

LABOR IN STRONG ARRAY.

The Convention of the Knights of Labor at Hamilton, Ontario.

The Text of the Address Issued by the Grand Master of the Knights.

Caution Regarding Strikes Recommended.

The general assembly of Knights of Labor met in convention at Hamilton, Ont., on the 6th. Master Workman Powderly, in his address, said he had prepared the draft of a bill to be presented to congress which will, if adopted, prevent the employment of inmates of state or county prisons on government work of any kind. He recommended that congress be asked to incorporate all the trade and labor associations in the District of Columbia and territories of the United States; also to commend the bill passed at the last session to prohibit the employment of foreign labor under contract. Some postmasters, who employed labor, intercepted and opened communications between officers of the assembly. The working people of states should demand of congress the passage of a law creating postal savings banks and the passage of Mr. Oates' bill, introduced at the last session of congress, prohibiting aliens from holding large tracts of land, should be insisted upon and should go further in demanding that all lands now held for speculative purposes be restored to the public domain. He discouraged the proposition to inauurate a strike for the establishment of the short hour plan May 1, 1886. He believed an annual convention should be held in every state, territory, and province to be composed of representatives from all labor organizations within the boundaries of state, territory and province to discuss all matters pertaining to the labor interests. Boards of industry should also be organized in every municipality, which should keep watch over the destinies of the workers. Workingmen on the continent of North America, he said, must take some action looking to the prevention of immigration during periods of depression. This country can no longer be called the workshop of the world. Every step to make it the poor house of the world should be resisted. He then touched on boycotting, and said that when the end sought for had been accomplished it should be discontinued. Drunkenness, which was prevalent during strikes, should be punished by expulsion. He pointed out the weak spots in co-operation, and mentioned mutual organizations. He suggested that a similar co-operative movement to the one located in Covington, Ky., be inaugurated in every locality where there is an assembly. This plan, he said, binds the workingman and his employer together in a manner in which their interests are identical. An assistance fund should be abolished and another plan substituted. The workingmen have come to look upon it as a fund to support strikes. This was not true. No strike should be ordered without the sanction of the general executive board, and then only after every other effort had failed. The executive board should act as a national board of conciliation and arbitration. He thought it time for the Knights of Labor to be more careful about championing the strikes of other organizations. It had brought odium on itself in the past in some instances for its generosity. Before taking sides, hereafter, it should be fully convinced that there was right on the side of laborers. He hoped the statement that the Brotherhood of Engineers was opposed to the Knights of Labor was not true. He discouraged the formation of any more national trades assemblies as a step backward.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The warlike attitude of Serbia has compelled the porte to call out more reserves for service on the frontier. The Turkish ministry believes that the Serbian troops will cross the frontier, although certain of defeat, in order to raise the question as to Serbia's rights. The porte has represented to the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople that a Serbian revolution would lead to a national revolution in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that Austria and Russia would eventually be drawn into the conflict. Bulgarian Delegates Petroff and Tchankoff, who were commissioned by Prince Alexander to assure the porte that peace and order reigned in eastern Roumelia, arrived at the sultan's camp yesterday for an interview with the sultan. They were immediately arrested, and were subjected to an official examination. The affair has caused a sensation.

A dispatch from Philippopolis says the mayor has caused placards to be posted throughout the city announcing that in view of the wishes of the foreign ambassadors to Turkey the sultan has accepted the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia under the rule of Prince Alexander.

The Davitt land system agitation in Ireland increases daily. The "moonlighters" are forcing farmers to swear that they will not pay their rent. Several farmers were waited upon by "moonlighters" and were compelled to take an oath to that effect. The Dublin fund for the benefit to James Stephens, ex-Fenian head center, amounts to \$1,600. His friends are anxiously disappointed at the meagreness of the subscriptions.

The war fever runs high in Serbia and active preparations are going on to enforce Serbia's demand for an extension of territory. English, French and Austrian firms have been tendering contracts by the government to supply complete outfits for 25,000 troops and all the contracts have been allotted; also one for 35,000 horses. The London bank war loan has been raised to \$7,000,000.

