THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday Evening, at The o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order

By order of REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, f. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday Evenings of each month, at 7% o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Members of the Degree are invited to

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HUMBEL & MADDER, Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture a No. 1

OF LAGER BEER. As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Ah ! the mystic, mystic, tender music-Music of the spheres! How it gently, gently, sweetly trembles— Trembles in my ears! Throbbing gladly, sobbing sadly; Moaning, crying, groaning, dying; Like the far-off murmur-ringing Of a sky-bell 'mong the stars !

Through the archway of the moonbeam In the shadows of the skies, Now it ripples, ripples, ripples, And its murmurs fall and rise Like the notes of infant planets, Leaping in terrestrial play; And it flows and flows and echoes Through the heavens far away.

THE EVENING TIME.

Together we walked in the evening time, Above us the sky spread golden and clear, And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,

As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time! Grayer the light grew and grayer still,

The rooks flitted home through the purple shade The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high As I walked with him in the woodland glade.

Oh! it was sweet in the evening time And our pathway went through fields of wheat; Narrow that path and rough the way, But he was near, and the birds sang true, And the stars came out in the twilight gray Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

offly he spoke of the days long past, Softly of blessed days to be ; lose to his arm and closer I prest,

The corn-field path was Eden to me. Oh! it was sweet in the evening time And the latest gleams of daylight died My hand in his enfolded lay; We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,

For narrower, narrower, wound the way. Oh! It was sweet in the evening time! He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,

"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet; But together we'll walk through the fields of life Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

MAGGIE WARREN'S DOWERY.

BY THOS. S. COLLIER.

which they added broad stretches of now as she had always been. meadow and woodland to their already | The next day Haring Durham came count its acres by the thousands.

The present owner was an old lady, tiful as a bright June morning.

were was a mistery in Durham, and as door the next Sunday evening. and could will it to whom she pleased, with a domain indeed palatial.

Of course this made her the object "Yes, that is quite a fortune, and, and told his news. schoolgirl, her friends were many, and | it with me.' the suitors for her childish smiles and favors not a few.

She was a wise, clear-headed little She had quite a nack of what is called

merged into a brighter womanhood. In the choice of her companions she est and best. was left entirely free. "You are the one to be with them. Maggie," her grandmother said, "and

from what family they come.

So Maggie gave a party and invited and said: all her schoolmates, and by every act knowledge that she was their friend love you.

banker, whose father was the founder of the place, and whose estate ranked in the place, and whose estate ranked in value above the Warren farm, though the latter possessed the most land; and but she refused to sell it, and six the village cobbler.

and good-looking, and had been through | ever a man could have. OAK, ASHAND HICKORY PLANK. horses and time that he wished, and did, but settled down into a quiet life, were one including of course, the waterlaid assiduous siege to Maggie's heart. Paul working steadily at his trade, and mark and all the rest of it. He is an As he could spend as much in bestowing as steadily going on upward, and the honest man, and informed the govern-his attention as he chose, he had the ad-old home was a bright and happy home ment of the result of his ingenuity; vantage of Paul, who was busy learning | to them.

mark on his profession.

men would say; "young Durham has ed many happy hours.

One bright October day the machine genious plan is causing great conster-

Thus matters went on for a year, and then Mistress Warren was laid to sleep to the kitchen where Maggie was just with her Lusband, and Maggie followed finishing her morning's work. her to the grave-the only Warren

mourner there. Curiosity to know the old farm's own- never explored it yet." ership ran high, but Maggie had the "Sure enough, and there are the par- Printers' Register.

grief had been softened by time, then the old lawyer, who transacted the bus-

> One of the people he brought was the banker Durham, and when the party had been seated long enough to grow quiet, the will was produced, and wip-ing his spectacles, Mr. Perkins, the old lawyer, read the usual preamble, and

then came to the bequests.
"I give to my granddaughter, the daughter of my son, the Warren homestead, the orchard that lies around it the titles of the books. and which is inclosed in the high paling fence and all that is in the same to be at her disposal and hers

"The remainder of the Warren farm and the stock and the implements belonging thereto I give to my grandsons, Hobart Ward and Parker Manning, the only children of my daugh-ters Sarah and Margery, to be equally

divided between them. This was all the will said, and as it was known that the Warrens had bought paid for it, it was not thought there was | equal or greater value.

any more to dispose of. "Rather hard on Maggie," said the banker as he walked away from the old house. "Well, Haring is bound by no ing at him with surprise, his voice was promises, and therefore he is all

And Haring was all right. Of course the news of how Mistress Warren had disposed of her property was soon known and explained their value. many were the condolences sent out to Maggie from souls that had tested her kindness, and these seem to be with her and comfort her.

