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An American orator, at a dinner at the Grand Hotel in London, recently made use of the following metaphor in his speech: "Let the Russian bear put his paw upon the fair land of Australia and the British lion, the American eagle, and the Australian kangaroo will rise up as one man and drive him ignominiously to his lair." This is almost equal to Sir Boyle Roche's best.

The importation of American game into Austria has proved a big success. On the Danubian meadow forests of Count Brenner 100 wild turkeys and thirty wapiki are marked for destruction at the next big battue. On Prince Huniady's estates the American game has increased 80 per cent.

The old saying that the man who minds his own business will make money is not true. Charles Cochrane, a Canadian, has remained on his farm for fourteen straight years without leaving it and has not spoken to a stranger in all that time, and yet he is poorer than when he began.

George Jennings, of New Portage, Ohio, was fishing in Wolf Creek, and had set a line and went further up the stream. When he returned he found a duck had swallowed the minnow and swam away with the pole and line. He followed it up and captured it. This is a new way to get ducks.

There is great enthusiasm in Hayti over the installation of Gen. Hippolyte as President of the black republic. The 7,000 soldiers of the President stationed in Port au Prince gave their successful leader a grand ovation. A fountain with three jets, each supplying a favorite drink, was erected, that all might rejoice over the selection of the President.

The King of Siam is about to send five Siamese boys to the United States to be educated at his expense. The boys are to be placed in charge of an American missionary and will probably be sent to school in Pennsylvania. It is the King's custom to educate the sons of the noblemen and the princes of his domain in various countries, and when they return to Siam appoint them to high Government positions.

Three years ago a Providence, R. I., factory girl, who was exceedingly pretty and courted by many, was married to a mill owner who was 70 years old and wealthy. Lately there was a suit for divorce brought by the still fascinating young lady, who said that her husband was stingy and that he had made life unbearable by his meanness. She did not want alimony, strange to say, and the court granted her a divorce and the right to assume her maiden name. The rich old men do not make good husbands unless they die soon.

It is dangerous to let a man die in a hotel in Paris. A queer French law enables the landlord to present his bill to the relatives for the death. Seven hundred francs was the item recently demanded from an American family for the decease of one of its members in a well-known hotel. This extortion would have been three times as great if the person had died of a contagious disease, and doubled if the deceased was a prince or a member of any rich old aristocratic family. The allowances by the judges, however, are generally much less than the claims of the landlords.

An old farmer in the Granite State one Sunday morning started to wind up his great silver watch, and found that the key was filled with dirt. Being unable to dig the matter out with a pin, the farmer drilled a hole in the key, and with a single breath blew all the dust out. Then he sat down to think, and within a month had patented that hole. To day in Lebanon, N. H., there is a large factory running by electric power wherein are manufactured daily thousands and thousands of watch-keys of every possible size, shape and design. Each one of these keys contains the hole which has been patented by the farmer. The latter has already made a fortune.

There is no immediate danger of the United States becoming overcrowded, for Joseph Nimmo, Jr., shows in Frank Leslie's paper that since independence was achieved the United States Government has been the largest owner of arable land on the earth. The total area of the "public domain," sold and unsold, amounts to 1,849,072,587 acres and constitutes 72 per cent. of the total area of the United States, including Alaska. About 700,000,000 acres of land have been sold and donated, and about 1,150,000,000 acres remain unsold. As the area of Alaska is 369,530,000 acres, the area unsold exclusive of that territory is about 780,000,000 acres.

A plan which has been most successful in London, where gardens on house tops are not unusual, has been mooted in New York in connection with new school buildings in the crowded tenement district of the East Side. In these regions space is limited and dear, and the play-rooms are usually in dark and damp basements. Now it is proposed to try the experiment of having play grounds on the roof. It wet weather a canvas top would be spread over the room, but at all other times the children would have the full benefit of the air and sun. On one of the London buildings a glass roof—forming a "crystal room"—was set up, to the great delight and comfort of the little ones. This aerial experiment is worth trying.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

The morning breaks, and with it brings
The first faint breath of spring,
And heart, like happy birds on wings,
For joy are carolling!

