

## LOVE OR PRIDE ?

Great purple shadows swept across the hay-fields; the distant landscape was becoming indistinct, and the moon was

alowly rising in the beavens. After awhile the twilight deepened into as much of darkness as there would be in the summer night, and silence fell apon the earth. Then a girl stole noise-lessly across a small garden, and stood beside a gate that led into the adjoining church-yard. A yew-tree spread its dark branches wide above her, but the silver tints that were slanting down upon the tall gravestones, and bring out the delicate lines of the old church spire, touched also her white face, making it whiter than usual. She did not start as a tall figure approached from the farther side of the churchyard. She had evidently been expecting some one, and when she heard the words-

"You are out late, Miss Jervis "-

She quietly answered-"I was waiting for you; I wanted to say good-by to you before you went away

"I thought you had done that al-ready," replied the young man with some bitterness.

"Not quite," returned the girl, weari-" you were too angry for me to say it as I wished.

"Had I not the right to be so?" he asked. "Ever since I have been at Shelford you have been deceiving me. I believed you to be as carneet as I was myself, and now-" He paused.

" And now !" "And now !" Her voice had a sharp ring in it as she repeated his words, as though she would give denial to what he had said; but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable, as she

continue "I did not understand that you could really be in earnest, otherwise I might have told you before what I have told

you to-day." "You did not believe in me-you looked upon me as heartless—as a de-ceiver. You do not believe in me ceiver. now.

"I do."

"What do you believe?" he asked impetuously; "nothing good, or you would not give me the answer you have given me.

"Everything good, except the know-ing what is good for yourself. I want you now to say good-by to me without any anger in your heart. The day will come when you will perhaps bless me for what I have had courage to do to-And she held out her hand.

The young man hesitated. "Is there no hope?"

Her voice rang low and clear through

the summer air. Again he hesitated, then suddenly taking both her hands in his, he bent down and kissed her for the first time.

She gave a faint cry, and disengaged herself. "We part in peace."

position in the world as his wife ? But of that day, eight years ago, when she hat she knew would be a separation for had waited that ahe knew would be a separation for him from all former associations, and her own unfitness to move in her lover's with her hand on the wicket-gate, sphere would make her a clog upon the hife of him to whom, before she knew it, she had given her heart. Such had been the train of argument she had given her heart. Such had been the train of argument she had pursued, and she had struggled

free from the prospect open to her not without pain, and had dismissed it as a dream of beauty that had naught to do with waking hours. And now..... But it was over. The morning rose, and she went about her tasks as usual, perhaps even more energetically, since she needed an outlet for her pent-up ahe needed an outlet for her pent-up, feelings. Mingled with pain there came a sense of happiness in the knowledge of Mr. Scrope's love. To have possessed it—nay, perhaps to possess it still—car-ried her into another world, in which, however, she must always be alone, since all that had passed must forever remain her own especial secret. ered v "Miss Jervis!" "Mr. Scrope !"

bice said :

erview.

Mr. Scrope went abroad; and after time he returned home to begin his ca

Alice Jervis pursued her homely and be here to-night, and I have come to ask monotonous life. She grew quieter and graver, and worked more diligently. She believed that she had decided rightly as regarded Mr. Scrope's happiness, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake you if you repent the past, and are will ing to atone for it." Alice shrank back. "Mr. Scrope," was all she could say. "The inferiority, if there be any, is on made her feel that she had a right to be my side," he said ; " you have improved the past—I have wasted it. Yet the wast-ing of it I lay to your charge. I knew you better than you knew yourself. I wanted a wife who would understand me interested in him, and she lived in the excitement of seeing his name in the pa-pers and in gaining every particular of him within her grasp. She smiled when she read his name among the presentaand would give me sympathy. You could have done this and you refused it. Will tions at Court or noted his presence at Court balls. At such times she looked down at the shabby dress and the poor appointments surrounding her, and wonyou refuse it now?' Bewildered, and yet indignant, Alio shrank further away from him. shrank further away from him. "Mr. Screpe," she said, "I bid you go back to your wife. I bid you to re-pair the brilliant prospects you seem so wrongly to have marred." "I wish I could," he answered sorrow-fully, "My wife is dead, Alice, or I should not be here to-night. She died two years are, You are hard and no. dered what sort of an appearance she would have made in other circumstances.

At length she saw another announce-ment. Mr. Scrope was going to be married.

