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It was not difficult for him to pass them; on the contrary, in truth, he sin ply threw himself flat upon his stomach, and, by means of the snake trick on which he had prided himself of old, wriggled past the various sentries with the stealth and noise-lessness of an Indian scout. Having passed the last one he took the pocket book from between his teeth, where he had carried it for safety, and folding the precious dispatch neatly to balf its former size, consigned it to a little pocket within the breast of his scarlet and black striped waistcoat, one which had been put there by Capt. Ferrars' orders, so that the lad might carry a few shillings in safety, and without fear of being

ontained the all-important dispatch.

Qu'ck as thought Tom snatched it up with

the flask and ran out; once outside, he threw

relieved of it by pickpockets.

Then he threw the book away, and with a last look in the direction of the camp, turned his face toward the five miles of difficulty and danger which lay between him and the mission which he had taken upon himselfnay, which he had in reality stolen from him to whom it had been intrusted difficult, because of the inky darkness of the night, and of his ignorance of the surrounding country (an ignorance which his master would greatly have lessened by means of a compass and a plan, two articles of which Tom had not thought); langerous, because almost every yard of the way bristled with rebel muskets, every post and point was guarded and watched by vigilant rebel troops.

But the lad's brave spirit never failed him for an instant. He had not stood upon the trapeze platform and looked grim death hard in the face to be faint of heart now, when he needed all his courage.

He never thought of the harm he might

be doing, still less of the risk he was run-ning-only that his master, the captain, had been sent on this errand of danger, and that he, owing to his small size and elasticity of joint and muscle, and the particular form of training which he had undergone in the circus, could easily go in safety where his master could not expect to escape detection; nay, where he very well knew his master could not escape with his life.

It was on f for a moment that he stood looking back upon the camp, which sheltered all he loved on earth; he could hear the steady and measured tramp of the sentries close at hand; he could see the more distant lights. Then a mist of tears blurred the picture. He dashed his hand across his eyes, plunged into the darkness, and was

CHAPTER V.

Meantime, having seen that his revolvers were in perfect order, Bootles set about dressing himself for his expedition. He discarded his spurs and sword, and, in-deed, everything which might serve to attract attention to him or make him an object more easily discernible in the darkness

There were among other things lying upon the makeshift table, a tin of milk biscuits, a jar of potted game, and a bottle nearly full of sherry. He poured out a tumbler full of the wine and hastily spread some of the potted game upon the biscuits, then continued his preparations, eating as he moved

"What a long time that boy is," he thought, impatiently.
Tom was not usually so long about his master's errands, and his master, not unnaturally perhaps, wondered at his being so then, when there was so nuch need for haste. However, he pulled on his long cloak, which covered him up from head to foot, and slipped a dark blue cloth polo cap upon his head-this was safer than to wear the gold-laced forage cap of an officer,

And then, just as he was going to button his cloak, he remembered the pocket book, and turned to take it.

But it was gone! Bootles stood for a moment staring at the place where he had lail it down in the stupefaction of intense surprise. He had put it down just there, beside his flask, and with his gloves! He was certain of it-he

could positively swear to it. What on earth had got the thing? He roused himself from his tewilderment, and turned all his pockets out, ran to the brass-bound revolver case and examined it; back to the table, and tossel everything that was upon it over and over. Made quite sure, in fact, that pocket book and ispatch were alike missing, and not to be

He felt it was no use staying there, wasting his precious time in ransacking and turning out pockets which he had not touched that day. The colonel must be told at once; so, with a mighty effort, Bootles pulled h mself together, and went out with a sinking heart to tell the tale of his own shame and dishonor.

For thus dil he, in the agony and distress of mind which overwhelmed him, designate the carelessness, or the unsuspiciousness, which had allowed him to trust the honesty of others. He never for a moment suspected young Tom of being the thief, but he did think it just within the bounds of possibility that, while he had been bending down over the case of revolvers, some one had quietly crept in and carried off the pocket book.

But it came out after a while—after Bootles had got through that terrible interview wit's the colonel—terrible because of the pain it gave to both of them—after be had given up his sword and his parole of honor, and then had passed the night in his tent alone, lying miserably in his hammock ith his arm flung across his eyes. Then it silver thing, with crest and monogram emblaroned upon it, had been found as soon as morning light broke over the camp, not yards away from his tent, how foung Tom had never been at all to get the brandy for which his master had sent him, then how your g Tom was missing, and had never been seen by any one in the camp since the sentry on duty outside the colonel's tent had accosted him with "Elio, young up La, and what may you be a-doing of?" Lastly-and worst confirmation of allthe missing pocket book had been found just outside the most advanced outnosts.