The nationalist convention for nominating candidates for parliament from the County of Cork assembled at Cork. Parnell, Dillon, John O'Connor and 500 delegates were present. An enthusiastic reception was given the party leaders. Owing to the strong differences of opinion prevailing among the delegates representing the claims of the various gentlemen mentioned for the honors, Parnell selected candidates for six of the divisions, leaving the convention to select the seventh.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says: Germany, with the approval of Austria, Russia and England, proposed in the plan for the settlement of the Bulgarian question that the following principles be observed: First—That the Greek and Serbian demands be rejected, and that Turkey be advised to complete her military preparations, so as to be ready to interfere in the event of Greece and Serbia moving to enforce their demands. Secondly—That the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia under Prince Alexander, the latter avowing the sovereignty of the sultan, be recognized.

A CALIFORNIAN'S matrimonial advertisement winds up as follows: "Fortune no object, but should require the gal's relations to deposit \$1,500 with me as a security for her good behavior."

Nothing should appear at a cold collation which requires carving or cannot be easily helped.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Mrs. Clara Vere de Vere
Has sadly come again to town,
She thought to make a brilliant match
And win her daughter much renown.

At men she smiled, but unheeded
They saw the snare and they retired,
The belle of full five seasons past,
She was not one to be admired.

Mrs. Clara Vere de Vere,
But few rich suitors are about,
Your daughter give to some poor man
Before her charms are quite played out.
—Boston Budget.

LOVE AND FATE.

BY MARIAN ROMERO.

Northern Budget.
Two people, a lady and gentleman, are walking together underneath the elms in an old yet beautiful garden. The August sunshine lies warm and bright above them, the birds are singing in the branches over their heads and at their feet are beds of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers. Behind them at some distance off stands a large brown house, whose gabled roof is half overgrown with ivy, and upon whose imposing black oak door is inscribed the name, Elm Lodge. Far away to the west lie the purple Catskills, to the south and east risegently sloping hills, upon which peaceful flocks are straying.

"It is a beautiful home, Professor. Are you not happy here?"
The lady is watching his strong, earnest face as she waits his answer. She is of medium height, slender, and not pretty. She has large, gray eyes. It has been noted by observers that the eyes of these two people, Professor Bettinger and his pupil, Madge Kirby, are exactly alike. She is dressed in a shabby, gray gown which has for adornment only a bunch of wild, white daisies at her throat. The Professor speaks slowly:

"I have been here all my life until—" He stops and is biting his lips while a slightly annoyed expression passes over his face.
"Until I came to disturb your peace?"
Madge is speaking softly, sadly, and she timidly lays her hand upon his arm as if to plead for his forgiveness for some fancied wrong.

"We have been much together, professor," she says. "I have grown to find my life brighter and more full of purpose since I knew you, so noble, so grand, so wise. I regret that you have not been equally happy in my presence."
"I did not, do not say so—" he is speaking with some hidden agitation and his gaze rests a little yearningly on her face.

"No, but it is so. I can see it more clearly of late. You are nervous, ill at ease, often sad with me. Why, dear friend, is this? Do I tire you with my chatter, or—is it something entirely apart from me? Tell me—" she is unconscious of the earnest longing in her eyes as they meet his, "what is it which troubles you?"
"Miss Kirby, Madge, I must not tell you of my trouble. Dear, you have no trouble; at least, thank God."
He sees her start and blush. He is unconscious of that little tender word he has spoken. It is in his heart, and he utters it unknowingly. There is a long silence between them. Then she speaks in a low tone:

"Professor, I am going away tomorrow. I received a letter this morning from my aunt, stating that she will accompany me from Elm Lodge to my future home. Soon I must part with you, with this dear pleasant summer home and all its memories, and forever."
He is looking sadly down on her face. He thinks of the long bright days of happy companionship which they have enjoyed together, of the books they have read and written, of the pleasant strolls by the river, and it seems to him that a shadow has fallen over the beauty of the afternoon, a shadow which lies between them and blots from each their wistful faces forever. "Madge"—he is looking into her eyes, "Oh, it seems so hard that we must part. You will not utterly forget—not quite banish our happy summer from out your life?"
She answers fervently. "I will not do that, dear friend; I would not if I could."

It is perhaps well that she scarcely understands her own feelings in the matter. She speaks at length of her plans for the future. She tells him about her betrothed husband, of the gay life she expects to lead abroad. Of her ambitions and hopes. To all he listened quietly and with a grave almost indifferent air. Once he tells her to be good and true and earnest in her future life, as wife, mother and a Christian woman. The tenderness of his face haunts her long afterward, even now it saddens her strangely.

