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"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

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THE LAST MEMORY.

The windows are darkened, and dim is my sight
In the gathering twilight of age,
And now I can scarce read the story aright
That is written on memory's page.
Though all of life's visions are vanishing fast,
One shines like a star in its place:
In the gloom that the present throws over the
past,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
I pray that my sad heart this treasure may save
Till my soul is released from its strife;
Each year cometh on like a conquering wave,
Sweeping over the waters of life,
Restless and mighty, from deep unto deep
Eternity's flood moves apace;
Though its tide hurries all to oblivion's sleep,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
Be patient, God knoweth what ripens the grain
And when it is ready to reap;
Down into my heart mercy fall like rain
To quicken the seeds that are deep.
The lessons of patience, the stories, the prayers
That I learned in my mother's embrace,
Would long since have grown to a harvest of
tares
Had I failed to remember her face.
I listen and wait in the shadows that fall
O'er the deep of eternity's shore,
But out of the stillness I hear a voice call
That sounds like an echo of yore.
Through the watches of night I shall not be
alone,
Nor afraid of the dawning of grace;
Though all else I loved into darkness has flown,
I remember my mother's sweet face.
—Irving Bacheller, in N. Y. Ledger.

HARVESTING FEATHERS.

The Way It Is Done at the Kenilworth Ostrich Farm.

It is No Easy Task to Gather the Precious Crop—Some of the Dangers and Difficulties Attending the Operation.

A pluck at the Kenilworth ostrich farm having been announced, a party of visitors took the train from Los Angeles for the scene of this unfamiliar form of harvesting. The ostrich farm, which is situated about seven miles northeast of Los Angeles, occupies a very pretty valley at the foot of one of the coast ranges, not far from the Burbank station, on the Southern Pacific railroad.

The ostriches are confined in a number of large corrals, in which the birds have free room to run about, scoop out their primitive nests, and make themselves generally quite at home. Four of these corrals are occupied by pairs of full-grown imported birds, at the present time occupied in laying eggs. In other corrals are young birds, natives of California, which appear to be quite as healthy and promise to be as fine as their African parents.

Plucking the birds is by no means a light undertaking. The one thing which makes ostriches manageable at all is that they can not either fly or leap, or if they can they are not aware of their powers. Hence, an ordinary post and rail fence five feet high is sufficient to confine birds standing, perhaps, seven feet high, even when they are making the most desperate efforts to escape from the hands of their spoilers. But if they can not fly they can run and kick, and a kick from one of their great strong legs is an experiment which nobody cares to try. Thus in catching them it is always necessary carefully to avoid getting in front of them, for they can only kick straight forward.

When plucking is to begin three men enter the corral and approach the birds. They try to get the one they wish to catch up into a corner, but as the bird soon sees that his best chance lies in keeping in the open, he races first down one side of the corral and then up the other, making it appear as though it were an almost hopeless task to catch him. His strides are enormous, but his great feet and the muscles of his thighs are so strong that he comes along with a strangely easy, springy gait, in which very little is seen of the foolish awkwardness which is the first characteristic to strike strangers when they see the bird at rest.

After several quiet vain attempts to reach the bird as he runs past, the quickest of the men throws himself upon one of the huge wings, and the first time, perhaps, finds himself sprawling on the ground, with a handful of broken feathers to reward him for his pains. Soon, however, somebody is fortunate enough to get a good hold, and by the time he has been dragged half way round the enclosure the other two men also are to be seen firmly attached to some part of the body or wings of the bird. Then a sack is rapidly produced from the belt of one of the men, and slipped over the head and long neck, at the lower end of which it is loosely tied. This greatly facilitates matters, and it is now no very difficult job to steer the strange-looking creature into a corner of the corral which has been prepared for its reception. Here the fence has been strengthened with strong deal-boards, and another heavy board is all ready to be swung around in such a way as to inclose the bird and his captors in a small corner, in which no great amount of struggling is possible.

The first bird plucked was an old male. The young birds for the first two years of their life are all the same gray color which the females continue for their lives, but the males, after they are about two years old, become very handsome. They turn quite black, thus making a very handsome setting for the great white plumes which adorn their wings and tails. As they approach any one who is looking at them their beautiful bright black breasts remind him forcibly of funeral plumes. But when the black feathers come to be plucked they are found to be only black at the tips, and even here they seldom reach perfect blackness, except in the mass. The feathers singly are of a dark brownish color, shading off into something approaching very near to black at the

SOUNDS OF NATURE.

Music Whose Interpretation Needs No Ancient or Secret Art.
The sonata has been called the most perfect form of piano music known, and in that, although Haydn and Mozart excelled, Beethoven is the chief of all the composers, and all that can be said by a single instrument has been written for the voice of the piano. But although it takes a Beethoven to make the theme and its variations one, and although it takes the first of mechanicals and designers to elaborate the instrument that is to give them musical expression, and although it takes music and skill and talent, and sometimes even genius to be able to use brain and fingers so as to interpret the thought of Beethoven, yet there is another music, unwritten, and to be played on no one instrument, and it takes neither genius, nor mechanism, nor industry to hear and feel and interpret these unformulated strains of nature—that music which exists everywhere throughout creation, which has its tone in every object, which resounds where the sea touches the shore, where the snow sifts through the air, where the voice strikes the hillside, where the leaves stir against one another, where the wind wings and the stars soar through space. To read this music one needs no ancient or secret art, no written page, no instrument—nothing but a soul. One can not criticize it; one can not say its time is imperfect, its measures are incorrect; but one can watch its themes develop almost as easily as in the music rendered by the player where the left hand keeps the time and marks the measure, the "leader of the orchestra," as Beethoven himself said, while the right hand wanders away at its own sweet will in all subtle freedom of variation to return to it again.