There could be no further doubt that Tom the poor parchel lips. It seemed to put new Snow was the delinquent—nobody had the slightest doubt about it, not even Bootles elf, though he stoutly declared his belief in the lad, and maintaine I that nothing could make him think young Tom was a traitor, except the most absolute and posi-tive proof that such was the case. For once Lacy was absolutely angry with his best

"My dear chap," he said, in tones which distinctly tones of remonstrance, though he tried to make them those of calm reasonableness, "what—er—more pwroof can you want or have? The boy was sent to get your flask filled with bwrandy; he did not get it filled with bwrandy or anything else, but it is found instead only a few yards else, but it is found instead only a few yards from your own tent. The boy is gone—the —er—dispatch is gone too. Nobody else in the whole camp is a ssing. It is wreally, Bootles, perfectly absurd to twry to shield the young wrascal any longer. The diser -could not go by itself-it's absurd-it-er-isn't in wreason."

"In reason or out of reason, I don't and won't believe that the boy has sold me,"

Bootles asserted obstinately, "But he has stolen the dispatch," Lacy persisted. "Oh, nonsense! What on earth should be

do with it when he had got it?"
"Why, hand it over to Awrabi, of course. What else should he do with it?" retorted Lacy, sharply.

"Oh he has never done that, though some one else may. That is likely enough," answered Bootles carelessly.

But Bootles knew very well in his heart

that it must have been Tom and no other who had taken the pocket book from off his table, though he did not for a moment be-lieve that the lad had sold him.

The true solution of the mystery was that the boy, by listening cutside the colonel's tent, had, according to his idea, gathered the object of the mission with which his master had been charged, and with that knowledge had also gleaned a very correct idea of the danger which must attend it— that he had solen the dispatch, and was now in hiding, with the ignorant idea that if it were not there to be taken, his master could not take it. That young Tom had actually set off from the Scarlet Lancers' camp to carry that paper across the five miles of difficult and dangerous country which lay between the two British camps was an idea which never entered for a moment into Bootles' calculations.

But his opinion was not shared by any one else, at least no one else hit upon that idea as a solution of the mystery of Tom's conduct, and Bootles did not tell any one what he thought; he only stoutly maintained that

he did not believe, and that he never would believe, short of positive proof to the contrary, that the lad bad sold him.

So that miserable morning dragged its slow length along. What a long, long day it was! The entire camp seemed paralysed by the loss of that paper, which had contained instructions for a simultaneous attack were instructions for a simultaneous attack upon the city and the rebel forces on the third day from the date of sending the dispatch. It was useless to send out a duplicate; for not only was the cypher probably already in the hands of Arabi, but the vigilance of the rebels would be greatly increised, and so render it impossible for a messenger to pass between the two British camps.

Towards evening, when the shades of night were gathering around, an attempt was made to signal to the other camp by means of electric lights. Hitherto their trials in this respect had been but dismal failures, and it was as a last resort that the Scarlet Lancers attempted it now.

To their intense surprise, however, the answering flashes came back with precision and evident understanding, very different from the confused answers they had received before. This time there could be no mistak-ing their meaning, and apparently those on the distant shore were experiencing the same enlightenment. "All right!-Got your message.-Will act

The signalist put the message together, and the group of officers who were standing round him stood staring blankly into one another's faces, struck dumb with astonish-

as you direct."

ment and surprise.
"Are you quite sure?" asked Hartoz at length of the officer who was in charge of the signals. The signalist-a very smart engineer-

"Yes. Quite sure," he answered. "Then that boy carried the message to save dootles!" Hartog exclaimed.

"B-y Jove!" ejaculated Lacy, "and I've been vigorously blackening the poor little fellow's character al-1 day-evewry time ! had a chance. I-er-feel beastly ashamed of myself." 'Ask again-ask who took the

and if he is there now? suggested Hartog to the engineer, who compiled willingly enough, and sent the inquiry flashing acro the rapidly darkening sky, in which the ant stars were beginning to shine out one by one. Then the reply came back in a series of

vivid flashes: "A boy left camp on return journey with reply before daylight."
"Then the rebels have got him," Hartog cried, excitedly. "Poor little chap, they've

got him sure enough."

