

BOB WHITE'S MESSAGE.

A meadow wind, and a bar of song—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"
The morn has tangled the breezy call
In the dozing figure of her vapor-shawl,
And tassel'd corn-tips wave it along—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"

Blowing white clover is in the sound—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"
Scatch of wild locust in dim wood-ways,
Hint of the earliest haying days
When honey-bobs grow ruddy and
sound—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"

Ye June apples are turning ripe—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"
There's a stile half-lost in a rose-vine's
hold,
And a moss-lipped spring that is deep and
cold,
You know it all when you hear the
pipe—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"

A missed refrain in the autumn chill—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"
But dreams will lurk in the frosty tell,
And echoes ring like a silver bell,
When Winter tiptoes over the hill—
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"
—Youth's Companion.

TED'S ROSE.

It was Ted's birthday; he was dressed in his best for the afternoon's outing in the park, and he was very particular not to soil his new shoes at the crossing, so he kept looking for dry spots, until some one called to him:

"Hello, Ted!" said a friendly voice from the florist's window. "You look very fine this morning."

"It's my birthday, and I'm seven years old to-day," Ted answered proudly.

"Well, you're quite a man, sure enough," Mr. Burke laughed. "What a moment! Ted, I have just the thing for you. I came out presently with the long-stemmed yellow tea-rose, their cups of gold fairly brimming with delicious fragrance."

"Been training them for this very occasion," he explained cheerily, "and they opened just in time. They'll keep a long while if you're real careful."

Ted was inordinately fond of flowers—yellow tea-roses by preference—he had them on birthdays, holidays, and as often between times as his mamma could afford; but there had been no roses of late; things had gone woefully wrong at the office, and Ted had to be content with looking at the plants in the florist's windows. He thanked Mr. Burke, and walked away with the roses held protectively out of range of hurrying passers-by; and it was hard to say which was the lovelier, the roses or the cherub face above them.

The crowd blocked his progress at the street corner, and while he waited he heard a man say, in a low, distinct voice:

"Yonder's that miser, Northcutt, the poorest man in New York."

"And the most unhappy," said his companion.

Ted had the curiosity to run ahead to look at the most unhappy man in New York. He was very tall and thin and sick-looking. Ted wondered how he came to be so well dressed, for even to his unpracticed eye he presented a good appearance. Somebody must have given him his old clothes, of course, just as papa always gave his clothes to poor people. Ted watched him with sympathetic interest, and even followed him to the door of a nearby restaurant, where he took a seat at a side table, and Ted could see his face very plainly. Yes, he certainly did look very unhappy, and no one seemed to care about him in the least; he would just slip in and give him a rose—that would please him.

Ted picked out the largest and handsomest rose and carried it carefully up the laid-in aisle between the tables and fastidiously on the table before the poorest, unhealthiest man in New York. He started, turned round, and eyed the little donor sharply.

"Hello, who are you?" he asked very brusquely.

"I'm Ted Winterburn," came the surprised answer.

The old man's lips moved and he seemed about to ask another question. He knew Ted's father very well indeed, he had him in a "corner," where he intended to keep him till his last dollar was gone. The thought of that slump gave him a great deal of satisfaction when he remembered certain affairs of the past in which Winterburn had defeated his interests.

"Hum," he muttered. "Roses in midwinter! Such extravagance! He deserves his bad luck. I don't think you'd better give these away," he said aloud; "they don't belong to you."

"Why, yes, they do!" Ted answered indignantly. "Mr. Burke gave them to me for my birthday."

"Oh, he did? Well, that's different." He took the long-stemmed rose in his thin hand and sniffed at it gingerly. "Much obliged, I'm sure," he said, on second thought.

Ted looked over the meager fare pityingly. If there was anything in the world he disliked it was cambré and dry toast, such as he saw lying on the poor man's plate. He could not know that his friend's jaded appetite refused to take anything but the merest necessities. He slipped the cambré in silence until the waiter brought a glass of milk on a silver salver.

