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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 17. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed
An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snowbank from your heart.
Jes' w'en Spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer fogy notions down
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust
An' dress yer soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its wornout crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene and pure,
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer moril cubby holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls;
Git up an' dust! The Spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbing brush an' soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cosey chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul,
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the Spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in eve'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snow banks from yer heart!
—Yankee Blade.

Select Story.

ANNIE LAURIE'S STORY.

From the N. Y. PRESS.

Most people suppose "Annie Laurie" to be a creation of the song writer's fancy, or perhaps some Scotch peasant girl, like Highland Mary and most of the heroines of Robert Burns. In either case they are mistaken.

Annie Laurie was "born in the purple," so to speak, at Maxwelton House, in the beautiful Glen of the Cairn—Glencairn. Her home was in the heart of the most pastorally lovely of Scottish spires—that of Dumfries. Her birth is thus set down by her father in what is called the Barjorg manuscript:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George ——, minister of Glencairn."

Her father was Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet, and her mother was Jane Riddell.

Maxwelton house was partially burned in the last century, but not all of it. The great tower is incorporated in the new house, and also a considerable portion of the old walls was built in. The foundations are those of the castle. In places its walls are twelve feet thick. The lower room is the "gunroom," and the little room above, that in the next story, is always spoken of in the family as "Annie Laurie's room or boudoir." This room of Annie's has been opened into the drawing room by taking down the wall on that side; it forms a charming alcove, and its ground stone ceiling shows its great age.

In the dining room, a fine, large apartment, we come again upon the old walls, six feet thick, which give very deep window recesses. In this room hang the portraits of Annie Laurie and her husband, Alexander Ferguson. They are half length, life size.

Annie's hair is dark brown, and she has full dark eyes; it is difficult to say whether brown or deep hazel. I incline to the latter. Whoever doctored the second verse of the original song—I heard it credited to "Mrs. Grundy" by a grand nephew of Burns—whoever it was he had apparently no knowledge of this portrait, for you all know he has given Annie a "dark blue e'e."

The nose is long and straight. The under lip full, as though "some bee had stung it newly," like that of Suckling's bride. A true Scotch face of a type to be met any day in Edinburgh, or any other Scotch town. She is in evening dress of white satin, and she wears no jewels but the pearls in her hair.

Annie looked down upon us, methought, with a roguish air, and behind the somewhat demure expression I fancied there lurked the mischievous sprite who wrought such havoc with the heart of Douglas of Fingland, and then jilted him two hundred odd years ago. It was Douglas of Fingland who wrote the song.

Alexander Ferguson, the husband of Annie Laurie, has a handsome, youthful face, with dark eyes and curling hair. His coat is brown, and his waistcoat blue embroidered with gold, and he wears abundant lace in the charming old fashion.

It was at Maxwelton house—Annie's birthplace—that I came across the missing link in the chain of evidence that fixes the authorship of the song upon Douglas of Fingland.

The present proprietor of Maxwelton house is Sir Emilius Laurie, formerly rector of St. John's, Paddington, when he was known as Sir Emilius Bayley. He took the name of Laurie when he succeeded to the family estates. Sir Emilius is a descendant of Sir Walter, third Baronet and brother of Annie.

Sir Emilius placed in my hands a letter of which he said I might make what use I liked, and this letter contained the missing link.

It was written in 1889 by a friend to Sir Emilius, and relates an incident which took place in 1854. At that time the writer, whom we will call Mr. B, was on a visit with his wife to some friends in Yorkshire. Mrs. B was a somewhat famous singer of ballads, singing them with taste and pathos. A few friends were invited to meet them one evening, and after the ladies had retired to the drawing room, their hostess asked Mrs. B. to sing. And she sang "Annie Laurie" in the modern revision, just as we all sing it.

Among the guests was an old lady in her 97th year. She gave close attention to the singing of the ballad, and when Mrs. B—— had finished she spoke up: "Thank you, thank you, very much. But they're na the words my grandfather wrote." Then she repeated the first verse as she knew it.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. B—— called upon her, and in the meantime she had the original first verse written out, dictating it to a grand niece. She signed it with her own shaky hand. Not being satisfied with the signature, she had signed it a second time.

She explained that her grandfather, Douglas of Fingland, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song, "But," she added, "he did na get her after a'."

