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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc-24-91-2v

By the Insurance Department

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, Carroll County, December 31st, 1892.

ASSETS.

Unpaid Assessments		$ 1,350.00
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in bank		228.50
Premiums due and in course of collection		97.06
Premium Notes in force	$317,903.81	
All other admitted Assets detailed in statement on file in this office		50.00
Total cash Assets		$1,725 56

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid		3,376 41
Premium Notes in force	$317,903.81	
Borrowed money		1,300.00
All other claims		430.50
Total Liabilities		$5,106.91
Total income		$ 10,671.71
Total expenditures		11,302.39
Amount of Policies in force in Maryland on 31st Dec., 1892		4,216,042 00
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1892		832,027.00
Premiums assessments received on Maryland business in 1892		7,325.71
Losses paid in Maryland during 1892		6,647.82
Losses incurred in Maryland during 1892		8,764.75

STATE OF MARYLAND,
INSUR. DEPART., COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Annapolis, February 27th, 1893.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, Carroll County, to December 31st, 1892, now on file in this department.

I. FREEMAN RASIN,
Insurance Commissioner.
mr-4-4t

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF A—

VALUABLE FARM

In Myers' District, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from John M. Wolf and Laura S. Wolf, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date June 23rd, A. D., 1888, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber W. N. M., No. 27, folio 167, &c., I will, as Mortgagee, sell at public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, 25TH DAY OF MARCH,

A. D., 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land described in and conveyed by said mortgage, being that desirable Farm now occupied by said John M. and Laura S. Wolf, his wife, containing

72 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 19 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a large and substantially built two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling House, new Bank Barn with ample stabling, threshing floor, granaries, smoke house, &c.; dairy and all other necessary outbuildings. The buildings and fences are all in excellent repair; water convenient to all the buildings. The land is in a high state of cultivation. There is a due proportion of wood and meadow land.

This farm is in Myers' district, Carroll county, Md., on the county road leading from "Biddle's Mill," on the Littlestown turnpike road, to the Pennsylvania line, is about 2½ miles from Silver Run, 2½ miles from Littlestown, Pa., and adjoins the land of Edward Z. Mathias, Noah Brown and others. The proximity of this farm to railroad, market, schools, churches, &c., makes it worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired by purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof; one-third in nine months and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JEREMIAH RINEHART, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors. m-4-ts

FOR SALE.

111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on five years time.

300 Acres near Finksburg, Md.; 6 miles from Westminster, 1 mile from Railroad Station land in fair condition; 100 Acres in timber; stone house, bank barn; will be divided if desired; $50 per acre.

32 Acres prime land, half a mile from Westminster; large bank barn, fine orchard, splendid building site for house; price $6,000.

Large brick Hotel in Westminster, on Main street, near Railroad Depot; price $16,000.

Farm 45 Acres, 1¼ miles from Westminster land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 73 Acres, 8 miles from Westminster, miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 Acres prime land, good brick house price $8,500.

Twenty Acres good land, good buildings, near Westminster, $3,300.

One hundred Acres, best quality of land, 2¾ miles from Westminster; buildings only fair, good water, &c.; price $8,500.

Small home, 4 Acres, 3 miles from town good new house, fruit, &c., $700.

Brick house and lot in Westminster; $1,200.

Double brick house and lot in Westminster $2,500.

Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 6 Acres, adjoining Westminster.

Farm, 55¾ Acres, 4¾ miles from Westminster, 2¾ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

Choice Little Farm, 55⅝ Acres, ⅝ mile from Westminster; good soil, brick house, large barn, all in good condition. Price $11,000.

Nice Little Home, 8 Acres prime land, 4 miles west from Westminster; brick house, bank barn. More land if desired. Price $2,800.

Plaster and Bone Mill on W. M. R. R. Building new, best of machinery, 14 Acres of land, good water power. A splendid opening to engage in a profitable and growing business. Terms easy. Price $3,000.

Machine Shops at New Windsor, Md. All the necessary buildings for the manufacture and repair of machinery. This property will be sold a bargain at easy payments. Price $4,500.

8 or 9 Acres of Woodland near public road from Westminster to Mount Airy, 4 miles S. E. from New Windsor. Price $350.

2,250 Acres Prime Timber Land on Cheat river, W. Va. Heavy original growth—poplar, red oak, ash, walnut, cherry, &c. Land valuable for grazing purposes after timber is off. Price $7 per Acre.

