INFATUATION.

There was a little group on the prettiest croquet-ground with a dimpled brook flickering by on one side, and a semi-circle of fine old trees standing guard on the other.

An elderly gentleman, in a linen coat, was half-kneeling on the grass in the mental and physical agony of a "split shot;" a youth of fifteen, awaiting his turn, was watching the operation with emphatic *ennui*; a little apart, a young man with fine features and symptoms of a mustache—a good-looking fellow take him all in all—was conversing contentedly with a young lady—one of those tall fair haired creatures, with grand eyes and superb complexion, who fairly bewildered one with rare coloring.

"So your aunt will be here this afternoon, Miss Penroy?" he was saying.

"Yes, on the 5:10 train."

The young fellow calculated in the depth of his spiritual consciousness:

"It is now three. Two hours' grace. Would that an accident might befall the train! Of all things a maiden aunt! No more pleasant tete-a-tetes on the piazza—no—"

"Blue! Here, Mr. Remington, it is your turn. You've got the most splendid chance!" called out the old gentleman, enthusiastically. "Just knock Augusta into the brook and go through the middle wicket; then you can take Charlie coming back, and—"

Here the pleasant vision was demolished by Mr. Remington's sending Augusta just the other way, and going anywhere but through the wicket himself. His counsellor gave him a look of reproachful despair, and grasped his mallet as if he were going to commit suicide, or "suthin," with it.

Miss Penroy took her place, and so the game went on.

An hour or two after, returning to the house to dress for tea, Mr. Remington caught sight of an angular figure in gray alpaca vanishing up-stairs, and a few minutes later learned that Miss Penroy's aunt had arrived.

* * * * * * *

Just about seventy miles from the pretty croquet ground and its accompanying farmhouse might have been seen on the banks of the Hudson a handsome villa, and in its library, at this moment at which I write, were assembled a red-faced old gentleman, a white-haired old lady and two pretty girls, as like as two peas and as pretty as two pinks.

The daily budget had just come from the Post Office, consisting this time of one letter for the old lady, which, according to the superscription, was Mrs. C. H. Remington.

"From Fred," she announced; "it's really astonishing how contented he is in that little out-of-the way place."

"I thought he would be back after two days' fishing, utterly disgusted," said Minnie, one of the peas.

"Oh, I'm very glad to have him away from temptation," went on the mother. "A fashionable watering place is a terrible training place for a gay young fellow like Fred and with money, too."

"He seems to have found pleasant companions at this little place. He says: 'There are some very agreeable people stopping here—a Mr. Wane and his family, and a Miss Penroy, a very beautiful girl, and her aunt, Miss Boggs.'"

"A very beautiful girl," laughed Bessie, the other pea. "That explains the mystery."

"Penroy is a very good name," said the old lady. "I hope she is a nice girl."

The letters continued to come regular every week, and the old lady continued to read them placidly to her husband and daughters. Miss Penroy and her aunt still figured largely in the missives, but there was not much said about being awfully jolly—there were vague allusions to happiness and misery and other contradictory emotions.

At this period the old lady began to get anxious.

"I don't know but what we ought to go on to this Eastrodes, Minnie. I am sure Miss Penroy must be a sweet girl, but I'd like to see her."

"We might take a run on there next week," suggested Minnie.

"I'd like to go," said Bessie. "I think we need a little change, and you won't take us to any fashionable place because we don't come out for another year."

"I'll think over it," said the mother.

But while she was thinking it over the next day, a letter came that sent her flying to the girls.

"The climax has come," she cried, half laughing, and yet with tears in her eyes. "He is engaged to be married. Just listen to this."

And with a daughter on each side, she read as incoherent, happy, illogical an epistle as ever love indited since the days of Adam.

"That settles it; we go there next week. In the meantime we must all write to him, and to her, too."

And they did all write that very day, dear loving home letters, giving Miss Penroy a sweet welcome to their family, and telling Fred how charming they were sure she must be, and how glad he would be to meet her the following Monday.

That was Thursday afternoon. On Friday evening a thunderbolt was handed Mrs. Remington at the tea table. Outwardly it was one of Fred's regular letters, but inwardly it was a thunderbolt.

She opened it all unconscious, read the few lines, and clasped her hands almost tragically.

