HER LAST LETTER.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl, And little seem the words to say, Yet hold me in reproachful thrail: 'You quarrelled with me yesterday; To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few, And yet they pierce my soul with pain; Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true They haunt me with prophetic strain; "To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelied, and for what 7 s word. A foolish speech that Jarrey the ear, and thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd; Then came her leiter: "D.ar my dear, To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, half regret, The last her hand should ever write-8-d words! learned long ago, and yet Fresh with new pain to ear and sight: "To-morrow you'll be sad!"

JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER.

About the beginning of November, in the year 18-, in the middle of the day. a sledge drawn by horses dashed through a small village in Russia, and stopped in the courtyard of one of the largest houses. The horse had evidently run away, and the sole occupant of the sledge was clearly unable to guide it in the least.

In less than a minute a great many of the villagers, who had been attracted by the clattering of the inhabitants of the house, roused by the appearance of the sledge in the courtyard, surrounded the young woman. It was evident she was powerless to distinguish any one around her. There was just a faint sign of life, and that was all; but to the ma-jority of the bystanders she looked far more dead than alive.

She was carried into the house and restoratives were administered. She had hardly recovered her consciousness when questions of every sort and kind were had been useless, and we were in as much danger as ever. The same fiendish thought put to her from all sides. She was asked who she was, where she came from, took possession of me, and again my where she was going to, who was pur suing her, and how the horse had run little darling nestling closely to my breast, and then I turned to my eldest The room in which she was away. The room in which she was placed was full of villagers, who had come in to satisfy their very natural curiboy, who was pale with fear and clutched osity.

nervously to the folds of my dress. "'Oh, mother!' he whispered, 'I will be good! I won't cry; really I won't cry! Among the most excited of the ques tioners was a young serf about twenty Oh, mother, don't throw me into the years old, who held in his hands the snow!' There was a heavy mist before hatchet with which he had been felling my eyes, and I hardly recollect what I wood when the sledge dashed through the quiet village. The beauty and pain- did. Will God have mercy on me? If ful grief of the woman seemed to have you could only know what I suffered made rather an effect upon this young then! My little daughter nestled closer serf. He was certainly more anxious than ever to my breast. She must be than the rest to hear her story, and was very prominent in his attentions, and put himself forward in endeavoring to offer her consolation.

At last the object of all this excitement had so far recovered as to be enabled to yield to the entreaties of those who surrounded her, and, in a broken voice and amid very general silence, she spoke as follows:

"I had heard that an old relation of mine, who lives in a neighboring village, was dangerously ill, and I determined to set out and see if I could be of any assistance. Early this morning I harnessed our horse to the little sledge and set out.'

"Alone ?" asked the young serf pointedly, still swinging the hatchet in his hand

The bystanders well understood the

Mother Robin Calls a New Mate.

dren know that I apprehended my dan-

ger. I listened anxiously and magnified the slightest sound I heard. The track

got narrower and narrower, and, at last, as we were passing a little bunch of fir trees, I heard distinctly behind me an awful sound. I knew well what it was.

In an instant I turned around and saw

that we were pursued by a pack of hungry wolves. Now that the danger

was so imminent my courage seemed to grow stronger. I maily lashed the

horse and set off in a wild, excited

gallop. It was too late. Two of the

largest wolves, with red, glaring eyes

and hideous, open jaws, were already at the horse's flanks, and raced with him

along the snow covered tract. On the

horse's life depended my life and that of

my children. If he died we were all

life might be saved, I thought. A horrible thought flashed across me, and, in-

stead of repelling it. I accepted it as an

inspiration from heaven. In cold blood

I made up my mind, and in cold blood I

calculated the awful consequences of my

plan. At this very instant, my second boy, a child about three years old,

clung to me and cried piteously. The boy's sobs feemed to excite the de-

moniac animals more than ever, and they

knowing what I was doing, and with al-

most involuntary an moment, I seized the

shrieking child by the hair, and dropped

him behind the sledge. I saw him sink

into the soft snow; there was one wild

cry, and then the wolves stopped short

where the boy had fallen. All this

passed in less than an instant. For a

minute I thought we were saved; but it

was not so. The little one's cries had

hardly died away in the distance when two

more wolves appeared at the side of the

sledge. The awfnl sacrifice I had made

mind was made up. I looked first to the

"Must you hear the rest? I was al-

most mad now; the howling of the

wolves, the horse, the last cries of my

children, the awful thought of seeing

my baby torn from my arms, the dread

foot; my eyes were fixed, and still

Without

gained on the galloping horse.

lost.

