#### JIMMY AND THE PANTHER.

Many years ago portions of our country, which are now thickly populated, were plagued by wild beasts, who were often excited by the pangs of hunger to a daring which was foreign to their nature at other times.

The depredations of wolves, bears and panthers, or "painters," as they were more generally called, sometimes reached such a point that the State offered bounties for the slaying of the pests.

"Many a time," said an old settler, "I have seen well-worn paths around my barn in the morning, made by the wolves trotting back and forth while seeking an entrance to the sheep that were fastened

The speaker had lived in Schoharie county, New York, during the early portion of the present century, and had met with more than one memorable expe-

"I remember," he added, "that father had shot many a wolf from the window of his bed room, and I have seen him stand in his own door, in the afternoon, and bring down six or eight wildcats, who were driven to climb some of the sapplings among the undergrowth across the road by the hunting dogs that were sent to rout them out.

"My brother Jack was three years older than I, and he developed a fondness for hunting which father encouraged to the utmost. When he was 14 years old he was one of the best shots in the country, as he proved in many shooting matches, where his competitors were men who had been known as crack shots years before Jack was born.

"Father bought Jack a rifle suited to his years, for the regular weapon was too heavy for him to handle easily, and he was then the happiest boy you ever dreamed of. He would have become a genuine Daniel Boone, and spent all his time in the woods, if father would have permitted it. As it was, he was sometimes out all night, and neither father or mother seemed to feel the least anxiety about him.

"'If it was you, Jimmy,' said my parents, 'we would be very anxious; but when Jack has his gun with him he will take care of himself.

"Once or twice I accompanied my brother on his hunts but that was enough. I carried no weapon, and not did, I was almost tired to death when we came home, while he would have been glad to continue it for hours longer, had there been any daylight to help him.

"Some three miles away lived my father's brother, Uncle Jacob, who was a thrifty farmer, with a boy about my own age. As they were our nearest neighbors, it was natural that Dick and I should pass a good deal of our time to-Sometimes I was at his house gether. Sometimes I was at his house all day. Gecassionally one of us stayed with the other over night, but generally each one preferred to be at home with his folks.

"One day, late in autumn, I was given permission to go and see Dick, but I was specially warned by my mother that I must be back again before dark. I readily promised, and started off in high

"The path leading to Uncle Jacob's was through the woods the entire distance, and near the half way point was a deep hollow, where there was a small stream of sluggish water, which was vines that it was always dark there, even at mid-day.

"In crossing the log, I noticed in the soft, cozy ground on the other side the prints of some animal's feet, though I with a precipitancy that came within a didn't know what kind of a wild creature hair's breadth of bringing the top and the was. I never pretended to carry a myself to the ground.

"At the same instant I heard the anigun, but was so accustomed to seeing and hearing wild beasts that I felt no par- mal coming stealthily through the wood, ticular fear, and continued whistling over the path until I reached my uncle's moment, I detected the footsteps of

"It was cold weather and there were a and along the path in front. few needles of ice thrusting out from the banks of the little stream, while a flurry of snow whirled about my head for a few minutes.

"But I needn't say that that did not interfere with the fun of Dick and me. We played and romped together until we were tired, and then played and romped again. Our principal amusement during ing the afternoon was the game of 'Hideand whoop,' in the adjoining woods.

"I had no thought of disobeying my mother, but, all at once, I noticed that it was growing dark, and, looking toward the house, saw that my aunt had lit the in the path, and when he reached such candle, which was shining through the window. Night had already come, and I ought to have started home an hour be-

I said 'No,' and hurried off over the path, without going to the house to bid his parents good evening.

"I don't see how I came to forget myself,' I muttered, impatiently, as I hastened forward. 'It will be as dark as Egypt before I get home, and, like enough, father will warm my jacket to keep me from forgetting next time.'

animal, but I dreaded a walk through turned upward. the woods at night, as many an older person does.

'The sky had become perfectly clear during the afternoon, and a bright moon was shining, but I think that made my situation more gloomy and dismal. The few arrows of moonlight which found their way through the branches half denuded of leaves, gave a ghostly touch to everything.