"Oh, husband!" she gasped, "oh, Minnie—Bessie! that my boy should ever do such a thing. It isn't Miss Penroy he's engaged to—it's her aunt!"

"Her aunt! Stuff and nonsense!" spluttered Mr. Remington, upsetting the powdered sugar into the pickled salmon. "It's only a lover's squabble thing."

"Oh, no; it's only too true. Just listen to this, 'Dear mother, for goodness sakes, don't write any more letters to Miss Penroy. I am not engaged to her at all. I am engaged to her aunt, Miss Boggs. You'll be here on Monday, so I'll tell them all then. In haste, your loving son, Fred.' Oh, I'll never forgive her for entrapping my poor, innocent boy. Such a vulgar name, too—Boggs."

"Horrid old thing!" muttered Minnie.

"Dreadful creature!" chimed in Bessie.

"Girls," said the mother suddenly, "it does no good to abuse that woman—we must simply go on and stop it."

No dissenting voice was heard, and the old lady arranged the entire plan before they left the table. Mrs. Remington and the girls would start by the first train in the morning. Mr. Remington would stay home to look after the establishment.

"I am glad he didn't want to go," Mrs. Remington confided to the girls, "he might say something harsh to that poor boy and be sorry for it afterwards."

The next day—will Minnie and Bessie ever forget it to their last hour—the dust, the heat, and the depression of spirits combined. At last the conductor yelled some unintelligible sound at the door, which instinct and the time-table told them was Eastrodes.

A lank kind of cattle-shed was pointed out as the depot, and in the oven like waiting room of it they bestowed themselves.

"This is dreadful, girls," sighed Mrs. Remington, surveying the blistering hayfields on every side, and the long, straight, treeless road, where two cows were choking themselves with the dusty grass on the edges.

"I wonder if there is anything like a hotel in the place? Just ask the ticket-man, child."

Minnie crossed the room, and held a consultation with a blank-minded old man, who was postmaster as well as ticket agent, and who insisted at first upon informing her that there were "no letters." At last she made him understand, and gleaned the fact that there was a "sorter hotel," just back of the depot.

A tall, angular woman here entered the building—a strong-featured, big-eyed, black-haired woman, who might have been very handsome, say a hundred and fifty years ago. She stalked over to the postmaster, and Minnie joined her mother.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Remington, "I suppose we had better go to this hotel, or whatever it is, and sent word on to Fred—but, oh, dear, it's dreadful—to think he could ever do such a thing! I'll never forgive that Miss Boggs as long as I live—she has just entrapped my boy for his money—dreadful old thing—oh, girls, only think of it!"

"Air you Mrs. Remington?" asked the gaunt woman, stepping up to the group.

"Yes," answered the astonished Mrs. Remington, "and are you—" she could not finish the question.

"Yes, I am," the gaunt woman tartly said; "and I'd like to know what you mean by dreadful! Your son ain't none too good for a Boggs, I can tell you—and you needn't suppose you're going to marm it over us, 'cause you ain't," waxing wroth, and glaring down at Mrs. Remington with her big eyes.

"You awful woman!" the poor old lady gasped, "what would Fred say to hear his mother abused in this way—perhaps that might cure him—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"And as for your son, he wouldn't be half the man he is if it warn't for me—if I hadn't nussed him, and nussed him, and rubbed taller on his nose, and here you come raisin' a fuss about it—awful woman, indeed!"

"Mother," cried the girl, "you shall not stay here—come to the hotel at once."

So Minnie picked up satchels, and Bessie gave her arm to Mrs. Remmington and they all three left the depot, the gaunt woman snorting and exclaiming after them to the last minute.

The "sorter" hotel proved as close and ugly as it was possible for any building to be. They were shown directly to an apartment commanding an extensive view of a blank wall and the roof of the depot—anything more unlike their own pretty bed rooms could scarcely be imagined. The girls tried to make Mrs. Remmington lie down, while they had dispatched a message for Fred, but she would not.

"What dreadful infatuation!" she sobbed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I can't understand it."

"Just one of those coarse creatures men fall in love with," said Minnie.

"Fred talked of her eyes—great saucers," pouted Bessie.

