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I am prepared to do all kinds Painting, Wall Decorating in Paper or Paint, in best style. Painting done on houses by day or contract. I am also agent for two brands of first quality Patent Paint. If you consult your interest you will call on me before purchasing, as by my long experience in the business I think I can make it to your advantage to give me a call

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FENCING,

BOTH HEMLOCK AND NORTH CAROLINA.

—DEALERS IN—

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GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS. AMMUNITION FOR SAME. everything belonging to the sportsman in Pursuit of Game.

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Sweeting Cycle Co., 639 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co. Commission Merchants, corner of Rowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

A Lecture on Trees Illustrated With an Umbrella.



Here we have a form of the cypress—



Here the palm—



And here the pine.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A New Baby Carrier.

This most ingenious and useful little article is in reality a miniature hammock, which can be fastened round the neck at various heights by strong hooks. The baby being placed inside the hands of the nurse are left perfectly free, the arms saved from any strain or subsequent ach-



A NEW BABY CARRIER.

ing, and perfect comfort and safety are insured for the child. The "baby carrier" weighs under three ounces, will wash and when not in use can be folded up into a very small compass and carried in the pocket.

Every woman knows how, when the baby wants to be nursed, everything else must be put aside and every movement studied; therefore, the value of an article the use of which admits of a book or work being held and saves the arms from many an hour's aching can be thoroughly appreciated.—*Ladies' Pictorial London.*

Half Oak, Half Caerry.

Near the old cemetery in West Alexandria, W. Va., a big tree is growing, which forks at three feet nine inches from the ground. Apparently it is a white oak, but on examination it appears that above the fork it branches into two species, one a white oak and the other a white cherry, with the foliage peculiar to each. The oak is about sixty-five and the cherry fifty-five feet high.—*Times-Democrat.*

Results of Impaction of Ear-Wax.

Impaction of cerumen, or ear-wax, as it is popularly called, usually produces no more consequence than partial or temporary deafness. But Dr. Dalbey, of Iowa, publishes a case which shows that this apparently simple condition may produce serious and even dangerous results of a far-reaching character.

The case was that of a farmer who had been completely deaf in the right ear for twenty-five years. One day, after exposure to dampness, an acute pain developed in this ear, followed by complete paralysis of the right side of the face. The doctor carefully syringed it, and found that the ear-drum had been destroyed, and that the wax had worked into the little cavities in the bone behind the ear, and pressed against the nerve which controls the superficial muscles of the face. At the expiration of a few months of electrical treatment the patient was entirely cured of his paralysis. This case emphasizes the necessity of mothers and nurses being minutely watchful in the care of the ears of children who are either too young or heedless to attend to the matter themselves.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Test of Real Suffering.

First Patient (in the hospital)—We was warming the dynamite on the fire and that was the last thing I knew until some one asked me if I could pick my arms out of the pile. It's tough to go through the world without arms.

Second Patient—I left my legs about four miles from Squeedonk in a railroad wreck. I laid there four hours before the doctor came.

Third Patient (feebly)—Have either of you gentlemen ever had the grip.—*New York Recorder.*

BLASTS OF BLESSEDNESS.

Religious Thoughts from the Indianapolis Ram's Horn.



ALL doubts are from the devil.

LITTLE troubles kill little men.

PEOPLE live for what they hope for.

A LIE can be told without saying a word.

SELF-CONCEIT is harder to cure than cancer.

PEOPLE who think low are sure to live low.

GOD will be to us all that we trust him for.

PEOPLE who love themselves do not hate sin.

SOMETIMES a good well has a very poor pump.

THERE is nothing meaner anywhere than a lie.

THE more we need Christ the nearer He is to us.

NO MAN pleases God who prays only for himself.

MAN could not love a God who could suffer for him.

WHEN the devil can get the eyes he is sure of the feet.

IT is the cowardly dog who is always showing his teeth.

IT takes fire to bring out the fragrance of the incense.

THE devil's arrows are all dipped in the power of doubt.

HOW EASY it is to feel big in the presence of a dwarf.

NO MAN can overcome himself without help from Christ.

THE man who is not giving to God is stealing from himself.

A MAN who will lie on his knees won't tell the truth anywhere.

