A Unit.

When I was camping on the Volga's banks,
The trader Zanthou with a leash of mares
Went by my tent. I knew the wily Jew,
And he knew me. He muttered as he passed,
"The lost Bathony, and his tusks are grown."
A broken 'scutcheon is a 'scutcheon still,
And Amine's token in my caftan lies—
Amine, who weeps and waits for his return."
He caught my eye, and slipped inside the tent.
"Haw, Zanthou, up from Poland, at your tricks!
How veer the bears on old Bathony's towers?—
True to the winds that blow on Poland's plains?"
"They bite the dust, my lord, as beast to beast.
When Poles conspire, conspiracy alone
Survives, to hover in the murky air.
My lord, Bathony's gates are left ajar
For you to enter, or—remain outside;
The forest holds the secret you surprised,
And men are there, to dare as they have dared."
"Haw, Zanthou, tell me of the palatine.
The sir of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man else where; the trumpets' squeal
I follow and the thud of drums. You spoke
As if I were of princely birth; hark ye,
Sarmation is the name I listen to."
"The cranes that plunder in your fens, my Lord,
The doves that nest within your woods, I saw
Fly round the gaping walls, and plume their wings
Upon your father's grave. Do you know this?"
"A token, Zanthou? so—a withered flower!
You think I wore one in my sword-hilt once?
Methinks there is no perfume in this flower.
Water, wind, I fling it on the Volga's tide.
The chief, my father, sent me with a curse
To travel in the steppes, and so I do.
The czar of Russia makes a man forget
He was a man elsewhere, for love, or hope,
And as he marches, he comes but this.
Haw, Zanthou, would you learn the reason why?
Search on the Caucasus, the northern seas,
Look to the sky, or over earth, then ask.
The answer everywhere will be, "The Tzar!"
—Elizabeth Stoddard.

PERLEY'S PRETTY SISTER.

It was a dull, rainy day towards the end of September—one of those days when earth and sky are grey and dreary, and the rain drops pattering against the window sounded like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, and I was sitting in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of dull, grey wall that formed my only prospect from the not over clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers.

I was musing about Kitty Elton and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her. Dear little Kittie! she was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be; but I knew it was a hard life for her in that over-crowded milliner's work-room, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 50, with a dimple in her chin, and the sweetest roses on her cheek. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent, little man, with square stern mouth and clouded grey eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said in a quiet subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say that you were tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skilfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happened untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent.

There had been, it seems, a series of very skillful forgeries lately committed, with boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime; but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Mattison, who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere in hiding in the north of England. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat and listened to all the various details of our plan, as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high; my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particular difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid out before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now, within half an hour."

"So soon?"

"Yes; why not?"

I could think of no sufficient reason, except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior—the longing to see Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said rising. "If I take the night express I shall be there early in the morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was quite in the country, about half a mile beyond the village of Berwood, and was the residence of Mrs. Mattison, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call upon the constabulary authorities at K——; but I expected to need no assistance.

The rosy dawn was just ushering the eastern sky when I alighted, stiff, weary and jaded, from the train.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Mattison's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master.

"Mattison—Mrs. Mattison; I don't know her, but I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village to a wood, with a footpath running through it. Get over the stile, follow the footpath, and in a little while you'll see a yellow house—the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a dwelling. There's where Mrs. Mattison lives."

I thanked my informant and set out at a brisk walk, carrying my traveling-bag in my hand. It was half an hour ere I diverged from the main road, or rather lane. The stile at the end of the footpath through the wood was quickly reached, and the little yellow house—a cream-colored cottage literally overgrown with honeysuckles—recently rewarded my search, and, as I knocked at the door, a clock somewhere struck the hour of 7.

A decent-looking elderly woman, in weeds, came to the door.

