

A Tender Memory.

A little footstep pattering on the floor,
A golden head laid gently on my knee;
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;
The light of God upon that baby brow;
A hush upon the tiny waxen face;
Our darling's but a tender memory now.

Our grief high spent, we try to calmly think,
To ask ourselves half sternly—is it right
That we should mourn that to eternal rest
Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

A lot of years her footsteps might have turned
Aside from paths that point the heavenly
gate;
Perchance she might have heard the awful
words;
"You cannot enter now—too late—too late."
And now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps;
Earth holds for her no hope, nor grief, nor
less.

Another life has gained the pardon won
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.
—Selected.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Mrs. Halsted describes how two
murders had their heads chopped
off.

Opportunity occurred this morning to witness the execution of two criminals, and I was at pains to improve the occasion. The condemned were murderers who had killed an old milk-woman for her money. She had, by fifteen years' hard work and close saving, accumulated \$3,000, and furnished milk to the men, one of whom was a notary and a writer for the press, and the other a medical student. The notary had knowledge of money matters, and the old woman told him of her wealth, with a view to its better investment. He proposed to the doctor the killing, and division of the money. There was much care taken to do the job artistically. The notary struck the victim on the back of the neck with a sand-club, and the doctor used a surgical instrument to penetrate the heart and produce internal bleeding. They were named Barry the notary, and Lebeiz, the doctor.

When these intelligent and bloody scoundrels had been detected, tried and condemned, all of which happened within a few weeks, the marshal president refused to interfere with the execution of the sentence of death. It is the French fashion to execute those thus doomed to die with the guillotine in the public street in front of the prison without making known the exact time. It is the custom to use the knife-axe at daybreak, and the prisoners are not notified until wanted. The people understand that very soon after the prayer for mercy of those under capital sentence is refused the guillotine will be used, and those seeking to enjoy the spectacle are watchful accordingly. The representatives of the press are allowed to know the arrangements of the authorities, that they may certify that the work has been done. Hearing that the execution would take place at half-past 5 o'clock this morning, I started for the spot about 1—having a rendezvous with some journalists at a cafe where black coffee was the favorite beverage of the hour, though brandy was in competition as a refreshment.

When we arrived, a few minutes before 3 o'clock, within 300 yards of "La Roquette" the streets were filled with people, who were restrained by a strong force of police from crowding upon the prison doors. There were many sinister faces in this mass of men and women and the excitement was fierce. All streets leading to the prison were guarded by police in force, backed by cavalry. The latter were once used in a clattering charge to drive back the violent multitude. Only the few knew that the execution was positively fixed for that morning. The many had conjectured that there would be further delay, and it was the third night that they had assembled at midnight and waited in straggling crowds for the dismal drama.

As the privileged persons passed through the line of police they were greeted with storm of imprecations that were somewhat softened to those not entirely familiar with the mysterious resources of the language of the French. We were among the early arrivals before an iron gate in a heavy stone archway, on which we read, "Depot of the Condemned," and over which a small tri-color was displayed. On either side of the gate was the inscription decreed for all public buildings in France, including churches: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The open space in front of the gate contains a few chestnut trees, not very thrifty, and in the center of the court are four large stones in the pavement, where the frame of the fatal knife is erected. About ten minutes after 3, two huge black vans came up, and were recognized as containing the machinery of the executioner. With them appeared Roch, the famous headman, who is a stout, hearty, resolute-looking man, with a very decent face. He wore a new silk hat, appearing to think something in the way of distinction necessary, was quite at ease, and his orders were swiftly and noiselessly obeyed by aids who seemed familiar with their duties. He is facetiously called by the mob "Monsieur de Paris," and is a person of importance. There is as much gossip about his habits, and as many rumors relating to his private affairs as if he were a grand duke or one of the pretenders to the throne.