She turned pale, and put down the paper

And yet she had expected this an-nouncement—had looked for it day after day. Nevertheless, she felt a strange pang, which as long as he was unmarjust as you have ever been.

ried she had escaped. Down by the river, where the water-flags hoisted their yellow standards among the reeds, and where the forget-me-nots bloesomed along the banks, she to England." She moved nearer to him; she held out her hand, "Forgive me," she said.

sauntered, listening to the murmuring waters, whose burden was "Past, past,

past." Even Rover appeared to under-stand it, for he looked up into her face and whined. The great gray bars of clouds sprea

The great gray bars of clouds spread across the setting sun and blotted out the sunlight; but still Alice paced up and down under the pollard windows until the evening was far advanced. Night was setting in around her; the light and life were over. She had scarcely ination with respect to aliments, should be careful to study the peculiarities of realized until the present moment how and to adapt their diet to them. present Mr. Scrope had been in her every thought.

The morning after reading the news in the papers another very startling piece of information came to her-

She was an heiress. By one of those strange chances in life that are so common nowadays, her mother's brother beginning life as an artisan had amassed a princely fortune. And he had left it between Alice Jervis

and her brother. And with these words she turned and fled, not looking back, or perhaps she might have repented her decision. Once in the house she sat down in the the neglect of bread. she want with money now?

Job Dowling's Funeral.

S. S. Cox writes the following : Many years ago I was one of a party in Wash-ington city, when South and North vied with each other in convivial life. Another of the party was Gen. Dawson, member from Western Pennsylvania, whose homestead was Albert Gallatin's gently, the roses were rustling their silver-tipped leaves, and the white moon old home. He was an admirable storyteller. I recall somewhat sadly, now that he is gone, how well he illustrated the laziness of a class of Virginians. The silver-tipped leaves, and the white moon-light fell upon the graves. Still with her hand upon the garden gate, she looked toward the church, trying to be-lieve that the years had stood still, and she was there waiting for Mr. Scrope. She was turning away when a dark figure approached her and a well-remem-hered write said .

"Yes; I was waiting for you. I wished to see you before you went away." Almost her own words in their last in-She looked up at him half fearfully. It was so strange to see him there at that hour of the night, and an almost super-"I wanted to tell you that you have ruined my life so far. I heard that you were at Shelford. I knew that you would

and halted, when the General proposed if they would take Job out he would send over a bag of corn. On this announce-

ment the lids of the coffin opened and Job languidly sat up; the cents dropped from his eyes as he asked, "Is the corn shelled, General?" "No, not shelled." "Then," said Job, as he lazily lay down, go on with the funeral !"

Wall Street, Present and Past. Wall street, so much derided by commonplace cities as the devil's exchange, is at this moment a mirror of what is taktwo years ago. You are hard and uning place everywhere. Instead of a "Dead !" stammered Alice. "How dozen heroes in its Pantheon, there is could I know? I have but just returned but one—Jay Gould. He has nearly broken Daniel Drew, the head of the bears. Rufus Hatch, whose operation with Michtgan Southern stock in 1867 netted \$2,185,000, has been exploded by Gould, and has sailed for Europe. Henry looking down into hers, stooped and kissed the quivering lips for the second time in his life.—Jean Bonœur. Keep has been five years asleep under a \$100,000 mausoleum, and his wife has found a husband for the \$4,000,000 he

left her in Judge Schley, of Georgia. Vanderbilt no longer visits the street, and his stocks hold their high figure from Dinner, both in the nature and quantity of its components, must be regulated by the constitution and judgment of inthe integrity of the man; that is, Van-derbilt will not permit his own stocks to fall on his friends, although the condidividuals ; who, however, bearing in mind a constant and consistent discrimticn of the Lake Shore railroad see

be anything but sound. Jim Fisk died their constitution and digestive powers, the brawler's death he coveted. Horace Clark passed away with the serenity he had lived. I saw Leonard Jerome, a few W may, however, very well add, that those who are chiefly employed in mental oc-cupation, and not exposed to much bodi-ly labor, require less animal food than days ago, lunching in the park, pass-and indifferent. He was the Sardanapa-lus of the street, and under his domina-tion Pacific Mail sold at 329. With such as are in the continual exercise of more intelligence than any otker broker, educated at Princeton, he lost millions corporeal strength, and should consequently, avoid excess in that particular; with this exception, that an hysteric or hypochondriac tendency seems to re-quire animal food, which, however, should be freely joined with the vegetaby foolishly remaining up town at pleasure on the day his company held its annual meeting. He is now worth about three-quarters of a million, which he husbands as closely as he can, and avoids the street. ble. We may here, also, properly re-mark, that no error is in this country Tom Durant dropped out of prominence very much for the reasons which exhaustmore common or more dangerous than

ed Jerome-pleasure and extravagance. There are no such times, at present, for

Madame Jerome Bonaparte. In Scribner's for May there is an in-teresting account of "The Baltimore Bonapartes," by E. L. Didier, accom-panied by striking portraits of Jerome and Madame Bonaparte, their son and grandson. We quote as follows:

BUSINESS CARDS

JOHN CONNER.