A thrill runs thro' the frozen earth,
A trill pervades the air;
Presaging banishment of dearth,
Foretelling all things fair!

Each shivering bough enwreathed shall glow
With wealth of summer bloom,
Unmindful of the blasts that blow,
Forgetful of the gloom!

And hearts bowed down by weight of wo,
Souls shivering in Life's blast,
Beneath God's smile shall radiant grow
In summer-land at last!

CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY

BY L. B. W.

"When are you and Mildred going to be married?"

The speaker sat opposite the young man addressed, smoking a cigar.

"If you mean Mildred Osborne, never. It's all very well to dance with such a girl, but no poor man would think of marrying her."

"Why not, Ned? She's handsome, accomplished, in the best set, dresses exquisitely, and will have a fortune when Mr. Osborne dies."

"Look here, Grayson, do you think I am a fool? I can't afford to marry Miss Osborne, and it is because she is in the fashionable set, dresses expensively, and has expectations from her father. I am only just beginning to succeed at the bar. It is a long time, as you konw from your experience as a physician, before a large income can be earned in a profession. As yet I am not earning such an income. Miss Osborne has been brought up luxuriously. Her father keeps a carriage, goes to a watering-place every summer, and entertains constantly when at home. Mildred's very dresses, my dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

"I think you are hard on her. Any true woman, if she marries the man she loves, will cheerfully submit to sacrifices for his sake."

"So it is said, and so, in justice to the sex, most of them try to. But, Grayson, old fellow, you and I know, from our own experience, that habit is stronger than good resolutions. A rich man's daughter is not the girl for a poor man's wife. It isn't her fault; it's her misfortune."

"But you lose sight of the fact that Mildred will inherit a large share of her father's property."

"Not at all. Mr. Osborne is only fifty, hale and hearty. He will probably live for twenty years yet, and not till he dies will his daughter get one cent. At the end of twenty years, yes, long before that, I should be ruined, or else broken down in health in consequence of being in debt and overworked."

"Well, perhaps you are right. See what a scrape Harry Leonard got into!"

"Yes, he married the daughter of a man said to be worth a million. Old Mr. Johnson did not give her a penny. She had her wedding outfit, but that was all. On Harry's part there was nothing to support her with, only what he made out of his business, and, being a young merchant, he realized a very little wealth. Jessie Johnson was stylish and fond of making a dash. Harry took her to the Chaplin House, for he had sense enough to know he could not go to housekeeping in the way Jessie would want to go. In the summer they went to Saratoga, for Jess would not hear of a country boarding-house. There she had her pony phaeton, and a dozen or more Paris dresses. In the fall the hard times came, and Harry failed. I understand he owes twice as much as he can pay. Now this, I admit, is an exceptional case; yet this is the type of a large class, and a class that frighten young men and keep them from marrying."

"But what's to be done? We all expect to marry some day, and there are no girls except girls like Mildred and Jess."

"I beg your pardon. There are plenty of them, but, of course, to find them I fear you must go outside of the fashionable set, for it is only the daughters and wives of rich men who can afford to be fashionable. If you wish a wife you must look elsewhere for one, unless you expect to be a millionaire."

"Where would you look?"

"There are plenty of families where the daughters are well educated, and yet are able to help themselves. I know one daughter who makes all their hats and bonnets; another is a capital dressmaker. All attend to household affairs, making cake, desserts and good bread. They are quite as companionable as Mildred Osborne or Jess Johnson. No man with the right feeling wishes to make his wife a drudge; but men have to work, and why should not an able woman take her share?"

"Well, since you speak of it, I can recall such families also; but they don't go to public balls and dance the german."

"No. The daughters of such families are taught that home virtues are better than surface accomplishments. Men want true women for wives, not mere butterflies."

"I shall be curious, Ned, to see your wife."