The news spread through the camp in next to no time, and within half an hour, young Houp-La had as many good words spoken for him as during the day he had ha i bad ones. Everybody had some bing pleaant to say in favor of the brave little lad, who had thus heroically risked his life, and, poor fellow, had probably already lost it

the sake of the master whom he loved with the sake of the master whom he loved with the fidelity of a dog.

As for his master, he went straight to the colouel and asked, with a strange huskiness in his throat and a blazs in his blue eyes, that a searching party might be sent out at once, and as far as was safe, in case the lad had been disabled and could not reach the

"Certainly, certainly-and go yourself, if you care to do it, Ferrers," said the colonel, burriedly, brushing his hand across his eyes. "Go you se'f, if you care to do it. I have much pleasure in returning your sword. I am sure I sincerely hope the lad has come to no harm. 'Pon my soul, he is the of the campaign—'pon my soul he is," and then the kindly colonel shook his favorite by the hand, and brushed the other across

his eyes once more.

Bootles said "Thank you, sir," and went out without another word, chiefly because there was a lump in his throat which made

speech difficult. It was not long before a party was ready to start, with Bootles at its head, to search for the missing boy. Nor was it very long before they found him—perhaps a mile from the rebel outposts-lying behind a clump of faint and ghastly pale, his mouth parched and dry, and his sharp, young face

irawn and distorted with pain. Bootles was the first to hear his moan, and turned the light of the bull's-eye he carried upon the place whonce the sound came. In another moment he was down upon his ances beside the prostrate form of the half

Young Houp-La vaguely recognized his naster as he tenderly raised his head upon

Bootles filled the cup which formed the

life into him, for he lifted his head and

looked wildly round. "Tell the capt'n I got the safe. The answer is in my wes'coat packet. I couldn't get back as well. One o' them Arab devils potted me. I crawled as far's I couldn't get no further, though I see the camp lights jes' ahead." Then he perceived that Ecotles was bending down over him. that Bootles was bending down over him, his kind face convulsed with grief and emo-

"Where are you hurt, my boy?" Bootles asked in a choking voice.

"Somewhere about the groin, sir. It's no

use trying to move me," seeing that two of the men had openel a stout blanket and over with me now. Don't you put yourself out about me, sir, I ain't worth it."

"Try and drink a dreve thim. "It's all enough to satisfy the man with a heavy bill coming due.—Chicago Tribune.

"Try and drink a drop of this," said Bootles, holding the cup once more to his lipt. It had brandy in it this time.

"It ain't no good, sir," he persisted, but he swallowed the brandy and water, and then they raised him very gently and lifted him on to the rug. Not so gently, though, but that he groaned and mouned piteously with the pain, and slipped off into delirium again, talking wildly all the way back to camp of the success of his expedition, and how the commaniing officer of the other camp, who had received the dispatch from him, had patted him on the shoulder and had called him a brave lad, and bade him

God speed and a safe return.

And then, when at last they got him into camp and on to an ambulance cot, he came to his own senses again for a little time, and bade them send for the colonel that he might give the dispatch into his own hands.

"You're not angry, sir?' he said, imploringly, as the colonel took the paper. " knew the capt'n couldn't go safe where I could, and I thought as 'ow it wouldn't matter so much if aught happened to me. You're not angry with me, are you, sir?" "No, my boy, certainly not," answered the colonel, huskily. "You are the bravest lad in the army I am proud of you, very

Tom Snow drew himself up as straightly as he could against his master's breast, where he had been lying ever since they put him down upon the bed, and endeavored to salute the commanding officer. "I got there," he said, looking round at the face: about him, "and I got back 'ome again. It don't any of it matter now," and then he slipped off again and wandered on about the at and the glare of the sunshine, of his awful thirst, and the pain of his wound. At last he tried to turn his head round to look



"Are you there, sir?" he asked, in a clear and sensible voice.

"Yes, my boy," answere! Bootles, pressing the lad's head against his cheek, and holding him quite tight against his heart, as if he could not bear to let the all-powerful enemy, who was fast stealing upon them, wrest that faithful young life away from

The minutes passed slowly away and intense silence reigned throughout the tent-suddenly Tom spoke again: "I tin't in no pain now, sir," he said with a satisfied sigh; "but I'm orful tirei."
"Try and sleep a little," said Bootles.

