### TO SLEEP.

alcopi to sleep! The long bright day is done, d darkness rises from the fallen sun. To sleep! to sleep!

e'er thy joys, they vanish with the day: s'or thy griefs; in sleep they fade away. To sleep! to sleep!

mournful heart, and let the past be past! happy soul! all life will sleep at last. To sleep! to sleep! -Lord Tennyson in New York Truth.

### THE GOLD NUGGET.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces, but it represented the only result of a strong man's toil for many weeks, and as nuggets go it was considered by no means a bad "find."

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. There were thieves and lawless men at this new gold rush, as at all new gold rushes, and they would know of his prize. They would probably try to annex it.

They would search all sorts of cunning hiding places in the neighborhood of his tent; they might even creep into the hut at night, to feel under his pillow and among his rough bedding for the yellow earth that folk hated each other for. If he caught the thief he would shoot him. but better not to run the risk of losing his treasure, and so he gave it to Effie to put in her old workbox. The thieves of the T--- diggings would be too cunning to think of examining such an improbable hiding place.

"You must take great care of it, dar-'said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie stowed the little nugget away in a corner of the old work box-which had been her mother's-under the cotton and the socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighted with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, who was very delicate, with some friends in Brisbane, had come a long, weary way to find it, and she had seen his sorrow. his despair, as day after day he had eagerly worked with pick and spade without finding what he sought.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to look round and see if any one was near who might have seen her. No. No one was near who might have seen her-only Billy the black-King Billy, the aboriginal monarch, who loved rum and tobacco, and who was chopping firewood for her. King Billy evidently had not seen. for he was wielding the ax with quite ex-ceptional vigor; and if Billy had seen it wouldn't have mattered very much, for Effie trusted him.

The little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange, and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only twelve. As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hay hued hair kissed and illumined by the bold rays of the sun, and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work. a flock of laughing jackasses alighted in a neighboring gum tree, and set up a de-moniac cachination. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their

amusement was huge and sardonic. "Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie. yards distant from it, hid les among the trees, was a high mossgrown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran-looking back often to see that no one approached the hat in her absence-to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come; but King Billy was now awake, and was slouching lazily off toward the bush. Effic laughed as she saw him-his great head bent forward, and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness, and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood chopping.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old workbox to take another peep at the yellow treasure, and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from the pretty eyes and mouth-quite slowly, because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible-when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget-saw nothing. Then horror and great fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating. Effie said nothing and made no cry. but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment, and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion: the little nugget was not there-the first gold her father had found, which had been intrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother-it was gone. She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day, but the sun was shin-ing very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move weirdly, and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but the strange bird was somewhere near shrieking brokenly: "What will father say?" What will father say?"

But as the child stood there, despairing, her sight grew clearer, and she saw black figure among the trees and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy," And she had been kind to him. Effic suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves, and the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again, and laughed more madly than beforelaughed at Effie's trust-at Billy's gratitude!

It was 10 o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had sown his wild oats, was a true worker: and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly bere she lav dow or and s sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overladen and too cruelly active to allow: when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet, when, having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about in the darkness-less bright now, and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away: it was a cruel. mocking dream.

THOMSON AND HIS RATE.

Was Going to Have Fun Seeing Them Swim, but They Saw Him Swim Instead. The question is frequently asked whence the name of Thomson pond, a sheet of water in western Maine extending through four towns and lying partly in three counties. Tradition says it was named from the first settler, Joe Thomson. During his sojourn he was seriously troubled by rats. He first provided himself with a stout leather bag of the capacity of four bushels. He then placed an empty hogshead in his log hovel, leaving the bunghole open, through which he dropped a small quantity of meat scraps and crumbs. Bag in hand he retired outside to

watch proceedings, peeking through a small crevice between the logs. Presently he espied an old, gray veteran approaching the bunghole. He takes a peep, then sniffs, looks cautiously about and then enters. He soon emerges from the hogshead and quickly disappears. In a trice he returns, followed by a drove amounting to hundreds, which one by one disappear through the bunghole. "Now," chuckled Joe, "is my fun," as

he skipped calmly through the door and adjusted the open mouth of the bag to the small aperture, at the same time rapping the hogshead with the toe of his boot, which produced a loud, ringing sound. With loud squeals and fierce struggles the frightened rats began to scramble through the bunghole, all landing in the bottom of the bag.

His first thought was to drown them by sinking the bag in the pond, but being in a rather gamesome mood, as was often the case, he concluded to put the bag in his boat, and after rowing to a good distance from the shore then release them, and with his ox goad have a good time knocking them in the head.

Rowing out several rods from the shore and being in high glee at the thought of wreaking vengeance on the "varmints" which had given so much trouble, he without hesitation untied the bag, expecting to see the frightened crea-tures at once leap into the water, but he quickly found himself mistaken.