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VOL. 61 NO. 12. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

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1893

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ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dressmaker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1893 will be written by Walter Besant and Edna Lyall. Christine Terhune Herrick will furnish a practical series, entitled "At the Toilet." Grace King, Olive Thorne Miller, and Candace Wheeler will be frequent contributors. The work of women in the Columbian Exposition will be fully represented with many illustrations. T. W. Higginson, in "Women and Men," will please a cultivated audience.

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Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

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Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

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1893

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Harper's Magazine for 1893 will continue to maintain the unrivalled standard of excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. Among the notable features of the year there will be new novels by A. Conan Doyle, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and William Black. Short stories will be contributed by the most popular writers of the day, including Mary E. Wilkins, Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Deland, Brander Matthews, and many others. The illustrated descriptive papers will embrace articles by Julian Ralph on new Southern and Western subjects; by Theodore Child on India; by Poultney Bigelow on Russia and Germany; by Richard Harding Davis on a London Season; by Colonel T. A. Dodge on Eastern Riders; etc. Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies will be continued. Literary articles will be contributed by Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs. James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Brander Matthews, and others.

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PER YEAR.

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HARPER'S BAZAR	4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

JACOB MARTIN GARBER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of February, 1893.

SAMUEL BARE,
Executor.
fr-4-4t

HORSE BILLS. We have a number of Fine Horse Cuts and print bills cheap.

Select Poetry.

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MINNIE H. OLNEY.

With the happy days of childhood,
Life has lost a careless grace,
There's a sweetness that is missing
In the after paths we trace.

Joys in fuller, richer measure,
Come to bless the later days;
But we miss the gladsome frolic
'Long the old familiar ways.

Other feet now tread the pathway
To the schoolhouse on the hill,
Ringing voices wake the echoes,
Making music 'round it still.

Other hands are weaving garlands
Of the leaves or flowers of May,
And the sunlight fondly lingers
On fair faces there today.

Do the breezes ever whisper
Of the brows they kissed of old,
Of the locks of hair they lifted
In the same sweet sunshine's gold?

Ah we miss the old-time faces,
But the years have come between;
All have changed since days of childhood,
Some are 'neath the churchyard's green.

We who tread life's dusty highway,
Pressing oft the thorns of pain,
Long to live the days of childhood,
Twine its daisy wreaths again.

Woven in with golden visions,
Threaded o'er with love and truth—
Fairer crown than fame or glory
Were the garlands of our youth.

Select Story.

CATCHING A COLONEL.

From London Truth.

The Colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted, of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified this Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning that was highly original, but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London fog, or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "To give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in disrespectful silence by his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehood, garnished with numerous expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "doing Old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the army list will tell you, was Col. Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat" of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's Bank or the cold-meat train to Working.

Therefore, when the Red Russars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very rife among the officers whether Sir James would contrive to hit it off amicably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experience in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere colonel in a Hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be every prospect of some lively scenes when the colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat, and gives it to him hot when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision Col Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother-officer of Sir James Macleod's to whom he had written in order to make some inquiries with regard to the new importation into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the baronets's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it, as usual," wrote Capt. Fletcher, of the Blues. "Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure deviltry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no blamed nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; A1 shot; and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. *Don't bet with him.* He is a very demon at bets, and always wins."

"Is he indeed?" mused Colonel Power; "and he may be the very divil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's meself that would like to see the colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern."

Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good-looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner, however, was that of a man of the world; and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe, in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a bit."

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed good-humoredly.

"What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe, in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scare-crows and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reekie?" I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick."

"What do you mean?" inquired the other.

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would be furious if any one contradicted him?" inquired Macleod, fixing a very wary grey eye on the other.

"Furious! I think he would have a fit."

Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then he said quietly:

"I should like to make a bet with you. I will lay you two ponies to a five-pound note that, if you will draw the colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, we will have a most angry discussion, and at the end the colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if—well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to holdyou in less than no time."

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod, blandly.

"No; I won't bet on a certainty."

"Are you sure," inquired Macleod, with an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel—quite—up—to drawing Old Pat——"

"You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe, haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose, you will have no one to thank but yourself."

"Quite so," said Macleod, calmly, and he made the entry in his pocket-book in the most business-like way. "And if I lose—well, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement!"

And so it came about that that same evening, after dinner, when the wine was circulating pretty freely, and a mellow glow was beginning to make its appearance on the colonel's ripe visage, young Fanshawe, to the consternation of the mess, introduced the subject of a deceased Irish politician.