"The trunks of the trees on my right and left took all sorts of grotesque my answering cries.

"He understood the danger fully, and "He understood the danger fully, and shapes. Sometimes I was sure they were walking silently through the forest, and then they were dancing up and down, and waving their knotty arms at me.

They appeared to be putting their heads together, and holding whispered consultations about me. They nodded their tops, they rushed down at me, suddenly checking themselves when almost touching me. Then they all joined hands and kept up a waving waltz at my side.

"Hundreds of such fancies and imaginings went through my head, and every step I took was one of terror. I started to whistle once, but the lonely sound scared me, and I stopped instantly, walking on tip-toe, and pausing now and then to listen for ghosts.

"When I reached the hollow where I crossed on the log I was sure some wild beast was following me. I heard the soft 'tip-tip' of his feet behind me, and when ed around was sure I caught the phosphorescent gleam of his eyes.

"It may have been all fancy-and I'm inclined to think it was-looking back to that terrible night; but I was then so certain that a panther was at my heels, that, when I came to the log, I ran at full

speed across.
"How I could do it in the dark was a mystery, but, under a strong mental strain, a person is capable of performing seeming impossibilities.

"When I was near the middle the rotten log suddenly gave way, under the unusual strain of my hurried foots teps. The distance was not far, and when I felt it going I made a leaps which landed me on the other shore. Scrambling up the bank, I ran along the path as fast as I could.

"Such reckless traveling was discomforting, if not dangerous, and I was not long in finding it out. The path was not marked very plainly, and I had not gone very far when a projecting limb caught me beneath the chin, and I thought for a minute that it had sawed my head off. Still I rushed on, until I ran violently against a tree, nearly knocking my brains out, when I came down to a slower and more guarded walk.

"Just then I heard a scream in the woods to my right. It rang out on the air with a startling clearness, and I instantly answered it.

" 'Mother has become alarmed,' was my thought, 'and she has come out to look for me.

"It was a great relief to find that I was to have companionship the rest of the way, even though that companion was likely to visit her wrath on me for disobeying her.

"So I hastened forward, and had not gone far when the same cry struck my ear, this time sounding much closer than before. I answered, and stopped to

await my mother's coming.
"I don't think I had stood there ten seconds when it suddenly flashed upon me that the scream which I had heard was made, not by my mother, but by a panther!

"My hair fairly rose on end, for my danger was frightful. The panther had doubtless recognized my call at once, and was rapidly approaching me. He would be upon the very spot where I was standing within the next five minutes. What should I do?

"Evidently there was but the one thing that could be done. It was useless feeling a tenth part of the interest he to attempt to run away, and so I climbed

"In my haste and panic-stricken condition, I forgot that it depended very much upon what sort of tree I climbed -that is, whether it was a large or a small one.

"The panther possesses prodigious strength and activity, and I have seen them make leaps since that night which you would pronounce incredible were I to relate them.

"I had gone up about twenty feet, when I suddenly awoke to the fact that I had ascended a sapling, which was already bending fearfully low-so much so that it threatened to break off entirely with me. "I saw that would never do, for when

the wild beast should appear on the scene-which he was sure to do very soon-he would have no trouble at all in making a choice supper off me. "It won't take me long to find a better

tree," I said to myself, beginning to descent; 'and I will climb so high that he'll have no chance to get a sight of me-

when the panther screamed ag more than fifty yards distant! "I was thrown into a wild panie, and

turning about, went up the tree again,

and I recall that even in that appaling another, in almost an opposite direction "It thus looked as if two fierce panth-

ers were about to quarrel as to which should have the privilege of first rending me to shreds, and I was convinced that my last hour had come. "I ercuched down in the sapling at

the highest point I could reach without bending over the top, and could only tremble and wait, asking heaven to pro-"In less than a minute I distinctly saw

the panther, by the few rays of moonlight which reached the path, slowly walk along beneath me. He was directly position that I would have dropped directly upon his back, had I left go, he gave out that terrifying scream again.

