of the Schwartzberg
omen all my life."

"Poor child! You have heard too
much."

"And oh, Ludwig!" she went on, "I
am almost afraid to tell you—the night
you went away the stone eagle over the
gate fell down; and the night was so
still there was not a leaf stirring."

Now, the fall of the eagle over the
gate was a new form of the omen, and
it set Ludwig thinking for dear life—
yes, and for a dearer life than his own.

That very night again the eagle fell.
For the second time it was put up, and
mortared and cemented into its place.

"Bertha is sheerly dying of supersti-
tion—dying of an old woman's tale,"
thought Ludwig, exasperated; "and yet
I cannot explain this evil thing away.
If the poor child dies, it will not have
been foretold. It will have been caused
by the fall of that picture in the tape-
stried room and this eagle over the
gate."

The so-called Fritz Hartmann was
leaving the village; he was taking
Martha and their child across the ocean
to make an emigrant's home in the far
West. He had refused a goodly sum
of money from the castle. He would
have all or none. He was to go to-
morrow; but it was a to-morrow that
never came.

"The eagle is down again," whispered
the kelter to his master, "and the ivy
is all broken and torn from the wall,
and there is a man lying dead."

Ludwig hurried across the courtyard,
and found Hartmann dead on his face,
with an ivy leaf beside him, and the
broken eagle.

Only then the kelter remembered
that each time the omen had come it
had shown itself after the visit of Hart-
mann with his carving. As for the fall
of the antlers and the accidental death
of the boy—that, no doubt, suggested
to Hartmann an easy method of clearing
the old baron out of the way; for cer-
tainly, when the mirror fell, and the
portrait, Hartmann the carver had to find
an opportunity to help the nails out of

the wall and leave them loose. If the
young bride had died of superstition
and fear, there would have been no heir
but the man who had tried by legal
means, and lost his chance.

The lady of the castle bloomed into
health; she comforted the peasant-
widow, and sent little Gretchen a
marriage portion in time to come. But
the evil omen of the Schwartzberg
never happened again; and the folks at
the "Golden Dragon" refused the ex-
planation, as credulous folks always do.

"The outcast died by the omen itself
at the castle gate," they said. "The
stone eagle killed him."

"The wound was made by a fall," said
the surgeon positively.

And yet at the "Golden Dragon" the
tale was told for many a year as the
finest and most "curesey" instance of
the Schwartzberg omen. For if men
will enjoy a shudder, they won't have
an explanation.

Facts About Ocean Steamships.

Mr. John Burns contributes to *Good
Words* a paper which contains some in-
teresting facts with regard to the equip-
ment and working of ocean steamships.
He begins by making a comparison be-
tween the pioneer vessels of the Cunard
Line and the latest addition to its fleet.
The Britannia, built in 1839, took 600
tons of coal, leaving Liverpool for her
outward voyage. She burned 44 tons
per day; while her steam pressure was
9 pounds, and her speed a little over 8
knots per hour. The Etruria, built in
1885, has averaged a speed of 18 knots
in nine consecutive voyages between
Queenstown and New York, which is
equal to nearly 21 statute miles per
hour, or somewhat greater than the
average speed of the ordinary train
service on any railroad in the world.
Her engines indicate 14,000-horse
power. The total consumption of coal is
300 tons per day, or 12 tons per hour.
Besides the coal, 130 gallons of oil are
used daily for journals, bearings, etc.
Her crew is made up as follows: The
captain, 6 officers, surgeon and purser,
46 seamen, carpenter and joiner, boat-
swain and mate, 2 masters-at-arms, 12
engineers, 112 firemen and trimmers,
72 stewards, 6 stewardesses, 24 cooks,
bakers, and assistants; in all, 287 hands.

