THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Tiny robber, swift and bold.
Of the sweets the flawers hold;
E fin plants of the air,
Turning during overywhers,
Where the gorg-ous trumpet-vine
And the honeyhockles twine.
Pinding treasures socred for thee,
And your fellowers;
Busy prying here and there. Busy prying here and there. Till each blosom pays its share.

When the honeyed feast is done, When the honeyed feast is done,
Perched a moment in the sun,
Pruning down each emerald plume,
Roffled by the flawer's bloom—
Apus actions of a bird,
In a fashion quite absurd,
With each motion I can note
The glaw has ruby at your throat,
Vaiying with every turn,
Now smoldering dara—again to burn.

Then again on restlers wing For a memora hovering. While your airy course you lay, Then with sudden hom—away.

Fisching tarough the golden sanlight On wee plulous swift y fanned, Like a brilliant jewel thrown By a spendthrift hand.—By Nomad.

### A MINING STORY.

"Eureka Gold Mining Company. Don't it look important on paper? I tell you, boys, we've got a good thing, but we must work," said Tom Flynn, glancing at the piece of paper in his hand.

"Yes," replied Joe Bagley, with a sleepy yawn, but let's go to roost now. We can't do anything more to-night."

The men, eight in number, had been sitting around a camp fire discussing their prospects. The Eureka mine originally belonged to a party of Eastern capitalists, who, having worked it for a short time and finding it did not "pan out" according to expectations, sold their interests to men who had just taken possession of the property, which they firmly believed would prove an El Dorado. They were poor in purse, for they had invested their all in the new venture, but were rich in hope and courage.

"It is a well-known fact," Flynn would assert twenty times a day, "that the Eu-reka is on a range with the famous Empire, which yields \$30,000 per ton, and we are sure to strike the same vein. Some day we will wake up to find ourselves millionaires! It is only a question of time."

The next morning seven of the men, who were the actual owners, began leaving Si Reed, whom they termed their silent partner, to do the chores about the camp. Reed was pale and thin, and had an auxious, expectant look upon his face. He seldom spoke to any one, which fact had gained for him the soubriquet of Silent or Si Reed. He was devotedly attached to Flynn, who had befriended him while in Sacramento and exhibited such sincere grief when he heard of his intended departure for the mines that Flynn invited him to join the party.

The miners worked like beavers, delving into the earth that each felt certain held in her virgin bosom the gold which would enrich them. They began their labors at the first streak of the dawn, toiling unceasingly through the entire day, each dreaming his own dream of future greatness. Weeks sped by; pan af er pan was washed, the contents examined, then thrown aside. But they were not disheartened. The gold was there. The next blow of the pick might

One evening after supper, Joe Bagley

"How's the fodder, Si? Last another week, ch?" "No, hardly enough for another

"You must put us on low rations, then. What d'ye say, boys?"

"Agreed," they answered in chorus. The next day, when Si gave each man his portion, they laughingly declared that Flynn had received the lion's sharewhich was true; for Reed had robbed himself in order that his friend should have his usual supply, albeit no one sus-pected the bit of self sacrifice. The week was stealing by and they had not "struck it." The hearts of the miners were growing heavy with dread! Yet they dared not give vent to their fears. Each felt

that success depended upon his individnal courage, and no one was willing to dampen the ardor of the others by expressing doubts of their ultimate triumph. One day while seated on the ground

eating their midday meal, a little girl appeared before them. 'Holy thunder!" cried Flynn, springing to his feet, "where did you come

"Please, sir, I've been walking ever so far. Ma saw yer camp fire las' night, and told me how to git there. She could not come herself, 'cause Freddie's sick. May

I sit down? I'm awful tired." She glanced timidly at the men, then at the empty pot in which the dinner of beaus and bacon had been cooked. "Where does your ma live?" inquired

Bagley. "She doesn't live nowhere. We're

a-huntin' for pa.' "Did ye expect to find 'im here?" "No, sir, but we're hungry, and ma thought you'd give us somethin' to

The men roared with laughter. Something to eat, when they had just devoured their last cut of bacon.

