THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

When the men are home from the fields at night,
And the house made clean, and the labor done,
Willie happens along by candle-light,
Just when the evening is well begun.
He talks with father and mother awhile;
(They talk of the same things o'er and o'er),
Then he says "Good-night" with a pleasant smile,
And I go with him to open the door.

We stand in the starlight a minute or two,
There are whisper'd words and a loving kiss;
But Willie is honest, and good and true,
And I'm sure there is nothing in that amiss.
Yet Aunt Polly is cross as she sits and sews,
Says "Men are fickle, and false, and vain;
And if some girls did what was right, she knows,
They never would—open the door again."

I glance at my father; he sits and smokes,
And thinks over things in his quiet way;
And Jamie is busy with slate and books,
For he is just as eager for study as play.
Ir's my sister Belle and my sister Jane
That titter and wonder, as often before—
"Whatever it is makes Kitty so fain
For Willie Blantyre to open the door!"

Then mother looks up from her corner place,
"Whist, lassies," she says, "let us hear no more!"
For she reads the love in my blushing face—
She knows why I like to open the door.
And she rises and put her knitting away,
And gives me a look that makes me feel
She has said the words I want her to say,
Though she only speaks of the morning meal.

That's a week ago. Now I do not need
To blush when I go to open the door;
For my lover and I have both agreed
To be man and wife when summer is o'er.
He kisses me now before them all,
And I love him better than ever before;
But yet, I think, whatever befall
I'll mind the kiss at the open door.

THE DOCTOR'S SECOND WIFE.

Dr. Brinsley belongs to the noble army of martyrs and heroes known as "country doctors." He was the sort of man you could love if you loved him: otherwise you would probably dislike him, for he was peculiar; everybody said so. Now there are several ways of being peculiar, and the doctor's ways were not always pleasant ways—unless you loved him. His wife had loved him, and to her he had seemed the most perfect of men. He suited her and she suited him, and they had been very happy.

It must not be supposed that her love had been of the cooing kind. Perhaps the doctor would not have enjoyed that. Darling Becky rejoiced in making bright, spicy, impudent remarks to her husband. Remarks which made his big brown eyes sparkle with delight; then he would meet her half way, and they would fight the most interesting little duels, followed by the most affectionate reconciliations. But it was now three long years since poor Becky had been resting in her quiet grave and the doctor's friends had decided that he needed some one to keep house for him.

After much persuasion he had been particularly introduced to Miss Delia Swan. "What a name!" thought the doctor, but as he looked at her he saw that she was fair, gentle, healthy and 26. "A good, sensible age; must be neat and orderly," was his verdict. In a moment of enthusiastic selfishness he had proposed te her, and in a moment of enthusiastic devotion she had accepted him.

They were married. She lived in his house, she poured out his tea and coffee, she entertained his friends,and everybody said: "Oh, how much nicer she was than that other woman!" She was very popular with everybody, but she was not at all popular with the doctor.

To him "that other woman" was still all the world and the brightness thereof. So homeless did he feel in presence of this much nicer woman that his visits to Becky's grave were the only happy hours of his new life. After awhile he became more accustomed to Delia, and then he began to give her free and frequent lectures on Becky. "She" used to say so and so, she used to do this and that, and as she had been right then, she must be right now and forever, and in everything.

Delia had married "from a sense of duty," and deserved to be punished; but it seemed to her that her punishment was greater than she deserved. She would not have wished that her husband should forget the wife of his youth, but she had expected that he would have some regard for the woman whom he had invited to preside over his household, and she had hoped to make him comfortable; to "do her duty by him," as she expressed it. Part of that duty she had performed in the most admirable manner; never had the doctor's house been so clean: never had his shirt bosoms shone with such lustre; but the heart which beat behind them she had been unable to conquer.

Was it her fault? Had she not tried to be kind, to be patient, to be meek? Yes, but it was the trying that spoiled it all and she lacked the sweet boldness which love alone can give. She was almost afraid of that ungracious man, and she was jealous of Becky, much loved, happy Becky. At the end of six months of such a life the doctor noticed that Delia looked pale and thin. "You need a little more fresh air," he prescribed, "And I shall take you out as often as I can." Not without some inward fear, but attired in her very best, Delia sat in the buggy by the side of her lord. It was a balmy spring afternoon, nature looked so fresh, so bright, so happy, that a little of this happiness breathed itself into Delia's sad heart. The doctor must also have been touched by these benign influences, for never before had he been so kind, so attentive to her, so talkative. She smiled several times; twice she absolutely laughed, she sat a little nearer to him,her cheeks bloomed and she was beginning to feel quite comfortable, when, as luck would have it, they happened to ride past a very small cottage, so very small that Delia said, "Oh, look! I wonder how people live in such a tiny bit of a house?"