"Will you sing to me, Professor?" she asks after they have retraced their steps and are seated in the vine covered porch, while the sunset fades over the hills.
He has a deep mellow voice, and now as he sings a tender strain she is thrilled almost to tears. The Professor has a few pupils, young ladies of 16 and 20, who now, on hearing the well known baritone voice, come trooping out from the school room, with their lady teacher. The teacher is a tall, superb looking woman, with brilliant black eyes and rosy cheeks. She is far handsomer than Madge Kirby, and rumor says she expects to marry Professor Bettinger.

It is this which he is singing:
"Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white on a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me,
Shadows rising on you and me."
Nothing should appear at a cold collation which requires carving or cannot be easily helped.

Hark! a voice from the far away,
Listen and learn. It seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,
All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."
The song is sad and Madam Merlyn says with scorn, it is absurd that he should treat them to such a doleful air. Only Miss Kirby understands why he has chosen it to-night and at her request. Her eyes say mutely to him: "You are going out of my life forever, and this is good bye."
When darkness gathers over Elm Lodge the little household separate for the night and go to their chambers. Madge only lingers behind the others, and Professor Max gravely reminds her, as she stands outside in the night air, that she must care for her health and her roses. It is the last night she will ever stand here thus with him, she tells her heart, and so, putting out her hands, she says softly, "Dear friend, I want to say to you how grateful I am for your kindness to me, how much I esteem you; and—God bless you, Professor." She does not hear his reply, but goes swiftly up the stairs and once in her room she falls on her knees and bursts into a passion of weeping. The bitterest she has ever known. To-morrow she is going away, and in one week she is going to be married to a young man who has held her troth for years. Down under the stars the grave, king-like, middle-aged man walks up and down on the terrace, striving with a strong man's force will to overcome his sorrow and find peace and content for the future.

It is after midnight. Madge Kirby, in her white night robes, sits at the open window of her sleeping room, where after a long, sad vigil she has fallen asleep. A brilliant red light is playing about her face, and it shines into her room and reddens the wall. There is a fire, a heat coming from somewhere. Suddenly a wild shout rises on the air. It is the cry of "fire," from some one who stands on the lawn. It reaches the ears of all but those two who have slept so little during the night, and who, at last have closed their eyes in a deep peaceful slumber. Madge sleeps on, and down in his own room the master of the burning house lies dreaming of her. The lady teacher, with the other pupils, flock down the stairs and out into the grounds. The roof is on fire, and no human power can save the old wooden mansion from swift destruction. Now some one asks for the professor. Another says he is at work trying to check the flames. The men servants are busily employed thus, and after little parley there is no further question for anybody. Suddenly the master feels a light touch on his brow. It thrills and awakens him. He looks up to find a slender figure bending above him.

"Max! Max! the awoken, for God sake, save yourself, the house is burning over us," Madge Kirby says in a hoarse strained voice.
In an instant he is upon his feet, and wrapped as he is in his dressing gown, he clasps her in his strong arms and turns to the door. A furious cracking and roaring greets their ears. The roof is falling in, and as they endeavor to pass into the hall a black cloud of smoke and falling cinders blinds and suffocates them. She lies against his breast, she cannot see, can scarcely breathe.

"Oh, my God!" he gasps, "can I not save you, Madge, my darling? My little one must die in this accursed hole away from the pure air of heaven!" It is only the moan of his bursting heart as he struggles to find some means of exit. She has ceased to realize her peril. Insensibility has wrapped her like the robe of death. The hallway is a vast sea of flames. The chamber is filling with debris from above and he, clasping his burden to his breast, is striving to reach the burning window where, perhaps he may make a flying passage-way from their perilous position to terra firma. He is there, the window is all a mass of flames, and boldly, bravely, he steps with his bare feet upon the burning sill, and out into the night. With a feeling of great joy he finds himself on the vine covered roof of the porch. He had forgotten his sleeping room was directly over it. The cool vines to his blistered and bleeding feet feel soft and grateful. He pauses here not a moment, but clumsily lowers himself with his inanimate burden to the ground.

"Madge, my darling, my own sweet love are you dead?" he moans, as he bathes her face and hands with water, after he had lain her on a bench in the garden.
They are quite alone for the others have long departed forgetful of all save themselves.
After a long time she revives and finds him kneeling thus calling fondly on her name.