For a single passage to the westward,
the Etruria, with 547 cabin passen-
gers and a crew of 287 persons, had,
when leaving Liverpool, the following
quantities of provisions: 12,500 pounds
fresh beef, 760 pounds corned beef, 5-
320 pounds mutton, 350 pounds lamb,
350 pounds veal, 350 pounds of pork,
2,000 pounds fresh fish, 600 fowls, 300
chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese, 80
turkeys, 200 brace grouse, 15 tons po-
tatoes, 30 hampers vegetables, 220
quarts ice cream, 1,000 quarts milk,
and 11,500 eggs. In groceries alone
there were over 200 different articles,
including for the round voyage of 22
days: 650 pounds tea, 1,200 pounds
coffee, 1,600 pounds white sugar, 2,800
pounds moist sugar, 750 pounds pul-
verized sugar, 1,500 pounds cheese, 2,000
pounds butter, 3,500 pounds ham, and
1,000 pounds bacon. The foregoing
seem enormous quantities, but very
little was left upon the ship's arrival in
port. The quantities of wines, spirits,
beer, etc., put on board for consump-
tion on the round voyage comprise 1-
100 bottles of champagne, 850 bottles
claret, 6,000 bottles of ale, 2,500 bottles
of porter, 4,500 bottles mineral water,
650 bottles of various spirits. As re-
gards the consumption on board the
Cunard fleet for one year, Mr. Burns
says: "We consume no less than 4,656
sheep, 1,800 lambs, and 2,474 oxen."

Cheating the Law.

A family recently moved into a cen-
tral Dakota county from the East.
Three or four mornings after a lumber
wagon drove up and a man got out and
rapped at the door. The woman ap-
peared and the man said:

"Good mornin', ma'am, I hope you
hain't fished him out yet?"

"What is it, sir?"

"I say I hope everything remains just
as it was—that's the law in cases of this
kind, ye know."

"I don't understand you."

"I can't see why you don't—you must
know what's happened an' what the
law requires in such cases. This is the
jury out'n the wagon an' I'm coroner—
don't delay us cause we're all anxious
to earn our fees an' git back an' git in
a day's work har'ardin'—grain's powerful
ripe, ma'am."

"There hasn't been any death here,
sir."

"There hain't? Didn't yer husband
fall down the well?"

"No, sir!"

"Didn't he git wanderin' round in
the night an' tumble down an' drown an'
break his neck both at the same time?"

"No, sir, he didn't. He's out in the
field at work now. One of our calves
fallen down an' well last night."

"D'ye hear that, boys?—that's how
the blame yarn got started! Madam,
tell yer husband to be very keeryful in
the future—if we come again we shall
hold the inquest whether he is dead or
not!" Then as he turned and climbed
in the wagon he added: "Bill, jes'
turned that verdick ye writ up—the
durned fool may drop down that well
yet!"—Dakota Bell.

Hinting a Proposal.

When a lover is approaching the goal
of matrimony he sometimes finds it diffi-
cult to announce his intentions. In any
such case, he might find it advanta-
geous to adopt the following circuitous
route, unless he can find another one
still more roundabout:

A young native of Aberdeen, bashful
but desperately in love, finding that no
notice was taken of his frequent visits
to the house of his sweetheart, sum-
moned up courage to address the girl
thus: "Jean, I wish here on Monday
night."

"Ay, ye were that," acknowledged the
girl.

"An' I wish here on Tuesday night."

"So ye were."

"An' I wish here on Wednesday."

"Ay, an' ye were here on Thursday
night."

"An' I wish here last night, Jean."

"Weel," she said, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here the night again."

"An' what about it, even if ye cam
every night?"

"What about it, did ye say, Jean?
Did ye begin to smell a rat?"

THE "BATH OF ISIS."

Waters Used by the Egyptian Women to
Beautify the Complexion.

(London Exchange.)