"No pen can describe the frightful "Dick wanted me to stay all night, but blood curdling cry of the beast when remembering my promise to my mother, heard under such circumstances. I seemed to freeze with affright as I stared down through the partial moonlight and gloom at him.

"All at once he stopped, and seemed to be looking around. He must have suspected that I was near at hand and was searching for me. As he stood, his head was more distinct than any other portion of the body, and I could easily detect I had no fear of any particular wild the glars of the eyes, which were soon

" 'Does he see me?' was the question I put to myself. 'Yes, he does. He is crouching down; he is gathering himself for a spring; he can easily leap the distance; there is no hope; I must be torn to pieces the next minute-But just then the other noise which I

had noticed a short time before developed itself. It was my brother Jack, who had been sent out to look for me, and who had heard the scream of the panther and

hurrying along, speedily placed himself in the best possible position to shoot. "He was close to the panther, and

drawing a careful head, at the very instance the beast was gathering his muscles for one tremendous spring, he sent a bullet directly between the eyes,

"The dreaded creature uttered one wild shriek, made a spasmodic leap, and fell dead.

"Taking my hand, Jack hurried home with me. Mother was waiting with a good, tough hickory branch, which she had cut, and when she was through with the whip and me, pieces of the former were strewn all around the room, and Jack told me, a few days later, that the outeries in which I indulged on that occasion far surpassed those made by the panther which I escaped so narrowly.

Crinolets are bustles, with a new

#### BY STRATEGY.

"The theory of love in a cottage is somewhat exhausted in these later days, my dear Helen. Still, if you so infi-nitely prefer the fostering of some such romantic idea, to accepting a man young, handsome, and with a rent roll of ten thousand a year, I only beg you to remember, when too late to retrieve the irretrievable, that you have naught to blame but your own willful obstinacy." And Mrs. Dunham, having delivered

herself of the above sentence, accompanied it by a long and profound sigh. What impression the profound wisdom of her remarks had made was difficult to

glean, since only the back of her listener (a very straight and graceful back be it, observed) was visible.

She was standing beside the window looking down in the street below. A half shrug of the pretty shoulders indicated that she had heard, at least. Mrs. Dunham could not suppress her impatience.

"You are incorrigible, Helen," she continued. "Do let me know how you intend to receive Arthur Rugby, and why you are so unwilling to accede to your uncle's wishes!" The young girl turned now, revealing

a face of more than usual loveliness; but there was a scarlet flush upon her cheek, and an ominous light in her eyes, as she at last replied: "I am not a piece of merchandise,

she said, "to be bought or sold, simply because an old man has taken it into his head that certain family interests are to be benefited thereby. Doubtless this plan is as repulsive to Arthur Rugby as myself. He is not in absolute need of money. If he is a man, he would rather work for a woman whom he loved than live in ease with one forced upon his heart!"

"Forced, Helen? You use such strong expressions, my dear! Remember that you and your cousin have not met since you were children! What is to prevent your falling in love with each other? At least, child, look your prettiest to-night, and receive him in your own charming way, and I will answer for the result, as far as he is concerned. It is arranged that he is to take you in to dinner.'

"With the understanding that it is the first of many dinners where we are to be thrown upon each other's society-a sort of experiment as to the mutual entertanment of which each is capable. Really, aunty, I don't think the condi-

tions will be inspiring."

And with a fascinating little air of disdain the young girl swept from the

"He shall see that I am not a party to this conspiracy, at any rate," she thought to herself, as a slight stir in the corridor outside her door, a few hours later, betokened the new arrival. "If I fascinate him," and she laughed scornfully, "it will be through no fault of mine.'

Meantime a young and handsome man, making his toilet for dinner, allowed his thoughts to be somewhat similarly occupied.

"Twenty thousand a year, Uncle Reuben, and a wife of your choosing, or three thousand and the charms of bachelorhood, or at least a free choice. Really I believe the latter prospect to be more enticing. I hope the girl does not entertain any foolish ideas. It would make it embarrassing.
"I needn't have feared," he added

mentally, some sixty minutes after the spanned by a log. The branches over-bead were so dense and so matted by was within a few feet of the ground, having been gone through with, and the third course in order at the dinner table. "She hasn't any idea upon any subject. Beyond a few remarks on the weather, and the hope that I will find the shooting good, she has not honored me. Evidently a school girl, unaccustomed to society. Oh, no, Uncle Reuben! a pretty face is not all I desire in a wife."