"Take it," said the man authoritatively, and Ted found that he was really very thirsty.

"Now," said the poor man, when Ted set down the empty glass, "I'd like to know why you gave me that rose."

"Because I feel sorry for you," came the simple and truthful answer.

"Sorry? And why?" he demanded.

"Because you're the very poorest and saddest man in New York."

"The poorest man in New York?" he asked, grimly. "Who told you that?"

"I don't know his name. I was a beggar on the street, and he told another man that."

"Oh!" with a queer, mirthless smile. "And you feel sorry for a poor, friendless stranger?"

"Yes, I do," said Ted, very gravely and sweetly.

There was a little embarrassed pause, springing from the keen, hollow eyes which looked into Ted's beautiful face as though searching for something, which

they must have found presently, for the dark, old face relaxed into a smile, which utterly contradicted the hard, cruel lines about the thin lips.

"I thank you very much for the rose, my little friend," he said, "but most of all for the sweet thought that prompted your kindness. It's many a long day since I've had such a precious gift," he added, with a queer blink in his voice.

He took from his pocket a memorandum and scribbled a few words across the face of a printed note.

"Ask your father to read that to you as soon as you come home," he said. "Don't lose it; it's your birthday present from the poorest man in New York."

It was lunch time when Ted reached home. Papa sat at the table stirring the tea, and looking over a long row of figures in the latest paper.

"Gerry, do try to eat something," said mamma, anxiously, from her place at the head of the table.

Ted went over and laid the crumpled paper beside his plate, and his father leaned over and glanced at it unseeingly; but its contents caught and riveted his instant attention.

"To Gerald W. Winterburn, to hold in trust for his son Ted, 75 shares of the Union Traction stock, being the full value of the original cash deposit of said Gerald W. Winterburn in the company's securities."

"Signed: ALEX. NORTHCUIT, President Union Traction Co."

He read it over twice and three times in speechless wonder; then mamma took alarm at his changed, bewildered looks, and rose and looked over his shoulder at the bit of paper in his trembling hand.

"Alex. Northcutt! Gerry, what can it mean?" she asked, in breathless amazement.

"It means that a miracle has happened, and he has saved me from utter ruin at the eleventh hour. Alex. Northcutt, whom men call skin-flint and miser! What can have moved him to such a wonderful deed?"

"Which was the rose," said Ted, confidently. "Which was really not all; but the parents guessed the rest—larger Monthly.

THE FREIGHT BUSINESS.

It is Not the Haphazard Thing Many Suppose.

Most people have an idea that freight is the last thing that railroads look after. Many profess to believe that a piece of freight once started on its journey is allowed to start along at its own sweet will and pleasure, stopping where it wishes and staying as long as it likes, and only bringing up at its destination when there is nowhere else to go.

When you have waited day after day for that plan which was shipped a month ago you are ready to adopt that opinion. But don't be in a hurry. When that piano box shows up in Poughkeepsie at the time it should be in Portland the Poughkeepsie agent does not uncase the instrument and give a series of box car recitals for the next two months. You may think he does, but he doesn't. Not a bit of it! There is no welcome anywhere for the wandering Willies of freightdom. No agent wishes to be caught with missing freight piled up in his yard or house. The truth of the matter is the railroads are continually punching it to move on.

It is an interesting study to see how the railroads handle their immense freight business. To the outsider a freight office seems like confusion worse confounded, but to the men who have been trained to the work it is all as simple as a problem in short division. No matter how far from home a car is it is always in touch with the home office. If the car has had bad luck and one of its trucks is sprained the home office knows about it and sends an order to have it placed in the nearest car hospital and doctored up to working condition. The office knows just what the car is earning, and if it thinks its traveling expenses are getting too big it shifts its route or calls it home. It is only once in a while that a car gets away from the home office altogether, and when one does there is no sleep for any one till the runaway is found and started in the right direction.