Paul Green called to see her that eve-It was a cool and roomy mansion, and | ning. He was free now, and his knowl- | the papers and send John for him." stood gleaming white and distant through edge made him the recipient of good bending orchard trees around. The old Wages, so that he had no fear for the Warren homestead was a pre-revolution- future. He spoke bravely and hopeful- Maggie, and who made himself useful A women can be very forbest. ry building, and its owners had ever by to her, and his manner showed very been noted for the persistence with plainly that she was the same to him Perkins arrived, and on being told of

large farm. At the time our story and stayed a little while, but he appearopens the Warren farm was the pride of ed ill at ease, and talked as though he

One grandchild, the daugter of her on- called again. Maggie had too much ly son, lived with her, and made the true womanliness to regret his absence. followed them to the library. old mansion full of light and music, for His last call, with its mournful and em-Maggie Warren was as sunny and beau- barrassed words, had left any thing but and drawers of the library revealed not Mistress Warren had been the moth- see the hopeful and smiling face of Paul and mortgages, bank bills, jewelry and er of two daughters, though where they Green when she answered a rap on the coin, and when it was all computed,

she never referred to them, no one al- He was a frequent caller after this, deed an heiress. Office Hours day and night; always ready when huded to them when she was near. She and when three months had elapsed uty calls. held undisputed sway over the estate, from the burial of her grandmother, asked what she intended to do.

of pointed attentions, and even when a Maggie, I am going to ask you to share "What?" said she, wonderingly, look-

ing at him. mind-reading, and her bright eyes seem | loved you a long time, but was not sit- | he went slowly out. to question the souls of all who came uated so that I could tell you this. her from making enemies, and so her good trade, and my income is large him speak. childhood flowed smoothly on, and enough to afford me a wife, so I ask you

Maggie's eyes grew moist as she listened to these words, playfully spoken, his office, Maggie said: "Now you can she sat silent, then she took his hand live content unless employed."

"I can only give you the answer you It had been a very quiet love-making, in Mr. Durham's bank, she gave it to

Having entered society, suitors began for they were people of strong feeling, to flock around her, and one by one but now that they belonged to each othwithdrew, as they saw she could give er, the fludgates of their hearts opened, and his wife from being useful. In them friendship only. Two alone remain- and a holy ecstacy filled them and made fact, it made them more so than before; possession of their property. They such.

Paul Green, son of old Peleg Green, months after Mrs. Warren had gone to sleep there was a quiet wedding in the Every body said that Haring was just | quaint parlor, and Paul Green clasped | the man for Maggie. He was stylish to his heart as sweet and true a wife as ting, though of like nature. He found college. He held a position in his fath- They did not go off on a wedding that each note became two, and to all er's bank, and had all the money and tour, as Haring Durham and his bride appearances were the same as when they

Paul was a ready worker, one who be- Green was working patiently and brave-

He was good-humored and fine look- but could be content with little. Pau

stay at home, and he worked some time | round sum to retire from business .- Ex. in his special sanctum and then came in-

"I would like to take a look into the ers work for the head and brewers for

large chambers." "We will go through the library iness for Mistress Warren, was asked first," and they passed into the large to bring a few witnesses and read the hall that ran through the main building. A few steps brought them to the library, a great, square room, with heavy cases of walnut. Maggie opend the broad windows, and the mellow light streamed ir, and lit up the backs of many volumes, some somber with ages of darkness, others bright with guild-

ing, and rich with color.
"A noble store," said Paul, who was a good student, as he ran his eyes along

Maggie was deep in the midst of a cabinet of curiosites, and walking on, pink where his is blue—the same color, house or on the ground mentioned; the Paul came to a large secretary. It was shut, but the key was in the lock, and turning this, he opened the long-closed writing desk. The drawers and compartments were full of papers; the largest drawer had a lock with a key in it, and he opened this, and took up a paper. As he ran his eyes hastily over it, he was surprised to find that it was a large share in a thriving manufacturing

He picked up another paper, and anall the land they could, and had always other, and found that they were all of

"Why, Maggie," he cried, "do you know what this desk contains?" "No, what is it?" she answered, look-

so excited. "What is it? Why, a fortune! See here," and as she came and stood beside him he showed her the papers and

"Whose are they?" she asked. "Yours, I think." "We had best send for Mr. Perkins

and ask him." "Yes, that will be best; I will replace John was Mistress Warren's old garin many ways. In a short time Mr. the discovery, rubbed his hands violently together, and nodded his head so fast that Maggie felt sure it would come off.