Cost what it might, the horse's

A friend of mine has a robin's nest that he guards with very great care, and he was from that time until the and about which he tells a story to all the old and young people who off, as kind and attentive to Mrs. call upon him.

"There is a romance," he says, as he shows you the nest, "about this, and if you want to hear it, I will tell it to you."

"It was a good many years ago," my friend begins, "that this nest was made. There came one morning it, and he will answer you in this early in April two robins to the big fir tree in front of my window. One of them had, as sure as you live, a club foot, and he hobbled about upon it in a very lively manner, and I know it was this one-Mr. Robin, I call him-that fixed upon the precise place for the nest. For he whetted his bill upon a bough a great many times, and then danced upon it with one foot and the other, as though trying its strength, and at last he flew up to Mrs. Robin, who was standing on the limb above looking at him. My window was open, and I heard him peeping the gentlest little song to her that you can imagine. Then she jumped down upon the limb, rubbed her bill upon it, and danced, while he looked at her, and after she had done these things she sang the same little melody. After that they flew away with great speed, and the next thing that I saw of them they were working with might and main, bringing twigs, moss, twine and all sorts of things. until at last they had the nest made.

Now my friend, when he gets so far in his story, always stops a moment and laughs, though you cannot see anything to laugh at. But he looks closely at you, and just as soon as he observes the surprise that your eyes show he says: "I ought to say right here that my mother had a very choice piece of lace, a collar or something of that sort, that was washed and put out on a little bush to dry on the very day that Mr. and Mrs. Robin decided to build the nest in the fir tree. A great fuss was made that evening because the lace collar could not be found, and mother wanted the police called, so that the thief might be arrested, and the collar got back, for that collar was worth, I have heard, a great many dollars, but the police never found the thief.

of death-all mingled into a terrible "Now I will go on with my nightmare. I could not move hand or story," continues my friend, and he clasped my babe to my bosom. I generally takes the nest in his hands dared not look behind me, but at last at this time. "Well, after this nest generally takes the nest in his hands I heard a terrible howl in my ear, and -this is the very one I hold in my for a second I felt something on my hand-was built, you never saw a shoulder. Why did I not faint? Me-chanically I turned my head. I saw a more attentive lover than this Mr Robin. He would hop about with wolf with open jaws clinging by his claws to the back of the sledge. He his club foot, and seem to put his made a half spring at me, missed his eye right upon an angle-worm's cave meaning of the question, and the same hold, and fell back into the snow. every time he flew down to the word seemed involuntarily to escape Three times he made a fresh spring, and ground, and you might see him from early morning to sunset flying back three times he missed his hold. The and forth with his mouth full of good things for Mrs. Robin, and he would feed her as she sat upon the "One day he seemed specially excited and happy; you could hear him singing in the trees more loudly than before, and I could see from my window the cause of his joy. Four yellow mouths were put up to receive the dainties he had brought, and then I knew the little robins had come. Well, old Mr. Robin was so stealthily coming, as he was pulling away at a very long angle-worm. Pussy had him in her mouth before last I saw of Mr. Robin was the club foot that hung out of puss's mouth. "By and by Mrs. Robin seemed to two strange notes that I had never heard before, and which seemed to Immediately the young serf, who had his me to sound just as though she were saying, 'Come here! come here! Of course, that was not what she said; but I have no doubt that the notes mean't just that, and that every robin that might have heard them would have understood them as a call for help. But no robin came. It rained all that day, and poor Mrs. Robin kept up that cry, and her young ones continually thrust their bills from beneath her body and opened them. I could not help them, of course, for little birds would rather starve than be fed by any one "Now I am coming to the strangest part of mo story," my friend always says when he reaches this point. "The next morning was clear, and I happened to be up carly. Old Mrs. Robin had begun her plain-There was a wild shrick in the room, tive call. Suddenly 1 saw a great many Robins-not less than twenty, I should say-that had come to gether from some place, and rested upon the branches of a great elm tree that was only a few yards away ever heard from birds, those that hatchet whistled through the air, and in these robins made were the strangest. At last they were quiet, and two of them flew off to the fir tree, and cautionsly made their way to the nest. Mrs. Robin looked at them, and sang a little trill. One of the visitors, with much shaking of his head, sang something in reply, and then the other one did the same thing. Mrs. Robin repeated her trill, and then she hopped up to the branch above, and sang another note or two, and the smaller of the two robins took his place beside her. Then the other robin flew away to his companions, and after singing a little, they all ent off together. "When I looked back to the nest, how great is the power of printers' ink. of fun. went off together.