"Mrs. Mattison in—Mr. Perley ——"

I faltered quickly, with, perhaps, a little or a confused look, but I asked for her, and asked if I could see him. I did not expect him to come to go into the

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then, for the first time, I became aware that some one had been watching and listening to our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes and a profusion of jet black curls.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half-way down the stairs, pushed back her curls with one hand and looked at me with her wonderful eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she said, hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Mattison's villiany and doing their best to screen him from its consequence. My heart bled for both of them; but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking as briefly as I could, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain were they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Mattison sat down pale and trembling. Her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false? Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however; there was no where any trace of the missing bird. Nevertheless, I resolved to remain there quietly, for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon Clara Mattison came in as I sat by the window, keeping a silent watch on all round.

"Mr. Meredith," she said, softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here on such a mistaken errand—and, perhaps, she is right. I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings."

The pretty, penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence.

She talked at first shyly but afterward with more assurance, of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand little family details which I almost dreaded to hear.

This twilight talk was one of the pleasantest episodes of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was not a little annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the constables from K——, who were to watch through the night.

At the sound of their footsteps, Clara rose up, and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith, those men."

"Be easy, Miss Mattison," I said "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh, it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were simple and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Mattison. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At last answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner. It was short and to the purpose."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Mattison's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.

"You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said, as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"

The reader will easily perceive from this how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and, taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright, black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was, for she laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clenner appeared to be a good deal annoyed when I got back to town—rather an unreasonable thing on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said biting his lip. "Strange—very strange, I never was mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy gladness of welcome, that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Mattison's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.

"Kitty, you are crying."

"Because you are changed, Edward. You do not love me as well as you did."

"Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her simply because I knew the accusation was true. But I kissed her once more, and took my leave, moody and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning, Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He has gone to K——," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

"To K——?"

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner doubt the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud. Jones laughed.

"Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a strange way of doing things. Depend upon it, he has good reasons for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? And what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say you've got him?"

"I do mean to say it, Edward Meredith. I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Mattison is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house."

"But"——

"He was there all the time you remained there, Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."

"What do you mean, sir?"

For reply he opened the door of the private inner room—his own special sanctum. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window, smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble-white brow and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I started at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.

"Clara Mattison!"

"Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice, "Clara Mattison, or Perley Mattison, or whatever you may choose to call me. Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith; and if you would like another lock of hair——"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy; it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He made a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-dyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward, failed in the estimation of my fellow officers and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise, the dear, faithful, little creature loved me just as well as ever.

"I won't be jealous of Perley Mattison, Edward," she said, smiling whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly; although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a lesson to me.

Perley Mattison's girlish beauty is now eclipsed in one of Her Majesty's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.—*Evening World.*

Brigands Outwitted.

Fenimore Cooper, in his stories of hairbreadth escapes from Indians, never hit upon a more extraordinary device for eluding pursuit than one which was related to President Carnot during a recent tour in Corsica. A French traveler, so the story went, ventured, some years ago, to pass through a mountainous district of Corsica without escort or any means of protection, and in crossing a particularly rough and craggy region, found himself pursued by a band of brigands.

As the traveler had some money on his person, and feared that, besides being robbed, he would be held in captivity for ransom, even if he were not put to death, he took to flight.

Knowing little of the country, he soon stumbled upon the border of a lake in the mountains. There was no path around it; it was impossible to swim across it, and the brigands were behind him, though he was hidden from them as yet by the rocks.

Whatever he did must be done in an instant. Necessity quickened his wits; he saw at once a way out of the difficulty, and availed himself of it.

He hastily cut with his knife one of the long, hollow reeds that grew on the shore of the lake. Then he stopped up his ears and nostrils with wet clay from the margin, took the reed in his mouth, and waded out into deep water, where he remained submerged, with upturned face, just allowing the upper end of the reed to project above the surface.

On came the brigands, following the traveler's tracks to the water's edge. But what had become of him? Had he flown across! Certainly he could not have swam. There was no other way of escape, and the surface had by this time stilled to a perfect calm.

The brigands remained waiting on the shore for some time, but no sign of the traveler appeared. They concluded, at last, that he was a sorcerer, who had caused himself to vanish into thin air.

Then they disappeared, and the Frenchman, who had been under water all this time, breathing through his tube, came out. He managed to keep under cover and make his way to Ajaccio; and there he declared that he had been under water four hours.