"Yes; I think I'll try. I'm orful tired." Then there was silence again—a silence onger, deeper, more profound than that had been before-broken, indeed, only by the sound of the boy's sharp-drawn vet closer in his arms-held it till the last faint sigh had fluttered through the whitened lips-held it, even though he knew pa fectly well that the brave hero-soul had slipped away-held it closer and closer still because he did not dare to look on the brave white face which had been faithful even to the very end, and had paid a debt of gratitude even by the sacrifice of life.

It was Lacy who approached him first, "You'd better come away now, Bootles old fellow," he said persnasively. can't do the poor little chap any good now,' Boot'es allowed one of the doctors to un-fold his arms and take the little body from him. Then he stood up and looked down upon it as it lay still and silent upon the bed, the sharp, young face at rest and peace

'I knew he hadn't sold me," he said in shaking voice. "Gol bless him! he loved than him-elf;" and then beturned away and strode out into the darkness alone. THE END.

Mrs. Treat, in her "Home Studies in Nature," says of bluebirds: When a pair of bluebirds succeed in rearing three broads in a season, in the autumn these broods and s ay with the parents, making a little flock of about fourteen. All the autumn through they keep together, feedin from the same bushes—poke, ampelopsis and other wild berries—and upon stray insects. The first cold days of December sand them to the cedar swamps, where great number congregate. Here, too, large flocks of robin keep them company. But each mild day brings the bluebirds from their retreat back to their unforgotten home, and there is nothing more fascinating in bird life than to see the frolics of the young birds and the grave demeanor of the parents. The young visit the various houses in which they were reared, sometimes two or three entering at same time, and all the while keeping up their low, sweet twitterin , as if conversing.

Speaking of George Woodbury's "Life of Pce," a critic says: And yet a sadder of more disheartening story could not well b There is hardly a gleam of brightness to relieve the somb r shadow of a life that might and ought to have been so full one of the divinely gifted, and yet moral weakness and feebleness of purpose mad him a wreck from the start. He was made up of the most contradictory elements; his nature was many-siled; but there was a fatal flaw in it all. The most charitable thing to think of him is that, if not actually meane, he always trembled on the verge of insinity

PITH AND POINT.

-A man down East is lecturing on

-A thief caught in the act said to the ancient orator Demosthenes: 'I didn't know it was yours.'' "No," was "Is that you, sirf' he said, in a tone of gentle relief and satisfaction. "Don't take on about me, sir. I ain't worth it."

-The discovery has been made that the world does not revolve with the same momentum it did a thousand years ago, but t still swings round fast

-It is sa'd that a successful typesetting machine has at last been put in operation. We go right smart on machinery, but we want to see it trot around the office hunt ng sorts and stealing leads before we take much stock in it. - Chicago Ledger. -A dude, who fell off a New York

ferry-boat, offered any one who would save his life \$1.50. The offer was final ly accepted by an old woman who wanted cap tal to set up an apple-stand. but she didn't make a move until this fact was fully exp'a ned to her fellowpassengers. - Detroit Free Press. -Nothing makes a man prouder than

to find when he has got his garden nicely laid out and the seeds all in, that every hen within a mile of h'm seem determined to have a claw in the job, and show him how she would have arranged matters if he had consulted her. -Fall River Advance.

-Then and Now.

He called me Popsey, Sweet, and Pet, When we began our married life, His guiding star, his loved Annette, His hope, his joy, his darling wife.

These fond endearments are all o'er, And though his heart no doubt is true, I hear those pretty names no more, For now he calls ma "Say there, you!"

Judge—"Did you witness the accident?" W tness bell did." Judge—"At what distance?" Witness—"Sixty-seven feet and nine inches." Judge -"How do you know so exactly?"
Witness-"Well, I knew that I would be summoned, and I prepared myself for all the foolish questions that I knew would be put to me in a court of law. -N. Y. Telegram.

-Tenant (to owner of East Side Har lem flat): "Some of the plaster in my kitchen fell down last night, and I want you to fix it." Landlord: "What Tenant: "The man wh occupies the floor above sneezed."
Landlord: "Well! Some people think because they pay twenty-two dollars a month rent they can carry on just as it they lived in a Roman citadel."—N. Y. Independent.

AN ECUADORIAN CITY.

Some of the Peculiarities Which Distingulsh the City of Guayaquil.