"Stocks, eh? I always thought it the district, and boasted that it could was performing a necessary, but disa- strange she should only leave Maggie greeable duty.

Many people had thought that now but I understand now. Whose are these called by the pople who served her, and he would immediately marry Maggie, stocks? Why, yours, and I am glad by the neighbors, Mistress Warren. and take her home, but Haring never you found them. Come, we had best see how much you are worth," and he

A complete examination of the desk a pleasant memory, and she was glad to only stocks of greet value, but bonds Maggie Green found that she was in-

Mr. Perkins was entrusted with the management of the stocks and papers. and soon was on his way back to the so that it was to one of the Warrren "I have hardly made a decision, but | village, for he said the transfer must be blood; and as Maggie was her only com- I shall keep the old place just as it was attended to, and the premiums collectpanion, and was watched by her with a given me. Dear, old grandma, people ed; and while the two young people love that sought to make life one long say she treated me wrong, but she did were planning what their new lives dream of joy, why, the supposition was not. John says the fruit and poultry I should be, Mr. Perkins, who had overthat she would be the next mistress of can raise here will bring me in nearly heared Mr. Durham's remark concernthe noble farm that ran over hill and | five hundred dollars a year clear of ex- | ing Haring's not being promised to Magdale, and circled the old homestead pense, and that is plenty to support gie, dropped into that gentleman's office, where father and son were seated,

"The lowest computation makes it as he arose to leave, "and when the premiums and interest are counted in, He smiled and went on, "Why, I wish why, it goes way beyond that. I al thing, and show did not dazzle her. to share your income. To put it more | ways thought Mistress Warren dabbled plainly, I love you, Maggie, and have in stocks, but she never told me," and

"Half a million!" said the elder Durnear her. Her sweet disposition kept Now, however, I am; I have learned a ham, when his astonishment would let

"And I only obtained one hundred to be this, for I have eyer held you dear- thousand with Miss Lannoy," said the younger, bitting his lip. And while Mr. Perkins was going to

but thrilling with a strength of love that | finish your models, and buy into the so they are clean and honest, I care not | made them eloquent. For a little time | shop, Paul, for I know you would not "You are right, Maggie," and so it was settled; and when Mr. Perkins that she could, conveyed to them the wish, for I love you, and always shall told Maggie that there were seventy thousand dollars subject to her check

Their money did not keep Paul Green

DANGEROUS INVENTIONS .- Many years ago, a gentleman in a subordinate department of the bank of Ireland discovered a device more useful than hair-splitout a way of splitting bank notes, so whereupon on his solemn promise of has lately made his appearance in Lonname, for seventeen or nineteen pounds;

Why do not printers succeed to the riages, one after another. same extent as brewers? Because print-

reading of the will delayed until her lors and garrets to rummage, and the Caution to Wives-Don't Send Your Husbands Shopping.

The man to be pittied about these in the proper preservation of leather, most was an enormous pigeon, the lar-days is the one whose wife is in the and the lack of knowledge of its regest of the pigeon tribe. This fellow, country and who gives him some samples of material to be "matched" while he is in town. He leaves the depart- practice of washing harness in warm from Java and some of the neighboring ment early so as to do his "shopping" and catch the train. The sun pouring of oil is applied immediately after wide-spreading crest on his head, which down on him makes him mad, and begins washing. No harness is ever so soiled gives him a very distinguished and imbestowing wicked adjectives on the innocent bit of "stuff," as he calls it. He goes in and out of stores in a frantic plied, it is important to apply a slight king of pigeons. manner, like an Ohioan looking for a vacant post-office; he sees everything All varnishes and blacking that contain attention, not on account of their beauty but what he wants-the same figure, only the properties of varnish should be but because of their oddity, are called only two shades different; he gets mad- tre and turns brown, as almost any strike you as a very strange one to give der, and his adjectives become more leather will do after long exposure to to a bird, but there is a reason for it. numerous and emphatic. He meets an old, dignified friend of the family, who asks him what he thinks of "Hayes' the grain surface thoroughly with pot- the woods strange noises which sounded Southern Policy;" whereupon he consigns the President, his policy and every one else to a place where thermometers are of no avail. He begins to go round the corner to see a man, -in fact, several men-and his "shopping" business ends in his going out in the late train in | plied to the leather than it will absorb, an enthused condition, and he throws in-