NOTHING can hurt you so much as to doubt the word of God.

THE people who need your prayers most are those you don't like.

ALL the philosophy in the world has never made anybody better.

THE man who stands on God's Word never travels on low ground.

A PREACHER with the big head is a man the devil loves to look at.

WHEN there is a giraffe in the pulpit how the lambs do suffer.

IT takes more than eloquence to make the devil let go of people.

IT is human nature to hate people who show us that we are little.

THE less a man who won't pay his debts prays in church the better.

WATCH the man in business who is afraid of getting too much religion.

NO MAN can be a follower of Jesus Christ without becoming a leader.

In Case of Fire.

Fire requires air; therefore, on appearance, every effort should be made to exclude air. Shut all doors and windows. By this means fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but if the doors and windows are thrown open, the fanning of the wind and draught will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity. It must not be forgotten that the most precious moments are at the commencement of a fire, and not a single second should be lost in tackling it. In a room a tablecloth can be used as well as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat or anything similar may be used with an equally successful result. The great point is presence of mind—calmness in danger—action guided by reason an thought. In all large houses, buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a little salt being put in the water. Always endeavor to knock the bed or a fire, shut the window, and be sure to shut the door when making good your retreat. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped around the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety. — *Outward Bound.*

The Koh-i-noor.

This jewel, so brilliant and massive as to be called the "Mountain of Light," now glistens in the crown of Queen Victoria. Perhaps few treasuries have passed through greater vicissitudes. Its origin is lost in the mists of legendary antiquity. It had fallen into the hands of the early Turkish invaders of India, and from them passed to the moguls. "My son," said the famous conqueror of Baber, "has won a jewel from the Rahja which is valued at half the expenses of the whole world." Later on, a Persian conqueror, seeing it gleaming in the turban of Baber's descendant, exclaimed with rough and somewhat costly humor, "We will be friends, lets us change our turbans in pledge of friendship." The exchange, it need hardly be said, was made. From Persian, the jewel was passed by conquest to Afghan hands. Shah Sooja, being an exile and a prisoner among the Sikhs, was in return relieved of the jewel by Runjeet Sing. This prince on his deathbed was almost persuaded by a wily Brahmin to make his salvation certain by sending the treasure to adorn the idol of Juggernaut. After the British wars with the Sikhs and the annexation of the Punjaub under the Laurences, the stone found its way into the possession of the Punjaub Board, and finally into the Tower of London, where the crown jewels are kept.—*Free Press.*

The Oldest American Flag.

Mrs. Samuel Stafford, of Cottage City, is the owner of the oldest American flag in existence. The flag has only twelve stars, and once floated over the battleship Bon Homme Richard, John Paul Jones, Commander. In the engagement with the British frigate Serapis, September 23, 1779, it was knocked into the water. Mrs. Stafford's husband's father plunged in after it, and succeeded in reaching the deck and displaying the flag again. For this the flag was presented to him, and he handed it down to the present owner.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Great Exploits." (Preached at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.)

TEXT: "*The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.*"—Daniel xi., 32.

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flesh of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman embassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted, valorously, as did Eleezer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it, and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be an heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battles. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in courtrooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced and he is almost desperate.

Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is apt to break a window glass or blow up a safe or play the highwayman so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the cruel cold.

The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fiend fill their cups of gall, and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, an I some of you have tried it.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in having in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third rate boarding house, where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven.

An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, an I this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses an I tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!"

The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain and his spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man."

In a short time after, the old merchant, who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending, and the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man, "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man."

There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook, containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamppost on our corner without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, and the case was proved genuine.

Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities. Young women without money and with out home and without work in the great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way. We have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway. They are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door."

Or do you compliment her personal appearance and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories and for governesses in families have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work, and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name, and tell them I sent you."

The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at, and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and heaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! Nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. A considerable fee, and the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is apt to break a window glass or blow up a safe or play the highwayman so as to get back within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the cruel cold.

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I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fastened to brother and husband and life and irradiate home and society and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb.

Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still the full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is. But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the loftiest mountains, so the deepest and saintly influences have to tell you that a good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palaces the more fearful the dungeons that underlie them. The grander the steamer Oregon the more terrible her going down just off the coast.