"If you will come with me to-morrow evening I will introduce you to the young lady who has promised to fill that position. She is the daughter of a refined widow, and brought up like the girls I have been describing to you. She does not go out in society much, for she cannot afford it. As for her real accomplishments, her knowledge of literature, music and art are as far above Miss Osborne as heaven is above the earth. With the fashionable girl it's chatter, chatter, chatter, and nothing else; dance and gossip!"

"Come, come, you are too severe; a good many of them are brilliant talkers, at least I find them so."

"Yes, the champagne foams for the public; for you the stale wine only is left."

So the conversation ends. Ned married the girl to whom he introduced his friend, and Grayson, after a few months, married her sister. They certainly are supremely happy in cosy, modest homes of their own—happier than if either had married Miss Osborne or one of her class. We wonder, sometimes, if mothers are not more to blame than the daughters for the frivolous, fashionable life. But we will let them decide.

The largest owner of cabs in the world is a lady, Mrs. Kite, who supplies the Great Eastern Railway alone with a hundred well-equipped vehicles daily. Cab-owning is a most luxative business, each cab earning £1 10s and £3 a week clear, after paying expenses.

A SIGN OF CIVILIZATION.

"Bedad, I must be gettin' among friends. Oi've been walkin' the intoire mornin' an' that's the furst sign of civilization Oi've met wid."

OLD STYLES IN STICKS.

THE WALKING-CANES OF FORMER GENERATIONS.

Staffs Carried by the Dudishly Inclined as Far Back as the Fifteenth Century—They Were Expensive and Did Not Materially Differ from Fanciful Creations of To-day.

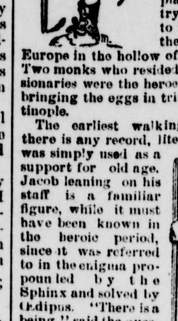
THE DUDE OF THE day is gradually growing cold in his adoration for the walking stick fashioned after the English riding-whip, with the buck-horn handle, and is bestowing his fleeting favor on a still more fanciful article. According to an unquestioned authority on such matters—the organ of the haber-dashery trade, walking sticks are now being made that are "useful as well as ornamental." From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the stick; another has a receptacle for nickels and cents, and is convenient for those who ride on street-cars; another contains a measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit-level attachment, and still another has a watch set in the handle.

The contrivance of making a repository in the hollow of a walking stick, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, is very ancient. The bourdon or pilgrim's staff of the middle ages was a strong and stout stick about five feet in length, armed at the lower end with an iron spike, and evidently intended as a balance and support to the body when climbing up steep acclivities. In it may be seen the prototype of the alpenstock. About twelve inches from the top of the staff was generally a large protuberance, on which the hand of the pilgrim rested without danger of sliding downward. The upper part of the staff was hollow and capable of holding small articles, but the lower portion was entirely solid. It is very probable that in the cavity of the upper part the pilgrims originally kept relics of saints, which were sold at the tombs to which the pilgrims traveled, and which were considered as satisfactory proofs that the pilgrims had been to the spot indicated. In the latter ages of pilgrimage, however, this part of the staff was converted into a kind of pipe or musical instrument. Above the tube the staff was surmounted by a small, hollow globe, and it was also furnished near the top with a kind of crook for carrying a gourd of water. It is, however, unquestionable that the receptacle at the top of a pilgrim's staff was frequently used for secular purposes. Two of these occasions, and very remarkable ones they were, are on record. The first is found in the Chronicles of Honshed, where he states that in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff the first head of saffron crocus was secretly brought from France at a time when it was a capital crime to take the living plant out of the country. The other refers to the introduction of the silkworm into Europe in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff. Two monks who resided in China as missionaries were the heroes of the incident, bringing the eggs in triumph to Constantinople.