After you have listened to a freight agent's description of the elaborate plans to look after freight, you will marvel that a single package ever goes astray.

But—the man who is waiting for that piano knows that it does.—Lewiston Journal.

BESIEGED TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

Candia, Held Out for That Length of Time Against the Turks.

One of the longest sieges in history was that of Candia (Crete). It lasted twenty-four years, and was begun by the Turks in June, 1645, when they landed a large army, variously estimated at from 74,000 to 150,000 men. On Sept. 3, 1669, the town capitulated, after a siege which is estimated to have cost the lives of 40,000 Christians and nearly 120,000 Turks.

Constantinople was besieged by either Persians or Turks from A. D. 626 to 675. From 968 to 975 the Turks repeated the attack yearly.

The siege of Gibraltar, attacked by land and sea, lasted four years, from 1779-1783.

During the thirty years' war Olmutz was besieged from 1642-1648, and was still held by the Turks repeated the attack yearly.

The siege of Lucknow furnishes the most famous example of a British garrison holding out against fearful odds. For eighty-seven days the slender garrison held out until relief came. This is now eclipsed by Ladysmith.

Herat, in Afghanistan, is one of the most frequently besieged cities, having been besieged fifty times. Constantly it has suffered from twenty-six sieges, and Paris from eleven.—Stray Stories.

Cruel.

Mrs. Mouse—Oh, dear! I've had such a start!

Mr. Mouse—What's the matter?

Mrs. Mouse—I met a great big horrid creature upstairs that jumped on a chair, and waved her clothes at me, and screamed so it frightened me almost to death.—New York Press.

When a man gets too lazy to ask there is no earthly hope for him.

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES
ITALY
RUSSIA-POLAND
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
GERMANY
DENMARK
SWEDEN-NORWAY
UNITED KINGDOM

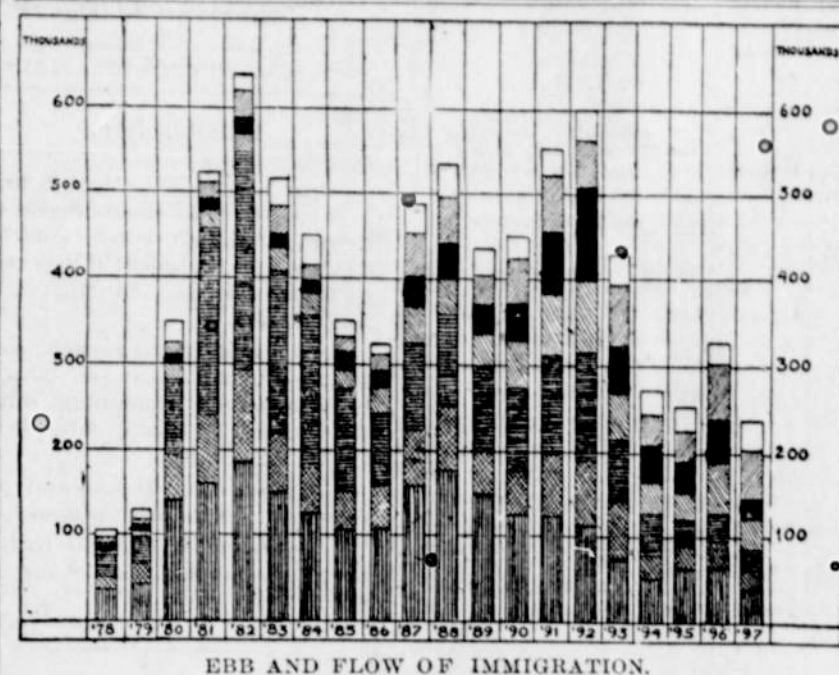
TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

Its Ebbs and Flows Have Left Nearly 20,000,000 Foreigners on Our Shores.