She was not quite sure as to Annie's fate, she said. Some folks had said she died unmarried, while some had said she married Ferguson of Craigdarrock, and she rather thought that was the truth.

Questioned as to the authenticity of the verse she had given, she said: "Oh, I mind it fine. I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me." And here is the verse signed with her name:

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie
They're a' clad owre wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true.
Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

I mind na' mair.
Signed, CLARK DOUGLAS.
August 30, 1854.

In the original song there were but two verses, and this is the second:

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span,
Her waist ye weel micht span,
An' she has a rolling e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

As I have said, the "rolling e'e" has been changed and wrongly into one of "dark blue."

Who added the third verse is not known, but no lover of the song would willingly dispense with it:

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like summeg breezes sighing
Her voice is low an' sweet.
Her voice is low an' sweet,
An' she's a' the world to me,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

This verse has a touch of the true lyric fire, and "she's a' the world to me" is worthy of Robbie Burns himself. And as to the "gowans," I, for one shall always cling to them, since I picked them on the lawns of Craigdarrock.

The gowan, by the way, is the "moon daisy" of old England, and the "white weed" or field daisy of New England now genteelly called "Marguerite."

The music of the song is modern, and was composed by Lady John Scott, aunt by marriage of the present Duke of Buccleuch. The composer was only gussged at for many years, but somewhat recently she has acknowledged the authorship.

The present proprietor of the Craigdarrock is Captain Robert Ferguson of the fourth generation in direct descent from Annie Laurie.

Against the east gable of the nearby kirk is the burial ground of the Lauries, and against the west that of the Fergusons. A ponderous monument marks the grave of Annie's grandfather, cut with those hideous emblems which former generations seemed to delight in. But the burial place of the Fergusons is singularly lacking in early monuments, and no stone marks the place of Annie's rest.

At Craigdarrock house is kept Annie's will, a copy of which I give. As a will simply, it is of no special value. As Annie Laurie's it will be read with interest:

I, Anna Laurie, spouse to Alexr. Fergusone of Craigdarrock. Forasmuch as I considering it a dewtie upon everie persone whyle they are in health and sound judgment so to settle yer worldly affairs that yrby all animosities betwixt friends and relatives may obviat and also for the singular love and respect I have for the said Alex. Fergusone, in case he survive me I do heir by make my letter will as follows: First—I recommend my soule to God, hopeing by the meritorious righteousness of Jesus Christ to be saved; secondly, I recommend my body to be decently and orderly interred; and in the third place nominate and appoynt the said Alexr. Fergusone to be my sole and only executor, legator and universall intrometor with my hail goods, gear, debts and soums off money that shall pertain and belong to me the tyme of my decease, or shall be dew to me by bill, bond or oyrway; with power to him to obtain himself confirmed and decreed exr. to me and to do everiething for fixing and establishing the right of my spouse in his person as law requires; in witness whereof their putts (written by John Wilsone off Chapel in Dumfries) are subd. by me at Craigdarrock the twenty-eighth day of Apryle Jajvij and eleven (1711) years, before the witnesses the sd. John Wilsone and John Nicholsone his servitor.

ANN. LAURIE.
JO. WILSON, Witness.
JOHN HOAT, Witness.

If our dates are correct, this will was written the year after her marriage. And it is pleasant to see that she had such entire trust in Alexander Ferguson. Evidently she cherished no lingering regrets for Douglas of Fingland.

MAT'S HUSBAND.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

From the Argonaut.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the cross-roads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family.

Nominally, Sam was a cowbow; but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, t' rest up like."

He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise; and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam; but it is quite certain that she never told any one what that reason was. Sam was tall, and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way, he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes, too. These facts, and his perennial good-nature and friendly ways, were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forciby taken by his father-in-law, and, also, that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was, morally, so weak that any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along, no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while, Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But oftener than not, he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip 'r two," and that would settle it. At such times, he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again. And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firmset mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places, too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon, and Mat found some means to pay the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told; yet live they did—or, rather, existed—and, for the most part kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never, for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be—but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—five—and no word came from hfm. Mat was not a litttle worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her shawl over her head and went down to her father's to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway talking ta a couple of strangers.