There is no fresh water in town, but all the people use is brought on rafts from a place twenty m les up the river. and is peddled about the place in casks carried upon the backs of donkeys or carried upon the backs of donkeys or men. The donkeys all wear pantalettes—not, however, from motives of modesty, as the native children all go entirely naked, and the men and women nearly so-but to protect their legs and bellies from the gaddy, which bites fiercely here. Bread as well as water is peddled about the town in the same way, but vegetables are brought down the river on rafts and in dugouts, which are hauled up on the beach long rows, and present a busy and interesting scene.

Guayaquil s famous for the finest pineapples in the world, great ju cy fruits, as white as snow and as sweet as honey. It is also famous for its hats proper, has not been secured. and hammocks, made of the pita fiber. a sort of palm. The well-known Panama hats are all made in Guaya u'l but get their name because Panama merchants formerly controled the trade. They are braided under wier treath. Then that, too, grow fainter and less labored, and Bootles held the slight form twelve and fifteen feet long, and tine wet closer in his arms—hald it till the last ones are very expensive. often takes two and three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for five or six dollars, and wears forever. I saw a hat in Guayagu'l which 's said to be worth \$250. It was made of a single straw or fiber, as fine as thread and as soft as silk, and the woman who made it was engaged four months in

the work. The qu'nine trade has almost died out, as the forests of Ecuador have been stripped of the bark, and the trees have thus been destroyed. In the meantime, the trees have been int oduced into the East Ind es by he British Gov ernment, where they have been culti vated with great success, thus securing a better quality of quinine with less trouble. Quinine or Peruvian bark. was discovered by the Jesuits in Fcua dor in 1630, and was named 'chinchona," after the Countess of Chinchona, the w fe of the Viceroy. - Guayaquil Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Clews All Around

A boy about twelve years old reported to a policeman the other day that a robbery had occurred at the house under very mysterious circumstances. The sum of twenty-five dollars, which was in a china-vase on a bracket, had taken wings.

"Were any of the doors or windows tound open?" asked the officer. "No.

"Any visitors in the house who might have taken it?" "No."

"And you haven't picked up any clews, eh?" 'That's the trouble, sir-there's clews till you can't rest. I want to go off and camp out, and dad thinks I cribbed the money. Dad wants to go to Chicago, and marm thinks he's go the boodle. Marm wants a new summer wrap, and dad says she clawed them ducats for sure. The hired girl is going to be married next week, and and marm and me believe she raked in the stake to go on a bridal tour. Tell you what, m ster, when I see how many clews can be picked up on a little case I ke this it makes me lower half of his flask with water, which one of the searchers had brought, and held it to words and actions. out on top."-Detroit Free Press.

VERY TRUE, SO MAY YOU.

Young man, you say you want a wife
To bless your home and cheer your life,
A woman true in every way,
Who does her duty every day;
Whose love is strong and good and pure,
A love that wins and holds secure;
A wife that will not scold and fret
And make you wish you ne'er had met;
Whose presence is a shining light;
Whose counsel guides and keeps you right;
Whose resence is a shining light;
Whose resence is a shining light;
Whose presence is a shining light;
Who tries to please in little things.
And to your home rare comfort brings;
A woman who knows how to mind
Her own business, that's the kind;
Who loves her home and stays right there
And does not run 'round everywhere
To gossip and to idly chat
And tell the neighbors this or that;
Who, when you're toubled, cheers you up,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
Who, when you're sick, will nurse you
through,
As only loving hands can do,
Young man, take my advice in this,
If you're in search of perfect biss,
In weighing girls, see that you place
Good sense 'gainst heauty, wealth or grace.
My friend, you think that you are wise,
But some shrewd girl may shut your eyes;
You think you know just what you need,
But your impressions may mislead,
For other men have thought so, too,
But they got fooled, and so may you.

—Camden Post.

FARMING IN MAINE.

Observations of William Nye, the Veracious Chronicler.

Sleigh-Riding and Corn-Hoeing-A Great Stone Crop-The Wormless Railroad Pie-Gathering the Cranberry Crop.

The State of Maine is a good place in which to experiment with prohibition, but it is not a good place to farm it in very largely.

In the first place, the season is generally a little reluctant. When I was up near Moosehead Lake a short time ago people were driving across that body of water on the ice with perfect impunity. That is one thing that interferes with the farming business in Maine. If a young man is sleighriding every night till midnight he



don't feel like hoeing corn the followsuits. It is this desire to amalgamate log days and Santa Claus that has in-

jured Maine as an agricultural hotbed. Another reason that might be assigned for refraining from agricultural pursuits in Maine is that the agitator of the soil finds when it is too late that soil itself, which is essential to the successful propagation of crops, has not been in use in Maine for years. While all over the State there is a magnificent stone foundation on which a farm might safely rest, the superstructure, or farm



TAKES AWAY ALL DESIRE TO HOE CORN THE NEXT DAY.