"Not another mouthful, boys. We must give the chick what's left," said Bagley, scraping the remains of each dinner into his own tin plate. "Here, little one, eat this, and when you've satisfied the cravins, ye can tell us where ye came from."

"Please, I'd rather take it to Freddie, pleaded the child, " 'cause he's little and "Ye ain't bigger'n a pint of eider yer-

self," laughed Bagley. "Eat give ye some for the others." "Eat it, an' we'll The promise satisfied the child, who quickly devoured the contents of the

Been on low rations, too, I reckon, chuckled one of the men. "Now tell us about your mother.

Where is she, and whose trail is she on?' said Flynn. "She's 'way down there in an old log

house where nobody lives. We was going to Kiwanna camp, 'cause we heard pa was there, but Freddie's too sick, and ma's afraid he'll die; so if ye'll please give me some wittles I'll go back, 'cause she's

alone."
"What'll we do, boys?" asked Bagley. "We can't leave the critters there; some of us must go with the chick and bring

"Reed can be spared," suggested one of the men.

surly, ill natured fellow; "Reed, with loved." his white face, that grows whiter every day. If the woman saw him she'd think

death had come for the youngster sure," The men glanced toward Si, who was now leaning against a tree, apparently oblivious of what was going on around him, and evidently did not here the unfeeling remark.

"Look here, boys," remarked Flynn, gravely, "our larder is about empty, and we must replenish it. Let's draw lots to decide who will ride into town for provender. We are out of funds, but this,' taking a valuable watch from his pocket, 'can be left as security.'

"And this can keep it company," said Bagley, producing a handsome pistol. Skinner drew the slip of paper upon which the word "go" was written.

"The little girl can sit before ye, and ye can stop off at the cabin and give this. the last of our bard tack, to the woman,

said Bagley. One of the men came forward with a flask of whisky, which he asserted would 'straighten out the little chap." Fleetwood, their only horse was quickly saddled and Skinner started on his errand. "Tell yer ma to fight her luck a few hours longer, and when supplies come

we'll give ye a rousing supper," shouted Bagley as they rode away. When some distance from the hut Skinner put the girl down, gave her the biscuit and flask, after drinking half its contents, and resumed his journey.

In the evening Flynn and Bagley went over to the hut, intending to bring the woman and her children up to camp. "Skinner will get back about eight o'clock. I guess the sick boy only wants a little feeding up to make him all right" remarked Flynn as they approsched the hut,

They found the woman seated on the rough floor with the boy in her lap, and Maggie, their late visitor, at her side sound asleep. With tearless sobs she related her sad story. About five years before, or when Freddie was only a few weeks old, her husband left to join a party of prospectors who were going to the Sierra Nevada region, and she had never hear from him since. She waited until her funds were nearly exhausted, then made her way to Sacramento. While supporting her children as best she could, she learned that the party had broken camp; her husband had been brought to Sacramento and placed in a hospital, where he remained a long time seriously ill with brain fever. She traced him to the hospital only to find that he had gone away again, no one could tell whither. Recently she learned that a man answering his description and bearing the same name was working in the Kiwanna mines, and she was on her way there. He had always been a fond husband and father, and she believed he had searched for her also, but they had missed each other.

The two men were deeply moved as they listened to the story of her sufferings, and after much persuasion, induc ed her to return to camp with them, promising that one of the miners would go the following day to Kiwanna, about ten miles distant, and make inquiries concerning the person she supposed was ber husband. Without further ceremony Flynn wrapped the boy in the blanket he had brought for the purpose. Bagley trudged along with Maggie in his

When the party reached camp it was past the time set for Skinner's return, but he had not arrived. A bed of brushwood covered with a blanket was aranged for the night, and after they had laid down the men lighted their pipes and gathered around the fire, conversing in low whispers and listening eagerly for the sound of the horse's foot steps.

"He oughter bin here long afore this," said Bagley, rousing himself frem brown study. "Boys, he's scooted."