"What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said young Fanshawe, *a propos* of nothing, and dragging the dead leader into the conversation precisely as Mr. Dick used to hoist King Charles the First's head into the "Memorial."

The other subs looked at young Fanshawe with amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on—some game at the colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be as well to be in at the death. Every eye was therefore fixed on the colonel. Old Pat was not to be drawn by a

[redacted]

was shot upon the colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whiskey more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less of illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of Old Pat's passionate and profane defence, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was really good and great in the Irish nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually some-

[redacted]

every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, colonel, I am sure."

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly choking with suppressed laughter. Young Fanshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young scapegrace was obliged to go to the sideboard, where he gurgled subterraneously for several minutes with his back to the company.

"It's a lie!" roared the colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie!"

"How? A lie, colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?"

"I mean," shrieked Old Pat, "that the Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest families in Ireland; that they were on intimate terms with Brian Boru; and that whin the blissid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestorr that gave him the *Cead mille failthe* to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intirre family, may the divil fly off with the soul of the dirty varmin."

And with these words the colonel struck the table a blow that made the glasses ring.

"This is very interesting, indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the colonel as if that dignitary were the missing link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one—even an Irishman—would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought of examining your own mouth?"

The colonel's reply was of a nature that would have been an expensive one, had he made it in the presence of a magistrate who enforced the penalties against swearing.

"Strange, very strange," said Macleod, who was still quite calm. "Now, I think I will lay you two to one in ten-pound notes that I am right."

A wolfish light shone in the colonel's eyes, but he held back with the most praiseworthy self-control. It would be undignified to bet with a mere sub—and on such a subject.

"I will make it five to one in twenty-pound notes," continued Macleod, with an air of great confidence, "that you yourself have a black roof to your mouth."

"I will take that bet," spluttered the colonel, who was now in a white heat of rage. "By me soul, I will take that same, just to teach you not to bet on subjects of which you know nothing. It will be a useful lesson. And now how do you propose to decide this bet?"

Sir James Macleod suggested that ocular inspection would be the quickest and most satisfactory method—ocular inspection by the senior officers of the mess. Their words would probably be sufficient for both parties.

The colonel demurred a little to this proposition. It seemed to him totally subversive of discipline. He was quite sure that the commander-in-chief would not approve of it. No [illegible] possible way of settling the [illegible]estion occurred to him, however, [illegible], now that he had got so far, he [illegible]s determined to win that hundred [illegible]nds at all hazzards, and give the [illegible]ng Scotch jackanapes his much-[illegible]eded lesson.

[illegible]Candles were accordingly sent for [illegible]once, and a dead silence ensued. [illegible]ery man looked at the other as if [illegible]quiring what would be the next act [illegible] this singular drama. Even young [illegible]nshawe forgot to laugh. The col-[illegible]l breathed heavily, and his eyss [illegible]ed at his adversary, who still re-[illegible]ned his unmoved demeamor.

At last the light came. Armed each with a candlestick, the major, the captains, and the senior subaltern in turn examined the gaping orifice which the colonel revealed to their gaze, during which inspection young Fanshawe threw himself headlong on to a sofa and kicked like a person in mortal agony; while two other subalterns expressed their feelings in a bear-fight behind the colonel's unconscious head.

The verdict of the judges was unanimous. They declared that the roof of the colonel's mouth was red, [illegible]t black.

"Decidedly red," said the senior [illegible]ptain, with a curious chuckle that [illegible]emed fraught with a world of [illegible]eaning. "Not a trace of black."

"Not black?" cried Sir James [illegible]acleod in tones of amazement [illegible]Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the major, [illegible]fficially.

"Pon honor!" remarked the [illegible]hers in chorus.

"Well, gentlemen, you have sur-[illegible]ssed me," said Macleod, glancing [illegible]m one to the other as if he could [illegible]arcely believe his ears. "Of course [illegible]believe you—but—if the colonel [illegible]ll permit—I should like to look [illegible]st to convince my own eyes."

"Look away, me boy," chuckled [illegible] colonel, hoarsely. He was con-[illegible]vulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep."

"Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider, colonel; and will one of you hold the light? Really, colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must really let me open your mouth a little wider."

With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the colonel's nose and the other on the colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions.

There was not a man, among all the reckless crew that stood around, but held his breath in anticipation of a terrible explosion.

The colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb.

The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance.

"I have lost," he said quite cheerfully. "And I owe you an apology, colonel. Luckily I have the notes about me."

He produced his pocketbook, extracted two fifty-pound notes from it, and handed them to the colonel.

The latter took them with the most portentous gravity. He was clearly puzzled and uncertain as to the right course of action. He puckered up his face in the most curious wrinkles. Then he rubbed his nose reflectively

The humorous side of the question, however, presented itself very forcibly to him, and he broke into a broad grin.

"Well," he said, with a loud roar of laughter, "you are a blamed impudent young rascal. But I didn't think that a Scotchman and his money were so easily parted."

And amid sympathetic roars from the entire mess, who thought the whole thing a capital joke all round, the colonel's indignation melted into intense enjoyment of his own success. The only person who was unsettled in his mind was young Fanshawe, who could not understand why Macleod should have risked a hundred pounds in so foolish a way.

"I don't think much of that Scotch chap you sent us," wrote the colonel, a few days later, to his old schoolfellow, Captain Fletcher, of the Blues. "Too much brag; too little bottom. He'll never set the Thames on fire. Only a few nights ago he actually bet me a hundred pounds to twenty that I had a black roof to my mouth—cheeky young divil! Well, I took the bet, just to give him a lesson. You ought to have seen his face when he lost. Really, I couldn't help roaring with laughter to see how confident he had been and how sold he was. You must be a dull lot in the Blues if he always wins from you. Anyhow, I have broken the record."

Captain Fletcher wrote by return of post to his old schoolfellow, Col. Dominick Power.

"Confound you! Didn't I caution you most pointedly not to bet with him? Couldn't you have known that there must be some deviltry on, or a man would not throw away his money in such preposterous fashion? Before he left us, Macleod laid me one hundred pounds to a thousand that he would pull your nose in the presence of the mess before he had been a week in the regiment, and without being court-martialed or even placed under arrest for it, and I have just received a round-robin, signed by your mess, declaring that he has won the bet."

Boys and Men.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

There is a fine saying of the philosophic Lessing, which deserves to be remembered. I is this: "The future of every nation depends upon its young men of nineteen."

It, follows, then, that the young men of nineteen depend upon the boys of nine or ten; and thus, reasoning backwards, we prove the truth of Wordsworth's almost inspired verse, "The child is father to the man." And this worthy thought, no doubt original in Wordsworth, may be traced upwards through great John Dryden to the pedant and schoolmaster-philosopher Seneca.

Dryden ejaculates in the prologue of All for Love, "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and in his treatise on Anger, Seneca tells us "they, the men, are but children too, though they have gray hairs, and are of a larger size."

Seeing then that we are one and the same, it does not seem very philosophic for the poets to have wept so many tears over their lost youth, or to be maudlin about their boyhood's days.

"Ah, happy years!" sings Lord Byron; "once more who would not be a boy?" "Think oft, ye brethren," echoes the German, "think of the gladness of your youthful prime; it cometh not again, that golden time."

Even Coleridge, a christian philosopher, with much faith, prevision, or the faculty of looking forward, looked backward to exclaim, with bitter regret, that the days of youth never come again.

Man is a dissatisfied creature, and there is very little doubt, as a boy, he is often as miserable as when he is a man. It is not in Lear, abandoned by his children, reft of his kingdom, and driven by his own wild frenzy and their unkindness into the storm, that we get the deeper melancholy; we find that in the young Hamlet, prince of the kingdom, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

But it is because boys are subject to illusion, because their days of knowledge are yet far distant, because they laugh at a zany, and think the tawdry gilding of a pantomime equal to the hues of Heaven's sunset, and the garish cheek of a columbine as fair as the beauty of an angel, that men envy them.

The only consolation for us against the stupidity of such envy is the reflection that boys universally envy the men. Manhood, its cares, noble responsibility, its freedom of thought and action, its usefulness, grandeur, and dignity, is before them; and for ever they long to arrive at it.

The first man's collar is a joy; the nasty surreptitious cigar, smoked until nausea and sickness ensue, seems to a boy a wondrous pleasure, and the first tail-coat is a garment of Paradise. Do we envy those illusions, we whose bread is bought with daily care, who are searchers after truth, workers, teachers, and thinkers?