The guillotine is almost as simple an affair as a ladder. Put up for immediate service by the light of two lanterns and a gas-lamp, in the midst of a curious crowd of reporters and friends of the authorities, it was not handsome. Recently it has been improved. The triangular bit of steel, called indifferently the knife and the axe, is concealed by a board when drawn up; and this is thought to be humane, as it masks from the condemned the instrument of death. The second improvement is the deadening of the sound of the fall of the knife by india-rubber. This is supposed to be a mercy to the spectators whose nerves are susceptible to shocks of noise. When erected, the height of the frame of the guillotine above the pavement is perhaps fourteen feet. It is painted a dingy red—a dry-blood color—and presents a resemblance to a section of a fire ladder. At the foot of one side is a large basket, and on the other a box. Waiting in the chill morning, in the gloomy assemblage of the "privileged" by a faint light, under the shade of dusty chestnuts, was wearisome, and the minutes passed drearily and slowly. About 4 o'clock the "machine" was complete. The bolts were fitted in their places, guided by

skilled and steady hands. The ugly knife glided to the top of the frame on a trip—the log, acute angle of the edge showing for a second, as it answered the cord by which it is suspended.

Privileged persons increased in numbers, and pressed upon the guard in a manner not dignified. In the distance we could hear the hoarse cries and murmur of the monstrous throngs kept back by files of soldiers. The black vans had told the tale that the hour of expiation was beyond doubt at hand. Officers with decorations and swords moved to and fro. The commissioner of security—I think they call him—appeared with a sash about his waist. Indications multiplied that the grave formalities or administration that distinguish all proceedings in this country were in progress. The police became irritated by the pressure of the crowd, and at last manifested their impatience by driving back the whole mass without much hypocrisy of politeness. I had gained a front position on the curbstone and restrained the pressure from the police for some time, but they were not grateful, and two of them, with the aid of a soldier, used me effectually against those in the rear. And I pitied a huge fat fellow who was of the second rank, though there was a degree of consolation in having such a cushion to strike when employed as a projectile. The wind was quite knocked out of my corpulent friend, while the diversion merely enabled me to obtain a few moments' relaxation. Their duty of demonstration done, the guardians of the peace relapsed into expectant attitudes, and were quiet for nearly an hour, when they again flung themselves upon the privileged classes with jealous resentment.

The guillotine was during this time displayed by the two candles of the lanterns of the workmen. There was the basket half filled with sawdust to receive the heads, and the heavy box for the trunks, and the little cradle about two feet above the stones, with the place for the necks of the criminals; and, as the cord by which the knife was raised could be seen between the posts of the frame, it was evident that the angle of steel rested upon the India-rubber improvement, and was not elevated and concealed behind the other improvement at the top of the machine. At intervals there were lights from matches used by smokers, revealing parts of the dismal congregation and the leaves and burrs of the trees. There was not a star to be seen, or a breath of air to stir a leaf.

THE ABBE CROZES APPEARED, a venerable man, with white hair, and sad, benevolent countenance, attended by officers, and passed into the prison through a narrow door in the gate. This incident caused a movement of emotion. It meant business.

Between the hours of 3 and 4 there were many conjectures whether Barre or Lebeiz were aware that they were so soon to die, and wakeful and able to hear through the thick walls the deep sounds, like the weird voice of the ocean, that told of the presence of a great multitude. It was strange to think that perhaps they did not know of the frightful apparition at the gate, or the pale faces that turned upon it. The papers tell us that Barre was awake, having just finished writing his memoirs, but that Lebeiz slept profoundly. They were called at a quarter after 4 o'clock, and their toilet made for the embrace of the guillotine. Barre wanted wine and cigars. Lebeiz did not care for anything.

At last the clouds in the east began to whiten, and we who were waiting, and watching, and growing weary, saw that it was dawn. Then we discovered that there were classes among the "privileged"—circles within circles. The favored reporters and the select important persons were passed through the lines of police. I was not of them, but made my way to the front rank of those behind the police, for the second time. A French crowd is uneasy and flexible, and a persistent push will gradually prevail. The light increased, and the masses of men became strangely quiet. At half-past 5 the day was clear, and the iron gates slowly turned. A group appeared advancing; the central figure was a short man, clean-shaven, with hair cut short, his chest naked, his arms pinioned, his shoulders covered by a tunic. This was Barre.