"Madame Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to the laziness of a class of Virginians. The story was a part of his Congressional canvassing. On one occasion he got across the Pennsylvania line into a little 

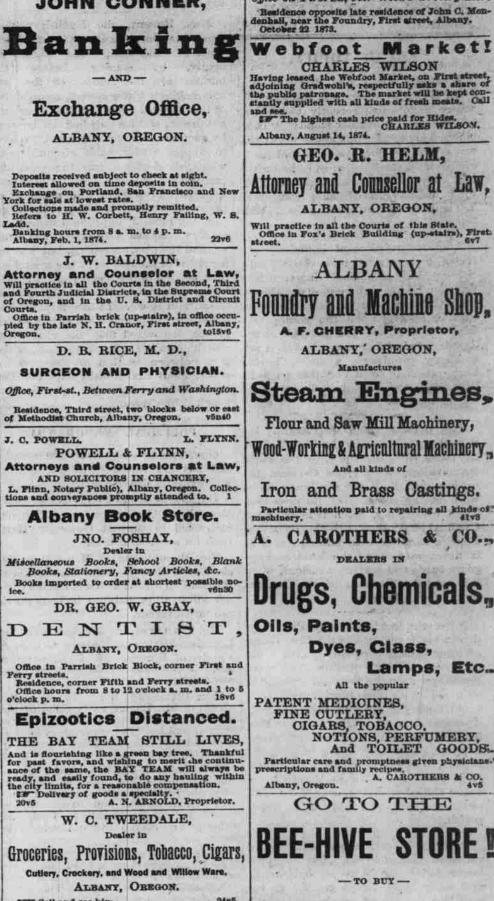
wealth, only three or four small house and the wines in his cellar-worth by all about ten thousand dollars. "Madame Bonaparte is very rich ; she

has made her money by successful specu-lations, and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a board ing-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvelous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the

brightness of former days. "For forty years, Madame Bonaparte kept a diary, in which she recorded her views and observations of European and

a walking arsenal of small arms—had at various times fired himsel off, and killed a good many people. He had one good trait, however. He always told people about when there was danger in him, so they could defend themselves if they desired so to do. That was certainly very kind of Burton. He was honorable in all his assassinations to that extent.

Last August there was a rumor that the negroes were about to attack Somer-ville, and Oscar Burton armed himself for the defence of the town. He went



A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Etc.