Nor, as the dinner progressed, did he

find reason to change his mind. Spite of all the warning glances sent by Mrs. Dunham across the table to her niece, there was no relaxing of the stiff politeness, so different from the usual gracious demeanor which made her so

general a favorite. Thus a week wore away, until the last day appointed for Mr. Rugby's visit had arrived. Quite by accident, Helen, fancying he already had started for the day's shooting, entered the library, to find him seated there engrossed in writ-

ing a letter. She would have withdrawn, but that, at the rustling of her dress, he raised his head and instantly sprang to his feet.

"Do not let me disturb you, I beg. I came in search of a book. How happens it you are not shooting to-day?" 'I was writing to Uncle Reuben," he said; and then a wave of blood mounted

ot his face. He remembered that he had just inscribed the words which told him that the fulfillment of his pet ambition was

impossible. Helen was not slow to detect his embarrassment, and divined its cause. For the first time the stiffness which characterized her fled. She held out her hand with bewitching frankness, and a little,

light laugh. "Is there any reason we shouldn't be friends, Cousin Arthur," she said "because they wished to force us into being lovers against our will ?"

"None in the world," he answered catching her fingers in his own strong, warm grasp. "It was an absurd idea was it not? But now that we have broken the ice regarding it, we can afford to treat it as the absurd joke it in reality is. But when you do select the fortunate man, cousin mine, let me know, and I promise to officiate as best man on the

"I will certainly call upon you, if you do not first set me the example," she replied.

And, snatching her hand from his detaining grasp, she ran out of the room. "By Jove! as a friend she is not so

It was only this idea of matrimony which made her insupportable," thought the young man, again returning to his writing. But somehow the letter to Uncle Reuben dragged; the outdoor atmosphere seemed to invite him to its enjoyment.

he sailed forth with lighter heart than he had known in many days, now that the burden of future possibilities had been lifted. To-morrow he would be amid new scenes, but at least he could remember Helen, not as an awkward debutante,

forced upon his liking, but a girl frank

So, thursting away the unfinished page,

To-morrow? How little one knows of

hitherto had made even friendship be-

tween them impossible.

Tossing on his bed in feverish, delirous pain, Arthur Rugby noted not time, nor reckoned when that morrow, to which he had looked forward, became to-

He had been in the midst of the enjoy-ment of his day's shooting, when the barrel of the gun he carried burst, seriously wounding his arm and shoulder.

In the dusk of evening he had been borne back, senseless and bleeding, to spend long, weary days and wearier nights of pain and wakeful restlessness. How glad Helen was that all possible misconstruction to any act of kindness shown him had been done away with.

They so fully understood each other now, so entirely comprehended the mutual aversion with which they regarded the future folly others had wished them to perpetrate, that she might take her place in the sick-room without one moment's check upon her heart's impulse.

Therefore it was she who adjusted the light so that it might never be too strong; it was her hands which knew best how to arrange and cool the heated pillows beneath his aching head; it was her voice which whiled away the hours of convalescence, reading to him the books he chose; it was her step which never jarred as it glided to and fro across his chamber; it was her coming he grew to watch for; her going he learned to miss, until the slow weeks glided by, bringing with them the returning health and strength which, for the first time in his young life, had been so suddenly stricken from

But, although now able to leave the house where so long he had been an enforced guest, he still lingered.

A full month had elapsed since his accident, when, one evening, sitting in the library, his unfinished letter to his Uncle Reuben met his eye. He took it up and read it all.

Full well he remembered the sentiment of almost aversion which had filled his breast as he perused these lines. To what had it given place to-day? Never before had he asked himself the question. It pressed upon him with overwhelming force.