"No," he was saying, "they h'aint b'en no person 'long yere las' few days, but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout a b'en seed over yere t' Bacon's. Ben thar? No? Wa-al, my boy's comin' in f'm thar purty soon, an' he c'n tell ye. Come in an' feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officer trailing a horse-thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles erst and sold it at Pickett Station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation, a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel faint and ill. As soon as supper was over, she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door open. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, and his clothes were scattered about the floor and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him. Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of his pockets. Instinctively Mat thurst her hand into it, and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam!—wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Gimme kiss," he said, in a dull tone.

"Not twell ye tells me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w'y, them—them thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely, and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force: "Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick, now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked, querulously:

"What ye so all-fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin'." And he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way.

"Sam! whar did ye git 'em?"

He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam!" her voice was full of horror, "did you steal that thar hoss?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor; slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring, and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her eyes on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and, presently, she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished, when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an' thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door, without looking at Sam.

* * * * *

There was a jail at the cross roads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steal hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape, and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it had all happened. It must be a drunken dream—but no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat who had given him up? There must be some mistake.

The big strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep, like a child.

* * * * *

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when some one silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This some one entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened, a little after this, by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up, just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle-horses.

"I come f'r ye, Sam," said the woman, with a sob. "I done brung both ponies an' on' clo's. Let's go Sam; we c'n git 'crost th' river befo' mawnin'. Come!"

He clasped her in his arms. and they clung to each other a little while, Then Mat said, more steadily:

"Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico—an' mebbe we c'n try 'n' do bettah ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight, down toward the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.

Explorations in Palestine.

From CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

United States Consul Merrill at Jerusalem has written interestingly to the state department about archæology in Palestine and around Jerusalem. He says:

"The only systematic exploration that has been carried on the past year or, in fact, that has been allowed by the Turkish government has been done by an American acting for the English society known as the Palestine Exploration Fund, at Tell el Hesy, generally supposed to be the Hachish of the Old Testament, which was besieged by Sennacherib, and was of sufficient importance to be sculptured on slabs in the national galleries of Nineveh. This 'Tell' is, as the word means, a mound of earth and ruins, and aneffort has been made to remove it entirely bit by bit in order to ascertain its structure and archæological contents. As is usual in such cases, successive layers of civilization or of building have been unearthed, and a variety of bronze implements, stone weights and other relics have been found; but the most interesting 'find' was that of an Assyrian inscription, thought to be of as early a date as 1400 B. C. It seems to have been addressed to the governor of the place, who was afterward murdered by his own subjects.

"Many of the discoveries that have been made about Jerusalem within twenty years past have been made by accident. The ground sinks down, a hole appears, and that leads to an examination, which results in a valuable addition to our archæological knowledge of the city. This was the way the magnificent ground plan and beautiful mosaics, covering 400 or 500 square feet of St. Stephen's church, near the Damascus gate, was first brought to light. This was built by the empress Eudocia, wife of Theodosius the younger, A. D. 460; and the spacious tomb chambers which she cut out of the solid rock near the church, and in which she was buried, likewise became known by accident.

"During the last year a hole was discovered in a piece of land southwest of the city. A man went down in it to see what he could find, and large tombs and beautiful sarcophaguses were soon made known to the world. In connection with other archæologists, I have for many years tried to locate what Josephus describes when he is marking out the line of the wall of circumvalation which Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, A. D. 66-70, threw around the city as 'the monuments,' meaning the 'tomb,' 'of Herod' (Wars V., 12, 2). He gives but few general indications, points or objects well known at the time, and that of these 'monuments' should be just about where this wonderful find has been made. I suppose Josephus had in mind Herod Agrippa II., and not Herod the Great, who was not buried in Jerusalem. The 'rolling stone at the door' of the sepulcher, six feet in diameter and twelve inches thick, the ornamentation on the sarcophaguses, the character of the masonry and some other bits of evidence led me to believe that this is the very monument to which Josephus referred.

"Many modern scholars in the department of Palestinean archæology, having abandoned as untenable the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher as the place of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord, have fixed upon the hill above Jeremiah's grotto, three hundred yards north of the Damascus gate, as the site of the crucifixion. Adjoining this hill, which is covered with Mohammedan graves, is a large garden controlling the face of the hill, which is rock for one hundred and fifty yards. Excavations at different times in this garden have shown that six or more feet below the surface of the ground there exists interesting ruins, and in the rock itself there is a remarkable tomb which has recently attracted much attention. An effort has been made the last year to purchase the garden, with its appurtenances, place it in the hands of a general committee, so that it should not be in the control of any particular religious sect, have excavations made and everything that might be found preserved and exposed for the benefit of all who take an interest in such matters. The negotiations were, it was thought, successful and the money ready to be paid, but very recently there has come a hitch of some kind, so that after all the the project may fail.