The earliest walking-sticks of which there is any record, literary or pictorial, was simply used as a support for old age. Jacob leaning on his staff is a familiar figure, while it must have been known in the heroic period, since it was referred to in the enigma propounded by the Sphinx and solved by Œdipus. "There is a being," said the questioner, "which has four feet, and it has also three feet, but its feet vary, and when it has the most it is the weakest." "That is man," was the hero's answer, "who, when he is an infant, crawls upon his hands and knees; when he is grown he walks uprightly, and when he is old he totters with a stick." In the days of Pliny the stem of the giant fennel was used for a walking stick, the tough lightness of the wood rendering it especially fitted as a support to aged persons.

Walking-sticks or walking-canes, whether as the condition of the pilgrim's burden or the oriental symbol of authority, were certainly common in the hands of the gallants of the fifteenth century. Fortunately we are able to see what kinds of canes were carried then, and strangely enough the elaborately "garnished" affair of today is found to have been the "correct thing" more than 450 years ago. The Harleian manuscript (1412) contains an inventory of the contents of the royal palace of Greenwich, in which, among the belongings, is the following: "A cane garnished with golde, havaingo a perfume in the toppe, under that diall, with a pair of twitchers and a pair of compasses of golde and a foot rule of golde, a knife and a file, the haft of golde, with a whetstone tipped with golde." There is also "a cane garnished with silver and gilte, with astronomie upon it, six walkyng staves, one covered with silke and golde."

In the portraits of many of the eminent personages of English history, painted in the sixteenth century, there are to be perceived numerous instances of the richness of the walking sticks carried at that time, all appearing to have been tall, stout, and mounted or adorned with gold.



From the middle of the seventeenth century walking sticks appear to have increased in luxury, both in respect to the mounting and material, the improvements being mainly derived from France. In the early portion of the following century the most fashionable kinds were made of fine marbles and agates, exhibiting either a fine variety of color or a semi-opaque tint, which was most expressively described by the word clouded. These sticks were of slender proportions, but often richly mounted with gold, silver, amber, or precious stones. Such were the "clouded canes" of the time of Pope, which were so greatly valued as often to be preserved in cases of shagreen or sheaths of the leaf.

In the following reign an ugly and grotesque walking-stick justly excited the censure and ridicule of the public press. The Universal Spectator of 1730 observes: "The wearing of swords at the the court end of the town is by many polite young gentlemen laid aside, and instead thereof, they carry large oak sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon. In the London Evening Post of December, 1738, a writer under the name of Miss Townley expresses her surprise and disgust at the dress of the men in the boxes of the Haymarket theater, some of whom "wore scanty frocks, little shabby hats put on one side, and clubs in their hands." The peculiarity of these clubs or sticks consisted in an ingenious adaptation of the excrescences of the wood into curious and humorous heads and faces.

During the second half of the last century there was one particular kind of walking stick which was generally used by old women. They were between five and six feet in length, of a taper and slender make, shaped at the upper end in the manner of a shepherd's crook and twisted throughout the entire length of the wand. The materials were either ivory, wood, or whalebone and mounted with silver or gold. The men carried long sticks also, their length calling forth the following satire from the London Chronicle of 1762: "Do not some of us strut about with walking-sticks as long as hickory poles, or else with a yard or two of varnished cane, scraped taper, tipped with an ivory head?"

In the early half of the present century the old "repository" cane loomed into fashion again. In the London exhibition of 1851 there was shown a medical walking stick which contained an assortment of instruments and medicines; and the same principle has been applied for the portable conveyance of telescopes, instantaneous light apparatus, and many other important articles.

The trade with the orient has brought various articles of bamboo into common use, those that are covered with carvings and inlaid ivory work being esteemed great prizes by eastern visitors. There is a kind of cactus, too, found in the southern countries and Arizona, which yields a very peculiar stick. The fleshy substance of the stem is rotted off, leaving a hard, lattice-work frame, which is quite a vegetable curiosity. The English buckthorn affair never found much favor in this country, and it is equally likely that the "repository" contrivances will not make very great headway into general use.

Keeping Plants in Winter.