Had he been blind, that, when he might have reached out his hand for this most priceless gift, he willfully thrust it to one side? How bare, how empty, how desolate his future life looked, and all because-but just here his reverie was

The door opened, and the blonde head of his cousin was thrust inquiringly in. "Is aunty here?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "but come in; I have something to show you," and he held up the letter he had penned. "I wrote this the day that I was hurt. Read it." he said.

Wonderingly she took it from him. The room was half in shadow; but, as she gleaned its meaning, the semi-darkness could not quite conceal the pained flush which rose to the lovely face, and the hurt, amazed look which grew in the dark eyes. Her heart gave a great throb of pain, as through its suffering it realized its own existence; but its anguished cry was stifled, and only a us to believe that the delicately perscornful anger was in her tone as at last fumed and showy petals of the rose or she spoke.

"Did you so fail to comprehend me, and the nature of the bond between us, that you find it necessary to remind me of it thus?" she questioned.

You wrong yourself," he answered. "Can you not understand a man's committing so great a folly that he feels he must make confession of it? Helen, you hold my confession in your hands. tell me, is there for me no absolution? Can you not forgive my blind arrogance -my self-conceited suicide of my own happiness? Helen you took the smart from my wounds as no one else could do. Will you not likewise take the smart from my heart—the heart which has learned to know that you are its sole sovereign? Darling, these weeks of pain and suffering have been tempered with They have an exquisite happiness. taught me the beauty of a true womanhood. I cannot hope to gain my pearl of great price by this sudden wrong; but in time, Helen, may I not hope to teach you the lesson which came to me

untaught, unsought?" The darkness had fallen now, and the lovely color in her face was hidden even from his hungry view; but the letter to Uncle Reuben had fluttered to the

ground. "Answer me, Helen!" he said, impatient in his great longing. "Will you never love me?"

"Never?" she whispered. "Aye, forever!" and hid her burning cheeks upon his heart.

The next mail took to Uncle Reuben a joint letter, and though he never received the old one. I think he never regretted its loss; though, chuckling over the glad news his old eyes read, he little knew how Cupid had to resort to gunpowder instead of arrows to gain his forced entrance into two stubborn

# All the Same if You Think So.

It is an awkward thing to be absentminded. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman who discovered this to his cost. It so happened the other day that the dining room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absentminded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man.

"Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. 'No, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, never mind; take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then, appreciating the situation, went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill. "What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow.

"For your dinner, sir," "My dinner-ah! have I really had it?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter, in all

innocence. "Dear me! I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake! And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sanntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.-

Forney's Progress. Basques and jackets are still fashion enough to break down the barriers which able.

#### Wkat Bees Accomplish.

By far the most serious difficulty is the process of honey collecting by been arises from the extremely minute quantity of nectar which each flower yields, and from its being dilute-in some cases so poor in saccharine matter that its sweetness is not appreciable to the tongue. The strength of the sugary fluid varies in different flowers, and even in the same flower at different times. Consequently the most direct way of estimating the yield of honey is to ascertain the notnal quantity of sugar in each flower. This can easily be done by chemical methods. If we take a large number of flowers, wash out their nectar, and determine the sugar in the solution, we can calculate from the number of flowers used the average amount of sugar in each flower with the greatest precision. Experiments conducted in this way

showed each flower of the fuchsia to contain little more than the tenth part of a grain of sugar. In monkshood the amount was rather less than the tenth of a grain, while in the everlasting pea it was found to be three-twentieths of a grain for each flower. In smaller flowers the quantity is proportionately less. Thus each flower of the little naturalized American water-blink only contained six-hundredths of a grain, and in those minute flowers which grow together in compact masses the amount was still smaller. A raceme, consisting of twenty flowers of the vetch, only yielded fivehundredths of a grain, or little over one five-hundredth for each floret. One head of common red clover gave a little over one-tenth of a grain (exactly 1224). Now each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which must therefore have a portion of sugar not exceeding the one five-hundredth of a grain. The probose of the bee must consequently be inserted into five hundred clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7000 grains in a pound, so that for every pound of sugar procured in this way 3,500,000 flower tubes must be emptied. Honey, however, only contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar; so that every pound of honey is equivalent to more than two and a half millions of clover