The most miserable horror was never more strikingly depicted in the face of a man than in his at this moment. The removal of his beard had given his cheeks a ghastly whiteness. His mouth was hanging open, and his lips were blue. His eyes were rolling and red. He seemed almost incapable of walking and his attendants supported him, and urged him forward. Within a few paces of the guillotine, the Abbe Crozes, who was waiting before, paused, and, turning, presented a crucifix. Barre kissed it convulsively, and was hurried on. I had expected an instant's delay before the fall of the knife, but, while I turned to see if the second murderer was within view, and saw that he was not, Barre disappeared in the group of attendants at the spot of execution (distant from my standpoint perhaps twelve yards), and in the twinkling of an eye I heard the crunching bias of the knife as it clove through the thick neck of the murderer. I shall not forget that noise. It was distinctly rough cutting of tough meat.

Barre shrank from the deadly knife, but was of course helpless. Still he gave his executioners some trouble. His body did not roll into the box prepared for it according to calculation, and an immense ed of blood spread a brilliant red over the rust-colored frame, and deluged the first assistant, whose duty it is to stand on the farther side of the knife and steady the head by holding the ears until it drops into the basket. The sight of the fountain of blood caused a low cry of horror—a sort of hoarse sob—and turning my glance again to the prison, I saw Lebeiz advancing. He was in a little better form than his predecessor, but did not seem to me heroic. The French papers dwell upon his firmness, and contrasts it with the hideous collapse of his partner; but my own observation was simply that he was only less abject than the other. It is said that some one cried "Bravo!" and he answered "Adieu" but I did not hear either word.

I only witnessed with amazement the celebrity with which he vanished under the knife, and heard the click of the spring-catch holding up the deadly blade, when, the cord loosening, it was jerked, and the rasping thud of the steel, as it severed the stout neck, placed for the

final stroke. The spectators murmured for a moment in a shivering way and looked into each other's faces, finding new horrors; and as they turned away, the heads and trunks of the executed were already in the black vans, and the guillotine was being snatched to pieces. There was no need of police and soldiers to disperse the people, who were in such haste that they seemed to be in flight.

The execution by guillotine is certainly more impressive than that by hanging, and if it is the purpose of the authorities to make the spectacle of the death of a felon awful, the French succeed. I am told that one executioner, Roch, (Monsieur de Paris), and his assistants serve for the whole country. The complete apparatus is arranged for transportation by rail or along the road or street. The salary of the headman is 8,000 francs a year, with a small sum for machinery, and 100 francs extra for each head cut off.

Days of My Youth.

Days of my youth, ye have glided ways:
Hills of my youth, you are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;

Days of my youth, you are furrowed all o'er
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions have flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hills of my youth, I'm content ye shall fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Thoughts of my youth, I'm glad ye have been;

Days of my youth, ye will shortly be past;
Hills of my youth, ye will shortly be past;
Eyes of my youth, in true wisdom delight;
Thoughts of my youth, I'm glad ye have been;

Hopes of my youth, be ye fixed on your God!
—St. George Tucker.

WASHING DAY.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?" said Mary Lennox. "It's just exactly like those working people, to go and fall ill just when we need them most. And every napkin in the wash, and not enough table linen to last two weeks. You must be a very poor manager, grandma, not to have more of such things as these."

Old Mrs. Lennox sighed as she rubbed the glasses of her spectacles. "My dear," said she, "I should have had more if I could have afforded them. But times are hard, and—"

"Yes, I've read all that before," said Mary, irreverently. "But the question is, grandma, what shall we do about the washing, now that Katrina cannot come?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said she. "But if you will help a little about the dinner, I will try and see what I can do. It must be got out, I suppose, and—"

But here a slight, dark-eyed girl, with a clear, olive complexion, and wavy black hair growing low on her forehead, turned from the door, where she was rinsing china. "You will do nothing of the kind, grandma," said she, as resolutely as if she had been seventy instead of seventeen. "You attempt a day's washing, at your age?"