Mrs. Robin sat there perfectly quiet, and, not more than a minute after, the new Mr. Robin brought a worm little ones got their feathers and flew Robin as had been the poor old club-footed Mr."

"Now isn't this a pretty love story?" my friend inquires, and of course you say it is, and then ask him why he laughed, and what his mother's lace collar had to do with tioned being one of them. way:

Look in the nest. See what lies on the bottom, where the little robins nestled. I got the nest after they flew away together, and there in the bottom was my mother's lace collar, not good to wear any longer, so I have let it stay there ever since. Do you suppose young robins ever had such a costly bed?"

The Ant.

In the State of Colombia there is large ant (Atta cephalotes) which causes a great deal of injury to plantations. It attacks and carries off indiscriminately all kinds of foliage, and no sort of vegetation seems to come amiss to it. The quantity of foliage carried off by these ants is immense; in quality it may be bitter, sweet, pungent, tender, or tough. Her Britannic Majesty's Acting Consul at Medellin, United States of Colombia, was led to mark carefully the uses to which the ants put this mass of vegetable matter which they convey to their nests, and he ascertained that they employ it to make hot beds, upon which their eggs are deposited to be hatched by the heat produced by the fermentation of the leaves. The ants do not eat these nor could it ever be prevailed upon to portions for food, and the larvæ are fed upon a carefully selected diet. Once the brood is hatched, the ants clear away the hot bed, carrying out of their nest all the decomposed vegetable matter. This is thrown out in heaps apart, and in the large ant hills these heaps will contain bushels and upward. Many efforts have been made to exterminate these ants, at least in the vicinity of farms or gardens; but where the nests occur in plantings or in uncultivated grounds all attempts have failed. Consul White, however, believes that he has discovered an efficacious remedy, and it was shown to him by a negro. When a plantation or garden is attacked, all one has to do is to procure a quantity of the debris from the hot beds thrown out of an ant from which the invading ants proceed. Scatter this around the beds and on the ant roads, and the effect is marvelous. The ants seem seized with a panic, they drop their handed the whole of the invading army burries off to its own nest. They will not return to the same place for many days, and even when they do avoid all spots in which traces of this, to them, offensive matter remains. The smallest quantity will suffice, and a bushel will defend acres of ground. Mr. White, in a letter to the Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, which is published in full in this society's proceedings, declares that he has seen this plan tried repeatedly, and excited that he did not see our cat it has never failed. The biggest army of ants-pioneers, engineers, directors general, and all-is atterly discomfited by this very simple means. he could give a warning cry, and the of defense. The plan is not generally known, even in the State of Antioquia (where these ants abound), and he thinks that colonists might get hungry, and I heard her uttering profitably be made acquainted with it.