"I can't understand it," repeated Mrs. Remmington; "she had neither youth nor beauty—not even mental attractions—vulgar—bad tempered; but I suppose she got round him by taking care of him when he was sick—rubbing 'taller,' as she called it, on his nose—ugh!—artful creature working upon his sense of gratitude—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"But suppose Fred persists in marrying her—we can't do anything," said Minnie.

"I wonder if we couldn't fix her up," suggested Bessie; "she's not really bad-looking, you know."

Minnie caught eagerly at the idea.

"No, she's not bad looking, and dress has so much to do with one's appearance."

"Oh, girls, don't give in that way; do try to persuade him," begged the mother.

"Oh, of course we will; you needn't be afraid of our giving up—only in case you know."

And so they rang the changes until their messenger returned to say, "Mr. Remington was coming now."

"I'll go and meet him," said Mrs. Remington, getting up; "you stay here, girls."

So down she went, crying all the way. In the lower hall she was caught in the arms of her son, who kissed her, exclaiming:

"My dear, dear mother! What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Fred, Fred! how can you ask such a question? You wicked boy, to break my heart in this way—to think of marrying that dreadful creature!"

"What dreadful creature?" demanded Fred, sternly, standing up straight.

"That Miss Boggs, of course—oh, to think you should be so infatuated—such a coarse, vulgar creature."

"My dear mother," began Fred, giving an anxious glance at the parlor door, "you'll be overheard."

"I don't care if I'm overheard fifty times! she's a coarse, vulgar woman, who just wants your money, and doesn't care for you one bit."

"Mother!" Fred half pleaded, half commanded.

"If you only knew how miserable you have made us all—you must give her up!"

Fred turned white.

"I will not give her up!"

"Oh, you wicked, dreadful boy! to speak to your own mother in that way, and just for the sake of that vulgar, ill-tempered, mercenary woman!"

And with that she left him, and rushed up stairs.

The miserable youth turned into the parlor and was confronted by a very pretty young lady, who was almost quivering with indignation.

"Take me away instantly!" she said; "you should never have subjected me to this!"

"I never expected it, believe me," cried the distracted Fred. "I had not the least idea—you shall not stay here an instant longer if I can help it. I'll get a carriage at once."

And away he bolted, leaving the young lady pacing the ingrain carpet like, to use an entirely new simile, a caged lion.

To get a carriage out of a country stable is rather a lengthy operation, even when superintended by a frantic young man, and, consequently, Fred was absent some time.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Remington, anxious about her boy, wandered down stairs again and into the parlor.

"Do you know if my son, Mr. Remington, is still here?" she inquired of the young lady.

"Mr. Remington has just gone to order a carriage," was the answer, very stiffly delivered.

The old lady sat down.

"Are you acquainted with my son?"

"I have that pleasure," yet very stiffly.

A light seemed to flash over Mrs. Remington's mind—this was Miss Penroy.

"My dear," she said, getting up and putting her hand on the young lady's shoulder, "I know you will help me to bring that boy to his senses."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, my dear, he is perfectly infatuated with that horrid woman. I don't know what to do."

"He's not infatuated with any horrid woman," cried the pretty girl, hotly.

"He told me so himself," said Mrs. Remington, solemnly. 'Of course he is desperately smitten, and tries to make her out perfectly beautiful; but I have seen her, and she's the most dreadful creature—at least," recollecting herself, "she's perfectly respectable, and all that sort of thing; but she's so much older than he is."

"Oh, I can't believe it!" moaned the young girl. "I don't believe it!"

"It is quite true, I assure you," said Mrs. Remington, sorrowfully. "Do help me, my dear, you are so sweet and pretty! If it had only been you! Do try to make your aunt see how utterly out of the question it is."

"My aunt!"

"Yes, your aunt, dear; don't be angry. I know she's very nice; but she's so much older. Don't you see it yourself?"

"I haven't any aunt."

"Why yes, you have. Your aunt, Miss Boggs. Oh, my dear, explain yourself: I'm nearly crazy. Are you not Miss Penroy?"

"No, I am Miss Boggs."

For the space of five seconds two utterly bewildered women gazed at each other in the face.

"But what—who—was that tall lady?" stammered Mrs. Remington—"that tall lady with a blue alpaca dress and red flowers in her bonnet?"

"Why, that's my old nurse, Jemima Stamfield."

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad!" sobbed Mrs. Remington, folding Miss Penroy's aunt in her arms, and giving her a most motherly hug.