to Angelina's lap a bundle of something | ing too much oil. A superabundance ent rely different from what she wanted. She cries, calls him a brute and wishes she had never left her mother-a wish he decidedly joins her in, and meditates, with a gravity consequent on his condition, on the possibility of such an oinces of glue, pouling over it in a dom goes near the water. Therefore, event happening and things returning basin about a pint of vinegar, and let- of course, he cannot carry on his reguto the stata quo of a few years before.

of the baby puts an end to the question and he falls asleep. The next morning Angelina accompanies him to town; she has a triumphant in a cup with as much water as will again, he is peculiar because he acts gleam in her eye; he has a downcast, cover it. To mix the whole, turn the more like a cat than a bird in hunting pensive look. When he arrives he bor- softened glue into a saucepan over a for small game. He will sit and watch rows \$10 of a friend and gives it to the wife of his bossom "to buy something vinegar, stirring until perfectly dis-

A woman can be very forbearing if paid for it; so she kindly consents. Jones says he manages things differout to a nice little lunch and starts her Rural World. out on the "matching" business-meets her on the way to the train, treats her

ed-I work very hard to try and do so"

me."-Washington Capital. Ebersburg is doing a noble but unobtrusive work in London. "Some two fortunes have been made by makers of years ago," says Mr. Conway in a letter | fancy bitters! What quantities of these to the Cincinnati Commercial, "the are sold, but can any of them beat Countess lost her two babies, and she those made from our home products? may have heard under the name of the then consecrated her fortune and life to We challenge the competition. If peothe single work of saving the lives of ple object to the name of wine, call ours over half a million," he said, chuckling, children. As she began to examine the bitters, for it has the flavor of the bitsubject, she met with the statement that ter orange from which it is made. The in England 200,000 children die annu- late Mr. Hite, of Mellonville, manually under the age of five, of these three | factured an excellent article of the kind, per cent, die of preventable causes. She | but he could not find a capitalist who set herself to the task of going around would assist in pushing it. Here is an visiting the poor and conversing with opportunity for another "Ayer" or mothers. In the first place she institu- "Hostetter" to start on; very little capited weekly Mothers' Meetings, which tal required, but an enlarged mind to might be attended by those who were know how to advertise and push. able, at which she gave them instructions in economizing their poor means, and in the kinds of food most nourishing, and answered from the best authorities the mothers' questions as to treating their own and their children's ailments. The Countess next drew upon her means, and those of her friends, to provide Malted Food Extract and similar things for ailing children, and by spending about \$2,000 a year in this way saved many lives. No cry of mother or child has ever been unheeded. Gradually she has extended her plans to include a Children's Retreat in the country for babies whose lives depend on the change of air, and a day nursery, where women may leave their children in good care while they are at work. Her work is now arranged in districts amid the poorest parts of London, and she distributes some 9,000 pounds of baby food per annum. The crusade of this gentle Countess against Herod, though it has attracted no attention in royal circles here, seems to have been heard of elsewhere, and the Empress of Russia last year sent the Countess a donation for her work and a warm letter of sympathy. year done the same."

The Grand Duchess of Baden has this Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffa trade in the large machine shop that | Some months went by, Haring Dur- never revealing the secret, they made him ordshire," mentions old Mary Cooper, had grown to be the great enterprise of ham had brought his bride home, and Governor of the bank. Another gentle- of King's Bromley, who lived to see the it ruins the stone. Glycerine is much settled into a partner in the bank. Paul man, but who, unhappily, is a rogue, sixth generation, and could have said; better, does not dry on the stone, and is "Rise up, daughter, and go to thy easily washed off when dirty. Use soap stowed both labor and study on his toil, and left no effort to advance untried. Singing through the whole house.