Instead of fleeing or even retreating the rats charged in a body, and with teeth and claws so severely lacerated his face, neck and hands as to cause him to leap from the boat and swim for the shore, leaving the craft in the possession of his one time victims.-Lewiston Journal

A Spider's Rapid Work. When the common geometrical spider has made up its mind to spin a web, it commences operations by inclosing a certain area with the foundation lines. To these radiating lines are fixed, generally about thirty in number, and all joining in the center of the snare. When the radii are finished the spinner proceeds to weave the concentric lines, stretching them from one radiating thread to another, and forming them of the silk thickly studded with viscous drops. Starting from the center of the web, however, the first few concentric threads are without this peculiarity, the reason being that the spider likes to sometimes sit in the middle of its web, and naturally does not care to be incommoded with the sticky matter which it prepares for

the special benefit of its prey. When the snare is finished, a task which often does not occupy more than forty minutes in spite of the complicated nature of the work, the spider weaves a cell in some secluded spot close at hand. connecting it with the center of the web by means of a special thread. This, by

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THE WEEKLY

and the obedient king dropped his ax and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black grin ning; "too much work-plenty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor "Yes, that will be enough, thank you.

You're a good boy I'll give you some

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea." "No tea. Rum."

"No, Billy. Rum isn't good for you." "Good for miners; good for Billy."

"No, it's not good for miners," said Effic emphatically; "it makes them fight and say wicked things.'

"Makes black feller feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes.

This last argument was effective. Effie went into her hut-her father had returned to his work-and poured a little spirits from John Archer's flask into a "pannikin." Billy drank the spirits with lay down in the shadow of the hut to

The long afternoon passed very slowly for Effie. Her few trifling duties as housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared, and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books-a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Brisbane. But she was too young to appreciate the first, especially as the type being very small it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept.

Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta-the steady heat; the brightness of the light without the hut; the distant murmur of miners' voices, which came from beyond yonder belt of wattle guins; the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest; the occasional fretful cry of a strange bird, and the regular snores of the fallen king, who alumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies assisted the general effect and brought drowsi-

To remain still for a few minutes could have meant inevitably falling sleep. Effic felt this, and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat, and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the but, went out into the brightness and

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of the hut from her father's moved near the ground -bulged slightly toward her? It would "pannikin." Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips, and then From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after the arm, a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away. and when in her dream came the voice of her father, with the words, "Speak or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open

But it was no dream when the shot came, and the Black King rolled over on the earth, dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree. startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly. at Billy's honesty; but there was bitterness in their merriment. for their master, the devil, had been cheated of the soul of a Black King .-- C. Haddon Chambers in Oak Bough and Wattle Blossom

#### A Queer Superstition.

"My father believes in divining rods." said one urchin solemnly to another.

"No: honest?" "Yep. Every time he wants me to feas up he takes the rod to me. I guess that must be a divining rod."-St. Joseph News.

#### Papa's Old Coats.

"My father gave me fits this morning. said Jimpsey.

"I wish mine would give me some," said Georgie, who wears trousers made valley, over against the foot of the blue. from the paternal sleeves. "All I get is mastic."-Harper's Bazar.

its trembling, gives intimation of the capture of any insect in the web, and also forms a pathway by which the snugly ensconced spider is enabled to proceed on an investigating expedition. -Cornhill Magazine.

#### The Sense of Smell.

The eye is used only for seeing, and the ear for hearing, but the nose is one of the organs that serve a double purpose. It is not only the seat of the sense of smell, but was intended to be the principal organ through which man should breathe. Its circuitous passages, warm and moist, protect the lungs by taking the chill from the inspired air and arresting irritating dust.

The whole nose is not concerned in the act of smelling. The olfactory nerves, which alone take cognizance of odors, are situated in the upper third of the nasal chambers, out of the hne of ordinary inhalation. For this reason we do not usually notice odors unless they are somewhat strong: but when we sniff -draw the air into the upper part of the nostrils and hold it there for a few moments-we become aware of the faintest scent .- Youth's Companion.

#### France's Executive.

The president of France is chosen by a majority vote of both branches of parliament sitting together as a joint as-sembly, and his term is seven years. Usually, however, he is compelled to Usually, however, he is compelled to step down from office by pressure from parliament before his term ends. The constitution gives him the authority to select a ministry, which must comprise select a ministry, which must comprise members of parliament; to conclude treaties with foreign nations, to appoint to the chief military and civil posts, to pardon offenders, and in concurrence with the senate to dissolve the chamber of deputies and bring about a new election. These are the chief powers of the president. The present executive-Carnot-was elected on Dec. 8, 1887.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Not a Bad Idea.

"Remember, boys," said the teacher. who being still new at the business, knew not what else to say to make an impression, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." After a few moments a boy from Bos-ton raised his hand. "Well, what is it. Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was merely going to suggest," re-plied the youngster as he cleaned his spectacles with his handkerchief, "that if such is the case, it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission." -Montreal Star.

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11

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