At this juncture Fred came tearing in, and fairly gasped at the sight of his mother and lady-love in an affectionate embrace.

"Oh, Fred!" half-cried Miss Boggs, "just think! Your mother thought you were engaged to our old Jemima! Only think of it!"

"What on earth—"

Then they had to explain it to him: they had understood it by intuition themselves, but of course he, being a man, didn't.

"Why, didn't you know that Miss Penroy's aunt was a good deal younger than Miss Penroy herself?" he queried.

"No; how could I, you foolish boy, when you never said so? I thought she was some dreadful old maid, and I thought that woman at the depot was the one."

"Jemimy!" now quite laughed Miss Boggs.

"Just imagine our Jemima marrying any body. It's too absurd! Why she perfectly detests all mankind."

"I ain't jest sartin ev that," said a decided voice in the doorway.

"Why, Jemima!"

"I've been thinkin' ev marryin' this some time back, ever sence I see you was a-thinkin' ev doin' the same, an' to a likelier man than you'll ever be," turning with sudden asperity upon Fred.

"I've no doubt," said Fred, good humoredly.

"Come, Jemima,, don't be cross," coaxed Miss Boggs.

"Well, Miss Nelly, I ain't a-goin' ter see you put upon, and if you'd only heard—"

"There—there, Jemima, it was all a mistake."

"Yes," said Mrs. Remington, graciously, "it was all a mistake, and you can scarcely love this dear girl yourself more than I do."

"But I want to see this handsome man than me, Jemima," put in Fred.

"All right," assented the mollified Jemima, flying to the window. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah! come on in here!"

And in about three seconds a tail, slab-sided man presented himself at the door.

"Come on in, Hezekiah; you ain't got no call to be ashamed," proudly said his betrothed, as he lingered, red and shame-faced, at the threshold.

"Why, it's Mr. Terwilliger!" cried Fred.

And so it was Terwilliger, the charioteer of the village.

Jemima surveyed him with intense pride from the crown of his tow head to the sole of his cowhide boots, and remarked, with the air of a manufacturer, that he was "about as good as they made 'em."

Here a crack-toned bell raised its voice in the hall to announce supper. Mrs. Remington said they ought to tell the girls about it. So the two peas were sent for and all the criss-cross purposes explained to them. I am not quite sure that anybody understood just then, but they felt it was all right somehow and that it was enough. They sat down to the abominable hotel-tea, as if it had been a feast for the gods, and all ate "combinations" as though each and every one had been separately in love.

* * * * * * *

"Well," sighed the mother the day after the wedding, "it's a comfort to think her name is not Boggs now, for, though she's the sweetest girl in the world, that was a trial, I confess."

Home Improvement.

The influence of the home upon character and morals is so self-evident as to require no particular emphasis; it is an immense factor in the well-being of a community; it not only steadies, but it stimulates ambition, encourages an honest life, and makes its owner a more intelligent man, a better citizen. If the value of ownership is in question, from a political standpoint, one need only look at France where peasant proprietorship is in the foundation of the Republic. And this is, perhaps, the most hopeful condition of American life. With the exception of the great cities where a floating population is inevitable, the majority of our people dwell in their own habitations. Scattered all over the country, forming a network of ennobling associations, clustered about the village highway, isolated from the New England hilltops, resting on the great prairies, adding to the beauty of our towns, forming in the West the bulwark of civilization—these homes, from the humblest cot to the palace of the railroad king, are so many magnets drawing the better class of people to an intimate and patriotic love of their native soil.