The suggestion fell like a bombshell;

no one spoke for a moment, then Bagley resumed: "He's got your watch, Flynn, my pistol and Fleetwood. He's gone sure as

shootin', I saw the devil shinin' in his eyes when he drew the slip." The others were loth to accept their comrade's suggestions, but all crept to

their resting places with very heavy hearts. "We kin live on beans," muttered

Bagley, "but what in thunder will become of the poor woman an' the kids?" In the morning there was considerable excitement in Eureka Camp. Two of the men-Bagley and Reed-were missing. After a protracted search, the latter was found near a clump of bushes, some distance away, in an unconscious state, having apparently fallen in a fit. carried him back to the camp, laid the limp form on a bramble bed and then

gazed at each other in blank dismay.

"Call the woman, p'raps she'll know what to do," advised Tom. The woman did not wait to be called. Seeing that something was amiss, she approached the group. The next moment a heartrending cry burst from her lips. Falling upon her knees, she threw her arms around the sick man and kissed the still, white face in a wild distracted way. A slight tremor passed over Reed's frame. He opened his eyes, looked wildly at the woman bending over him. Then a gleam of intelligence illuminated his countenance; he recognized the faithful wife, from whom he had long been separated by a singular freak of fate. For one brief moment soul met soul. He raised his hand heavenward, murmured faintly, 'Up there, Maggie," then earned his soubri-

quet of Silent Reed. A solemn stillness prevailed around Eureka camp when Flynn and his comrades returned from their unsuccessful search for Bagley. The remainder of the party were sitting around in despondent attitudes, while Mrs. Reed, with the sick child on her knees and one hand fondly resting on the dead man's face, looked the very embodiment of inconsolable grief. Flynn—tender hearted Tim Flynn—how his burly frame shook with sobs as the touching death scene

was described to him. "Boys," he said huskily, "we must face our hard luck like heroes. I have insisted all along that the Eureka held a fortune for each of us, because I be lieved it. But-"it cost him a struggle to utter the next words, which were the extinguishment of the hope that had enabled them to endure privation and hun-ger without a murmur. "But," he went on, "I was mistaken. After that poor creature has grown accustomed to her sorrow we will bury poor Si and pull up ply, "I have never heard a sound in all stakes. We won't abandon them, boys. my life."—N. Y. Tribune.

"Bah!" interrupted Ben Skinner, a For his sake we must protect those he

The others heartily agreed to the last clause. While arranging their plans for the future, little Maggie bounded down the hillside, singing blithely, unconscious of the bereavement that had befallen

"Look," she shouted gleefully, "what nice stones I have found. Full of bright specks, just like eyes." Flynn took the stones she held toward him. His face, rough and weatherbeaten, grew pallid with sudden joy.

Boys," he whispered in a tone of suppressed excitement, "she has struck it. Where did you find this, Maggie?" "Way up there, past the big hole," she replied, vaguely wondering at his white

In a moment the men fell into line, Maggie leading the way to the spot where she found the precious stone. As they passed the mouth of the pit, the scene of their fruitless labors, Flynn stopped to get a shovel. The others followed his example, carrying with them the implements they had cast down in a hopeless way the night previous. They set to work sitently, being too much excited to speak. If disappointment awaited them now. No, two or three blows, such as had never been struck 'efore, told them they had "struck it" at last. They paused -looked at each other for a moment, then the hills echoed and re-echoed with the shout of triumph that burst simul-

taneously from their line. They returned to camp, Flynn carrying Maggie on his shoulder, just as Bagley appeared in sight with a bag of provisions on his back. In a few words he explained before daylight he had started for Kiwanna to beg food for the woman and her children. After a hasty dinner some of the men went to select a pleasant spot in which to lay the remains of their comrade, and Flynn set out for town to make arrangements about having the camp supplied with provisions. Several hours latter he returned in high spirits and related how he had encountered Skinner in a tavern and demanded the return of the horse, watch and pistol that had been entrusted to bim. He blustered and swore awhile and finally agreed to sell his claim for the articles he had already appropriated to his own use. Flynn did not apprise him of the lucky turn of fortune's wheel, but took precautions to have the ex-

change legally drawn up. "He played us a mean trick," concluded Flynn, "but I got the best of him, and now I propose to transfer his share to the orphans and widow of our old friend.'