"But, grandma, I'm so tired, and—"

"I will," said the dark-eyed lassie. "George, I'm surprised at you!" said Mary, "why you never did such a thing in your life!"

"But, no reason I never had to do it!" said Mary, "but you should see your!"

"We don't generally receive company in the kitchen," said George Lennox. "And if any one should come in—"

"If they like my occupation, I shall be very much pleased; if they don't, they are quite at liberty to look the other way!"

And Mrs. Lennox tied a prodigious crash apron around her, rolled up her sleeves, and industriously took her stand in front of the wash-bench.

"It seems too bad, my dear, with those little white hands of yours," said old Mrs. Lennox, irresolutely.

"Oh, my hands!" laughed George. "What are they good for, if not to make themselves useful?"

Mary drew herself disdainfully up. "Well," said she, "I never yet stooped to such a degradation as that!"

"It would be a great deal worse degradation to stand by and let my rheumatic old grandmother do the washing," observed George, with philosophy, as she plunged her hands into the soapy mass of the washboard, and—

away in the direction indicated by George's pointing finger.

"He asked me," said George. "I shouldn't have asked him!"

"Judge Abbott's son groomed Mary. 'The richest man in Ballston.' He'll never ask me to go out rowing on the lake with him again."

But the reappearance of the gentleman in question put a stop to the discussion.

"Miss George," said he, "I would have hoisted them upon my riggings for you, but the wind takes 'em off."

"That's because you needed the clothespins," said George, handing them to him with alacrity.

"Couldn't you come and help?" said Mr. Abbott wistfully. "Two can manage so much better than one."

"Oh, I'll come and help," said George, "and be glad to get my clothes out dry."

She tied on her small gingham sun-bonnet, and ran out into the yellow September sunshine, while Mary burst out crying with mingled vexation and anger.

"I shall never get over the disgrace of it in the world," she said—never, never! George has no dignity—no proper pride! No; don't speak to me, grandma, or I shall say something dreadful! I declare I've a mind never to own her as a sister again!"

"Have you finished the washing?" said Mr. Raymond Abbott.

"Yes, I've finished it," said George Lennox. "I shouldn't like to earn my living as a laundress. It's a very tiresome business."

George was "cooling off," under the shadow of the frost gravestones in the woods, with a book in her hand, and the curly locks of her hair blowing about her face.

Mr. Abbott looked admiringly down on her. All his life long, his experience had lain among the smiling, artificial dolls of conventional society. He had admired George Lennox the first time he had ever seen her; but that day's experience of her frank, true nature had given depth and earnestness to the feeling.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "do you know what I have been thinking of since we hung out those towels and table cloths together?"

"Haven't the least idea," said unconscious George, fanning herself with two grape-leaves, pinned together with a thorn.

"I have been thinking of you," said he, "that I should like my wife to be just such a woman as you are."

"A washerwoman?" said George, trying to laugh off her blushes.

"I am quite in earnest, George," he said, leaning over her. "Dear George, will you be my wife?"

"But I am only a working-girl," said George, beginning to tremble all over and half inclined to cry. "We are type-setters, Mary and I, and we are very poor."

"But I don't care for that," said he, "I care for you, and I want you for my own!"

Raymond Abbott had fancied George Lennox when he saw her playing croquet, a pale pink maid with long, wavy hair; but the divine flame of love first stirred in his heart when she looked at him through the vapory clouds of the wash tub—Guido's angel folding her wings in a farm-house kitchen.

Just as she was so romantic and really blended together in the world.

Rock-a-by, Baby.

"Rock-a-by, baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all!"

Rock-a-by, baby, the meadows in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the words with your baby tune,
Coo at the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-by, baby, as softly it swings,
Over the cradle the moth-love sings;
Brooding or cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-by, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes,
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-by, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them
beam;
Never will the world seem so fair—
Sleep little baby—there are clouds in the air.

Rock-a-by, baby; the blue eyes will burn
Swiftly with that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders
must bear.

Rock-a-by, baby; there's coming a day
Whose shadows a mother's lips can't kiss
away,
Days when his song shall be changed to a
moan,
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

would fall to the track, and should a train
pass with it in the night, the chances were
in favor of a wholesale slaughter.