It is possible that his distress and alarm may have caused this period to appear many times longer than it really was; but in confirmation of the main part of his story, the Frenchman brought with him a water-soaked section of a hollow reed.

The Vegetable of the People.

The potato is pre-eminently the vegetable of the people and undoubtedly if a birds-eye view of the midday meals of the civilized world could be taken, this esculent would be seen to enter more largely into their composition than any other vegetable, from the potato cake and stew of the Irish peasant, the potato broth of the Scotch, the potato and salt of the American poor, to the dainty tid-bit prepared by the French cook. In folk-lore its language is "stout blood but bad luck;" which has reference to its often being the only article of diet among the unfortunately poor, who somehow seem to thrive upon it, and often show a physique to be envied by those whose appetites are only tempted by an elaborate *menu.*

The leading market potato is the Burbank; an excellent producer, of fine flavor, very mealy and of good keeping qualities; it is white-skinned, has but few eyes, and the flesh is fine grained. This is closely followed by the White Star, which is medium early, of the very best quality and appearance, and whether baked or boiled is admirable in floury texture and color. The tubers are large, oblong and uniform in size. The White Elephant is almost as good as either of them, but does not produce as well. The Empire State and State of Maine are varieties that give very good satisfaction. One of the most delicious and desirable of potatoes is the Snow Flake; it is not commonly found in market because it is an expensive variety to raise, requiring rich soil and not yielding largely—but potato growers who are connoisseurs cultivate it for their own use. Among something over 300 varieties, more or less, grown, there are only a few standard ones, or at least, only a few sorts which find favor with the shippers.—*Good Housekeeping.*

In a London Drug-Store.

There is a wide difference between the London drug-stores and ours. There is no such craze for patent medicines there as here, and there is nothing like the American inclination for every man to be his own doctor. An English druggist sells face powder cologne, soap, tooth-brushes, patent pills, and the like; but his main business is putting up prescriptions. He has no *clientele* of men who drop in for a little aromatic spirits of ammonia after a night of dissipation, or for acid phosphate after too much smoking, or for tincture of iron and so many grains of quinine, or a glass of Calisaya for a tonic, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to offset a too hearty meal. All that which so enriches our drug lists is unknown in England. The Americans in London last summer found this out to their cost. One of them told me that he had this queer experience. He asked a druggist for a draught of iron and quinine.

"Oh, we can't give you that without a prescription, you know," the man replied.

The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?"

"Yes, sir."

"And two two-grain quinine pills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you lend me a tumbler with a little water in it?"

"Yes, sir."

Having all these things, the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the water, and took that and the pellets down with a gulp. The druggist looked on with keen interest, and then said, very gravely:

"Do you know, I call that very neat. It is very neat indeed."—*Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.*

Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung.—*Somerville Journal.*

HIS LITTLE GAL.

One bright summer morning as I threw open the blinds of my sitting-room I saw an old man coming slowly up the walk, seemingly seeking someone or something. I answered his gentle tap at the open door.

"Be you the lady who lives here?" he asked timidly. I replied that I was she.

"I hate to trouble ye, ma'am, but have ye seen anything of our little gal? We call her Polly. She has brown eyes and long, yaller curls, and wears a blue dress and white pantalets. It an't but a few minutes since I seen her about, so I know she can't be gone far—but it seems like I ort to keep her in sight more now that mother's gone."

I had seen no child of that description, but thinking that she might have strayed too far for his feeble strength to follow, I offered to go with him to help find her. He accepted my offer with thanks, and I put on my hat and we started slowly up the shaded street.

My companion chatted with me as we went along. He was "nigh 81," he said, and but for a touch of the "rheumatiz" was as well and strong as he ever had been.

He was a handsome old man, a little bent, but still taller than the average. His hair was fine and perfectly white and hung in long locks, making a silvery frame for his ruddy face and blue eyes.

He told me a good deal about Polly; she was a good little thing, but of late she had taken to running away. Polly "favored" her mother's side, and she came from the handsomest family at this end of the valley. They were short-lived, that family, and poor mother was the last to go. I supposed the little girl was his grand-daughter, although he referred to her as "my little darter."