"Thank God that we are safe," is all she says, wearily closing her eyes once more, and in a child-like way drawing him down to her until her head can rest on his bosom. For a moment they remain thus, both filled with a new sweet peace, which in spite of the unpleasantness of the moment, makes the night like heaven to them. Then he says gently, "Little one, I must get you to a place of safety. Your garments are burned, and tattered as are mine. The morning will soon dawn and, Madge—"
He is growing embarrassed, and she laughs nervously.
"And this is not exactly proper for you, my dear. You will get ill and cold."
"But I cannot walk," she says petulantly, "my strength is gone, and my feet are bare and blistered." Neither can he carry her. He is unable to walk far, and thus together they are fated to remain until succor arrives. When it is late into the morning and the first rosy flush kindles the sky, she lifts her face from his shoulder and smiling archly says:

"Dear Professor, this dreadful night never forgive me for this dreadful will. What, oh what shall I do?"
He bends lower above her face. Scarred and burned as he is, for her sake, he is dearer to her than all the world.
"Be my wife, little Madge, and let me shield you from all the world. love you so truly my darling."
Her eyes shine into his.
"My love my preserver, my king," he hears her whisper fervently.
"But I am poor, now, dear," he says a little sadly. My beautiful home is in ashes. I have nothing left but myself. I love you Madge and will work for you—but perhaps it is wrong for me to ask you to come to me thus."
"If you were a beggar in the streets and still be yourself I should love you and come to you, now that I know you want me," she says fondly.

After this of course, is a carriage arriving in which they are glad to accept shelter and Miss Kirby's aunt, a fashionable lady who has come thus early to bear her away from Elm Lodge, is shocked to find that very respectable seminary for young ladies burned to the ground, and her dear niece sitting blackened and but thinly clad on a garden seat with the master of the Elm Lodge, also in the same predicament.

"We are to be married as soon as we get comfortably dressed," smilingly observes Miss Kirby to her aunt.
They are bowing over the country road and the professor suggests that Mrs. Netherton, Madge's aunt shall drive them to a relative's house when they may find some of the comforts of life.
"Because I am to be married to your dear little niece this morning," he says gently, but with some amusement.

"On the whole I am glad of it," says Mrs. Netherton and we think she is wise to make the best of the matter.
So you see Madge did not marry her absent lover, but became the wife of a man twenty years older than herself in whose kindly heart she found her earth a heaven of love and joy.

Maud S.'s Fastest Half Mile.
From the Chicago Herald.
Although the telegraph says that Maud S. made the fastest half mile on record during her trot against time at Narragansett Park, there is a tradition that has been accepted by horsemen hereabouts that a faster half mile than 1:03 1-2 was trotted at Chicago five years ago. Strange as it may appear, Maud S. herself participated in the event. If she could be consulted about the matter she would probably tell her present admirers that one pleasant afternoon, noteworthy in the trotting calendar as the day when she first beat 2:11, she trotted from the quarter pole to the three-quarter pole in 1:03 flat. That was Sept. 18, 1880, and horsemen are fond of telling how the queen of the turf crushed all records, and almost outstripped time itself, on the Chicago track that day. Two days before she had tried to beat 2:11 1-4, and failed by a quarter of a second. But on that auspicious day she started on her journey at a moderate gait, arriving at the quarter pole in 34 3-4 seconds. Then she straightened out for the half, and sped down the backstretch like a chastnut streak. The half-mile pole was reached in 303 3-4 seconds, and the spectators on the grand stand could hardly believe their stop watches. On she went along the lower turn at an amazing pace. When the three-quarter pole was reached all the watches showed 1:37 3-4 from the start. If the first quarter be subtracted from this it will show a faster half mile than was made at Narragansett Park, or has ever been made anywhere else—to wit, 1:03. Then she went on and completed the mile in 33 seconds.

The Top Rails Only.

From the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.
Noticing that Captain W. H. Harrison of the executive department has been relating some of his war tales to a Constitution reporter, we asked Sam Everett if he could not give us an incident of his experience in the valley of Virginia. Sam said he wasn't much on yarns unless he had some of the old Thirty-first Georgia to laugh at them, but he would venture to give us one. Gordon's division were encamped upon a thrifty farm that was fenced with pine rails, something unusual in that section of country. General Gordon knew that his men were obliged to have wood to cook with, so he issued an order for them to use only the top rails, and under penalty of severe punishment not to disturb any others. Next morning when the general awoke not a rail was left to show where this fence had been, and the captains were ordered to report at once as to the disobedience of the order. Among others, Captain Harrison of the Thirty-first handed in his report. It stated that he had only allowed one man at a time to go for rails, and that each one took a top rail, acting strictly in accordance with the general orders. Of course the last man to go found the top rails at the bottom. General Gordon made a soldierly bow and announced that the investigation had ended.