The doctor's brow grew dark. "In such a house as this," he said in his most impressive manner; "in such a house as this my wife and I lived in the greatest of happiness when we were first married."

Had Delia been suddenly shifted from India's coral strand to Greenland's icy mountains the shock could hardly have been greater. "His wife!" she thought, "then if she is his wife, what am I?" Peculiar reasoning, perhaps, but Delia knew very well what she meant. All that evening she sat silently sewing and answering the doctor's remarks with a primness of dignity that surprised him. But he asked no questions and took refuge in thoughts of the old days when Becky sat in that same chair, sewing too, but with such bright, loving looks, such an interesting way of saying things! And now, what a difference! What, in truth, was this woman to him? Not a wife, not even a companion. only a housekeeper. And he gazed at her reflectively. It so happened that Delia, who had been making desperate efforts to overcome her sulky mood, looked up at that moment and caught the full meaning of the doctor's eyes. Had he slapped her face she could not have felt it more, but she gave no sign. With white fingers that trembled a little she folded her work and said, "I am tired, I will go to my room."

Delia did not sleep much that night. "I must leave him," she decided at last. "I will not live with him unless I am really his wife. I cannot." Leave him; but how? She could not go back to her mother's house where questions would be asked which she was determined not to answer; and besides it was too near. Where could she go? A few hours afterwards that question was answered. She received a letter post-marked "Denver, Colorado;" it came from "dear cousin Mamie," and as she read her letter Delia's face brightened; "it is just what I wanted," she said to herself.

One evening, when the doctor came home, Bridget met him at the door and said, 'Missus has gone, sir; she had to go a kind of sudden, but she said she would write and tell you." "All right." answered the doctor. "Gone to her mother's," he explained to himself. "I suppose there is some sort of fandango going on there." He made himself very comfortable. It was a cool evening, and he smoked his cigar, and put his feet on the stove, with "no one nigh to hinder." But what the doctor really liked was to be hindered; he enjoyed watching the mild shadow of disapproval stealing over Delia's face; if she had frankly and briskly expressed her opinion, then taken it back prettily, he might have fallen in love with her; but Delia always relapsed into meekness, and all was lost. As the days passed the doctor began to miss his housekeeper. "Why does she not write? Cold-blooded creature!"

The cold-blooded creature wrote. Her letter was dated from Denver. It said:

DEAR SIR—I thought you would be happier without me, so I came here. I am visiting Cousin Mamie. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain sincerely,
DELIA BRINSLEY.

"A pretty letter—and 'dear sir' to me! Gone to Denver! Who could have supposed she had spirit enough for that? Little goose! Gone to Denver, by Jove!"

The doctor laughed, he blessed himself, he was delighted. The next evening he was on his way to Colorado. That same evening, in far off, lovely Denver, Delia and Cousin Mamie were comparing notes about their husbands. Delia had been very cautious and Mamie was enthusiastic about the doctor. "If he was my husband I would flirt with him and make him fall desperately in love with me," she declared.

"Flirt with him!" exclaimed Delia.

"Certainly, it would be all right, and so interesting! Now, John is so good natured and always the same, I sometimes wish he would be a little bit cross, just for a change."

"What a sadly funny world this is," thought Delia when she was alone, "no one is really contented and happy." Then she became very home-sick; not only did she miss the doctor, but she also missed herself, she had always been so prudent, so submissive, and now she had done such a wild, wicked thing! Had she not promised "for better and for worse?"

One morning there came a tremendous ring at the door. Delia knew that ring, she heard it all over her, and turned pale. "Bound to get in," said Mamie, as she hurried to the door. "Is Mrs. Brinsley in?" asked a big voice. Mrs. Brinsley was in. She came forward smiling, rosy-cheeked, collected, transformed. She held out her hand; she was glad to see the doctor; she presented him to Cousin Mamie. They sat down. "Where are you stopping?" asked Delia. "At the Windsor." And she became as deeply interested in the Windsor as if the doctor had come expressly for the purpose of ending his days there. But Dr. Brinsley was not altogether defenceless, "I came to ask if you would take a ride with me. The carriage is at the door.