NOT only does immigration into the United States exceed that into any other country in the world, but it is of a character which interest and well worth the study of the historian and political economist. In ancient times whole nations emigrated and sought new homes, driven from their former ones by oppression and force, or lured from them by the attractions of more fertile fields and more

this diversity has always been the dominant note of New York. No sooner has one set of varying elements been fused together than another stream has been poured into the crucible.

A glance at the chart published here will show how immigration ebbs and flows from time to time. The commissioner, in his report, says: "The figures in the table of annual arrivals indicate that immigration, like ocean tides, recedes for a while, then rises



genial climates of other regions. One of the greatest of these early migrations was the passage of 2,500,000 Israelites out of Egypt into Palestine. But, as is pointed out in the report of the State Board of Labor Statistics, "not since the confusion of tongues at Babel, which led to the scattering of the people abroad upon the face of the earth, has there been anything of such a cosmopolitan nature as that which forms the phenomenal immigration to the American States."

From the treaty of peace with England in 1783 to June 30, 1898, according to a careful calculation of the figures of accepted authorities, there arrived in the States 19,008,556 immigrants, drawn from every nation under the sun. Statistics of immigration were not kept until 1819, "but it is conceded by statistical experts that the number of immigrants arriving in the twenty-six years preceding was 250,000, exclusive of negroes." In the early periods of immigration a whole year did not bring to these shores as many immigrants as land now at the port of New York in a single week. In 1718 the landing at Boston of five vessels, having on board 750 Irish immigrants, and

again, aside from the civil war period and that part of the present decade ending June 30, 1898, the incoming wave of each decennial term rose higher than the one immediately preceding it."

Germany has furnished the largest number of immigrants to the United States. Next in order are Ireland, England and Wales, Norway and Swe-

den. The immigration of English and Welsh rose steadily until 1871, when for ten years there was a falling off. In the succeeding ten years, however, English and Welsh immigrants increased rapidly, outnumbering the Irish, and being second only to the Germans. In the last seven years they again have fallen below the Irish in numbers. Italian immigration was small up to 1870, but since then it has rapidly been increasing, and in the last seven years nearly 1,000,000 Italians have arrived here. Prior to 1871 immigration from Russia and Poland was small, but since then it has been increasing fast, and since 1890 over 417,000 immigrants from these countries have arrived. The immigrants arriving in the United States in the four years ending June 30, 1898, brought to this country in cash the sum of \$16,437,429.

Another Ideal Shattered.

She was a kindly faced woman, and it was easy to see that she was bubbling over with love for the little folk. She walked modestly into the office of the city editor and inquired:

"Will you please tell me which one of the stuff it is writes all those pretty little stories about children? I know he must love the little folks, because he writes such nice stories about them. I want to tell him a precious little story about my darling boy, who is only—"

"That's the man over there," interrupted the city editor.

"Which one, pray?"

"That one with the corn-cob pipe in his mouth and swearing at the office boy."—Omaha World-Herald.

He Lost His Job.

An exchange tells the story of an old colored man who asked a white man if he could give him work. The white

In 1729 the arrival at Philadelphia in one week of several small ships containing passengers from Ireland excited much comment; while even toward the close of that century the entry into New York harbor in one day of two vessels laden with Germans created a

del. British America, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Poland, France, Scotland, China, Switzerland, Denmark, the Netherlands, the West Indies, Spain and Portugal, Belgium, Asia, exclusive of China; islands of the Atlantic, Mexico, islands of the Pacific,

sensation. During the era of Dutch rule in New Netherlands a couple of ships annually conveyed all the reinforcements to the colony, and in that whole time the immigration consisted of only a few thousand.

From the time when the tide of immigration really began to set toward these shores until now, New York has been the great receiving and distributing point for the seekers of new homes. Of the entire number of immigrants who arrived in the United States from Oct. 1, 1819, to June 30, 1898, nearly 60 per cent. debarked at the port of New York. This has had much to do with keeping New York a cosmopolitan community. Governor Roosevelt, in writing of New York in 1775, says: "New York's population was composed of various races, differing widely in blood, religion and conditions of life. In fact,

South America, Central America and Africa.