A Famous Goose.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' or-derly room at Whitehall. It consists of head and neck of a goose, around the which is a golden collar with the inscrip-tion: "Jacob-Second Battalion Cold-stream Guards." Beneath it is the words,

"Died on Duty." In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already men-Both corps occupied the citedel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farm yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes-animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists, and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator to the scene, while every step

brought reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry box could afford; and at the same moment

the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs and made other peculiar demonstrations of joy, quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there, until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought

land The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the seudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat hill entirely unconnected with that drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring from which the invading ants pro- stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange, rustling sound, and, bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: "Who goes there? Not a sound, save the echo of his own burdens instantly; the word seems voice in the distance and the sighing of passed along the roads, and en:pty- the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farm vard, responded to the challenge. Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before them. the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up to the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard-whom the firing of his musket had alarmed-came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

Everything But Soap-Bubbles

Lilla walked through the garden, say, ing, "I should like to be a princess." For she had been reading a story about a princess who only had to say "Come," and anything she wished for came at once.

It was a hot summer day, and she sat lown on a mossy bank under an elm tree, thinking over what she should wish fa if she had the power of the princess. All at once the garden scemed strange to her. and she heard a voice saying :

If you take a rose from me. You will then a princess be,

She looked up and saw a sunflower rowing in a green flower-pot which she and never seen before ; and on one of the flowers was perched a tiny fairy, holding out a beautiful golden rose, and going on to say, "And you can have everything you wish for except one thing. And if you wish for that you will lose the rose." "And what is that?" asked Lilla.

"You must neverask for soup-bubbles," "That I shall not," said Lilla.

"You will be a princess as long as you keep the rose," said the fairy. "Goodby ; now I must go back to fairyland " So the fairy went to fairyland, and Lilla went home; but no one knew her because she was now a princess, with long hair and a golden crown."

"I will go up to the castle," said Lilla. princesses go to stay there."

At the castle they were expecting a princess, so they thought that Lilla must be the one they were expecting, and they gave her a grand room to sleep in. On a table was a silver box which Lilla thought would just do to keep her rose in. She would try what her rose could do, so she thought of a box of toys, and said :

Rose, Rose, bring to me

Everything I wish to see. And scarcely had she spoken when a

maid came to say that a box had come for her. And when it was opened Lilia saw so many pretty things that she really thought she would like a Christmas tree. And again she said :

Rose, Rose bring to me

Everything I wish to see.

And in few minutes a Christmas tree arrived, hung all over with gold and silver drops and colored tapers and bonbons, and gifts of all kinds. The people at the castle had never seen such a beauaway with it as a regimental pet to Eng- tiful Christmas tree, and they did not mind it being there in summer instead of it being in winter, when Lilla divided the

gifts among them. Day after day Lilla asked her rose for something new, and every day more and more beautiful things came, till not only her own room but the whole castle was full of them, She gave them away to every one, for she soon got tired of them. Every day she was trying to think of something she had not got, and at last she began to long for soap-bubbles.

"Such a little thing," she said to herself. "What nonsense ! I don't believe that it would do any harm to ask for the soap bubbles."

Then she held up her rose and said to nerself: "Shall I, or shall I not? Yes no-yes-no-yes-soap-bubbles!-"

Rose, Rose, bring to me

Everything I wish to see. She was in the garden, and there were some clipped holly trees not far off. But no soap-bubbles came. Lilla grew impaient ; she shook the rose and said :

Rose, Rose, bring to ma

Everything I wish to see. Then suddenly the air was filled with coap-bubbles; and one bubble, larger han all the others, opened and closed

their lips. "Alone ?"

It may be as well here to give a short explanation, which will account in some way for the exclamation.

When the Russian troops which had conquered Finland under the command of Gen. Buxoyden were returning home again, they were followed by countless troops of bears and wolves, who raged and quarreled over the bodies of those who, from time to time, died of cold or fatigue, and howled for the scraps of food left behind by the conquering army. The province which the army passed through was infested by these fierce animals long after its departure, and they soon became the terror of the humble peasantry who lived in that district. They were not content with devouring the various domestic dogs and cats that came in their way, but fiercely attacked any human creature that crossed their path. It be-came impossible to travel in safety at any hour of the day upon even a frequented road without a very strong escort. Any one who neglected these necessary pre cautions paid the penalty of his careless-ness by a hideous death. In the course of the preceding winter forty human beings in this particular district had fallen a prey either to wolves or bears. "Alone !" answered the young woman

in a strange, unnatural voice, half choked with sobs; "unhappily for me, I was not alone ! Why, in Heaven's name, did I risk such a journey? Don't compel me, I beg of you, to relate the horrors I have gone through and all the miseries of that awful morning."