No dissenting voice was raised sgainst the proposition; furthermore, they all declared that Maggie should henceforth be called the ward of the Eureka Mining Company. The next day Si was buried, and a

week later, when the success of the mine had become an established fact, Mrs. Reed and her children were taken back to Sacramento. The change of fortune, coupled with the death of her husband, proved too much for the poor woman, and the two orphans became the actual wards of Eureka Mining Com-

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The superintendent of the Nebraska City public schools is Mrs. M. M.

One hundred and ninety young men have applied for admission to the class of '87 at Yale College.

A handsome college building, that will accommodate 600 students, is going up at Decatur, Texas. The public schools of Japan have over

2,000,000 students, and are modeled on the American plan. President-elect Smith of Trinity Col-

lege, Hartford, Conn., will receive a salary of \$5,000 a year and a house. Anna Klumpke of San Francisco, has a picture at the Paris Salon, which is enlogized by the Moniteur des Arts.

Professor W. W. Goodwin is about to return from the American College at Athens to his duties at Harvard Univer-

In Greece the proportion of illiterates is very high. In Thebes and Arcadia only five tenths of the inhabitants can read and write.

Leslie Stephen has been elected to the Clark lectureship on English literature, lately founded at Trinity College, Cam-

Of 4,339,729 Prussian children, 2,723, 911 go to Evangelical, and 1,405,089 to Catholic schools, making a total of 4 129,900 in Christian schools:

Rutherford College, N. C., matriculated 288 students during the year just ended. Over 2000 indigents have been educated there gratuitously since its existence.

The Arkansas State Industrial University at Fayetteville is in a tremendous row because of dissatisfaction with his president, Gen. Hill, and has lost most of its students.

Dr. Jewett, the vice-chancellor of Oxford University, is at Keswich, working on his translation of Aristotle's Politics, which he expects to complete by the end of the year.

A blind girl was one of the graduates of the Portland, Me., High School class lately, and was one of the best scholars in the class, in which she stood No. 3

for four years. The name of the Waterville, Me., Classic Institute has been changed to Coburn Classic Institute in fit recognition of the munificence of Governor Coburn, whose gifts to it aggregate \$100,-

A DEAP WIFE.-Mrs. Bell, wife of Professor Graham Bell, the electrician, was one of the deaf pupils of Dr. Gallaudet in Washington. Professor Bell met her at a reception given at the college, and so expert was she in reading speech by the motion of the lips that they conversed together for some time without his discovering her infirmity. At last, walking through the conservatory, where some of the Chinese lanterns had gone out, he made some remark requiring an answer. But none was forthcoming, it being not light enough for her to see the movements of his lips. He repeated the remark and again got only silence for reply. Mystified, he soon escorted her back to the parlor, and then, in the brilliant light, asked her why she had not answered him; but his amazement was redoubled tenfold at her ready re-

#### Luxuries of the London Poor.

"But I have always understood," said "that tripe is rather an expensive delicacy.

"So it, is, if anyone is so foolishly extravagant as to go in for the honeycomb and what are called the best parts of it,' she replied, "but the cuttings and trimmings are just as juicy and tender when The Nantical Magazine remarks that properly stewed, and the difference in there is one thing that we know, or the price is twopence a pound set beside should have learned from the vast expeeightpence or tenpence. There's always rience of the last ten or twenty years-an plenty to be had, for the big shops have no sale for cuttings and trimmings, and the lower-class shops get it all. And if you want a luxury for supper on a cold winter's night, there you have it, as cheap nearly as bread and cheese. A pound and a half of cutilngs, threepence; onions, a ha'penny; milk, a ha'penny; potatoes, a penny; and there you are, provided with a good, hot, relishing meal for three, at a cost of only a fraction over tre'pence a head." I, no doubt, looked surprised at this revelation of domestic economy in the