Office on First SL, over Weed's Grocery Store

23" Call and see him. 2445 Croceries, The Metzler Chair! Provisions, Can be had at the following places Smith & Brasfield Kirk & Hume J. M. Morgan J. J. Brown Notions, &c., &c., &c., Cheap for Cash! Country Produce of All Kinds Bought UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE For Merchandise or Cash. and late member of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. Office in A. Carothers & Co.'s Drug Store, Al-bany, Oregon. This is the place to get the Best Bargains Ever Offered in Albany, Piles! Piles! Why say this damaging and troublesome com-plaint cannot be cured, when so many evidences of success might be placed before you every day-cures of supposed hopeless cases ? Your physician informs you that the longer you allow the complaint to exist, you lessen your chances for relief. Ex-perience has taught this in all cases. Parties will always do well to call and see for them-First Street, Albany, Oregon. Ye A. Carothers & Co.'s Pile Pills & Ointment Are all they are recommended to be. Will cure Chronic, Blind and Bleeding Files in a very short time, and are convenient to use." This preparation is sent by mail or express to any point within the United States at \$1.50 per package. Address A. CARO THERS & CO. 27v5 Box 33, Alabany, Oregon. OLD MEXICAN JOHN SCHMEER, **Mustang Liniment** DEALER IN Was first known in America. The merits are now well known throughout the habitable world. It has the oldest and best record of any Liniment in the world. From the millions upon millions of bottles sold not a single complaint has ever reached us. As a Healing and Pain-Subduing Liniment it has no equal. It is alike Groceries and Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON, BENEFICIAL TO MAN AND BEAST. Corner of Ellsworth and First Streets, Sold by all Druggists. With a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candies, Olgars, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the stien-tion of our citizens. In connection with the store he will keep a Bakery, and will always have on hand a full supply of fresh Bread, Orackers, &c. EF Call and see me. JOHN SCHMEER. S.T.--1860---) JOHN SCHMEER. Y. OLD February 16 The Old Stove Depot Homestead John Briggs, Plantation Bitters Ranges, Cook. Parlor and Box Stoves OF THE BEST PATTERNS. ALSO, Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and the usual assortment of Furnishing Goods to be obtained in a Tin Store. Repairs neatly and promptly executed on reason WOMEN Short Reckonings Make Long Friends. Are subjected ; and as a tonic for the Aged, Feeble and Debilitated, have no equal. They are strong in-tended as a Temperance Tonic or Bitters, to be used as a mediatine only, and always according to FBONT STREET, ALBANY. C. P. ROUGE. SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS C. R. WHEELER. A. WHEELER & CO., BROOM FACTORY. SHEDD, OREGON, Who manufactured the first good Ba made in Albany, has returned from Cau located permanently in this city, who again commenced the manufacture of FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. Brooms, Brushes, Wisps Dealers in Merchandise and, Produce. A good assortment of all kinds of Goods always in store at lowest market rates. c., at his factory on FIRST STREET, at So fataler's old stand, east of Magnolia Mills, wh c invites those wishing a first-class broom to o and scoure it of him. Agents for sale of Wagons, Millis, Churns, &c., &c. CASH paid to WHEAT, OATS, PORE, BUT-TER, EGGS, and POULTRY. W. D. BHLDES Albany, Oct. 16, 1874.

American society. Some of her remarks are severely sarcastic. A well known Boston publishing house, it is said, re-cently offered ten thousand dollars for the manuscript volumes, but Madame 'clock p. m. refused to sell them at any price, and has committed them to the custody of her younger grandson, Charles Joseph, re-cently a law student of Harvard, now a rising member of the Baltimore bar. They will probably be published after the writer's death." A Dead Weight of Lead. Oscar Barton was a bad boy of Somerville, Tennessee. He was only nine-teen years old, and therefore, a boy, but he did man's work about town. He was a walking arsenal of small arms-had at

empty sitting-room, made light as day by the moonbeams. The old dog rose as she came in, and when she threw her-self into a chair he laid his head in her

There came a sound of clattering of There came a sound of clustering of plates in the kitchen on the opposite side of the narrow passage, and her mother's voice sounded sharply, giving her directions about supper.

her directions about supper. Presently she antered. "Where have you been, Ally? How ill you look ! and you're all shivering ! Come into the kitchen, child ; Anne's gone off to bed, and there's a bit of fire in the grate. It might be winter instead of midsummer, to feel your hands." Alice rose mechanically. She walked dreamily into the little kitchen, where her mether drew a chair to the fire for her

Presently a ruddy, good-humored-looking youth entered, saying— "Let me have my supper here, mother. The fire looks pleasant, though it is

Mrs. Jervis opened the oven door and took out a covered dish that had been kept warm there. Alice, watching her as she placed it on the table and laid a knife and fork beside it, instinctively roused herself, and taking a jug from the dresser went to the cellar to draw some

dresser went to the cellar to draw some beer for her brother. It was a relief to her to perform this menial service. It seemed almost an answer to the question she had been ask-ing herself over and over again since her conversation with Mr. Scrope in the morning. She was even glad that all around her looked so commonplace, so poor-poorer and commoner than ever to-night. And a bitter feeling rose in her heart and made her almost indignant that some people should be so much more favored in a worldly point of view than others. than others.

When she went to her room, instead of undressing, she opened the window and gazed out toward the yew-tree under which she had parted with Mr. Scrope, and then suddenly untwisting her long hair she turned to the looking-glass, not with any feeling of vanity, but in order to find what had so attracted him.