Ought we to envy them any more than we do the eager greediness with which a boy will look forward and accept the half-dollar, or the sovereign which his poor mother or poor aunt has saved up for him? Have we not yet learned the golden truth, that it is better to slave for than be slaved for; that it is nobler to give than to receive?

More than one writer combats the notion that boys and men are the same. "Boys are boys," writes one author, in a sentence which sounds very much like an old jingle "boys will be boys,"—"and not little men. They are all alike, except as to the color of the hair or the pinafore." This is surely hastily conceived. There is as much difference between them as between men.

There is this especial distinction, too, between the sexes—that girls, as a rule, being more calmly imitative and impressionable, are considerably more level in their character, and more like each other than boys; and, in addition to this, they are greater in industry, purer, more thoughtful and ductile than their brothers.

A girl seems to know that home is her sphere—that she will one day be a mother and the head of a family, and she readily learns her part, dresses her doll, receives her visitors—her playmates—as if she were a matron, and with marvellous prescience fits herself to after life.

But with the boy, feeling comes to him later in life: pain renders him impatient; sorrow is a bore; tears are an odious sight; for being sympathetic he will be urged to pay his tribute, and he is awkward at grief, for when he weeps he snivels and howls; when he laughs he sniggers or "guffaws." A girl, on the other hand, smiles. The boy breaks later into bloom, unless he is a poet; and the true poet has a woman's heart and a man's brain.

Still it is to that early period, to men and women the most painful—for even the mother's love, though it never deserts the boy, is often chilled and hurt—is to boys the most delightful; and it is to that time, that golden time, and a little later, that the yearning poet looks back. For it must be remembered that beyond that a man's memory stretches not. Who recollects either the joys or the sorrows of his infancy? The fears and terrors of darkness and the night; the hunger and cold which grown-up people know nothing of; the sudden alternations of joy and grief; the eager desire for some wretched toy, gratified, and fading almost in the act of gratification—the soft, ductile brain of boys registers not such follies; and even less than these, when this world is over, will our highest ambition seem to the enfranchised soul. It is not my childhood's days that the balladmonger squeaks about.

It is the boy, the eager-hearted-boy, full of illusions, greedy, brave in a small degree, and generally on the largest side; forgetful, and yet mindful of anything like an injury or slight; avaricious and yet a spendthrift; generous and yet mean; easily moved to one side or the other. Immoral and a robber, ready to prey, like a middle-age knight or baron, on the weak; desirous of easy distinction, and, as we have said immortal, because he cannot properly judge in what distinction should consist.

Some Curious Facts.

Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000.

M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennæ. Consequently the activity and strength of insects far surpasses ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can clap its wings in a second as the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupified if it attempts to realize these results.

Toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air.

They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulla, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. He asserts that he saw these two worms.

A beetle of the species called capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hole of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the Affiches de Province, 1872, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received it.

Misson, in his travels through Italy, mentions a cray-fish that was found alive in the midst of a mass of marble in the environs of Tivoli. M. Peyssonel, king's physician at Guadaloupe, having ordered a pit to be dug at the back of his house, was told by the workmen that live frogs were found by them in beds of petrification. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rock and petrifications, and drew out green frogs, which were alive and exactly similar to what we see every day.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey, and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird. The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted to their safety in no small degree, to a species of pheasants. The bird acts as the sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man, it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed.

The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivances of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns.

Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are no less remarkable. The writer already cited says: "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary which, while singing to a mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female left the nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually, like sea-crabs and lobsters.

Turtles and tortoises have their skeletons partly outside in place of within their bodies.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

In South America there is a prolific honey-bee which has not been furnished with a sting.

In the darkest night, fishes pursue their usual movements the same as by daylight.

Seals are as intelligent as dogs, and can be trained to perform many tricks like them.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

If the eye of a newt is put out, another perfect one is soon supplied by rapid growth.

Fishes have no eyelids, and necessarily sleep with their eyes wide open.

Alligators fall into a lethargic sleep during the winter season, like the toad.

The power of serpents to charm birds and small quadrupeds is a well authenticated fact.

The most important quality in stone for road making is toughness. Hard stone without toughness is ground to powder by the action of the wheels. Limestones, generally speaking, are to be avoided because of their great affinity for water, which causes them in frosty weather, which has been preceded by wet, to split up into a pulverulent state, destroying the road.

Putting your enemy in the wrong in the sight of men is the worst kind of defeat, against which neither individual nor nation can long persist.

Whenever you pray, ask God to bless somebody you don't like.

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