tubes sucked by nees. This shows what an amazing amount of labor they must perform. Their in-dustry would appear to be indispensable to their very existence. These amounts also reveal to what an extent the visitation of flowers must go on in the insect world, and help us to understand how it is that flowers are so dependent on insects for fertilization, so that we can well believe the forms of flowers to have been determined in reference to the insects frequenting them, and that the colors of the petals may serve to attract insects by way of advertisement, as colored bills attract the eyes of busy men. This view of the use of color and odor in flowers may seem to smack too much of trade and commerce, nevertheless it is the view to which science now gives undivided support. We have so long been accustomed to look on the beauty of the floral world as if it were exclusively for man's gratification, that it is difficult for lily should be primarily intended for the benefit of the plant possessing them. But it must be remembered that each organism lives for itself, has its own laws, and does not possess any organ laws, and does not possess any organ found a Western man who is satisfied which is exclusively for the advantage of with a fifty-acre farm. His name is Aranother .- | Good Words.

# What She Saw in Church.

He staid at home and she went to church. After dinner he asked her:

"What was the text, wife?" "O, something, semewhere in Genera tions; I've forgotten the chapter and also the verse. Mrs. High sat right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a looking thing to church if I'd had to have gone bareheaded."

"How do you like the new minister?" "O, he's splendid! and Kate Darlin was there in a Spanish lace cap that never cost a cent less than fifty dollars; and they can't pay their butcher's bills, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first."
"Did he say anything about the new

mission fund? "No; and the Jones girls were all rigged out in the yellow silks made over; you would have died laughing to have seen them Such taste as those girls have; and the minister gave out that the

of the sermon.' "Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church, if you don't hear the sermon, than to stay at home and read the pa-pers; and, O Harry! the new minister has a lovely voice; it nearly put me to sleep. And did I tell you that the Riches are home from Europe, and that Mrs. Rich had a real camel's hair shawl on, and it didn't look like anything on her?

A long silence, during which Harry thought of several things, and his wife was busy contemplating the sky or view,

when she suddenly exclaimed: "There! I knew I'd forgot to tell you something. Would you believe it, Harry, the fringe on Mrs. Jones' parasol is an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy! O, hear! what a world of trouble

this is."- Detroit Post and Tribune. A duel was lately fought in Texas between Alexander Shott and John Nott. It was rumored that Nott was shot and Shott was Nott. (If so, it was better to be Shott than Nott.) But it was afterwards proved that the shot Shott shot at Nott shot Shott by accident, and the shot Nott shot at Shott past, and so shot him not. Thus the affair resolved itself into its originals elements, and Shott was shot and Nott was not .- [Exchange. Our opinion of duelling leads us to regard it as unfortunate if both parties are not shot, and this case is very satisfactory, for it is clearly shown that Shott shot Shett and Nott shot not.

It is private life that governs the world. The world talks much of powerful sovereigns and great ministers, and if being talked about made one powerful they would be irresistible; but the fact is, the more you are talked about the less powerful you are.—[Lord Bea-

#### Authropology in France.

After 1850, Broca pursued a double purpose. Without neglecting any of his manifold medical duties, he undertook the considerable task of founding a new society, and almost a new science. incidents which led to this step date from 1847, when Broca, as medical assistant, was appointed for the study of the bones, upon a special commission charged with making a report on the excavations in the church of the Celestins. In preparing to draw up his report, he was led to read the works in which craniology was discussed; and thenceforth, although his competitions drew him to different studies he continued to read with a lively interest the books, then rare, which treated of man and the human races. The ethnology of the day tended to contract its pro-gramme around the then overshadowing question of monogeny or polygeny, and the Ethnological Society of Paris had so exhausted itself with the reiteration of its narrow debates that it had ceased to meet in 1848. Ten years afterward, Broca, having brought out certain facts in hybridity, desired to communicate them to the Society of Biology. He had not foreseen the pusillanimity of some of his colleagues. Some of his positions were contradictory of the doctrine of the monogenists, and Rayer, president of the society, alarmed at the views con-tained in it, asked Broca to withold his communicatious on the subject. He accordingly sought another channel for the