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

The affections center in these shrines of domestic comfort. To those who have been merely tenants of apartments or houses, such an affection can be but dimly realized. Can anything be more forlorn than the ordinary city lodging with its cramped boundaries, noisy surroundings and glaring publicity? How can domestic virtues be cultivated in a great caravansary, where the eye of every one is upon his neighbor? The very word home conveys the sensation of peace and comfort. It means freedom to do as one likes, to enjoy individual liberty to the top of one's bent. But a mere dwelling should not be the sole aim. The Indian has his wigwam which he carries from place to place, but one hardly looks upon it as the shrine of domestic bliss. Without intellectual associations, without culture, without refinement, without at least some striving toward beautifying its interior and surroundings, home is not home; it is a base counterfeit of the old Saxon meaning. "Home," says Dryden "is the sacred refuge of our life." Mere possession is not enough, for if the home is indeed a refuge it will be made a pleasant one; the temple of love, it must be made fit for the indwelling of those who should derive strength and benefit from it. Too many of our so-called homes are bare and cheerless. Especially in this case with those of the farmer and the rural community generally. Eminently practical in all his views, shrewd and capable in all that pertains to the growing of crops, the farmer is apt to neglect the better side of his nature. He looks upon sentiment as purely superfluous; it is with him a matter of dollars and cents. "What," he will ask you, "is the use of pictures, and magazines, and flowers?"—forgetting that life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And what is life if it does not minister to the higher side of our nature; if it means merely food and drink and clothing while the mind is less desolate, without one beautiful association, dwelling forever upon the sordid claims of every day existence? To those who have mingled with the world and grown weary of drifting from place to place, there is this yearning for a home grows with years. They consider it a happiness to toil and deny themselves that a permanent abode may be provided for their families. They know that they will become stronger and better men. And when these hopes are realized they feel as if a portion of the earth had been given them in trust, and they are eager not to fall short of the responsibilities thus devolving upon them.—[Boston Traveller.

Necessity of Cleanliness.

As a rule, every boy and girl, every young man and woman who will, can have clean clothes, a clean body, clean face, clean hands and feet, clean teeth, and a clean, sweet breath. Now, in your own mind, contrast cleanliness with its opposite. If we were only seeking to please the eye, the former is worth all the care necessary to secure it; we go farther than this however. No one can be careless of his person, and unclean in his habits, without producing or perpetuating like disorders in mind, and in all he does. Our bodies are covered with innumerable pores or holes, so small that the naked eye cannot see them, and through these there is, or should be, a constant passage of effete dead matter. In warm weather we are made sensible of the fact by the perspiration which stands upon our faces and hands, or saturates our clothes. This effort of the system to cleanse itself inside is constant, whether we know it or not. Suppose, now, that you neglect to keep your body clean outside; these little holes are stopped, the dead matter which should come out is kept in, the blood becomes impure, the brain wearies or becomes lazy; we are lazy all over; then we get slack and careless; we do not like to study or think, even of nice things, and so we are injured all through if we do not keep the surface of the body clear. Of course, while we are at work or play, we get our clothes, face and hands soiled, and sometimes our whole bodies are covered with dust and perspiration; then what a luxury it is to bathe! It is not bad that we sometimes get dirt on us while doing our duty, but it is bad to be careless and let it remain there.

Prof. Tracy, of the Missouri Agricultural College, Columbia, has been engaged for several years in testing the comparative yields of different varieties of wheat. He has carefully tested over 100 sorts, and not being satisfied with the result of these tests alone, desired to learn what the yields have been in other portions of the country. Parties engaged in wheat growing will confer a favor by sending him a postal card giving the names of the varieties grown in the neighborhood and the yield of each. These reports will be published in connection with Prof. Tracy's report, and a copy sent to all who render assistance in gathering the information desired.

A Realistic Artist.

"Do you—ahem!—do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy-looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, softly edging into the Post's inner sanctum the other day.

The managing editor glanced savagely up from his noonday sandwich, and, after evidently repressing a desire to add the long-haired party to his viands, replied in the affirmative.

"Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to record the progress of real esthetic art culture on this coast you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Might, eh?" said the editor between chews.

"Yes, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter-storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hail-Storm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The allusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in finishing touches with my ulster and Arctic over-shoes on.

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Gen. Glerkins the other day—portrait of his Scotch terrier, Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw that picture it went through the window sash like a ten-inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the Governor examined the work he insisted on my painting on a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme," growled the President maker.

"I don't do much in the animal line, though," continued the artist, thoughtfully; "that is, not since last summer. I painted a California polecat for an English tourist, from the skin of one he killed by mistake for a grizzly up in the foothills. And if you'll take my word for it, the day I finished its business end the health officials came down, fumigated the place, and arrested me for maintaining a nuisance."

"Did, eh?"

"Absurd, wasn't it? I did a setter dog for the same man, and shipped it to him at Liverpool. But it seems the fleas got into the box and bit so many holes in the canvas that he threw it back on my hands."

"Too bad."