Now I should not wonder if you mumbled a little about a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. If, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing the very important and honorable work, but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to be many, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourself in trying to get her more patrons, and tell her of divine sympathy.

Yet, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surrounding fading in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief requirement, living for herself and for times if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath-school teacher, who was the means of the conversion of the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said, "Father, I am going to join the church, and I want you to come." "Oh, go," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going to be married would you not go to see me married?" And he said, "Oh, yes." "Well," said she, "this is of more importance than that."

So he went and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithful Sabbath-school teacher not only saved a woman, but saved a man. There may be in this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Repent! Stand up, thou masterpiece of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat, and that elegant suit of clothes comes off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you save that woman.

There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My, what lots of children! And some people have youngsters of their own. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying.

Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that be reavved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough she would call in all her investments an I put down all her mortgages and bonds, and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling!"

I am glad that there are those who know something of a value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inability or disobedience of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked.

There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, What are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will.

How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." We must know Him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation, and then we shall have His help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one.

By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. As they came within speaking distance Harry cried out, "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!

Printing Shops at Sea.

Very few persons outside the shipping business are aware that there are now more than a dozen ocean going steamships with a printing department on board. They are fully equipped, and can turn out anything in the printing line, with the possible exception of a highly colored lithograph or a gilt-edge playing card. The City of Paris and the City of New York of the Inman line, the Teutonic and the Majestic of the White Star line, and a number of craft in the North German Lloyd fleet have a large space set aside for the use of the printers.

On every trip of the City of Paris a newspaper is printed at sea. It is newsy and breezy, and smells of Old Neptune as much as a South Sea whaler does. It is a four-page sheet of the color of old parchment, and everything of any note that occurs during the passage from port to port is faithfully recorded. The passengers and officers supply the "copy." Everything is contributed free. There are poems by women passengers, fairy tales of the sea, written by landsmen, and records of this or that concert held on board or incidents of the dinner table.

Turning out this newspaper is not the only thing that keeps the printing office of the Paris busy. An abstract of the ship's log has to be made, giving the dates, directions of wind, distances, and courses traveled, position of vessel by latitude and longitude at noon the end of each day, and the general remarks as to the condition of sky, air, and sea. Several thousand of these have to be prepared and delivered to the mail steamboat on the arrival of the steamship at each port. As the mail boat always reaches the company's pier in advance of the printing department, the abstract of log is generally at the company's office down town by newspaper reporters before the steamship reaches her dock. All this printing is free of charge to the passengers, the steamship company meeting the expense.

So popular has this printing shop become aboard ship that "plants" have been placed aboard other than regular liners. There is an Al shop aboard the United States man-of-war Chicago, the flagship of the Squadron of Evolution. On the recent cruise of the White Squadron this "plant" was used in printing a sheet called the *Chicago Bulletin*, besides doing other official service for the officers of the fleet. Nine numbers were printed during the cruise, the last at Norfolk, Va., on May 23. In the publication were printed articles on "Hayti as a Nation," "Our Naval Cadets," "Is Jack a Grumbler?" "Our National Flag," and "Squadron Target Practice." The late Rear Admiral Geo. F. Preble, Rear Admiral Thomas H. Stevens and the late Commander W. F. Spicer also contributed three clever poems to the sheet. The officers and crew of the fleet say they could not get along with out the *Bulletin* now.

The Left-Side Hair Part.

A barber tells the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "I have seen many barbers' trade secrets exposed, but I have never seen a reason given in print for men parting their hair on the left side in more than nine cases out of ten. I talked the matter over with a physician once, and he said it might be only a coincidence, but that at least nine men out of ten sleep on their right side because by so doing digestion is aided and the action of the heart is left undisturbed.

"That, I think, accounts for the hair parting, because the warmth of the side of the head pressed into the pillow greatly aids the growth of the hair, and a man naturally parts his hair so as to brush it in the direction of the greatest growth. This also accounts for what almost every one who has tried to keep his mustache and beard evenly trimmed must have noticed—that he has to trim the right side more frequently than the left. Warmth is the best hair tonic and invigorator discovered, especially a moist heat, such as is produced by confined perspiration."

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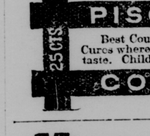
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