"Oh, said Delia. And she went.

The mountains were "perfectly magnificent," as Delia remarked, but the doctor made quick work of them.

"How soon will you be ready to come home?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know. I intended to stay all summer. I think—I think—" But she could not tell him what she thought. She was glad he had come; she wanted to go back home with him; she loved him, now. But did he love her? If he would only be a little more gentle, more lover-like. The doctor was not very gentle; his manner was clearcut and decided, but if she would only have looked at him!

"How soon will you come home?" he repeated. "I want you to come home."

Then, slowly, she lifted up her eyes to his. Was this the way he used to look at Becky? Not quite; no one should ever see that look again in the doctor's eyes. But Delia did not know that, and it seemed very good to her te be looked at in this way. I will go whenever you like," she answered at last.

Then the doctor did say something gentle and lover-like.

They were married already. Let us hope "they were happy ever afterwards."

A PAWNBROKER'S TRIAL.

She was a woman evidently in not very comfortable circumstances, with care on her face and tears only half concealed in her eyes. A young girl, neatly attired, her daughter, sat beside her on one of the comfortable leather upholstered chairs in the Mayor's office. Mayor Edson wheels about in his revolving chair, and glancing at a contented-looking young fellow near the two ladies, inquired:

"Well, Mr. Gorsch, have you brought the shawl as directed?"

The contented being began to look troubled, but the young man, his son, looked as if he would like to do something desperate.

"I am a pawnbroker," admits Mr. Gorsch, "and have to take a great many risks. I brought the shawl yesterday."

The Mayor picked up a shawl near him, and the elder lady, Mrs. Annie J. Smith, denied that it was the one she pawned. "I gave him one that cost $100," she explains, although I only borrowed $3 upon it." Her daughter and several other witnesses united in saying that the shawl formerly owned by Mrs. Smith was a beautiful broche one, with pattern and monogram in the center.

The Mayor had been studying the complainant. "I must ask you a question, Mrs. Smith," he said at last, "and I do it simply as a matter of duty. You are evidently not very wealthy. How did you come by a $100 shawl?"

Sorrowfully and with tears in her eyes Mrs. Smith explained that when she bought that shawl she was worth $90,000. Inside of three years she had lost her husband, two children and her money. The shawl she had tried to keep as a memento of better days.

"You must produce this lady's shawl within twenty-four hours or take the consequences," decided the Mayor, turning to Gorsch.

"Then to-day we go out uf peezness," angrily remarked the defiant looking young man.

STREET ARABS.

The reporter of a New York paper was recently applied to for help by a boot-black, who said his box had been stolen, and, after giving the little fellow a few cents, he went to the Superintendent of the Boys' Lodging-house to inquire about him. "A small boy is often robbed of his box and brushes," said the Superintendent, "and when we know or believe him to be honest and industrious, we start him afresh. But some of them will sell their kit to go to the theater, or to see Jumbo, or anything else that's going on, and then they'll try to beg money for a new kit. If you are ever asked again, tell the boy to bring you a note from me; if he deserves it, he'll get it."

"How many of those who began as newsboys or bootblacks have succeeded in life?"

"Hundreds! Why, the other day a man stopped me in the street and asked if I recollected him. Of course I didn't, but he soon recalled himself to my mind. He had been under my care, and he told me that he was now owner of a factory in Newark, employing two bookkeepers and sixty workmen.

"Another man visited me lately who had been picked up, wandering about the Bowery, and had been brought to the lodging-house. His parents were dead. He is now proprietor and editor of a paper in Warsaw, Ind.

"There are Aldermen in this city who begun life under our care, but some of them are ashamed to have it known. They ought to be proud of it.

"Many of the little bootblacks work for the big ones, who sit majestically on stoops, or in doorways, looking on; and the big boy feeds the little one, giving him six cents for his lodging, and pockets the rest of the day's earnings. It's wonderful how faithful the little ones are, too. I suppose they are afraid of getting thrashed."