We were passing a comfortable-looking house with a great roomy yard at the back, where some children had made a miniature ring on the turf and with a pony were having the gayest, noisiest sort of a time, playing circus.

"Father! father!" called a stout, middle-aged woman, who came out of the door and down the walk to the gate.

"It's Mis' Green, my darter," explained my friend.

"I hope he hasn't bothered you, madam. It's only father, and he runs away if we don't watch him pretty close."

"Not at all! I was trying to help him find his little girl," I replied.

"Oh! that's just his notion. Since mother died he isn't quite himself here," tapping her forehead. "I'm Polly, and he forgets that I am grown and thinks he has lost me. If I only had a daughter now he'd be more contented like, but my five is all boys, you see. Some days he wanders about in the church-yard, there hunting for my name among the tombstones. Goodness knows! if them boys don't quit breaking their necks with that circus out there, he'll find it soon enough, but it will be a bigger mound than he is looking for."

The old man had quietly slipped into the house and now came out with a faded daguerreotype, which he put into my hand, saying "This is my little gal; my Polly."

As I looked from the delicate little pictured face, with its long, fair curls, to the broad, good natured features of the woman before me, I scarcely wondered that his weakened brain could not grasp their identity.

Here with a rush and a whoop three youngsters came running toward us calling "Grandpa! grandpa! come to our circus and see how Bob can ride bareback, standing up."

"Yes, yes, boys, I'm coming," he answered, and off he trotted after them. And I heard him asking as he went along, "Boys, has any of ye seen my little gal? We call her Polly. She has brown eyes and long yaller curls, and wears a blue dress and white pantalets. It an't but a little while since I seen her about and I know she an't far off, but it seems as though I ort to keep her close by me, now that mother's gone."—*Marie More Marsh, in Chicago Times.*

OSCAR WILDE'S CYNICISM.

The Apostle of the Lily Says Some Real Cutting Things About Life.

Beauty ends where intellect begins. Intellect is in itself an exaggeration and destroys the harmony of any face.

The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit quietly and gape. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet.

The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception necessary for both parties.

Conscience and cowardice are really the same thing. Conscience is the trade name of the firm, that's all.

Laughter is not a bad beginning for a friendship and is the best ending for one.

The more insincere a man is the more purely intellectual his idea will be, for it will not be colored by his wants, his desires, or his prejudices.

Every impulse that we strangle broods in the mind and seasons us. The body sins once and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure or the luxury of a regret.

Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.

The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer.

Sin is the only color element left in modern life.

Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless and cannot.

Punctuality is the thief of time.

Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious. Both are disappointed.

People who only love once in their lives are really shallow people. What they call their loyalty and their fidelity I call either the lethargy of custom or the lack of imagination.

Faithlessness is to the emotional life what consistency is to the intellectual life—simply a confession of failure.

Religion consoles some. Its mysteries have all the charm of a flirtation.

Is insincerity such a terrible thing? I think not. It is merely a method by which we can multiply our personalities.

Reaping with Shears.

Out on the western division of the Soo road, says the Minneapolis *Journal*, there is a fine 100-acre farm owned by a gentleman who often visits Minneapolis. His brother, who lives in Ohio, also a farmer, is out from the Buckeye state on a visit. The two brothers were looking over the farm the other day just as the harvesters were getting down to their work in a big field of wheat. Said the Ohio brother as they stood chatting with one of the workmen:

"Why, you folks up here are behindhand with your harvesting. Seems to me you don't cut very fast. My grain is all cut."

"How large a crop have you got?" asked the workman.

"Ten acres, sir," rejoined the Ohio farmer proudly.

"Ten h—l," blurted out the workman, "if we only had that much we'd cut it with the shears."

FREAKS OF NATURE.

Certain Animals Have Characteristics for Which No Reason Can Be Found.

Prof. Agassiz used to tell a good story about his friend Buckland, the British naturalist, who, on one of his visits to the London zoo, was attacked by a babirousa, or horned boar, and had to save himself by a headlong retreat.

"That brute would have knocked you down if he had struck you with his horns," remarked a sympathizing friend.