"In one American cemetery on Mount Zion I was overseeing the digging of a certain grave, and at the depth of four feet we came upon large blocks of stone. I tried to dig in two places near the first, but with similar results. At last we dug the grave elsewhere and subsequently I employed men to remove the earth from the stones referred to, and at that point and at two others where I made examinations I found the remains of a large building, which, I judge, was a church. These foundations of pillars were on a pavement of six or seven feet below the surface of the ground, and it is a curious fact that wherever we attempt to dig a grave in that yard we come at the depth mentioned upon human bones and skulls. It seems shocking, but as the ground is full of such remains there is nothing to be done. This filling in must have been done long ago, for this ground has been American property since about 1830. I hoped to have walled in these finds, so that they might always be exposed, but this was too expensive for my private means, and I have partially covered them and marked the places so that they can be avoided whenever it is necessary hereafter to dig graves."

Eating and Living.

"There are only two bad things in this world," said Hannah Moore, "sin and bile!" but these evils are the occasion of all others; nay, according to the theory of certain savans, the first was the result of the second. That is to say, a man very much depends upon what you feed him with. It is the dinner that makes a man good or bad.

Some philosophers despise the stomach, but we cannot get on without it; our limbs may fall off one by one, our taste decay, our senses leave us, our mind be wrecked; but King Stomach lives, and will live, supreme!

Nowadays we have mostly healthy appetites. Business may trouble us, politics worry us, and money-matters drive us mad; but we all eat, and eat heartily. If we run out of town, we must finish by eating. Do we welcome a hero, we give him a dinner; do we commence a charity, a feast inaugurates.

Whatever we eat or drink, little or much, should be carefully prepared. "God sends meats," says the proverb, "but the devil sends cooks;" and the old saw has great force. "Cooking," says Ude, "is highly conductive to the preservation of health; the stomach should be pretected from a monotony of plain food. Diet should be varied, and the cooking of each joint should be scientifically attended to. A well-cooked piece of meat will be full of its own juice or gravy. It will contain albumen, its most nourishing essence."

The theory of the kitchen is by no means contemptible; there is reason, and a good deal of reason too, in the roasting of eggs. A good cook is invaluable; to a poor man a good wife who is a good cook is a fortune; and Miss Burdett Coutts, who has established schools in England wherein children of the lower classes can learn the art of cookery, and the method of becoming good and clever wives to poor men, has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the working classes. Whilst deprecating luxury of all kinds, there can be no reason why we should spoil the kindly fruits of the earth by ignorant cookery, and a well-ordered and cooked mutton chop is often the best sort of physic which can be placed before a poor man.

It is the knowledge and attention to little things—and cookery may appear a very little thing to a philosopher—which especially distinguishes one family from the other, the thriftless from the careful family.

It is a trite remark enough that one man will live like a prince upon ten dollars a week, and another like a beggar on twenty. Management is all, and that kind of management which will make the poor man's home happy, and with all its disadvantages enable it to contrast favorably with the public house, is not arrived at without much study.

The number of meals in which the well-fed classes indulge is too large. One at least could be dispensed with, and that one should be luncheon.

An adult in full health, writes an authority, requires two meals daily, and often, without prejudice, partakes of two more. Women who are more delicately organized, eat sparingly, and require three meals in the day. Modern civilization seems to require that people should not be too long without eating. Herbert Mayo gives nine hours. A person, says he, who breakfasts at nine, should not dine later than six. But other eminent physicians have recommended their patients to eat little and often, so as not to put the stomach to too great a task in providing gastric juice for digestion.

Hot suppers are most unwholesome, because the meat is not digested before sleep; dreams and nocturnal disturbances are the consequence. During eating strong mental excitement should be avoided. Do what you are about, and do it well. Think of eating and masticating; throw your mind into the matter. Nothing can be worse than for the town man to stick a newspaper or an exciting novel against a cruet-frame, and read as he eats. This way of partaking of toast and sentiment, and swallowing hot tea and strong politics, is decidedly injurious.