Doors opening into the room in which you keep flowers should have strips of listing tacked about them in such a way as to close all cracks through which the wind can enter. A strong wind will blow more cold into a room in moderate weather than will be likely to penetrate in still nights when the thermometer is down to zero. Therefore be sure to fortify against the admission of air through these inlets. It is a good plan to take a day for doing this work, and begin at one corner of the room, and go over it thoroughly, finishing up each part as you go along. By systematizing the work in this way, you are sure to have it well done; but if you stop a crack here and there, and now and then, as it happens to be discovered, you will be pretty sure to have a poor job of it, taken as a whole.

If your plants should freeze, as soon as you discover what has been done put them in a dark room, or the cellar, where the temperature is but little above freezing, and sprinkle, or rather, shower them with cold water. In most cases, such plants as Abutilons, Geraniums, and others of similar character, can, if taken in time, before allowed to thaw, be saved, and I have had quite tender plants come through the ordeal with comparatively little injury. The frost must be extracted gradually, and with the application of as little heat as possible. Keep them away from the light and warmth for two or three days. If the tops wilt after the frost has been extracted you may feel sure that the wilted portion cannot be saved, so cut it off at once, and be sure to cut below that part which appears affected by the frost. If some of the frosted part is left on, very often decay sets in which extends to the stalks below. Should the whole top seem killed, it does not follow that the roots have not vitality enough left to send up new shoots, so do not throw them out till you have given them a trial.—*Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Parisshop-keeper, when he advertises goods "at cost," is promptly called upon by a Government official, whose business it is to see that the merchant is doing what he advertises, and if he is detected in fraud of any kind, speedy punishment is inflicted. In other words, they will permit him to sell his own goods, which he has paid for, "at cost," but if he is lying in his advertisement, or defrauding his creditors, they expose him.

Friends of Jeff Davis have organized a company to syndicate and sell a tract of wild land in Arkansas, to pay a $40,000 debt for him.

THE ART OF TAXIDERMY.

HOW THE FORMS OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS ARE PRESERVED.

Difficulty in Retaining the Natural Lines—A Big Business in Stuffed Skins—It Is Now a Fine Art in the Way of Preservation.

It is not a business calculated to bring its followers into public prominence. The busy world bustling up and down the streets does not care a straw for taxidermy. The ordinary man has something else to think of. Yet there are those who are deeply interested in the preservation of the forms of bird and animal life. Some are so from sentiment, as it enables them to retain the substantial shadow of a pet. Others are enlisted on a scientific basis. One may love birds and not be a taxidermist. Audubon illustrates this: He was a devoted ornithologist, one of the greatest America has yet known; but he paid no attention to taxidermy. When he bagged a bird it was his practice to pin it to a tree and make a drawing reproducing the natural tints of the plumage, with colors. After this the skin was removed and dried. The collection of drawings and descriptions left by Audubon serve as criteria for sportsmen, but the value would have been much increased if supplemented by the actual forms of the birds. Charles Waterton, the English naturalist, has left far more to posterity through practicing taxidermy. The specimens he gathered, now in the museum in York, are of inestimable worth in showing the natural posture and action of life. On careful examination it will be found that a bird's body is not completely covered by feathers. There are places about the shoulders, under the wings and on the thighs where the skin is about bare, and fits the cavities or rounds out with great nicety. Usually these parts are stuffed full, the result being a marring of the symmetry and proportion. Waterton gave particular care to such points, trying to get them exact to nature.

TAXIDERMIST AT WORK.

The best way of preserving a bird's skin demands careful attention from the moment it is killed to the time of mounting. The wounds should be filled with cotton, and feathers discolored by blood should be softly wiped with a wet sponge. In hot weather the skin should be taken off at once, but in autumn or winter the bird can be allowed to get cold. Beginning at the breast bone, the skin is slowly separated by forcing a blunt instrument between it and the flesh. The bones of the wings are cut at the shoulder joints, and when getting the skin from the skull the vetebræ can be unjointed. Then remove the brains and eyes. The flesh is taken from the under bill, using care not to mutilate the openings of the ears or eyelids. The skin should then be rubbed with a solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate and prepared for drying.