"Oh, I don't care," said the philosopher; but it worries me to notice that he never does use his horns, as you call them. They are horn-shaped tusks and curved too much backward to be of any service in fighting. What in the world can be their practical purpose?"

Naturalists of that sort are liable to a good deal of worry, says Felix L. Oswald in the N. Y. *Ledger*. Nature abounds with unexplained phenomena. Of what use, for instance, is the long tail of the male pheasant to a bird that has often to save itself by flight? In some varieties (as in the Chinese silver pheasant) the problematic appendage is nearly six feet long, and makes it almost impossible for its proprietor to take wing at short notice. In running through the tangled underbrush of a tropical forest the tail is hardly less obstructive, and is certainly not ornamental enough to compensate its undesirable tendencies. And, again, of what benefit to its owner are the enormous horns of the Wapiti stag, antlers with a spread of 56 inches and a weight of 25 pounds? Besides stretching left and right almost as far as a man of average size could extend his arms, they send out a number of lateral branches, forming a system of hooks and prongs exquisitely adapted to catch against every brush as the incumbered animal dashes along through the maze of its native woods.

"I would not care for the bite of a mosquito if it wasn't for its infernal whine," I have heard many people say; and it seems, indeed, not quite easy to understand of what profit the droning and buzzing sound of its wings can be to any blood-sucking insect. It merely serves to warn or annoy its intended victims, to whom it can hardly be more aggravating than to the whining little vampire itself.

A still greater enigma is the deadly virus of the African tsetse fly. In southern Nubia there are districts where herdsmen have to drive their cattle hundreds of miles every spring to avoid the bite of the little pest, whose private purpose is limited to the extraction of a few drops of blood, and whose interests have no imaginable connection with the subsequent agony of its victims. A day or two after a stout steer has been bitten strange swellings appear under his jaw and about the groins; the animal shivers and twitches as if in extreme distress, and finally dies in convulsions, often attended with outbreaks of fury similar to those observed in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. The testimony of such travelers as Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker leaves no doubt about the actuality of the described results; yet, if a wasp should be provided with an apparatus to poison every pebble it nibbles the arrangement could hardly appear more preposterous.

The gratuitous destructiveness of certain carnivorous animals presents a very similar problem. An otter in a well-stocked fishpond will kill about fifty fishes for one it eats, and the murderous instinct of the weasel and the European pine marten far exceeds the needs and conceivable interests of the little demons. An amateur poultry fancier of my acquaintance once lost twenty-eight imported chickens in a single night, all of them having been killed by a small, sharp bite into the base of the brain. In three or four cases the murderer had gnawed the skull of its prey and torn open the neck in quest of blood, but with those exceptions the massacre seemed to have been prompted by a sheer wanton love of havoc. With a little more prudence the poultry-loving marten could have repeated his visits and banquets for a long series of nights, and have all his depredations credited to one or the other of the half-hundred different disorders fowls are heir to, for the henhouse harbored an army of feathered bipeds, some of them on the sick list. But that one night's mischief ended the game. The fiend was tracked to his loophole and trapped the very next evening.

As a rule, defenseless animals are dressed in the colors best adapted to conceal them from their enemies, and kind nature goes so far as to vary the protective hue of certain creatures with the different seasons of the year, as in the case of the Norwegian grouse, whose plumage is brown in summer, but turns white at the approach of winter. But this close study of that rule reveals some curious exceptions. In the Arctic regions, where snow-white would be the best possible protective color, several species of seal are dressed in suits of black and dark brown that contrast strikingly with the bleak surface of the ice-fields, and attract polar bears and other connoisseurs of sealskin from a distance of many miles. Sparrow-hawks often pursue tanagers or summer redbirds, that try their best to escape by darting into a thicket of tangled vines, but are betrayed again and again by a color that "flames as if it was going to set the woods afire," as Henry Thoreau expresses it. Several species of tropical finches are attired in even more risky hues—a glaring combination of white and scarlet or of yellow and dark blue—colors that can not possibly escape the attention of even a casual observer. Butterflies fight the struggle for existence under similar disadvantages, and many species of their helpless caterpillars seem to have been colored expressly for the convenience of their chief enemies, the predatory ichneumon wasps, that can hardly fail to see a coil of red and dark brown worms on a green tree.