From Lackawanna to Hancock we were
pretty near down to the low water mark, and
with a slight freshet our track was subject to
be drenched out for a long distance, requir-

ing a great deal of watching and repairs; and in each case of such a washout I have
known trains to be blocked for an hour or two.

It is not the most agreeable thing in the world
to be thus delayed, and not a house within
ten miles of the spot. Perhaps more accidents
have occurred on this division than any other
two divisions combined, and it is a wonder to
me that we have not all been hurled into
eternity. From Deposit to Susquehanna we
went up and down hill, the grade running for eight
miles on each side of the summit at a slope of
60 feet to the mile. Along the section was
the old Cascade Bridge, familiar to tourists as
the highest structure of the kind in the State,
and which being washed out was subsequently
filled in with gravel, over a stone culvert,
making a yawning ravine on either side fully
100 feet deep. Along the Susquehanna and
Chenango Valleys the road is good, the
scenery through this section is not surpassed
for picturesqueness throughout the State, and
hundreds of dwellings and farms dot the
hillside and valley, with here and there a
village. The principal stations on this
division are Binghamton, Owego and
Elmira. In those early days Owego was the
largest and most thriving of any, and was con-

ected by a horse railroad with Ithaca; but
since changes have more favored Elmira and
Binghamton, until in fact they have far ad-

vanced beyond their sister-village. The road
was in fair condition the remainder of the way
to Dunkirk.

Our cars were a rather poor affair com-
pared with the palace drawing-room and ho-
tel coaches, but people were just as comforta-
ble seated in an old box car with six
windows on a side as those on the improved
plan. The engines were of a smaller pattern
than the heavy coal-burners at present in use,
and though not as strong, were capable of
pulling quite a load. Sometimes, in case of
need, our wood supply would run out, and
what I have been thinking of since we hung
out those towels and table cloths together?

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leaves, pinned together with a thorn.

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Rock-a-by, baby; the blue eyes will burn
Swiftly with that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders
must bear.

Rock-a-by, baby; there's coming a day
Whose shadows a mother's lips can't kiss
away,
Days when his song shall be changed to a
moan,
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

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Sleep little baby—there are clouds in the air.

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rock had fallen to the track, and as the front
of the locomotive struck it she glanced to the
left, and turned over on her side, while the
baggage-car, following next, had glanced to
the opposite direction, broke her coupling,
and gone clean down the bank. The fireman
was killed, the forward cab-window to the
track, and the boiler of the engine came
hurled out outright while the engineer was
good fellow, too—and there he lay with about
twelve tons of red-hot iron crushing him to
the ground.

We had no "jack-screws or derricks to prop
or raise the engine with, and were alone on
the rocky cut in the middle of the night,
with nothing on earth to rescue or relieve the
poor fellow with. His sufferings for the few
awful minutes which preceded his death
were fearful to contemplate. 'Oh, save me!'
he cried, with an expression of painful horror
and desperate agony. 'For God's sake, you
men help me! I don't care if I lose my
legs, only save me from this terrible death.
My wife and child will starve. Oh, God! his
killing me!' And there he moaned away his
life, while, perhaps, his dearer ones at home
were awaiting with eager expectancy his
welcome return. Powerless as we were to
save, it was a period of horror for us strong
and willing men to witness this sight. Not
until morning could the wreck be removed,
and then a large corps of trackmen and
laborers were obliged to clear the track. Those
are about the worst accidents I have ever
witnessed. I had five dogs with me when we
left the Port, and up a going down to the
car I found those canines as healthy and
frisky as you could wish, barking lustily as
they saw me approach, and not a hair singed
or scratched upon them. Funny, wasn't it? My
residence is in Owego, and I make the entire
trip from New York to Buffalo twice a week,
having every other Sunday off in New York.
Our road is now in a condition second to
none in the country—road-beds smooth, rails
solid, and reputation as a trunk line unex-
celled. In the Erie of today there remains
not a vestige of the clumsy contrivances
which all new railroads then possessed.