A man on horseback in the mountains of Virginia the other day felt his animal sliding down the bank on one side of the bridle path. As there was nothing to do but to hang on, he did so, and, to his amazement, found that his animal, with all four feet bunched together, was sliding on his haunches down the ice formed by the frozen water of a spring. This continued for a quarter of a mile when they reached the valley below in safety. They were then thirteen miles, by path or road, from their starting point on the mountain. The man that can, without a blush, invent such a story as this must, like his horse, be a terrible backslider of some sort.

It is said that the late Marshall Jewell provided in his will for the sending of fresh flowers every Saturday to his daughter, Mrs. Strong, of Detroit, as long as she lives.

A GREAT FARM.

Description of Gen. Harding's 4,000 acres in Tennessee.

A DEER PARK OF VAST EXTENT.

Those unacquainted with the Southern States will be surprised when told that what is as a whole the greatest farm in America is in the State of Tennessee. It is owned by Gen. W. G. Harding. It contains 4,000 acres of land in one body, in the highest state of cultivation, without a single rod of waste in the entire tract, and cultivated in the most intelligent manner. It is called Belle Mead. It is six miles from Nashville. The turnpike leading to it is lined with shade trees and adorned with the well-kept lawns and villas of merchants and professional men. The land of Belle Mead is gently rolling, all tillable, and with grass growing on the highest points. There are no stumps, although originally covered with a heavy growth of timber, and there is no part of it on which the most improved implements cannot be used. Dish-shaped, it is surrounded by hills which gradually slope inward to Richland Creek, a live and most valuable stream running through the farm. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad also passes through it from east to west.

The farm is well fenced with a stone wall on the outside, of which there are some sixteen miles, costing eighty cents to $1.40 per running yard. The inner fences are post and plank and rail. The farm is planted about as follows: Two hundred acres in wheat, 200 in oats, 350 in corn, 50 in barley, 400 in timothy, 200 in clover, 100 in orchard, 150 in paddocks, the latter sown with barley and blue grass for winter.

A deer park contains 425 acres, and there are 1,300 acres in woodland pasture, in inclosures of 200 to 500 acres each, sown to blue and orchard grass for beef cattle and sheep. All of the woodland on the place, including the deer park, affords good pasture land. The timber embraces almost every species, including the shittimwood of the Bible. It is all of original native growth. In one pasture of 100 acres the wood is all walnut; another is a black locust forest for fencing posts. On the hills are fine yellow poplar, white oak, pine, oak, and ash of the finest growth.

Belle Mead farm is conducted by a master mind. Method and system are everywhere shown. Every fence rail is in its place, every corner is clean, every rod of land shows the effect of intelligent cultivation, and every animal presents an appearance denoting intelligent breeding and proper care. The tools and implements are in their places, the yards are clean, the stables very plain, but commodious and comfortable, and the highest-bred, purest-blooded, most spirited horses in the land, one alone representing a value of $30,000, are as gentle and tractable as any ordinary horse. Four of these noble animals are worth about $100,000 together. And yet the methods employed are within the power of every farmer, for everything is done on the simplest plan and in the most inexpensive way. It is only common farming done intelligently. The $30,000 horse is not surrounded by any more fancy conditions than the $200 animals of foolish city people, but they are attended with more common sense.

The 425 acres devoted to the deer park is covered with a natural growth of timber, in which the grass grows and cattle run. The deer number about 350, and may be seen at any time, leaping and running over the vast tract. They represent their own increase from a few animals since the war. The herd was started with one animal caught on the place in its original, wild state, gradually increasing the number by catching three or four each year, until at the beginning of the war there were 300 or 400. He also had about fifty buffaloes, some elk and water ox. All but the deer were destroyed during the war, and most of these also. They were driven off by the soldiers of both armies, the estate frequently being used as a camping ground. Occasionally a deer hunt is enjoyed by the visitors to the place, but the intention is to preserve and increase the herd.

The live stock of Belle Mead, representing at least $250,000 in value, is in charge of Robert Green, a colored man, now silvered over with gray. He is about fifty-eight years of age, was born on the estate, and has always remained there. He handles the valuable stallions and mares, and superintends everything pertaining to the blooded stock department, assisted by three or four subordinates. It is a pleasure to see him handle the horses, Enquirer, Bramble, Great Tom and the other noted animals, which in his hands are as docile as kittens, and the best behaved of their class we ever saw. He is an invaluable man, faithful, kind, intelligent, honest and truthful. He was never known to strike an animal. Robert takes great pride and interest in his employers, their families and their property, including the stock, and his faithfulness and ability are highly prized.