"What has happened to you? Who went with you?" still asked many of those who surrounded the woman, and whose attention and curiosity were now thoroughly roused.

"Miserable woman that I am," an-swered she, "I took with me my three little children, the eldest of whom was about five years old, the youngest a little darling only six months and still at the breast.

An exclamation of horror ran through the circle of bystanders, and each one at last seemed to guess the hideous truth. And then, amid a more awful silence than before, the young woman went on with her story.

"It was a lovely morning, the road in tolerably good order and the old horse trotted merrily along. My two little boys played at my feet, and the little one slept in my bosom. I was in high spirits, and happy at the thought that I was able to get away, and so, perhaps, be of service to my poor old relative. My able to happiness, however, was not of very long duration. About an hour after our departure from the village, the thought struck me how daring and venturesome it was to travel alone with the little ones through a vast desert of snow, cut off from aid and far away from humen habitation. Then, for the first time, I began to remember all the dreadful acci-dents that had befallen lonely travelers in our neighborhood, and almost made up my mind to turn back again. This grew upon me, and it increased more than ever when I perceived that the track in the snow had become so narrow that all

fourth time he got his claws on the sledge again, and there for a few seeonds he hung. There was only one chance, to dash him back before he could get firm hold. His claws stuck deep nest.

into my fingers, and by main force I tried to wrench them from the sledge. It was a desperate struggle, and I had almost succeeded, when my baby fell from my arms. From that moment to the time when I first heard the sound of human voices, I can remember nothing. The reins had long fallen from my hands; I knew the horse was galloping on, but I can recollect no more. I have no conception where we have been or how I got here.'

The young woman again covered her face with her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears. There was an awful silence in the room, broken every now and then by the hysterical sobs o many of the women and girls who stood round. The men trembled, too, and looked steadily on the ground, but did not speak a word. At last a white-haired woman began to speak some words of consolation in a low, trembling voice. hatchet still in his hands, strode toward the miserable woman. He was deadly

pale and trembled in every limb; the expression in his face had changed suddenly. He glared fiercely at the young woman and at the old peasant, who was still trying to console her. "Be still, mother!" he thundered out;

"the wretched woman deserves none of your pity.

And then he turned to her.

"Unhappy and most miserable woman; is it possible that you have done all that you have related? You are a mother, you tell us, and yet you have killed your children one by one. Not one would rather starve than you spare, not even the boy who prayed but their parents. to you on his knees, or the baby child who smiled upon your breast. To save your own life you have sacrificed theirs, for you had not the courage to die with Woman! you do not deserve the them.

name. You are unworthy to live. Pre-

and the woman fell at his feet. In an instant the peasants guessed the mad purpose of the young serf. Two of the strongest rushed forward to stop his They were two late. A wild, hand. awful light glittered in the young man's eyes; with almost supernatural strength from the fir tree. Of all the noises I he dashed the peasants back. The an instant the unhappy woman was dead at his feet. Three months after the terrible scene

related above the young serf was brought up before the highest criminal court and charged with willful murder.

There was no need to prolong the trial. The young serf was found guilty of murder and condemed to die.

But eventually, by the direct command of the Emperor, the sentence of the court was reversed, and the young serf was committed to ten years' servitude in Siberia.

The papers are altogether "too fresh' chance of turning back in safety was cut off. On I was obliged to go, whether I would or not. My terror still kept in-creasing; but I dared not let the chil-treshing.

Incidents in the Passion Play.