undercurrents of social life, for with a chuckle the husband remarked, "Lor' bless you, sir, it is all a delusion for people to suppose that poor folks-men who like myself, earn no more than one pound a week, say-get nothing but crusts, while their rich neighbors get the cake. It may be in another shape and way, but they get their niecties and their relishes just the same. It is nobody's fault but their own if they do Look here, now! What do you say to calf's head and bacon? Would you call that a luxury on poor man's table?' 'I should say that he was lucky to be able to place so excellent a meal there. But it couldn't, of course, be done at the same low rate as the supper of tripe cut-But something just as nice and lings. of exactly the same flavor, could," he replied, triumphantly. "You can buy at the tripe shop half a cow heel for threepence ha'penny, and you can buy at most ham and beef shops the rind that is taken off the best of hams after they are cooked for three halfpence. Seeing a ham rind curled up and dry you would not perhaps, admire the leathery look of it. But put back into boiling water, it opens out and eats as delicate as chicken. Pop em in the saucepan together-your cowheel and your rind, and simmer 'em gently, and you'll get a good sized dish full with all the flavor of calves head and bacon about it, and without vege tables, fivepence is all the cost. But three of you-when I say three I mean the missus and myself and one grown-up girl at home that works at the brushdrawing-couldn't get nourishment and niceness for less than that?" "I should say it was quite impossible to do so," I replied. "Except it was bullocks' ears," his wife remarked. "Yes, but it isn't everybody can get 'em," said her husband, "only them that live at Bermondsey, and near the skin market. The hides, fresh from the butchers," he continued, turning to me to make the ex planation, "are stacked in heaps in the market place, and some of the salesmen give them they know the privilege of cutting off the ears. 'Burrs,' they call em, and they sell 'em for about a penny a poun , and, end, nicely scalded and scraped, and then gently stewed and served up with a little melted butter. with a sprig of parsely chopped up in it, they make a dish the lord mayor of London wouldn't turn up his nose at, if he didn't know what they were or where they came from. But bullocks' ears, as I have already said, are not a luxury comeatable everywhere-not like bult ock's head or sheep's head, for instance.' It occurred to me to inquire of the

economical couple if they included tinned meats in the luxuries of the poor, and they unhesitatingly replied that they did not. They might be considered cheap, they said, by those whose means admitted of their buying joints of butchers' meat, but those who had to scheme and maneuver to keep the pot boiling had long ago discovered that the tins did not contain solid worth of their hardearned money. "The best proof of that," said the husband, "is that meat in tius, be it beef or mutton, does not offer the same resistance to the appetite of a hard-worked, hungry man [he was a stone mason's laborer]. I've tried it. Half a pound—or, at the outside, ten ounces-of good butcher's meat is as much as I can get through, and I can put away a pound of tinned meat as easily as I can smoke a pipe. The great advantage as regards cheapness is supposed to lie in the fact that the tinning is done in America and Australia, where a whole sheep is worth only a few shillings; but when," he added, with a shrewd wink, 'you find chaps in the provision way in Whitechapel and other parts of London taking to the tinning line of business, it naturally occurs to a man that he will do better to buy his meat first hand and save the expense of a tin, which, when empty, is of no mortal use to him." Asked whether he included cheap so called "German" sausages and other questionable preparations, such as "spiced beef' "collared head," in his list of and luxuries and relishes, he repl'ed emphatically. "Certainly not." Blind-man's buff," he added, laughingly. "was all very well as a game, but he didn't care about it as a feature of his victualing department. There's no occasion for it; there are relishes enough of the proper sort, and at a quarter the price, to be got any day. Take shellfish—mus-sels for instance; what might be the price of oysters at the present time?" Half a crown to three shillings a dozen, I told him. He whistled and made a wry face ere he went on: "Look at that now! Twelve oysters for three shillings -threepence each-when we can buy fine mussels, which are every bit as good for a penny. You can eat 'em raw with pepper and vinegar, or you can stew 'em or bake 'em on the shovel over a clear fire, and they're delicions. Or winkles, again. Nobody who hasn't tasted 'em has any idea of the fine flavor there is in winkles all hot from the saucepan. 'And whelks, Joe," remarked his good vulgar chap, the whelk, you know, sir, and he chuckled and winked his artful-

in with it. At the present time you can proven in one place about as well as in get at a street stall half a dozon prime ones, already cooked, with vinegar and pepper included, for a penny. But I'll wager they wouldn't be at that price long if the West-end fishmongers took 'em in hand, '-London Telegraph.