Digestion and the Brain.

The dyspeptic who, of course, eats only a light supper, may resort to the use of a towel wet with tepid water and covered with a dry cloth, the whole then applied to the pit of the stomach. Before the sufferer knows it she will float into shadow-land; such is the sympathy between the organs of digestion and the brain.

Owing to the position of the stomach, a light sleeper ought to sleep on the right side instead of the left, never on the back. If there is a tendency to cold feet, a thin woolen blanket may line the lower third of the bed. The limbs ought not to be greatly flexed, a position which prevents free circulation, and they should rest upon one another lightly.

The night light, where used, ought to be a tiny taper and not gas or kerosene, both of which devitalize the air. A darkened room is best. Nature puts out her light and draws the curtain of darkness for a purpose.

With good habits, physical and mental, and a determination not to deal with anodynes, sleep may be won from its shyest lair to watch over the restless pillow.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Sir James Crichton Browne says the Scotch brain average fifty ounces, the English forty-nine ounces, the German forty-eight and three tenths ounces, and the French forty-seven and three-tenths ounces

MISSING LINKS.

The white rose is the favorite flower in France this summer.

A San Bernardino (Cal.) paper is printed with blue ink.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning-wheel.

Germany manufactures over £2,000,000 worth of children's toys every year.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East.

The natives pronounce Newfoundland "Nuffonlon" — with the accent hard on the last syllable.

The veteran Dan Rice is going into the show business again with an old-fashioned one-ring circus.

Constantinople is believed to have founded the first hospital in the world, as we now understand a hospital.

A machine has been invented for drilling square, oblong or hexagonal holes, heretofore found impossible.

The average width of the path of destruction with tornadoes is said to be a little more than one thousand feet.

About 4,500 species of wild bees are known, of wasps 1,100, of which 170 and 16 respectively live in Britain.

According to the Wilmington *Every Evening* a nail was found in the heart of a cow that died near there recently.

An Owosso (Mich.) firm advertises a job-lot of tombstones, and advises people to hurry up because there are only a few of them left.

Mrs. Eva B. Hart, who died near Syracuse, N. Y., recently at the reputed age of 113, smoked as far back as her children can remember.

Seattle, the Indian chief after whom the Washington city was named, is to have a monument erected to him by the whites. He died in 1866.

The Portuguese nation is said to be one of the least instructed in Europe, the illiterate inhabitants being officially stated at 82 per cent. of the total population.

One of the heaviest wagers ever laid was that of the Marquis of Hastings, who bet $500,000 on a single horse race—and lost. The Marquis and his money were soon parted.

Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fairhaired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

It is said that a woman in Missouri had her husband's name put down on the census enumerator's report as a lunatic because he had sold out two years ago and left Kansas.

Professor Daniel Willard Fiske, who won the $2,500,000 lawsuit brought by Cornell University, is abroad at present. He is noted for his Icelandic scholarship and his big lawsuit.

Justice Stephen J. Field is the poorest man—in dollars and cents—on the Supreme Bench, and yet he is several removes from being hard up. His residence is one of the finest in Washington.

It costs the English Government $2,962,000 annually to support Queen Victoria and her immediate family. Whenever the Queen visits Balmoral Castle it takes $5,000 to defray the railroad expenses of the journey.

As soon as the horse cars from Cairo to the pyramids are completed, and the work is nearly done, an elevator will be made to the tops of the venerable piles so that ascent may be made quickly and comfortably to the modern traveler.

Samuel Dey, of Wesley, Me., is one of the greatest bear hunters of his time. During his life he has killed 220 bears and cubs, receiving over $2,000 in bounties therefor. He must have gone around pretty well loaded all the time.

Ralph Woodman, a workman, of Auburn, Me., snatched a 3-year-old child from in front of railroad train and had such a narrow escape himself that the cow-catcher of the locomotive knocked off his hat, and it was carried under the wheels.