DUCK WRAPPED TO DRY.

Before beginning stuffing, the skin in the interim having been dampened, wash the skull with corrosive sublimate, and reconnect to the neck with wire. The wings and legs are also adjusted with wire, and connected with a central piece running from head to tail. A fault common with stuffed birds is the apparent lengthening of the legs. The three bones of the legs should be articulated to almost form a letter Z, as the upper joint of the thigh is never straight. Chopped flax tow or cotton is the best for stuffing or sewing up. Cotton is put in the orbits of the eyes with fine forceps, and the eyes are fixed in with cement. After being stuffed and the rose decided, thread is wound plentifully around the plumage to hold the feathers in position until the skin has again dried thoroughly.

"The old custom," said the taxidermist, "of mounting birds on branches or moss-covered bases has been pretty much given up. Moss is a great place to breed insects and for moths to lay eggs, so a T of some nice wood is now preferred."

The preservation of fish forms is a distinct branch of taxidermy, and is but little done. It is necessary to treat the fish as soon as taken from the water, and even then it is difficult to retain the color and luster of the scales.

The first ones to establish a business of stuffing anything and everything in natural life to supply museums and mercantile calls were the Verreaux Freres, in Paris. Before that a museum had to collect its own specimens, but the Verreaux opened a sort of clearing-house for wild beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, from which a stuffed elephant or cotton-filled rodent could be ordered. The Verreaux passed away and were succeeded by an American named Ward, who to-day

TRIGGER FISH MOUNTED.

supplies the largest museums with stuffed specimens. His American headquarters are at Rochester, N. Y., where there are thousands of birds, mammals, fishes, and reptiles stuffed, or ready to be, if wanted. He has agents in all sections of the world looking for rare specimens and collecting others as the general stock needs replenishing.

Among taxidermal curiosities is a collection made by the late Henry Bergh to emphasize his stand against cruelty to animals. By stuffed specimens, the sufferings of the dumb brute from various forms of man's brutality is reproduced. A number of celebrated horses have had their skins made subjects of the taxidermist's art. Rienzi, ridden by Sheridan to "Winchester, twenty miles away," had his hide stuffed, and it is now at Governor's Island. Sherman's Tecumseh, that carried the General from Atlanta to the sea, can be seen at the Madison University. Robert E. Lee's war horse, Traveler, is in the Lee University, of Virginia, while famous trotting and running horses have in several instances also been thus honored.

"I am called on a good deal," said the taxidermist interrogated, "to stuff dead canaries. They have been household pets, but gone the way of all flesh, and the women of the family think it would be nice to keep something that looks as they did when alive. I always ask for a deposit in advance for such jobs, as it is a tedious bit of work, and often by the time it is done the loss of the bird has been partially forgotten. There is a parrot on the shelf there a woman cried over when she left the body, but got over her mourning so much in a week as to refuse to pay for the job."

WISE AND UNWISE.

John—Elvira, do you love me, or is it my money? Elvira—John, I love you both.

When a dude is near-sighted and half-witted he gets on very well with half an eye-glass.

The unmarried females of the country will be much interested in the work of the Patrons of Husbandry.

The "Forty-niners" of California were Pan-Americans, though some pan'd out better than others.

Lena (from New York City)—And you are going to marry, Ella? Ella—Yes, I thought I would for a while.

"Mucilage trust been formed," said Jags to Cags. "Somebody's going to get stuck," was the prediction that followed.

There is a rumor that the senior class at Harvard University is deteriorating, and the election of a negro as class orator seems to give color to it.

Friend—Is Jennie's husband a good provider? Mother-in-law—Immense! They've been married only about five years and they have a whole houseful of children.

"Why," said the husband, "do you wear the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," retorted his better-half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?"

Mrs. Watts—Mother's birthday comes next week, and I want to make her a present. What would you suggest? Mr. Watts—If I had my way I'd give her a nice, heavy tombstone.