publication of his memoir. This incident, which greatly disturbed the Biological Society, suggested the necessity of founding a new society, in which questions relating to mankind could be given free scope. The project had to make its way against difficulties. Broca wanted to obtain twenty members, but, after a whole year of effort, he had to begin with nineteen. Then there was trouble in getting an authorization for the meeting of the society. The Government officers were afraid of its name, apprehending that the strange word "a thropology" might cover some political or social scheme. Finally, the prefect of the police, judging that a meeting of one short of twenty persons did not require special authorization, gave Broca permission to meet with his friends, on con-

dition that he should be personally responsible for all that might be said against society, religion, or the Government, and that an agent of police should always be present in citizen's dress to see that no present in citizen's dress to see that no narm was done. Broca, says M. E. W. Brabrock, of the Anthropological Institute, "liked to tell an amusing anecdote on the subject of this supervision: The police officer acquitted himself of his mission with so great regularity, and had got so much the habit of sitting among the members, that he seemed soon to have forgotten that he was there in a special capacity. Wishing one day to be able to take a holiday with a clear conscience, he approached the officers with an amiable smile, and addressed Broca: There will be nothing interesting to-day, I suppose? May I go?' 'No, no, my friend,' Broca immediately replied, 'you must not go for a walk; sit down and earn your pay. He returned to his place very unwillingly, and never after ventured to ask a holiday from those he was set to look after."

# Fifty Acres Enough.

The Keota (Iowa) Eagle has at last temus Fisher, and he lives one mile and a-half south of Keota. The Eagle tells the story of his management, and of his success as follows:

He keeps a team of horses, three firstclass cows, and a nice little drove of the best hogs. He milks his cows for the creamery, and they made him nearly \$200 last year. Will, perhaps, do better this year. He will sell \$500 worth of hogs this year, and have 30 stockers to keep over. He has \$200 worth of flaxseed to sell; has an abundance of hay and grain to keep his stock in first-class condition during the coming winter. He teeps everything in applepie order about his farm; his cows revel in clover up to their eyes; he attends to feeding, watering and milking as re-larly as the clock strikes; hence regugets the best results with the least possible feed. He keeps his stock under cover in the winter, and never allows any animal to shiver in the fence corners. He has a barn that is a model of convenience and economy. It is snow proof, and as warm as the old style kitchen. He has a first-class selection of fruit-not a large orchard, but a choice selection of the varieties that thrive and Dorcas society would meet at Sister
Jones' residence—that old poky place."

"It seems that you didn't hear much
"It seems that you didn't hear much gence, thrift and economy. Besides making a living for himself and the "old lady," he will sell at least \$800 worth of stuff of his fifty acres this year, and not be exceeding former years either. There is no rush or harry about this model farm. Everything goes off quietly and regularly. The expenses are very small and the gains sure.

# Bounced at last.

The lady correspondent, or, rather, fashion and society writer, of a prominent Parisian morning paper, got walked out of the Elysee on the marriage day of Mile. Grevy in the most summary manmer, she having intruded uninvited upon the guests of the wedding. This lady, who is a sort of newspaper Onida, has a very peculiar but simple method of obtaining her information respecting the entertainments and toilets of the gay world. Whenever any specially superb ball or soirce is to be given, she writes to the hostess and requests an invitation. If the invitation be forthcoming she writes up the party and its guests, and its giver. If it be not accorded she writes them all down. Mrs. Mackay, for instance, refused to invite her to her grand ball last year, and for months this vivacious dame never published an article that did not contain some offensive allusions to Mrs. Mackay's dress or her diamonds, or to her entertainments. But she is always very bitter against Americans in general, being highly royalist and ultramontane inher political tendencies, and extremely aristocratic in a social point of view. She used to write most ferocious articles respecting Ameri-cans in Paris during the latter days of

the empire. An old maid says its bad enough for men to marry without fools of women imitating them.