The Kiss Happened.
At all the Saratoga hops the children are allowed to use the hop room from 8 to 9. There can be no more beautiful picture than to see a hundred little white angels flying around the ballroom to the music of the waltz. Recently Mrs. Astor's little girl, Ethel, danced with Freddy Livingstone, who, in the excess of his innocent love and joy, put his arms around her neck and kissed her. This made every one in the State's ball-room laugh.
"Oh, Ethel, I'm ashamed to think you would let a boy kiss you," said her mother.
"Well, mamma, I couldn't help it," said Ethel.
"You couldn't help it?" exclaimed her mother.
"No, mamma. You see, Freddy and I were dancing the polka. Freddy had to stand up close to me, and all at once his lip slipped and the kiss happened."—Correspondence Missourian.

Deceased Wives' Sisters.
Harper's Magazine—May.
The desire of the Englishman to marry his deceased wife's sister is one of the most marked phenomena of the times. The deceased wife's sister bill may be said to be his steady occupation. In all his breathing spells from emergencies he turns to that. When he is not being massacred by the South Africans, or slaying Soudanese, or fighting Afghans, or pacifying the Irish, or being blown up in his tower, he is attending to the deceased wife's sister bill. He comes back to it out of all victories and defeats with unwavering pertinacity and courage. It appears to be the passion of his life to marry his deceased wife's sister. We who live in a land where nobody opposes such an alliance can not conceive the attraction it seems to have to Englishmen. And seeing how universal and strong this desire is in England, we cannot but inquire why the Englishman does not marry the wife's sister in the first place. Why does he go on marrying the wrong one, and then wait for death or the law to help him out?
It seems to us that much as this matter has been agitated, it never has been discussed in a philosophical spirit. We admit the fact of the overmastering desire to marry the deceased wife's sister; we can see how the prohibition of the marriage increases the longing for it; but we have not analyzed the origin of the desire itself. It has been treated in England as a question of morals, when it is, in fact, a question of sociology. When we come face to face with the question, is it not this: Does not the man generally make a mistake when he marries one or two or more sisters? The world often sees it at the time, the sister who is left sees it, but the man is blind to what he is doing. He not only takes the one who does not make him the best wife, but the one least eligible for a life insurance, and so voluntarily, as one may say, in the end comes round to bother the world with his deceased wife's sister bill. And the reason of this mistake lies a good deal in the nature of the man himself, but somewhat, as we shall show, in the nature of woman also. He is so constituted that he does not recognize the qualities necessary to make a good wife. He is attracted by outward appearances. Beauty goes for much with him; liveliness counts for a good deal; even willfulness (before marriage) is attractive. In nine cases out of ten he will choose the girl out of a household who is at once the pet and tyrant of the house, the spoiled child, whose selfishness procures for her the slavish subservience of all the rest. Seeing all this devotion, he thinks he is marrying the Queen Bee. We are intending to say nothing against the woman he makes his wife; as women go, she is well enough, and if the circumstances continued to be what they were at home, she would be forever attractive and adored. But when she is thrown upon her own resources, it then becomes evident how much she owed to her sisters, whose unobtrusive virtues were the necessary background to all her special attractiveness. Nine cases out of ten the man will take the girl of the family who knows the least about cooking, or the management of a house, or about nursing, and is the least patient in trial, and has the least common sense—that is, the least of those every-day qualities that make an agreeable pastime from hour to hour and day to day. Hence, to cover his own blunders, the clamor for a deceased wife's sister bill.