The Egyptian princesses were re-
nowned for their beauty above all the
women of the earth, from the earliest
records down to Cleopatra's time. "As
beautiful as a princess of Egypt" was
the superlative of comparison. No
women in the world ever had such com-
plexions or such skins, and there is
nothing in the world to-day to compare
with the skins of the mummies of
women taken from the tombs. This
distinction lasted over a period of 3,000
years, and was commonly attributed to
the "bath of Isis," which was preserved
for them with such zealous care; but it
was really more owing to inheritance
and the climate, united to perfect
health and phenomenal cleanliness,
than to the lotion. There never was
any secret about its components. It
was made from lotus water and the ad-
ipocere of a rabbit. The trouble was to
get the adipocere. None but the Mem-
phian and Saisian priests knew how to
convert the dead rabbit into adipocere.
This secret they kept, and to this day it
is not known how they did it, although
there are a dozen ways now by which it
can be done. The lotus water was
made by distillation, as rose water is
now made, and was in as common use
among the Egyptian women as rose wa-
ter is with the American. The ad-
ipocere was prepared in some way by
which the saccharized oil was extracted,
making it identical with our glycerine,
by removing the waxy portion of the
fat matter. Cheops ruined himself
by building his pyramid. His daughter
then demanded from each one of her
lovers the present of a single stone,
and with those given her by them she
built the middle pyramid of the three
finest her father's. She had over fifty
thousand lovers. The priests of
Memphis for this reason refused to
grant any of the sacred "bath of Isis"
to her, and one of her lovers, who was a
priest, revealed the secret of the prepa-
ration of the adipocere. This secret
may have passed down in her family,
but must soon have been lost, for they
couldn't get the adipocere to pre-
pare. If the bath was used by any of
the Byzantine empresses, they probably
used the adipocere known to them,
which was not of rabbits, but of human
beings and horses. It could not have
been of very good quality, as it would
have been unrefined and mixed with
lotus water in the waxy state. Liebig
took the trouble to verify it, to settle
the disputes about the translations.
Lotus water is easy enough to get, as it
is a regular preparation in the East for
the skin, corresponding to Florida water
and bay rum with us. He took the
trouble to make the bath first with rab-
bit adipocere, and then with the refined
product of sweet oil; so that he ob-
tained the identical "bath of Isis." He
gave it to his friends to experiment
with, and they found the former good
and the latter excellent. He afterward
made it from our rose water and
glycerine, and this was much better
than either of the others. The propor-
tions vary. To keep the skin soft one-
third of glycerine to two-thirds of rose
water, and this was probably the pro-
portion in the "bath of Isis," and its
symbol was thus divided; but Liebig's
experiments showed that half-and-half
were about the proper proportions,
when bringing the skin into condition.
Sixpenny worth lasts a month—three-
penny worth of the rose water of com-
merce (made from four drops of rose
oil to an ounce of distilled water) and
threepenny worth of the ordinary
glycerine; but by using the genuine
rose water, made by distillation and
the chemically pure glycerine obtained
by a second refining—which cannot be
had at every druggist's—you will get a
much better article than the "bath of
Isis" ever was. This lotion is alluded
to in the oldest book in the world, now
in the National Library in Paris—I
mean the one written by Prince Hoteb,
and taken from his coffin after it had
lain beside him for over five thousand
eight hundred years. The reason why
our women have bad skins is because
they are not cleanly. The Egyptians
were the healthiest people ever known,
and this was because they were the
cleanest. The woman who took only
one bath a day would have been
looked upon as we regard one who
washes but once a year. Linen was
never worn the second time without
washing. The princesses bathed in
diluted lotus water many times daily,
and night and morning used the "bath
of Isis;" they had a regular day each
week for medical treatment, and with
all Egyptian women, devoted three
days in each month to medicines to
keep clean the inside as well as the out-
side of their bodies; so that had there
been no "baths of Isis" they would not
have failed to have beautiful complex-
ions. This "bath" merely gave their
skin the satin touch and velvet softness.
Their perfect health did the rest. With
perfect health alone, their hide might
have been as rough and coarse as that
of a hippopotamus, but no "bath"
ever made will bleach the yellow face
of a person suffering from jaundice, or
remove the pimples that come from
constitutional weakness and the break-
ing up of cellular tissue.

Geology as a Study for Girls.

I wish to make here a note based
upon my personal observation. The
gist of it is that girls and ladies possess
a very decided relish for the study of
geology and aptitude in acquiring the
elements of the science. I ought to add
that women of all ages have been the
most enthusiastic readers and students
of the subject in all cases where I have
had personal cognizance of the direction
of attention to it. In my university
work I find young ladies quite as en-
thusiastic as young men, and quite as
successful in acquiring exact and sub-
stantial knowledge. Why should they
not? If powers of observation are
needed, the girl equals the boy as truly
in the inspection of minerals, rocks, and
fossils as in the determination of a
specimen from the vegetable kingdom.
If imagination is demanded, the girl
notoriously possesses as ready a gift as
the boy. In the reasoning processes of
generalization if the majority of girls
are not so apt as the other sex, many of
them are equal, and all have aptitude
sufficient for the fundamental principles
of the science. To say the least, among

my own pupils during twenty-five years
past the sterner sex have seen little
opportunity to boast over their sisters.
I must add that more than once my ad-
miration and wonder have been excited
by the devotion, the fidelity, the en-
thusiasm, and real success with which
individual girls and women, guided by
some unexpected incentive, have taken
up singly the study of bowlders or