It was more than a handsome face that answered back her gaze, one which showard an amount of earnestness and intelligence not often met with. Of this she was no judge herself, neither of the continual change of expression which Mr. Scrope had began by curiously ob-serving, and ended by being thoroughly interested in. He was passing the long vacation at Shelford, reading and fish-ing, and had made the acquaintance of William Jervis on the banks of the river, and through him, whom it was a conde-scension ou the part of Mr. Scrope to notice, of Alice herself. This perhaps understood the footing for which they stood better than her brother, and the iunite pride in her na-tions. She felt the gulf between them and measured it by the world's standard. Therefore when Mr. Scrope made his somewhat startling offer she, in spite of her surprise, was not unprepared with her answer. It was more than a handsome face that

And now that she had given it, she

naked henself if she had done right. " Mr. Scrope was an only son; a brilliant future was before him a world of which also knew nothing was familiar to him. Could she, who was acoustomed to the littlenesses incident to circumstances nonswhat above actual poverty, move with propriety in circles accustomed to rvery humry! Would his relatives, so far above hers, accept her and her be-tongings! She answered, " No." Mr. Scrope had argued....what matter since it seted with hum to give her place and

In due time she read of the marriage itself; she cut it out of the paper and placed it in her pocket-book. It was all

Three years slipped away. Three travelers entered an hotel in a little for-eign town. One, a beautiful woman, a little past her first youth, whom one knew in a moment, in spite of the im-provement that had taken place; but her brother was scarcely to be recognized. A tutor and three years of foreign life had caused a marvellous transformation. The third, an elderly lady, was not much altered, excepting that her dress was handsome as heart could desire. They took their places at the table-

moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed: "Mr. Scrope !" Mr. Scrope looked across, wondering at the friendly recognition from an ap-parent stranger. Then his eye fell upon Alice and he started, but quickly recov-ering himself he bowed, saying: "Pardon me if I did not at first remember you." Mrs. Scrope had turned in delight to-wards William Jervis. "The first English voice, excepting my husband's, that I have heard for three

thing very winning in it. Alice Jervis watched Mrs. Scrope nar-rowly, and wondered why Mr. Scrope had married her. And instinctively the answer came, because he did not care very much about her, but found that the alliance would add instre to his career. There was something paradoxical in the idea, but it passed with her. She had argued that if Mr. Scrope had really cared for herself, to care much for Mrs. Scrope was impossible.

able edible is the safest a nutritions of vegetable aliments, and the best corrector of animal food ; by its plentiful use alone, the bad conse-

And their eyes met ; and Mr. Scrop

Dinner.

quences of an excess of the latter may be obviated. The tables of the French

boat disaster at that city: "Maxwell, upon being interviewed, stated that he was a workman on the Bodman when she caught fire from the Kyle. Although he could have reached the shore, the pite-ous appeals of the women induced him to reached the shore, the pitewith an old acquainty discovere and for three works. I do not understand Italian and have consequently had no one to talk to be the states of the voltables, bade them follow for their is the states of the voltables, bade them follow for their is two ladies, bade them follow for their is the states of the states printed with the new signature is the belief by offering is a tree that had never left his memory in spite of his marriage, had grown is no king had he come about is trokes were taken and he reached a plant is the states with an old acquaintance, and yet the ladies. Suppecting the string is the states with an old acquaintance, and yet the ladies. Suppecting the string is a simple method of them.
Mrs. Scrope talked incomesantly, the more seposially as willing the setting on that is take song haif deferential manner that he deemed the song, which is said to be excellent in and the states with as frank, half-jeeting, had grown is not the optice of the states and their muscles through the winter of the states and their muscles through the winter of the states and the mission and the states in the state of the states in the state the states in the states of the states of the states in the states and the states in the states of the states in the states in the states in the states of the states in the state

murderer had drowned." THE following is a recipe for making hard scop, which is said to be excellent and economical. Nearly every family accumulates through the winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling is water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the scop. Take six pounds of sal code, six pounds of grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half pound borax. Put sode, lime and water isto an iron boiler ; boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle, and put in the clear lye, grease and borax ; boil till it comes to scop, pour into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry.

ed Jerome-pleasure and extravagance. There are no such times, at present, for rabid speculation as in the period of the war and succeeding it. Dr. Shelton, the hermit operator, who used to appear late in the autumn from his country estate, and carry 75,000 shares at a time, bearing gold meanwhile, is only a tradition now. I data and swore death and destruction to any man with a black face he might meet. The black men kept out of his way. The Sheriff of the country and the Sheriff stwo brothers, went forth to take Burton into one of the brothers and crippled the other brother for hife and was not taken. In the skirmish he was riddled with bullets and filled with lead. Nobody thought he OF NEW YORK, who are great railway officials, sent in large orders at times, but have grown conservative.—" Gath" Townsend.