The French mint will soon replace the copper sous with nickels. Singularly enough the 5 and 10 centime pieces will be perforated in the center after the manner of Chinese coin. This enables them to be strung and counted, or handled with great ease.

David Dudley Field says that he remembers hearing Mrs. Fannie Kemble say some years ago, of the 1,200,000 people then inhabiting Massachusetts that, taking them all in all, she thought they were the foremost 1,200,000 people living together in the world.

John Rose Ward, the British Admiral whose death was recorded recently, organized the working department of the National Life-Boat Institution, and during his thirty-one years of service as General Inspector of Life-Boats that institution saved more than 20,000 lives.

A German of Detroit tried to figure the height of 100,000,000 silver dollars if placed one on top of the other, and because he couldn't get it within a foot or two he jumped off a wharf with suicidal intent. Although he has never had a pile a foot high he wanted to be exact about other people's money.

American naval officers who have adopted the cholera belt in the tropics find it so beneficial that they often retain it in all latitudes. It is simply a broad band of flannel worn night and day the year around tight about the waist, so as to protect the stomach from sudden changes of temperature. It is an excellent preventive of stomachic disorders.

A very influential committee has been organized in New York, with Dr. A. L. Loomis as president, to preserve the Adirondacks from further destruction by reckless tree cutting. It is hoped that the state may be induced to purchase all rights, and to convert this beautiful region, which is highly spoken of by New York physicians for its health-giving climate, into a "state forest park."

Herr Schmidt relates that one day when Chancellor (then Lieutenant) von Caprivi was at military school three volunteers were summoned to give evidence against a sergeant. Appearing at the barracks they inquired where this important matter was to be settled. "Of course at Lieut. von Caprivi's." "Why of course." "Well, he is the only Lieutenant in the barracks who has ink in his room."

The English love of dancing still puzzles lazy orientals. At a recent ball at Rangoon two native grooms were watching the festivities from a veranda, and one of the observers asked his companion why the couples walked after each dance. The other groom described the reason in stable phraseology: "The sahibs run the mems and missies round to make them hot, and then walk them round to cool them down."

Dr. Charles W. Dulles, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, holds to the opinion that there is hope for consumptives and that medical science will be able soon to control the disease. In a recent paper on the subject he pointed out that while in England half a century ago there were 55,000 deaths annually among 15,000,000 people there are at present in a population of 40,000,000 but 14,000 deaths due to phthisis.

There is a butcher's boy in Seattle who travels around on horseback a great deal that attracts considerable attention. He has a dog, and that animal will perch on the horse's back and ride along the street apparently with as much ease and enjoyment as the boy himself. But when the boy wants to hitch the horse is the time the dog comes in handy. The dog is told to sit down and the horse is fastened to him, when the two animals are left, to all intents and purposes, in perfect security.

WANTED TO BE A TOUCH.

A Bad Little Boy Who Was Humanized by Music and Flowers.

Those interested in works of philanthropy and reform realize to-day how necessary it is to begin with the children, and some are of the opinion that it is worse than time wasted in many instances to attempt to do anything for those maturely hardened and degraded. "But few realize how hard it is to do anything even for the little ones," a woman said the other day, who has been for years laboring in the cause of religion and philanthrophy among the tenement poor of the city. "I remember one day," she continued, "when a little brother and sister came from the slums to one of our free kindergartens. The boy was six years old, his sister two years older, and just the same as sisters all the world over she seemed to take the greatest pride in the bright little fellow.

"'Ah, Mickey's the boy,' she exclaimed as she drew the little chap up in front of the teacher. 'Why, he knows all the the cuss-words now. Don't you, Mickey?' The youthful reply was proof positive of the truthfulness of the proud sister's assertion.

"'Come here, my dear,' said the teacher, anxious to change the subject. 'What are you going to be when you're grown up?'

"'What 'm I goin' to be when I'm growd? I'm jus' goin' to be a tough; dat's what I am. An' den,' said he, his big eyes flashing with a baleful light, 'won't I baste de old woman and turn her out of de house? Youse bet I will.' Little sister looked prouder than ever.