Diggins—Do you see that portly man over there by the door? Wiggins—Yes; fine-looking man. Diggins—He takes life easily. Wiggins—Looks as if he did. Diggins—He does; he's a doctor.

Genial host—Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quite enough to dhrink. Take me advice; when ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only one.

Mistress—It's singular we didn't catch any mice last night. Did you set the trap, Bridget? Bridget—I did, mum. I set it forninst the cheese, and thin covered it over wid an old hat so that the mice couldn't see it.

Agent—Mr. Moneymuch, can I sell you a phonograph, the greatest invention of the age? The machine will guarantee to talk 200 words per minute, and—— Mr. Moneymuch—Thank you, sir, but I don't need it. The sewing circle meets twice per week at our house.

A nice plaything for children: Mrs. Bandbox—You said the train I should take leaves at 10:30, didn't you? Ticket Agent—Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already. "Yes, I know you have, but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."

Fond father—Harry, you have been waiting on Miss Watson for over a year. Why don't you marry her? Harry—She isn't emotional enough. Fond father—Great Scott, boy, what do you want with an emotional woman? The crown of my head is as bare as a billiard ball. Your mother was an emotional woman.

Parishioner—Deacon, I doan't hab much faith in dat new minister wot yo' got fo' our church from down Richmond; he has dun prayed fo' rain for fo' weeks and not a drap has felled yet. Deacon—Yes, Bre'r Willyums, but it hab rained pow'ful hard at Richmond, an' I guess de Lawd hab dun fo'gotten dat de minister hab changed his place ob residence.

NOT INSURED.

The moon beams calmly sifted down
Upon two tender things—
Matilde Martha Robinson
And William Henry Binge.

The youth was smitten by her charms
And closer to her leant,
And having dared to kiss her, cried,
"It was an accident!"

"For shame young man!" exclaimed the maid,
"Withold your compliments,
For well you know I'm not insured
Against these accidents!"

—*Hap and Mishaps.*

A Corsican doctor, M. de Susini, has made a sulphuric ether engine of twenty horse power, which is expected to realize a saving of sixty-five per cent. in fuel. Scientific men in Paris who have witnessed its working are said to have reserved their opinion as to its merits until further tests have been made.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Story of Three.

A giant clock near the chimney swung
Its ponderous pendulum to and fro;
A flickering candlelight vaguely flung
Fantastic forms o'er the rafters low.
The ghostly shadows seemed to flaunt
Long, meager fingers reaching gaunt,
To grasp at an old dame, spinning alone,
Crooning in tremulous undertone,
Whose peaked chin and hooked nose,
High pointed cap, with its nodding bows,
Were quaintly portrayed on the whitewashed wall,
An awful witch face, weird and tall.

The little brown house at the forest's edge,
Nestled down, like a bird in the night,
Among the tree branches and tall grass sedge,
As if to doze till morning's light.
No sound but wind fays rustling leaves,
Or flutter of birds 'neath the cottage eaves,
Disturb the awesome calm that broods
O'er the depths of the woodland solitudes;
For the three tall forms that stealthily wait
In the dense, dark shadows beside the gate,
Are still as the dead in their graves could be,
Bold, bad robbers are those sly three.

A rough hand thrusts the vines apart
From the latticed window, and into the room,
Dark as the thoughts of his evil heart,
Peereth a face from the night's drear gloom.
Turning her wheel 'mid the shadows alone,
Mumbles and murmurs the aged crone;
Bony fingers trenchlingly spread
Like eagle's claws o'er her spinning thread.
As she yawns with her voice at an eldrich pitch,
The robber pants, "Ye gods! it's a witch!"
As she cries, "That's one!" and noddeth queer,
He crosses himself as he flies in fear.