In the first decade the arrivals from Germany numbered only 6,761. Subsequently there was a rapid increase from that country, reaching a maximum from 1881 to 1890. There was a decided decrease in the two succeeding decades, but between 1881 and 1890 the figures rose to more than double the number from any other country, and dropped considerably in the present decade.

From 1820 to 1850, 57 per cent. of immigration was from the United Kingdom, and a large majority of the immigrants were Irish. Irish immigration increased rapidly until 1860, and then decreased until 1870. Then for ten years it slowly increased again, and between 1881 and 1890 showed a marked increase. Since 1890 Irish immigration

man asked the negro if he had a boat. When the negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white man said:

"Well, you see all that driftwood floating down the river?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the white man, "you row out in the river and catch that driftwood, and I'll give you half you get."

The colored man worked hard for a while, when all of a sudden he stopped and pulled for the shore.

On being asked the reason for his return, he replied: "Dat wood is jest as much mine as 't is his. I ain't gwine to give him any, and so I'm out of work agin."

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NORWAY.

In One District Consumption Has Increased Alarmingly.

In writing of the terrible scourge of consumption in Norway, United States Consul Victor E. Nelson, located at Bergen, says: In November of last year Dr. Claus Hansen, of Bergen, delivered a lecture before the Storting, at Christiania, on the causes of tuberculosis and the fight against it. He stated that during the 30 years of his own experience consumption had increased in the Bergen district 80 per cent. In the year 1868, 54.5 per cent. of all deaths between 15 and 30 years of age were caused by tuberculosis, and statistics show that about 7,000 of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of this disease. In England, he continued, they have succeeded during the last 50 years in reducing one-half the number of tuberculosis cases, and physicians attribute this to the increasing cleanliness in English home life and the erection of consumptive hospitals. The foremost endeavors in fighting tuberculosis should be to agitate for greater cleanliness in general; particularly should efforts be directed against the habit of expectorating.

Statistics of consumptive sanitariums in Germany show that 66 1-3 per cent. of the inmates were able to work the first year after the cure, 60 per cent. after two years, 45 per cent. after three and 35 per cent. after four years. On an average, it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the patients in sanitariums have their ability to work lengthened by one year. The advantages of public sanitariums for consumptives are

From the wooden box, the pins go to the "whitening" room where they are cleaned in revolving barrels filled with sawdust and receive a quick coating in oil vats. Then they are dried in the sawdust barrels and are run through a "sorting" machine. It is possible to get the better of this machine.

The big department store and wholesale dealers by their use of the pins, a case contains 100 dozen pins, 20 pins in each paper. A single order for the largest stores usually calls for 100 cases, or nearly 50,000,000 pins.—New York Herald.

THE TRANSPORTATION AGENT.

so great that the German invalid insurance companies crowd these institutions simply for reasons of economy.

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MANY MILLION PINS.

GREAT NUMBER USED IN AMERICA EVERY DAY.

Daily Demand Is Almost Fabulous—Complex Processes Through Which the Simple Little Implement Passes in the Course of Manufacture.

It requires an average of more than twenty million pins per day to sustain the falling skirts, replace the missing suspender buttons and meet the other needs of the American people. What becomes of all these pins is a question that nobody has been able to answer, but there is no falling off in the demand, so that this number must disappear in some manner every day.

It is hard to imagine anything simpler than a pin, and it is a striking proof of the complications of our modern industrial system that every pin in the course of its manufacture passes through a dozen separate processes, involving the greatest skill, the part of the operatives employed and the action of a great amount of automatic machinery.

The pin makes its appearance at the factory in the form of barrels of coiled brass wire. The first process is that of straightening this wire. The coils are placed on revolving racks, and fed from these into little machines, from the vise-like grip of which they emerge perfectly straight. Thence the wire is fed into a pin-making machine, which is almost as complicated as a printing press. A sharp knife cuts the wire off into uniform lengths of the desired size. As each little length of wire drops from the kulle it falls upon a small wheel, the edge of which is notched into grooves just large enough to hold the bits of wire.