The principal building on Belle Mead is a large mansion, standing back about 350 yards from the main road on a beautiful lawn, shaded with great trees and sloping to the road. A great portico is supported by massive and beautiful marble columns, quarried on the place, and it is probably the finest in the country.

PERSONAL.

William E. Dodge's estate is said to be worth $15,000,000.

Judge Moran, of Chicago, has granted Mrs. Scoville a decree of divorce from her husband.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks is homesick in India. He writes to a Boston friend that the sun never warmed a dearer part of the earth's crust than America.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes with a broad gold pen fixed into a quill handle. The pen is said to have done duty for twenty years. He writes only in the morning for three hours a day.

William K. Vanderbilt's house is considered much more artistic and elegant than his father's and is the only residence in this country where the servants and lackeys appear in silk stockings and knee-breeches and with coats covered with gold lace.

Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, is indignant because some Christmas presents addressed to him by Americans are held for duty in the New York Custom-house. In his small anger Mr. Proctor suggested that the raven, instead of the eagle, should be our national bird.

Mrs. Augusta Smith of St. Louis is one of the lightest of sleepers. She is awake twenty-two hours out of every day on the average, and when she does slumber it is scarcely more than a doze, during which she is partially conscious of all that is going on around her. She is strong and healthy, and has a good appetite. The physicians are unable to bring on sleepiness, except with drugs.

A Washington letter says that Miss Bayard is not only very pretty, but extremely bright. She was the young lady who so astonished Oscar Wilde by her keen repartee to his patronizing remark. "Are you going to the german, Mr. Wilde?" she asked the night of his lecture there. "Yes," drawled the esthete, "if my lecture doesn't fatigue me too much. "Are you going, Miss Bayard?" "Yes, if your lecture doesn't fatigue me too much!"

The richest widow on the Pacific coast, or in the country for that matter, with the possible exception of Mrs. Cornelia Stewart, is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to $23,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, two of her husband's business associates. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate, and each swore that he was worth $46,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman. They had no children, but had adopted a son, whom Mrs. Hopkins has just married to a Miss Critten den, a protege of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess. There are other heirs to the estate, but the adopted son, "Tim," will get the bulk of it.

The Marquis of Lorne is a man of commanding figure and of exceptional beauty of countenance. Tall, broad-shouldered, with free movement, his head is thrown back with a certain dauntless grace that has in it no self-conscious haughtiness; rather it is the unconscious expression of a fine character, the fine carriage that may become the inherited grace of a lofty race. His features are fine and strong, especially his brow and chin; but a picture which gives merely the outline of his features can impart no idea of the charm of the face, lit alike by coloring and expression. So blonde a man is rarely seen, for not only is his abundant hair golden, but his eyelashes are of the same hue, long and curling outward; the deep gray-blue eyes that gaze through them take on a remarkable expression, so purely spiritual one instantly ceases to wonder that the Marquis of Lorne writes poetry.

Engineer Melville's pretty home at Sharon Hill is deserted and desolate. Mrs. Melville and her children are in West Philadelphia, and Mr. Melville is in Washington. Maud, who was given into the custody of her father by the Court, has not been given up. The furniture of the cottage has been seized by the Sheriff to satisfy some of the debts incurred by Mrs. Melville during her husband's absence, and the house and grounds are in possession of the officers, a mortgage of $2,300 held by Miss Polls having been foreclosed. Recently a Philadelphia piano manufacturer took possession of the piano in the parlor and carried it to the city, claiming it as his property. It is said that Engineer Melville will apply for a divorce in the spring. The house and grounds at Sharon Hill are worth considerably more than the mortgages held against them, and it is not probable that they will be sold at Sheriff's sale.

Among others who gathered at the Ogden depot to take a look at the train robbers on their arrival there, was Ross, the heroic express messenger, who, it is said, has an old acquaintance with Frank Francis, the chief of the gang. The *Pilot* says: The greetings between the would-be robbers and the man who stood them off were quite cordial, and Francis remarked that if they had known Ross was in the express car they would have let it alone, but they thought it was the mail car. "You see what you gave me," said Ross, holding up his hand. "Well, I got it afterwards," said Hawley, "so we're even." Ross asked the men why they did not come into the car when the door was split up, and one of them said that they did not think it was healthy in there just at that time. After some further conversation with the men, Ross moved on and the crowd had a chance to gaze on the desperados until the train started for the West.