Late English papers have long accounts of the recent performances at Oberammergau, and it is agreed that the simple villagers acquitted themselves after a manner which de serves the highest praise. Every scriptural detail was carried out to the letter, and even in the Crucifixion scene one could not have told posi tively with the aid on a strong glass. that nails had not been driven through hands and feet. When the thrust of the centurion's spear produced a crimson stain over the heart of the Christ, "a distinctly audible expression of almost terrified surprise ran through the vast assem blage." The mien of Pontius Pilate was beyond all praise. A woodcarver took the part, and acted it better than any other part in the play was acted. He is a man "of such fine physique and lofty bearing that he could easily pass for a noble Roman anywhere, without assuming the gorgeous corslet and glittering diadem of a pro-consul." After the part of Pilate, the best acted was that of Judas. "The scowls, the visible avarice, the shoulder jerkings, the stealthmess, and the suspicious face of this character were," says the Times, "truly admirable, and his haggling for an increase of the bribe offered him could scarcely have been better done even by Shylock." Several famous paintings served as the originals of certain scenes. That of the Last Supper was an almost perfeet living copy of Leonardo's great work. The Christ bearing the cross was after Paolo Veronese; the Descent was after Rubens, and the Entombment after Raphael.

When this incident became known poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

On the arrival of the regiment in Lon don, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barracks gates; and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were its especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in "standing military parlance, he was easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at easy," length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty after a "sentry-go" of not less than twelve years.—Chamber's Journal.

James Lynde, a rebel deserter who afterward enlisted in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, is said by the Detroit Free Press to have stolen Jeff Davis' horse and money after the rebel leader's capture. Lynde would never tell what he found in the saddle-bags, but his fellow troopers are sure that it must have been gold, for after the regiment was mustered out he disappeared for a time, turning up six months later in Detroit with thousands of dollars in his possession, much of which was left after he had taken a year's trip in Europe.

Birds sing their best songs about five o'clock in the morning. And men who don't go to bed as early as that have lots

around the golden rose and floated away with it higher, higher, higher, till Lilla could no longer see it. She watched, and watched till only two soap-bubbles were to be seen ; and then she sank on her knees and stretched out her hands after

But it was too late ; her rose had gone, and she was no longer a princess. Her hair was short as it had ever been, and her crown had disappeared. It was of nouse for her to return to the castle, asthe people would not know her ; so she went back to her own home, where her father and mother were wondering what had become of her.

As for the people in the castle, they never heard of the princess again ; and all the beautiful things she had given them vanished one night, for the fairies came by moonlight and carried them all away.

"What a pity !" exclaimed Lilla, opening her eyes.

Talking Across the Country.

It is really pleasant to note as you travel across the republic from Maine to Colorado how the topic of conversation changes at State lines just as the expression of faces and styles of clothes gradually undergo an alteration. Down in Maine, when I got away from the coasts, I heard lumber and "the woods" all the

time. The men " were in the woods " or the man who talked to you had just come out of the woods. Then you go to the coast and everybody fished and you dreamed of dorys and hake and haddock and things you never heard of before. When you go to Bath you begin to pick up all manner of ship carpenter's slang. Then you come nearer New York and commercial travelers fill the air with mercantile argot, and as you hold your way westward you get into the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and for a while Bradford and Oil City, Franklin and Titusville talked bull-wheel and pipe lines and of dry holes and heavy oils and refinery, and tank and drill and rigs, and walking-beam, and derrick and pump until you could taste oil every time you talked. Then you moved along through Johnstown and Pittsburg and heard about blasts and open hearth furnaces, and crucibles and Bessemer process and rails, wire and ingot, until you left them behind, and Indiana was talking to you about staves and heads, and hoop poles and veneers, and hard woods and quinine, and bent wood and wagon timber and by and by Illinois got your ear and said "corn," and you got across the Mississippi and out in Nebraska and heard

a man say to a neighbor, "Ben, where is that timber claim of Johnston's?" and you heard Ben reply briefly, "12, 15, 9," and you knew you were in a country of land, and that eighties and quarter-section and timber claims and homesteals and pre-emptions were to constitute your conversational pabulum for the next two or three weeks until you reached Colors do and began to hear assays and dips and leads, angles, spurs and sinuosities, and claims and carbonates, and that is as far west as I have been, and I don't know what they talk about beyond there.-From Bob Burdett's Letter.

"There is no fool like an old fool," says the New Orleans Picayune, except the young fool who marries him.