Lastly, temperance and soberness cannot be more stongly inculcated by the Divine than they are by the Doctor. There is not one eminent man who has written for years who has not traced more than half the diseases of humanity to the gorging propensities of man. At a good school a little fellow who devours his tarts in secret, or who makestoo much of his school treats, gets marked down as a glutton, and is treated accordingly.

One excess is as bad as another; every meal which is superfluous is sin; it is a sin against that bountiful Providence which supplies enough for all, but too much for none. That man who eats enough for two, robs one; and punishment most surely follows. If we wish to see how odious gluttony and excess are to a highly intellectual mind, we have only to read that message in Dante's great work, wherein gluttons are punished; and moreover to remember the feast of Dives and the starvation of Lazarus; and then we shall eat to live, and not live to eat.

New Zealand Birds.

The kiwi is a brown night bird, about the size of a guinea fowl, with a long, narrow, curved beak, with which it pierces the ground to satisfy its appetite with worms and grubs. It has fine, long, pointed feathers, of which the Maoris make feather rugs by working them together with flaxen threads. The kakapo resembles a large bright-green parrot, and is very handsome. The wika, or wood hen, is the most common and the smallest. The kiwi, or apteryx, has the least developed wing, and approaches most closely to the now extinct moa, or dimornis, of which there are some fine skeleton specimens in the museums. Those at Christchurch run to a height of eleven feet, but lack the rudimentary wing bone; in Dunedin there is one with it attached, and a beautifu skeleton is to be seen in the natura history museum in London.

We had quite a collection of live birds on the Hinemoa, as we captured various specimens of young black swans, paradise duck and penguins, when boating from the steamer. The method was to row after a young bird till it got frightened and dived, and finally, when tired out, it was caught in a sort of landing net at the end of along bamboo cane. The captives were designed for various zoological gardens, as unfortunately there seems a prospect of many of these native birds dying out, probably owing to the depredations of tourists and sportsmen. On this account the governor has lately caused a large island in one of the sounds to be set aside as a reserve where they will be neither shot nor captured for any purpose whatever.

In addition to the wingless birds, there are fifty-nine different land birds, and many more water birds abound on the rocks and islands in the south and west. Penguins exist in multitudes, and our captain told us thousands of them swim away in the summer toward the south pole to feed, whence, in spite of having traversed many leagues, they return so fat that they can hardly stand. When traveling they form themselves into compact bodies, on the sea, of several hundreds each, and spread themselves out in line, at just sufficient distance to enable one group to communicate by a cry with another. It was explained to us that this curious and intelligent mode of proceeding was to enable them to search the sea for land, and to avoid missing it by a mistaken direction; but it seems hardly likely that their annual migration should be quite as vague as that would suppose, or that birds of a previous year should not remain as guides for a younger generation.

Ancient Clocks and Watches.

In early times watches were often made in the forms of skulls and coffins, suggested, doubtless, by the solemnity of the flight of time.

A death's-head watch, which formerly belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed by her to her maid of honor, Mary Seton, on Febeuary 7, 1587, and afterwards came into possession of Sir John Dick Lauder, is of silver gilt, and is most elaborately ornamented. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer.

At the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion.

The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by the hinge, this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Trinity, angels, and shepherds with their flocks.

The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope which acts as a musically-toned bell, while the dial-plate is in the place of the palate. This curious work of art, which was made at Blois, is too large to be carried as a pocket watch.

Another skull watch, which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, by its inscription and the date, 1560, shows that Francis II, of France, presented it to his young wife many years before watches were supposed to have been brought to England from Germany.

Several other of Queen Mary's watches are described. One in a case of crystal, shaped like a coffin, and another made at Rouen, in which a thread of cat gut supplied the place of the chain used in the work of modern watches.

Early watches were sometimes so small as to be set in the head of walking sticks, the clasp of bracelets, in rings or in pendants, and we read of a striking watch mounted in the year 1542. At the Strawberry Hill sale Queen Victoria purchased a little clock of brass gilt which had been presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII upon their marriage in 1532, for £110 5s. It is now at Windsor Castle, and in going order. It is richly chased and engraved.

The clock placed in one of the towers at the palace at Hampton Court, in 1551, is described as the oldest English made clock extant. When in action it showed the motions of the planets. The dial and several of the wheels attached to the back of the dial still remain.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

It requires pretty nearly as much expense and trouble to keep a cow that pays no profit as it does to keep one that pays well.

Clover is the very best grass on which the cow can feed in summer. One acre of it is worth two of timothy.

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