doubtless, he had many a boy's frolic, and Dick was launched on the troubled sea of life to make the best voyage he could, and with very little chance of riding fairly in Prosperity Bay.

He was apprenticed to a barber, and soon became an adept at chin-shaving. It was a marked characteristic of the boy, that whatever he undertook he accomplished thoroughly. He knew how to make a lather that would render supple the most wiry stubble that ever sprouted on the face of man; he knew how to give a keen edge to his razor so as to sweep with an easy motion over the cheeks and chin, and leave them smooth as the Squire's lawn. An easy, chatty, agreeable way with him, whether cropping the ragged locks of a labourer, or twisting with tempting curl the wig of some rural Adonis. Quite a model barber in his way.

And Arkwright was a man of observation. He did not crop and shave without becoming acquainted with the article so clipped or shorn. He studied hair. He saw what a wonderful variety there was in its texture and quality. He saw also that an honest penny might be turned, to which he was not at all indifferent, by dealing in hair. False hair was at that time worn very extensively, and the wig makers were often at their wits' end for the article. Belles and beaux alike went in for wigs; pig-tails were in great request with the men, and towering head-dresses plastered with pomatum with the women. Arkwright left off barbering, and became a collector of hair.

There are such collectors now; a few among ourselves, a great many on the continent. In France and Germany the hair trade is principally carried on, and the country girls come up on market days, in the season, to be as cleanly shorn as sheep in shearing time. The finest light hair is imported from Germany, the dark hair from Southern France and Italy.

By plying the trade of a hair collector, Arkwright made more money than was to be earned by barbering. But his ever active mind was not satisfied; he found that people had a liking for hair of another colour than that with which Dame Nature had endowed them. That red-headed people,

in defiance of all good taste, and in spite of common sense, would often change their golden locks for black; that old age, angry with the grey locks that told of life's winter, would dye, and strive to deceive even Time himself by a show of youth. Well, Arkwright invented or bought a hair-dye,

THE INVENTOR ENCOURAGED.

that was as near perfection as a dye could be; and those who tried it encouraged the inventor by civil letters, for the fair spinster on the shady side of fifty found her youth come back upon her—in her head of hair—and the sisterhood said, "How well you are looking, darling!" and then when she was gone they tossed their heads and cried, "The minx, as if we did not know her raven locks were Arkwright's tincture, and her blushes rouge!"

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