Each piece is carried along by the wheel until an iron finger and thumb seize and hold it firmly, while an automatic hammer, by a single smart blow, puts a head on one end. Then the wire plus fall upon another grooved wheel, which revolves horizontally. As they move on in the clasp of this second wheel the projecting ends pass over a number of circular steel files, which neatly grind them to a point. Then they encounter a punice stone, which smooths off the filed end, and then they drop into a wooden tray, where they are ready for the "finishing" machine. It is here that the pin makes its final appearance. The cutting, heading, pointing and smoothing have all been done by the wonderful automatic machinery.

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WORST PARASITES.

Upon the Baggage Trains Are Aided by the aristocracy of China are the most useless human beings in the world. It is no uncommon thing for the ancestors of some man who has done service to the state to be ennobled backward for several generations, and no aristocracy can be more useless than one which consists largely of those who are deceased. Among more advanced nations the aristocracy of Spain is probably the most useless. The strain of Moorish blood running in many of the oldest families in that peninsula appears to conduce toward an indolent pride, which prevents their members from taking part in any professions, but those of the army and navy now open to them to a limited extent. The constitution of 1876, by making the Upper House of the Cortes, or parliament, consist wholly of life members, and those mainly elective, deprived many aristocrats of the opportunity of usefulness as politicians, while the backwardness of agriculture and the poverty of much of the land are excuses given by others for not employing themselves upon their own estates. The Spanish noble, moreover, generally prefers foreign health or pleasure resorts to his own country.

An American who has spent more of his life in Spain than in his own country recounts a conversation he had with one of Spain's greatest living statesmen about the Spaniard's national dream.

"Senor," said the Spanish grandee, "we do not want to shine as a commercial nation. We do not like work. We have in the past filled the proud position of the greatest empire. It was very fatiguing. At the present day Spain has got back to her senses. We teach our youths to be refined—to be gentlemen."

ELOPEMENTS RARE IN FRANCE.

Parental Consent Required—Matter What the Age of Parties.

Eloping is a very infrequent occurrence in France, a fact that is due in large measure to the peculiarity of the French law pertaining to marriages. Not only must the contracting parties—no to any age—have the written consent of their parents, but also in case of the death of their parents they must obtain the consent of their grandparents. Here is a case instanced by a correspondent whose friend Suzanne B. was engaged to Henri B. Both were orphans, yet it was several months before the ceremony could be performed because of the number of papers and certificates which were necessary for the celebration of their nuptials. No less than fourteen certificates were absolutely indispensable, and Suzanne, as well as her fiancé, was obliged to show in default of their parents' presence or written consent: First, her father's death certificate; second, her mother's death certificate; third, her father's father's death certificate; fourth, her father's mother's death certificate; fifth, her mother's father's death certificate; sixth, her mother's mother's death certificate; seventh, her own birth certificate. Serv-

After a long struggle I stood myself free from the hay, and stood in the midst of the wreck.

I was afterward ascertained how narrowly I had escaped being crushed to death by the falling timbers. Had I been standing at the moment I must have been killed. The space wherein I had knelt was about a yard square, and the only place where I could have escaped instant death.

Much was made of my remarkable escape, which I have always regarded as a direct interposition of Providence, and in consequence I have devoted my life to the Master's service.

Big Apple Tree.

A few years ago there was on a farm near Stuart, Va., an apple tree which produced at one bearing 130 bushels. It shaded at meridian ninety feet of ground in diameter.

There is but one thing that women are more apt to discover than the faults of men—and that is the faults of other women.

The most of our troubles are two-thirds anticipation and one-third realization.

eral months elapsed before all these papers could be got together.