"But the teacher sighed. A child of 6 with its ambition already formed. And what an object in life! To be old enough to beat his mother and turn her out of doors.

"With such little poor, hardened hearts do we have to deal, and sometimes it seems to us that we can never find the way to awaken in them the slightest consciousness that there is such a thing as good in the world. But the teacher would not give Mickey up, little twenty-four inch tough that he was, though the task was most discouraging. Finally one day the incorrigible youngster was found seated on the floor, with both arms clasped around the leg of a piano upon which one of the teachers was playing. There was a different look in Mickey's eye from that day, and when on another occasion some one gave him a bunch of lilies of the valley, and, smelling, he exclaimed that somethin' was singin' a song with his nose, we felt, said the narrator, 'that the harmony of God's music and God's fragrance had smoothed the rough and stony pathway to Mickey's heart.'"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Two Conspicuous Women.

Seeing the announcement in all the American newspapers of the engagement of Mrs. J. C. Ayer, of sarsaparilla fame, to Prince Dolgorouki, cousin of the morganatic widow of the late czar of Russia, takes me back to four years ago, when I met Mrs. Ayer at the famous springs of Vichy, the fashionable health resort of France, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* She was accompanied by Mrs. John Bigelow, wife of John Bigelow, who was for so many years American minister to France. The two ladies were conspicuous figures in the crowd of fashionable visitors from every land which thronged that famous health resort. Mrs. Bigelow was that summer the guest of Mrs. Ayer, and was as much noticed for her eccentricities in dress as Mrs. Ayer was for her splendid toilets.

The latter, who has a pleasing but scarcely a handsome countenance, is a woman probably about fifty years of age, but yet so wedded to the gay world that she devotes much of her time to personal adornment. Her wardrobe included, at that day, a great variety of wigs of every shade, so that one day she appeared as a blonde, the next as a brunette and later as a Titian beauty, with rich auburn hair, which seemed to be her favorite color. Her favorite necklace was a string of fine pearls almost as large as wren's eggs, clasped with a diamond aigrillette of great value.

Money was no object to the fair widow, Mrs. Bigelow, who was a welcome visitor at the houses of the oldest nobility in France and England, was, on the contrary, a veritable dowdy, notable for the entire absence of taste in her attire. On one occasion she wore to the little English church in Vichy a gorgeous-hued beregе, cut surplice, with a piece of ribbed cotton tape tied around her neck, while her hose were of pale pink, and her shoes of light yellow leather.

Could Have Saved Lincoln's Life.

The one man in the world who could have prevented the assassination of President Lincoln is dead. John Frederick Parker, born in Winchester, Va., came to Washington some time before the firing upon Fort Sumter and soon found employment upon the metropolitan police force. When in 1862 it was decided to strengthen the regular force of doorkeepers and watchmen at the White House with a squad of policemen, Parker was one of those selected. It thus happened that when President Lincoln and party entered the old Ford Theatre on the night of Good Friday, 1865, they were accompanied by Parker as guard. He took his position at the door to the private box from which President Lincoln watched the performance, where he was expected to remain and prevent the entrance of every one except the members of the party. As the play proceeded, Parker, from his post, could hear just enough of what was said on the stage to arouse his curiosity, and it was not long before he left the door and edged his way towards the auditorium. He finally took a seat in the orchestra or pit," as it was then called, where he had scarcely settled himself when the whole audience was surprised by the report of a pistol shot. The assassin, Booth, had stealthily approached the door of the President's private box, where, finding no one to challenge him, he entered unannounced and fired the fatal shot. There is no question in the minds of those who are familiar with the details that had Parker remained at his post Booth could never have taken President Lincoln unawares.—*Washington Letter.*

Steamer Chairs.

A company has been formed to rent out steamer chairs for $1 for a trip across the ocean. The chairs are supplied with little tables designed to hold a plate, tumbler, and a bottle.

The invention of smokeless powder has been followed by a counter-invention in the shape of a "smoke rocket," to be used to screen the advance of a body of troops. It has been tried with success.

Old Hats.

The man who was hurrying into the hatter's Thursday was on business. He wanted his old hat. When did you leave