Education for the Kitchen.

The next great step must be to do
some thing for the art of cookery; and
the friends of genuine social improvement
may congratulate themselves that the
progress of education is beginning to take
effect upon this important department of
domestic life.

Cooking-schools are
springing up in many places in this country
and England, and the English are
taking the lead in organizing them as a
part of their national and common school
system.

Of the importance, the imperative ne-
cessity of this movement, there cannot be
the slightest question. Our kitchens, as
is perfectly notorious, are the fortified
intrenchments of ignorance, prejudice,
irrational habits, rule-of-thumb, and
mental vacuity, and the consequence is
that the Americans are liable to the re-
proach of suffering beyond any other
people from wasteful, unpalatable, un-
healthful and monotonous cookery. Con-
sidering our resources, and the vaunted
education and intelligence of American
women, this reproach is just. Our kitchens
are, in fact, almost abandoned to the
control of low Irish, stupid negroes and
raw servile menials that pour in upon us
from various foreign countries. And
what is worse there is a general acquies-
cence in this state of things, as if it were
something fated, and relief from it hope-
less and impossible. We profess to be-
lieve in the potency of education, and
are applying it to all other interests and
industries excepting only that fundamen-
tal art of the preparation and use of food
to sustain life which involves more of
economy, enjoyment, health, spirit and
the power of effective labor, than any
other subject that is formally studied in
the schools. We abound in female semi-
naries and female colleges and high
schools, and normal schools, supported
by burdensome taxes, in which every-
thing under heaven is studied except that
practical art which is a daily and vital
necessity in all the households of the
land.—Prof. Youmans, in Popular Science
Monthly for September.

Seals and Whales.

Orkney game includes seals which
have their favorite haunts, such as the
Wire Skerries and the Kilns of Brinno-
wen in Rousay, and it requires as much
skill to bag them as to stalk a red deer
on the corries of the Highlands. The
seal is about as amphibious as a beaver,
and the rapidity with which it "sliders"
off rocks into the water, on the approach
of danger, is highly creditable to the
promptitude and agility of this queer
piscine fish. Whale-hunting is well as
seal-shooting must also be numbered
among Orkney sports. In the autumn
season great "drives" of the noble or-
cating whales, often 300 or 400 strong,
come down among the islands in pursuit
of the herring shoals; and the visitor may
consider himself highly fortunate if he is
enabled to take part in the exciting chase.
Hundreds of the island boats, some speed-
ing under sail, some propelled by oars,
follow in the wake of the shoal, the
efforts of the boatmen being directed to
drive the whales, if possible, into the
shallows of sandy bays, where they fall
an easy prey to the destroyers, who are
armed with harpoons, ware forks, three-
pronged "graps," and any other lethal
weapons which come to a point. There
is a regular battue when some hundred or
two of bottle-noses are driven ashore by
the pursuing fleet of small boats. The
tourists will find this sport decidedly
more entertaining, as well as novel, than
wandering over the bounding moors and
heathy hill-sides, gun over shoulder, in
search of snipe or plover, rabbit or hare.—
London Society.

A Worm That Buds Like a Plant.

There is a kind of a sponge which
grows in the depths of the Mediterranean
sea, and in its tissues a most wonderful
worm is found. This syllid, as it is called
has a head, head, long body, and is
marked with rings like other worms; it
has a number of short legs sticking out
from the rings and covered with bristles.
The worm buds like a plant, and each bud
turns to a worm like the parent. Hun-
dreds of these buds occur on the head
and on the two legs nearest the neck, and
they speedily grow into long ugly things
which in their turn produce buds and
new crops of worms. When these bud-
ding young worms are nearly full grown
the parent appears to be very tired of
their company, and wriggles about and
endeavors to move backward so as to
leave its attached children behind. Con-
sidering that all these worms produce
eggs, which when hatched become worms
and that every individual produces others
by budding also, there can be no doubt
that nature has some good reason for
placing a vast number of these creatures
on a certain spot during a short time.
Probably there are many fish that con-
sume the majority of these worms before
they have been a long time separated