"Wasn't it, though? My best hold, however, is water views. You know George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes. Well, George dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight-by-twelve view of the San Joaquin river, with a boat tied to the bank in the foreground. I'm blessed if George didn't absent-mindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into the boat—thought he'd go out rowing, you know."

"No. I don't know."

"Speaking about that picture reminds me of a mean trick that was played me by Dobber, whose studio is right next to mine. He was so envious of my large orders that the night before that painting was to be delivered he climbed over the transom and smeared out the rope that anchored the boat I speak of, to the shore. The next morning the skiff was gone—floated off down stream, you see!"

"I do—do I?"

"It took four days to paint it in again—dead loss, you see; although I believe the purchaser did agree to pay me $25 extra in case it came back on the next tide. Pretty square on him, now, wasn't it?"

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the smallpox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman, who had come in just then to swear for copy.

"Smallpox? That reminds me of a realistic historical subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I have just completed four of the principal figures when last Tuesday the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixes the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I really don't know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does that strike you?"

"It strikes me that you had better slide," said the unesthetic moulder of public opinion, gruffly.

"Don't care to send the reporter round, then?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't like to give an order for a life-size 'Guttenberg Discovering the Printing Press,' eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven-by-nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Roumanian imbroglio, "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eye for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack," promptly ejaculated the disciple of esthetic culture, and, borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.—[San Francisco Post.

At the opera in Brooklyn the other evening, a party in one of the boxes made themselves very annoying to every body in the vicinity by laughing and talking throughout the first act. The oldest gentleman in the party was subsequently handed a card upon which was written: "Remember, you are not in your own house." The card was handed around, and order reigned thereafter.

The Galveston News says a stranger in that city asked an old resident how malaria fever could be distinguished from yellow fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, you can't tell till you have tried it, If you ain't alive, then it is most likely yellow fever.,'

Charles Lamb said: "When you loaned a book to Coleridge, it returned with additional value." The trouble with most books that are loaned is, they don't return at all.

Russian Exiles.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is told he is free; but at the same time he is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without furthur formality than that of the ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there too greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand news from home. The new comers gaze on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly mended boots or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the public ward, it is just as likely marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in those dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and to a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the third section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied or published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering, and administered evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European state.—[London Standard.

How Bees Build.

When a swarm of bees is about to leave its old home and seek another, each bee fills itself with honey. After entering their new home the gorged bees suspend themselves in festoons, hanging from the top of the hive. They hang motionless for twenty-four hours. During this time the honey has been digested and converted into a peculiar animal oil, which collects itself in scales or laminæ beneath the abdominal rings. This is the wax. One of the workers, called the founder, then draws from its own body, by means of its clawed feet a scale of wax. This it breaks down and crumbles, and works with its mouth and mandibles till it becomes pliable, it then issues from the mouth in the form of a long, narrow ribbon, made white and soft by an admixture of saliva from the tongue. Meanwhile the other bees are making ready their material the same way. On the ceiling of the hive an inverted, solid arch of wax is built, and now from this time the first foundation cells are excavated, all the subsequent ones being built up around these, which are usually three in number. The size and shape of the cell is determined by its future use; but all comb is formed of two sheets always alternating with one another. If the comb is intended for brood, twenty-five cells of worker-brood, and sixteen of drone, go to the square inch.—[The Farm.

Forgetful Passenger.

"I say, Cap'n!" cried a keen-eyed man as he landed from a steamer at Natches—"I say, Cap'n, these here ain't all. I have something else on board, that's a fact!"

"Them's all the plunder you brought on board anyhow," answered the commanding officer.

"Wal, I see now! I grant it all O. K., according to the list: Two boxes, three chests, two bandboxes, and portmanty, two hams, and part cut, three ropes of inyens, and a tea-kettle. But see, Cap'n I'm dubersome! I feel there's a short, though I've counted them nine times over and never took my eyes off um while on the craft. There's something not right, somehow!"

"Wal, stranger, time's up! Them's all I knows on. So jest fetch your wife and children out of the cabin, 'cose I'm going to push off."

"Them's um! Darn it! them's um! I know'd I forgot something!"

In a communication to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, G. L. Ciamician announces that he has discovered that the spectrum of the metals of the alkaline earths is made up of the spectrum of magnesium and of the less refrangible half of the complete spectrum of oxygen.