When at last all was ready Suzanne B. appeared at the mairie and inquired when she might be married. "Have you the consent of your counsel de famille?" "I have," she replied. "But I have no counsel de famille." "Well, then, get one as soon as possible," was the reply. And poor Suzanne was forced to write to all her relatives in all corners of France—many of whom she had never seen—and ask them to come up to Paris to form a conseil de famille. After much expense, worry and trouble, not to speak of lawyers' fees, etc., the various members of the conseil de famille were at last collected together to give their consent to the marriage of Suzanne and Henri.



Science AND Invention

The French peasants who live near the sewage farms have entered a protest because of the contamination of their wells.

The population of the earth as estimated by Ernest George Ravenstein some few years ago for the Royal Geographical Society was 1,487,000,000.

The velocity of light is 192,000 miles in a second of time. From the sun light comes to the earth in eight minutes. From some of the fixed stars of the twelfth magnitude it takes four thousand years for the light to reach us.

In the London Hospital for Consumption the basis of treatment is rest in the open air, graduated exercise and good food. No window in the open ward is ever closed, and during the cold weather the consumptive patients are kept warm with extra clothing and artificial heat. It is encouraging to note that practically all the early cures and 70 per cent. of all cases improve considerably under the open-air system.

Last summer a Norwegian mariner, Captain Grounahl, succeeding in transporting two young musk-oxen alive from northeastern Greenland to Tromsø. These are said to be the first living specimens of their species ever brought to Europe. It is reported that they are doing well amid their new surroundings. The musk-ox, next to the white bear, is the largest land animal inhabiting the Arctic region. It attains a height of nearly, or quite, four feet, and is clothed by nature to endure extreme cold. During the Arctic summer musk-oxen become very fat from feeding upon the lichens which grow in every sheltered spot, but in winter their long fasts make them gaunt and thin.

Morris Gibbs describes what probably thousands of our readers have observed—the very curious hovering, or "loitering," habit of a species of two-winged flies, which assemble in groups of from 20 to 100 or more, in some spot sheltered from the wind, and indulge in a fantastic dance for hours at a time. The motions consist of alternate rising and falling in periods of a few seconds, and over a distance varying from one to four feet. The insects seem to become so interested in their sport, if sport it is, that they cannot be driven away from one another, but immediately reform their companies when disturbed. Many species of insects have the habit of hovering in the air, some parties only and some singly.

Recent experiments at Sheffield, England, suggest the possibility that in the twentieth century shields may once more form an important part of the equipment of an army. Steel shields, three millimetres in thickness and about 150 square inches in area, have been devised, which afford complete protection against bullets fired from the service rifle at a range of 400 yards. The small size of the shield, which weighs only seven pounds, requires that the soldier should lie prone on the ground in order to be sheltered. Each shield has a loophole for the rifle, and studs at the side so that a series of them can be linked into a continuous screen. The idea is that by the use of such shields the necessity of soldiers' lives may be saved.

A Paralytic's Memories.

"Manitoba Memories" by George Young relates an experience of his boyhood which, he says, formed the turning-point in his career, and led him eventually to choose the life of a missionary in the north land.

Early one stormy morning when I was a boy, my father, I remember, was out in the yard, and I was in the building and crashed it like a bomb. Hearing the crash of the falling and breaking timbers I fell off the roof, and began to pray.

In a moment, as it seemed, the storm passed and stillness prevailed. I was completely encompassed by the broken timbers and the mow of hay and grass which had been stored in the upper part of the barn. I was in utter darkness, too, and at first completely dazed. Finding myself unharmed, however, I recovered my senses and began to dig into the hay to escape.

After a long struggle I stood myself free from the hay, and stood in the midst of the wreck.

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A few years ago there was on a farm near Stuart, Va., an apple tree which produced at one bearing 130 bushels. It shaded at meridian ninety feet of ground in diameter.

There is but one thing that women are more apt to discover than the faults of men—and that is the faults of other women.

The most of our troubles are two-thirds anticipation and one-third realization.