Ten Years for FortyCents.

ers are strangers. The English, there-fore, who are so much devoted to animal food, should particularly moderate its effects by a liberal use of bread and oth-er vegetable matter; since vegetable food is necessary to secure, not only health, but long life. In infancy and youth, we should be confined mostly to it; in manbood and the decline of life, altered, excepting handsome as heart could desire. They took their places at the table-d<sup>\*</sup>hote, and exactly opposite to them sat a hady and gentleman. The latter looked wearied, and his short black moustache twitched with the curvings of the rest-less mouth beneath it. The lady was is fair, fashionable and vivacious. Alice Jervis started. She would have moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed: and of past events, had exclaimed: Alice Jervis direction of the set wondering the should more freely use animal nour-is fair, fashionable and vivacious. Alice Jervis started. She would have and moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed: and stury, and putrid and inflammatory fevers ; nay, in the former disease, milk alone will frequently do more good thav any other remedy. A Sickening Story. A Sickening Story.

## Speculation Extraordinary.

Numerous applications have been re-ceived at the United States Treasury at Washington from various parts of the country, for the first sheets of fractional

The following is a simple method of cleaning brass, which will be valuable for the housewife to remember : If very much oxidized or covered with green rust, itrst wash it with strong soda and water. If not so very bad, this first process may be dispensed with. Then apply a mixture of one part of common sulphanic acie and twelve parts of water, mixed in an earthen vessel ; wash well, first with clear water, and then with water containing some ammonia, after-ward scouring well with oil and rotten-stone, using a piece of soft leather and a little dry rotton stone to give a brilliant polish. In subsequent cleaning, oil and rotten-stone will be found sufficient.

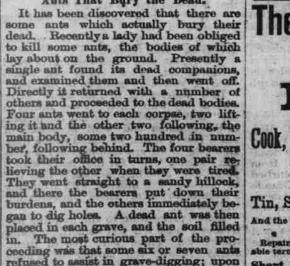
A SETLEFUL ENGINEER. -M. Seguin is dead. He built the first railway in France (from Lyons to St. Etienne); he invented iron wire suspension bridges and the tubular boilers of locomotive engines, by which invention railway trains have been able to attain their pres-ent great speed, for the tubular boiler generates steam rapidly enough to sup-ply the vapor as fast as it is wanted. He lived to attain the age of eighty-nine years. His mind had decayed some years before his body. He was a pupil and a nephew of Montgolfler, the paper maker, so well known by his connection with aerial navigation.

could possibly survive, but he did, and the lead he carried gave him more weight. This was all the inconvenience he experi-enced. T. N. Doyle, a young man of 21, and a clerk in a store at Somerville, occu-nied the some time with pied the same room for some time with Burton. Doyle was summoned before the grand-jury and testified that Burton carried concealed weapons. The next day Doyle told Eurton what he had done. He excused himself by saying that he could not swear to a lie when the question was asked him under oath, and said he would make all the reparation he could by paying Burton's fine if he was fined. by paying Burton's fine if he was fined. It was on Sunday that Doyle made the explanation to Burton. Burton became incensed and told Doyle that he did not want to kill a man on Sunday; but would postpone the killing until the next time he met him ; honorable to the last. Doyle knew his man and placed himself on guard. On Monday he saw Burton saunt-oring across the street, towards the store

guard. On Monday he saw Burton saunt-ering across the street, towards the store, with his hand in his bosom. Doyle got a heavily-loaded double-barrelled shot-gun and stepping into the door, fired upon Burton in the street. He fired both barrels in quick succession, both charges entering Burton's breast, tearing it wide open. Burton fell. Doyle advanced on him with a revolver and fired several shots into him to make a sure thing this time. Oscar Burton is dead. On his person were found not less than five

person were found not less than five loaded navy revolvers. Doyle was ar-rested, but he has all the sympathy in Somerville,-St. Louis Republican.

Auts That Bury the Dead.



Dec. 5, 1874.

What the Word " Hee " Means A. WHEEELER.

W. D. BELDING.

single ant found its dead companions, and examined them and then went off. Directly it returned with a number of others and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lift-ing it and the other two following, the main body, some two hundred in num-ber, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair re-lieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burdens, and the others immediately be-gan to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave, and the soil filled in. The most curious part of the pro-ceeding was that some six or seven ants refineed to assist in grave-digging; upon which the rest set on them, killed them, dag one large hole, and tumbled them unceremoniously into it.