It is up, daughter, and go to the da He was advancing, for an earnest spir-it always will do this, and month by in the house that were seldom entered. Space according to his aspirations. His ment made by Zuingerus, to the effect with, and if treated in this way it can month showed that he would leave his There was no need for them, as Paul modus operandi is the following: He that a noble matron of the family of Dol. be kept bright for a long time with the and Maggie were not important bodies, procures a real check, drawn by a good burus, in the Archbishopric of Mentz, grit unimpaired. ing. Both Haring Durham and he had had made a work shop of the long wood- the word "pounds" is obliterated so com- "Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her been schoolmates of Maggie's when they were great boys, and she a toddling little thing. They had been friends then, here worked on some models he was microscope, and the words "hundred speaks of an ancient lady whom he vis- than vegetables, can thrive in the dark. and were so now, though they knew that they were rivals.

"There is no use in your hanging round Magie Warren," his fellow work
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"The is no use in your hanging round Magie Warren," his fellow signature, are quite correct. This in- Harriet Beard), who had a daughter scarcely shines at all for five or six contemptuous smile, "How do you One bright October day the machine shop was forced to rest that the engine might be repaired, and so Paul could who invented it could get a good fart constant of the original scarcely shines at all lot live of six months will come out in the Spring in a daughter (Countess Dowager of Powis), who had an in-bad state of health, even though the fixed his beaming eyes on the scoffer who invented it could get a good fart constant. But Paul would only laugh, and in the evening seek the Warren homestead might be repaired, and so Paul could get a good fant son. Horace Walpole saw all the feed, and the ventilation, and the temeight generations at different periods of his life. The secret here was early armises over after the was early armises over after the secret here was early armises over after the secret here.

"Word'yer keep on a hittin' the poor yer mother ain't'ere."-London Fan. | telleth thy "devil" to call again.

Care of Harness.

Few farmers realize the care needed dirt, yet, even when the sponge is apcoat of oil by the use of a second sponge. avoided. When a harness loses its lus- "laughing-jackasses." The name may the air, the harness should be given a In Australia, where these birds come new coat of grain black; first washing from, the early settlers used to hear in ash water, to kill the grease, and after as if they were made by a jackass who the grain black, applying oil and tallow had heard a good joke, and was laugh-

as many harnesses are injured by applyso applied works out to the surface in hot weather, absorbing dust and dirt laugh.
and soon looking very slovenly. There

An excellent harness polish may be The waking and consequent howling two ounces of gum in another vessel regular business, if his name is correct, and pour in half a pint of black ink. letting it stand until it is perfectly dissolved. Melt two drachms of isinglass fry as may be found on shore. Then, solved, being careful not to let it burn out, he will pounce upon it as quickly at the bottom nor reach the boiling as any puss you ever saw. It may be point. Next add the gum, and, after arriving at about the same heat, add ently, and for the benefit of and a warn- the isinglass; then pour it on for use. ing to the wives in the country, I will Apply a thin coat, sufficiently heated

again, buys an orange for his wife, re- dians propose to market their wild orceives her thanks and delighted praises anges in the shape of bitters and think turned their heads, at the same mofor the highly successful manner he ex- the trade will grow so that they will ecuted her commission with a meek, have to plant Sevilles. We read in the so quickly, and in such perfect order, pensive air, as one who would say, Agriculturist: Who is the man who Well, my dear, I am glad you are pleas- will make a fortune by taking up the orange wine business? The process is -smiles grimly behind his paper when easy and the ingredients are simple, he hears her telling that spiteful Mr. nothing but orange juice and sugar. Smith how devoted her George is to her We had occasion a short time back to ants, gorgeous chattering parrots, pret-"the poor dear fellow has a headache | mention some wine made by Mr. Preiss. running around in the neat just to oblige He has shown that a wine, and a good wine, can be made from these simple ingredients. It is a healthy wine, no A NOBLE WOMAN.—The Countess spirits in it, just the thing to meet the with beautiful scarlet and black plumwants of the temperance people. What fortunes have been made by makers of India, and talk as well as, or even bet-

FARMERS SHOULD KEEP A SLATE .--Where farmers keep hired men, and stormy days abound, they are frequently at a loss to know how to put them to work profitably. It is a good plan to have a slate at the tool-house, or barn or work shop, and to note down during pleasant weather what work can be done in rainy weather. There are scores of Lttle jobs that suggest themselves which ought to be done, and can be done, in rainy weather as well as in fair weather. Such a slate would have upon it something like the following: "Clean out the cellar; oil the harness; mend harness; grease all the wagons; repair the horse stalls; file the saws: grind the tools; assort the apples; make kindling wood; repair the implements; paint the implements; shell corn." A hundred other like jobs could be suggested. Have it understood that when a rainy day comes, whether you are at home or not, the slate is to be referred to, and the work done as there suggested .-Prairie Farmer.