#### Modern Steamers.

experience, perhaps, as gloomy and unsatisfactory as it has been rash, that the majority of "cargo steamers," as at present constructed and sent to sea, bave already-long since-reached the limit of pect to get water snakes, musk-rats or safety in loading; if, indeed, many of them have not got much beyond it. If hind the house, nor do the woodchucks, this be so, how are we to account for the quails, and vesper sparrows of the hillgreat number of such vessels which annually disappear? There is surely unmistakable evidence to prove that something is wrong somewhere; for many of them are comparatively new ships. After two long centuries of experience of all kinds of ships, and over all seas, a vanished school of able and sagacious scamen laid it down that a good ship, fairly loaded and ably commanded, will live in any storm-excepting, perhaps, cyclones and hurricanes, and the accidents which they engender; she posi-tively cannot sink, but is as certain to ride over those great rolling mountains of seething water as a well-built church is of standing on its foundation. It is a great mistake to suppose, as shipbuilders really do, that because 18 big, no heavy seas will ever run on board: in consequence of this fallacy, they take all manner of liberties in designs and constructions. It is difficult to believe there are such opinions in such quarters, yet it is so, notwithstanding. There is doubt'ess, less science imported into ship building now than in former times, when iron for such work was a novelty, and when the worthy blacksmith, though occupying an indisputable position, played only second fiddle in the symphony; but the merest riveter should understand that the long low steamers which are now turned out of our building yards are the wettest and, in too many cases, the most dangerous ships which ever put to sea. A great ocean wave, however high or fast it may run, will lift up bodily any small ship or boat, but not so some 400-footer; and, as a matter of course, if it cannot lift must run over some part of her. Allowing such a wave to run at thirty-five miles an hour, and a great part of its crest, say twenty-five tons of water, to overwhelm her decks, we have at once a force equal to the charge of a locomotive against everything in the shape of an obstruction to its course. Yet it is common to see such ships putting to sea with all kinds of trumpery and feeble fittings-such as obtained in high-sided ships of fifty years back—feeble, it should be said, in relation to the amount of freeboard or bad weather to be encountered and afterward doleful accounts in the newspapers about "terrific weather and fearful damage."

## Spontaneous Combustion.

In the spring of 1780 a fire was discovered on board a frigate off Cronstadt, After the severest scrutiny no cause for the fire could be found. The probability is, however, strongly in favor of spontaneous combustion; for in the following mehor off Cronstadt, was found to be on fire. The fire was, however, early perceived and extinguished. After strict extermination nothing could be discovered as to its origin. A commission of inquiry was held, which finally reported that the fire was probably caused by parcels of matting tied together with pack-thread, which were in the cabin where the fire broke out. It was found that the parcels of matting contained Russian lampblack, prepared from fir soot moistened with hemp-oil varnish. In consequence of this the Russian admiralty gave orders for experiments to be made. They shook forty pounds of fir-wood soot into a tub and poured about thirty-five pounds of hemp-oil varnish upon it. This stood for an hour, after which they poured off the oil. The remaining mixture they wrapped up in a mat, and the bundle laid close to the cabin in the frigate Maria where the midshipmen had their berth. To avoid all suspicion two officers sealed both the mat and the door with their own seals, and stationed a watch of four officers to take notice of all that passed through the night. As soon as smoke should appear information was to be given. The experiment was made about the 26th of April at about 11 A. M. Early in the following morning, about 5 A. M., smoke appeared issuing from the cabin. The commander was immediately informed by an officer, who through a small hole in the door saw the mat smoking. Without opening the door, he dispatched a messenger to the members of the commission, but, as the smoke be-came stronger and fire began to appear, it became necessary to break the seals and open the door. No sooner was the air admitted than the mat began to burn with greater force, and presently burst into a flame. Mr. Georgi, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, was appointed to make further experiments, the result of which confirmed the suspicion of spontaneous combustion in the Russian official mind in a remarkable degree.-Chambers' Journal.