A second crept to the window ledge,
With a muttered oath to the comrade flown;
But while he leans on its crumbling edge
To view the face of the aged crone,
He can hear the thump of his beating heart,
As she loudly yawns with a horrible start,
And nods and motions till, dark and tall,
Her ghostly shadow climbs up the wall,
And it seemed to him that her wicked old face
Leered in his own from that frightful place
As she solemnly cried, "That's two!" But here
The second robber fled in fear.

The third stole up, full of deadly ire,
Cursing the comrades flying far;
With his vengeful heart in an angry fire,
Pulled at the crazy window bar;
But he saw, and staggered in wild alarm,
A witch, with lifted, bony arm,
Shaking it madly in fiendish glee,
And wildly yawning, "Ho! that's three!"
Then seemed to leap like a cat from her chair
As she chuckled the number of robbers there.
Away like the wind he flew in fear
To the welcome depths of the forest near.

Now the little old dame, while good and wise,
And never to arts of witchcraft wed,
When thrice she had yawned at night, would rise,
Cease her spinning, and seek her bed.
And thus she had numbered one! two! three!
Yawning and nodding in harmony.
Sleep on, little dame, in the wee house lone,
Unconscious of foes who are wildly flown,
Three who had meant to plunder o'er
Thy little hoarded spinning store.
Sleep on, while the old clock, solemn and slow,
Swings its pendulum to and fro,
And angel children, gone before,
Keep holy spirit vigil o'er.

—*C. M. Amberman.*

Winny.

Winny is not pretty, nor quick-witted; she has none of the special beauties of person which school-girls think so invaluable, such as curling hair or pink-tipped fingers. She cannot sing operatic arias, nor speak a word of French or Italian; she never says witty, piquant things to be remembered and quoted in the family.

She is, in a word, a thoroughly commonplace, stout, homely child of fifteen years, who, if a passing stranger saw her in a group of girls, would be the last to attract his notice.

But Winny has certain habits for which we wish to introduce her to the girl readers of the *Companion*. She has a low voice with a laugh in it; she sings scraps of songs at her work, as if the place given to her in the world by the good God was the most fitting and dearest to her.

She has a habit, too, of making herself felt in various little unexpected but extremely delightful ways.

Bob, her brother, who finds every penny of his scanty salary as a clerk count in buying his plain clothes, finds a pretty necktie made out of scraps on his bed some morning, and says "Winny!" to himself, with a nod and pleased smile.

Her tired mother feels the baby drawn out of her arms after she has carried it all day, and lies down for an hour's rest, sure that it is safe with her careful, tender little girl.

Her father's cup of chocolate is always ready when he comes in late from the store, and his paper cut and folded by it.

Ann, the girl of all work, coming down to make the breakfast ready on a busy day, has more than once been astonished to find the pan of biscuit ready to go in the oven, and the table laid. She went about her work happy and good-humored for days after these surprises.

"It wasn't just the biscuits," she said. "It was the bein' thought of."

Winny is not a girl to carry away prizes at school, but she studies long and carefully, and when her father goes to the examination on closing day, he looks with pride and triumph at a homely, happy little girl in the middle of the class who is "honorably mentioned."

It does not need beauty, nor genius, nor money, girls, to insure you honorable, loving mention in the world. It requires only the unselfish heart and helpful deeds which make Winny the center of her home.

No curling ringlets, no bright smile, no fine dress will give you such charm in the eyes of those about you as the habit of thinking of them and their happiness.—*Youth's Companion.*

Movab'e Birthdays.

There lives, or there did a few years ago, an old lady in this country who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festival, no matter when it occurs. Lots of people have tried to reason with the old lady, calendar in hand, but she replies to them all, "I was born on Easter Sunday morn fifty-six years ago, and till I die Easter Sunday will be my birthday."

And this reminds me of the very loyal Englishman, born in the shadow of Wincreste Cathedral, on the 24th day of August—the birthday of William IV.—who, when that neutral tinted monarch died, changed his birthday to May 24, in order to still enjoy the coincidence of a birthday with his sovereign.

HAD TWO GRADES.

Barber—"Shave, sir?"
"Yes, of course."
"Five or ten?"