THE GLASS EYE.

A Young Man Who Hesitated to Mention His Ocular Defect.

THE COMMANDANT WHO SLEPT WITH ONE EYE OPEN.

A young man with a glass eye was engaged to be married, but he did not like to inform his betrothed of his ocular defect. A week previous to the day named for the wedding he confided in his future father-in-law who, to his surprise, received the information in a highly amused manner. "I'll make it all right for you, my boy; you imitate me exactly in anything I do after supper to-night, and see how good-naturedly Maria (that was the lady's name) will take it." Accordingly, as soon as the evening meal was concluded, the father looked at the young man and began to sing:

Oh, do you know the glass-eye man,
The glass-eye man, the glass-eye man!
Oh, do you know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way?

And, as he concluded the last line, he took out his left eye and placed it on a plate in front of him. The young man was very much astonished to find his Maria's father as unfortunate as himself, while at the same time he gave him courage to reply:

Oh, yes, I know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way,

and to deposit his crystal optic on the table. Maria was convulsed with laughter at the proceedings, but her future husband was ready to believe all humanity one-eyed when she trebled forth:

I also know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way,

and dropped her eye into a glass of water by her side.

Frequent assaults and battery have been made by sternly virtuous females in cars on glass-eyed men. Only recently a gentleman was enjoying the scenery through the car window with his natural eye, unaware of the fact that his glass-eye was staring straight ahead at a maiden lady of Sunday school principles. She put up with it for half an hour, and then got up and, smashing his hat over his head, called him a licentious villian and other complimentary epithets, and was only prevented from scratching his face by his timely retreat to the smoking car under the supposition that he had been attacked by a mad woman.

Fifty years ago, when California was under the dominion of Spain, a one-eyed commandant ruled at San Francisco, who was the terror of all the Indians in the vicinity. A Yankee skipper traveling that way induced the Spaniard to purchase one of the then newly-invented glass-eyes of him, and, to the fear and surprise of the red-skins, the commandant suddenly appeared with two eyes. This was too much for the braves, so one of their number was deputed to assassinate tke senor. He managed to gain access to his chamber, but, on approaching the couch, was terrified to find the commandant sleeping with one eye closed and the other wide open. The amazed Indian gave an unearthly yell and threw himself headlong from the window.

One of the most curious stories is the case of a supposed blind beggar in Paris. This man was arrested for some trivial offense, and, on his way to prison, one of his eyes fell out on the sidewalk. On being examined it was discovered that for a long time he had been in the habit of wearing two ingeniously-contrived porcelain covers to his real eyes, which were of a different color to the sham ones, and he was at once recognized as a criminal for whom the authorities had long been in search.

A glass eye once figured in a civil trial. An optician sued a woman for the value of an eye he had inserted for her with the promise that she would find it both ornamental and useful. The woman declined to pay, her defense in court being as follows:

"I have false teeth; I can eat with them. I have false hair; it keeps my head warm and is ornamental. I have also a false leg; I can walk with it. But—taking her glass eye out and dashing it to the ground—I can neither see with my false eye nor is it an object of beauty." She gained her suit.—[Philadelphia Press.

"WASN'T THAT CLEVER?"

There is a story told to illustrate the ruling passion of the parrot, which may or may not be true, but it is as follows:

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, interspersed with acrobatic feats. At the end of each trick, the sailors said,—

"Now isn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

With each act of the performance their astonishment increased, and they kept muttering, "Wonder what he'll do next?" The parrot heard this exclamation so often that he picked it up.

Presently the Japanese tried to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks ignited at both ends; but having his attention distracted, he allowed one of the sticks to drop.

Unfortunately, it fell upon a heap of fire-crackers, bombs, etc., which exploded, blew out the walls, blew off the roof, scattered the audience in all directions, and sent the parrot, minus its tail feathers and one eye, about four hundred yards.

"As the bird came down with a flop it shrieked, "Wasn't that clever! Wonder what he'll do next?"

It isn't always the flower of the family that makes the best bread.