# A Good Model.

I have lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware and delicate in flavor, at a whole quart river, not far from Trenton, New Jersey. It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the fourfooted animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracta" within mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of lady. "Ah! there's a shellfish, now!" he plants and animals, so that there is never continued, smacking his lips. "He's a sny lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you and he chuckled and winked his artful-est. "He's low and commonplace and tomed to think that, in order to find any only fit as food for poor people with coarse appetites. That's the opinion, I have no doubt, in the upper circles as But my friend's farm would show you have no doubt, in the upper circles as But my friend's farm would show you regards the whelk. And a precious good that a great many little differences job, too, I say. Take my word for it, are ordinarily overlooked, which, when sir, if its qualities were more widely you come to know them, are seen to be mare in Potter's Field.—Dr. Goo known, oysters would not have a sock real and important. And this can be Hepworth in Christian Advocate.

another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house gardens; second, the steep hillside, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded nooks, and flowery banks. Now, while there are many trees,

bushes and weeds that are common to all these four districts, it is equally true that each of the districts has a number of plants and animals that are not to be found in the others. You would not exany wading birds on the high fields betop go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole state, or half the continent, yet nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground, which is best suited to it. One of the first things naturalist has to learn therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friend finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be of no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hillside for the worm eating warbler, the morning warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend had been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does-better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet he thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days .- St. Nicholas.

#### Oysters in the War Times.

"I remember very well," said Geheral Pleasanton the other night, after glancing over the latest volume of the Comte de Paris history of the late rebellion, when the Comte de Paris, his uncle, the Prince de Joinville, and his cousin, came to see me on York river, down on the Peninsula. I was in command of the old second dragoons, now the second calvary, and we were awaiting orders for more than a month or more. In the meantime knowing the lusciousness of the world famous York rivers, I had taught my men to dig up the oysters and roast them on the bank of the river. We had pepper and salt and the other accompaniments, and we fared sumptuously every day. When the Prince de Join-ville and his party joined us we feasted them on our delicious systems, fresh from year the frigate Maria, which also lay at the river and hot from the fire. 'Where did you get these?" asked the Prince gulping them down with zest; New York?' 'No,' I said; 'from the York river, right at your feet.' And then I told him what accomplished oystercatchers the second dragoons were. 'Well,' said the prince, swallowing another, hot and juicy, 'if I were to tell that story in Paris they would say that is an American lie-dragoons don't catch oysters in war times,

# Couldn't Identify Him.

"You have the advantage of me," said the cashier, blandly. "You have to get some one to identify you."
"Identify me? Why, I am your son, just back from college for the summer

vacation." maybe," answered "Maybe, maybe," answered the cashier, "but my son did not look like a

fool, wear a cockney hat, monkey tail coat, skin tight pants, toothpick shoes, nor did he suck cane handles. When my wife returns from Europe next summer you might present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college."-Boston Herald.

The close fitting sleeve is yet popular, though it is not worn so uncomfortably tight as formerly. There can be no more ridiculous sight than that of a ladyparticularly one with a naturally thin arm and waist-wearing her sleeve drawa so tight as to oblige her to keep her arms continually at one angle because she cannot move her elbows. A little more latitude here is conducive of a considerable more grace, as well as indicative of the weater's having listened to the small but profound voice of common sense .-New York Post.

The life of Richard Belt, whose suit against the critic who accused him of putting out others' work as his own, is still before the London courts, and reads like a romance. There was a time when he carried messages to the House of Lords, and chiseled with a nail, out of a piece of rough stone, his first artistic effort. But there came a day when he worked on Charles Kingsley's bust in Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Queen, and at Chiselburst, before the empress, in the studio of the Prince Im-

among the pictures lately sold by the Marquis of Lansdowne to Mr. Mackey in the famous Rembrandt portrait purchased by the grandfather of its late owner, which has always been regarded as one of the choicest gems in the Bo-wood Gallery. Complaint is made that, before allowing it to go to America, Lord Lansdowne had not given the refusal of it the National Gallery, but perhaps he reflected that gallery is already rich in Rembrandts, and that \$25,000 is a big figure.

That man might have alopt under a monument, instead of having a night-mare in Potter's Field. - Dr. George H.