GLYCERINE FOR OIL STONES. -Almost every one has more or less use for an oil stone, but in these days a good oil SEEING SIX GENERATIONS .- Doctor is hard to obtain, and kerosene is often used instead. This is a bad plan, for although it makes the steel "take hold"

This matter of windows in stables is ing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer

"BETTER is the poor man that walketh | print of his feet in the sand? Even so" library, Maggie," he said, "we have the stomach; and where twenty men old donkey like that fur, father?" "Cos in integrity," and payeth his subscrip- - and he pointed to the sun, whose last have stomach, but one has brains.— yer mother ain't 'ere, my lad. Cos fion, than the rich man who continually rays were flashing over the lonely des-

Some Queer Birds. Among the birds which interested me quirements, causes the loss of many who is about as big as a small turkey, dollars to the owners of horses. The is called the crowned-pigeon, and comes water is very damaging, unless a coat islands. He is a splendid bird, with a that a damp sponge will not remove the posing air. If size and appearance count for anything, this should be the

Some other birds which attracted my to the surface. This will fasten the ing heartily at it. The people could color and make the leather flexible. Neat's foot oil only should be used on jackass could hear enough jokes to keep harnesses, and no more should be ap- him laughing such a time, and so they searched for the merry individuals and found that they were these birds, who would sit on a tree and at regular inter-

vals burst into this braying kind of There are several peculiarities about the laughing-jackass. In the first place made by breaking in small pieces four he is really a king-fisher, though he selting it stand until it becomes soft. Take | lar business,-or what ought to be his -and so he contents himself with catching lizards and mice, and such small

tinually sees for himself what an utterly absurd kind of bird he is. On a long perch, in a very wide cage, give his method: When his wife gives to be fluid, with a piece of dry sponge, sat a long row of dear little birds of difhim a lot of "worsted flannel, calico and and if the article is dried quickly, either ferent colors and sizes, but all very jimeracks to match," he goes to the de- in the sun or by the fire, it will have a small. These were African finches, partment and selects the prettiest wo-man he knows in his division, takes her better polish. This answers equally well for boots and shoes.—Coleman's there perfectly quiet until some one came to one end of the cage. Then every one of these little birds turned Use for Bitter Oranges .- The Flori- its head to see who it was. When the person went to the other end, they all ment, in that direction. They moved

that he laughs so much because he con-

that you might have thought they had been drilled by a military officer. As I had not time to look at all the birds, I passed around among the longlegged herons, bright colored pheasty little paroquets, finches of all kinds, -black, white, red, green and purple, -grossbeaks (which are finches with broad, thick beaks, and some of them ter than, the most conversational parrots; and the weaver bird, of which you sociable grossbeak, and which seems to be a very good sort of bird, although nothing like so much of a curiosity as

its nest must be. There were also some toucans, about as big as crows, with enormous bills as large as the claws of lobsters, and of very much the same shape. Some of these great bills, half as big as the bird, were red, and others were dark colored. Some of the cockatoos were of a beautiful rosy color, and one kind, from Australia, looked exactly as if it had been rosy once, but had been washed and had faded .- From "A V.llage of Wild Beasts," by Frank R. Stockton, St. Nicho-

las for August. LITLLE THINGS.—Life is a collection of little things. Happiness is not a huge package of merchandise that can be purchased in bulk at wholesale; it is rather a mosaic formed of little gems, each insignificant by itself alone, but grouped, combined, it becomes attractive and satisfying. A pleasant smile, a kindly greeting, a considerate deed, an unselfish act, all trifles in themselves yet aggregate a sum of human happiness and tranquility that a united family circle would not exchange for a millionaire's wealth or princes' honors where the warm heart and gentle hand

is absent. Little habits creep up apace until from an occasional indulgence they grow up to a ruling power; little expenses, scarcely noticed in the first instance soon consume an alarming total; little matters unnoticed, disregarded and uncared for, finally confront us with impassable berriers of accumulated and neglected duties and responsibilities. In these latter days of enforced economy, when so many of the brightest visions have faded away into grim realities, it behoves us to award to little things the earnest attention which their importance demands, remembering always that real happiness is the aggregate of many little things.

THE ARAB'S PROOF .- A Frenchman who had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crosskneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the ert-"that footprint is not of a man."