If I had known when I passed through Minnesota and Illinois what a soil famine there was in Maine, I would have brought some with me.

The stone crop this year in Maine will be very great. If they do not crack open during the dry weather there will be a great many. The stone ruise is also looking unusually well for this season of the year, and chil-blains were in full bloom when I was the rain trough of a farm house in the

In the neighborhood of Pittsfield the country seems to run largely to cold water and chattel mortgages. Some back, but I claim that it has been wet

The agricultural resources of Pittsfield and vicinity are not great, the principal exports being spruce gum and Christmas trees. Here also the huckleberry hath her home. But the country seems to run largely to Chr. stmas frees. They were not yet in bloom when I visthe State, so it was too early to gather popcorn balls and Christmas presents.

Here, near Pittsfield, is the birthplace of the only original wormless dried equals 13.3 cents in American money. apple pie with which we generally insult our gastrie economy when we lunch along the railroad. These pies, when properly kiln-dried and riveted, with german silver monogram on top, if you get your brand on first."

fitted out with Yale time lock, make the best fire and burglar-proof wormless pies of commerce. They take the place of civil war, and as a promoter of intesline strife they have no equal.



RAILROAD PIE OF COMMERCE.

The farms in Maine are fenced in with stone walls. I do not know why this is done, for I did not see anything on these farms that any one would naturally yearn to carry away with him. I saw some sheep in one of these in closures. Their steel-pointed bills were lying on the wall near them, and they were resting their jaws in the crisp frosty morning air. In another inclosure a farmer was planting clover seed with a hypodermic syringe, and covering it with a mustard plaster. He said that last year his clover was a complete failure because his mustard plasters were no good. He had tried to have money by using second-hand mustard plasters, and of course the clover seed, missing the warm stimulus, neglected to rally, and the crop was a

Here may be noticed the canvas-back moose and a strong antipathy to good rum. I do not wonder that the people of Maine are hostile to rum-if they judge all rum by Maine rum. The moose is one of the most gamey of the finny tribe. He is caught in the fall of the year with a double barrel shot-gun and a pair of snow shoes. He does not bite unless irritated, but little boys should not go near the female moose while she is on her nest. The masculine moose wears a hare lip and a hat rack on his head, to which is attached a placard, on which is printed:

PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

This shows that the moose is a hu-



GATHERING THE CRANBERRY CROP WITH A STOMACH PUMP.

Near Pea Cove I saw a strange sight. A farmer was rowing around over his cranberry orchard in a skiff. I stood up on the stone wall and watched him for some time, because I am greatly interested in farming, and dearly love to watch any one else who may be engaged in manual labor. It was a long time before I could make out what he was doing. At last, however, I figured it out, and I was very much surprised, indeed, for I had never seen horticulture carried to that extent, and, as Mr. Sayward would remark, "I thought he was carrying that thing too far.'

Many will doubt my word, and I would not have believed it myself if anyone else had told me, but the man was actually picking cranberries out of his submerged orchard with a stomach pump. I have one of the cranberries at home now .- Bill Nye, in Boston Sunday Globe.

He Knew the Climats

Commercial Traveler's Wife-"Now, my dear, what coat will you take with you? It is almost June; your linen duster will be enough, I guess." C. T .- "Lay out my fur overcoat, my

heavy cloth overcoat, my spring overcoat and my linen duster. C. T.'s W.—"Why. my dear!—You are joking, ain't you?" C. T.—"Certainly not. I'm going to travel in New England."—Boston (our-

-In the Bernese Oberland a parrot neighborhood. The farmer, who had probably never been out of his native village, brought a ladder to capture the strange animal. When he had reached the top and was reaching out his hand, the parrot called out: "What do you want? What do you want?" The astonished peasant at once took off his cap and said: "O, I beg your pardon, I thought you were a bird!"—Mitzetheilt.

-The Bank of Spain, on a capital of 150,000,000 pesetas, had, by a report just issued, a deposit account of over 280,000,000 pesetas, besides notes in circulation to the value of 418,417,500 pesetas, and a total liability account of

-In the course of a recent Montana