The man loves his wife—of course he does; even her faults, her little selfish demands upon him, are better in his eyes than the virtues of other women. But when real life begins, and the sister comes to live in the house, as she pretty certainly will come, then he sees who it is that makes life so smoothly, who takes up the hundred household burdens, who is always kind and patient, and especially indulgent to him—for the capacity of the wife's sister to be indulgent to all the weaknesses of her brother-in-law is one of the circumstances that we must take into account in this investigation. Her utter self sacrifice and ability to come into confidential relations with him, and to take his part against an authority which he sometimes feels the weight of, all the novelists have taken note of it in him. He is not afraid of her. She excuses him, and makes it easy for him to get on with himself. And she has certain sterling qualities that admirably supplement the loveliness and attractiveness of the wife. He feels this for a good while without exactly seeing it, or knowing it, but when the great bereavement of his life comes, and the world is suddenly desolate to him, he comes around with the deceased wife's sister bill.

Look at the world as it is. Consider the capacity of the sister for making herself indispensable in the house. She may not have had the power to attract the man into matrimony, but she has the qualities that he finally recognizes as necessary to perfect comfort in it; and in England, when it is too late, he wakes up to the fact that he should have married the sister. But this is not the end of the inquiry. There is something that brings about this state of things. In order to bring out the best there is in a woman, sacrifice of herself is always necessary. Fortunately she enjoys this. She has a kind of pleasure in seeing her sister preferred and led away to the altar. She likes the man all the better for being such a goose as to choose the pretty and more incompetent one. And in the new household, whether she is permanently a part of it or only has an occasional superintendence of it, she develops in her subordination many of the lovely virtues. In some cases she was not naturally so unselfish or so sweet tempered or so tolerant of a man's unreasonableness as her sister who marries, but her role of self-effacement is a training school, and all the sterling qualities of womanhood are evolved. The very position of being a wife's sister is an invaluable discipline, and we do not wonder when we see so many households where the sister, under this discipline, shines with the steady radiance of a star of the first magnitude.

Clever Crows.
While treading "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird found the silence broken in many places by the discordant notes of thousands of crows, who were both sagacious and impudent. She says:
"Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapugawa. In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds."
"They evidently said a good deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resisted."
"At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated."
"After much earnest speech, they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth."
"He immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant or bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely."
"A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him."
"After a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeal, on which the other two seized the meat, and the three fled triumphantly upon it on the top of the wall."
"In many places they are so aggressive as to destroy crops, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways."
"They are very late in going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often come 'with many a stately flirt and flutter' into the veranda where I was sitting."
"I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements."
"Along the sea-shore they are pretty amusing, for they 'take the air' in the evening, seated on sandbanks facing the water with their mouths open."

Animal Instinct.
Fortnightly Review.
Chickens, two minutes after they have left the egg, will follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects and peck at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running toward an invisible hen hidden in a box when they hear her "call." Some young birds also have an innate, instinctive horror of the sight of a hawk and the sound of its voice. Swallows, titmice, tomits and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying successfully at once when liberated, on their wings having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible. The Duke of Argyll relates some very interesting particulars about the instincts of birds, especially of the water ouzel, the marganser and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts I find recorded: "Five young polecats were found comfortably imbedded in dry, withered grass, and in a side hole, of proper dimensions for such a lair, were forty frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of crawling a little. On examination of the whole animal, toads and all, proved to have been purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain." Evidently the parent polecat had thus provided the young with food which could be kept perfectly fresh, because alive and yet was rendered quite unable to escape. This singular instinct is like others which are yet more fully developed among insects—a class of animals the instincts of which are so numerous, wonderful, and notorious that it will be, probably, enough to refer to one or two examples. The female carpenter bee, in order to protect her eggs, excavates in some piece of wood a view to a peculiar mode of exit for her young; but the young mother can have no conscious knowledge of the series of actions subsequently to ensue. The female of the wasp, sphex, affords another well-known, but very remarkable, example of a complex instinct closely related to that already mentioned in the case of the polecat. The female wasp has to provide fresh, living animal food for her progeny, which, when it quits its eggs, quits it in the form of an almost helpless grub, utterly unable to catch, retain, or kill an active, struggling prey. Accordingly the mother insect has not only to provide and place beside her eggs suitable living prey, but so to treat it that it may be a helpless, unresisting victim. That victim may be a mere caterpillar, or it may be a great powerful grasshopper, or even that most fierce, active and rapacious of insect tyrants, a fell and venomous spider. Whichever it may be, the wasp adroitly stings it at the spot which induces complete paralysis as to motion, in case as to sensation also. This done, the wasp entrombs the helpless being with its own eggs, and leaves it for the support of the future grub.

There were 468 postmasters who died last year, while there were 705 who were suspended.