One hears the melancholy in the wail of the rising wind at twilight, when the trees murmur together in sadness, one recognizes it, marks it deeper and stronger, diminish and die away; one hears the joy of a sea-breeze in the sunshine singing in over the crested ridges, and sighing itself softly away in full content as it washes up the sand; one hears the hum of happiness one summer morning blending in a rich chord with the murmur of bees, the flutter of idler insect, the soft rustle of boughs, the singing of the distant birds; one gets the note of ineffable sweetness and sadness in the sound of evening bells straining through reaches of air and floated over water, of aerial remoteness and alien indifference in the far-off fleeting of the echo; one gets the voice of conquest roaring on its way in the cry of the wintry storm; for in every thing, from the resonance of granite to the whispering of a breath, the stroke of the stone-cutter's hammer, the measured falling of the fall, there is music for the ear that can hear it; and even when the tones held in the heart of all these separate objects of nature are not music in themselves, and struck together make not music, but discord, yet as the sound recedes it filters itself to harmony, for the discord dies before the sound does, and leaves only at last a sweet sonority swimming and falling along the air.—Harper's Bazar.

Some Shark Stories.
They Are Good, But to a Man Up a Tree They Look Improbable.
Last night, in a company of congenial spirits, the conversation turned on sharks, those scavengers of the sea. Their voracity, staying qualities, and ability to swallow any thing and every thing that came their way was discussed at some length. A young man who had never been to sea said he had read stories of monster man-eating sharks following ships for weeks, accompanied by an aching void which able seamen alone could fill with any degree of satisfaction—to the shark. He had also read of a sailor who was on deck one day grinding his knife, with a boy turning the stone, when the ship gave a sudden lurch, the whole outfit went overboard and was swallowed by a shark. The sailor and his boy kept at work, sharpened the knife to a razor edge, cut their way out of the shark and were picked up by a boat lowered from the ship.

The man-of-war's man said that story was a little too improbable, but that he could tell one himself within the bounds of reason. "When our ship was in Honolulu," he said, "I was ashore one day in the launch, a small steamboat used for conveying officers and sailors to and from the ship. We were lying at the dock and when the engineer attempted to start his engine on the return trip she refused to work. Thinking, perhaps, that a rope or something had fouled the propeller, the engineer looked over the stern and found that a monster shark had swallowed the wheel, and though we prodded the cuss with a boat-hook it refused to disgorge the cast-iron delicacy. We then slewed the boat around, and heading for the ship, a mile distant, we managed by jabbing the fish with boat-hooks, to make it furnish motive power, and thus got under way. The coxswain stood at the tiller and steered for the ship, but just as we got alongside the vessel the shark gave a sudden lurch, broke the propeller short off at the bearing, and got away with it.—Chicago Herald.

A lady's paper gives the following recipe for getting rid of the smell of fresh paint in a bed chamber or living-room: Slice a few onions, and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint.

MEN OF INTEGRITY.

The Kind of a Reputation Which Helps One Over Many Hard Places.
"Why is it that it is the good men who go wrong?" asks an exchange. This question is of much of the same stamp as one that was formerly current: "Why is it that ministers' sons are so often scoundrels?" The latter has been shown to be grossly unfair in its implication that ministers' sons are, as a whole, unworthy of their fathers and of their training. The reverse is the case. There are exceptions, but these are rare in comparison with the number of sons of ministers who are useful and honored citizens, many of them pursuing the noble calling of their fathers.

So when we are asked: "Why is it that it is the good men who go wrong?" the answer is that the inquiry is misleading. Men who are reputed to be good do go wrong in many cases, but these are few in comparison to the number of reputed good men who do not go wrong. It is no surprise when it is learned that a man who does not bear a good name has done something dishonest or unworthy, because in this case the expected happens, and there is not a "going wrong," but a further pursuit of it. The good man by repute—and the better he is reputed to be the more surprise and shock if he does not bear out his reputation—is the one who is trusted, and when we hear of one who has proved faithless, it shows that his reputation was not deserved, or that his moral fiber has not been tested. The man who is upright and honest—honest with himself as well as toward others—does not go far wrong in his dealings.

A reputation for integrity is one which no man can afford to be without. But the reputation is not the main thing. This is to deserve it. It is won by right doing, and is kept in the same way. Once established it is the best letter of credit a young man can have. Without it he can not hope to succeed. In most cases men of strict integrity have had it impressed upon them in their youth that honesty can not be disposed with. Too great stress can not be laid upon this truth by all who have dealings with the young. Temptations to be dishonest should be as far as possible removed from the path of those whose characters are not fully formed, and those who are older and wiser should by friendly counsel aid in firmly fixing right ideas in the youthful mind.

Parental laxity is to blame if a young woman begins work with a vague notion of what honesty means. Too many parents sadly neglect their duties in this particular. They do not oversee their children as they should, or hold them to a strict accountability, but faults are glossed over or are not seen. Parents should not be harsh and exacting, but they should train up children in the very way they should go. The honest boy is father to the honest man.—Detroit Free Press.

MOSAIC WINDOWS.

Intentional Imperfections Introduced Into the Process of Their Manufacture.
But the glass-worker has only begun his work when he has the molten "metal" simmering in his crucibles. It must undergo many subsequent manipulations before it is available for the purpose of art. Some of these, from a technical point of view, some retrogressive. It has been found that the rich color effects in glass of the middle ages are largely due to the imperfections in the material. Its lack of homogeneity, its unequal thickness and uneven surfaces contribute largely to its beauty. The modern product is too uniform to be brilliant; it transmits the light with too great regularity. Intentional imperfections are, therefore, introduced into the process; and the products, in consequence, are much more satisfactory to the artist. This work of individualizing the product has now been so far systematized that several special brands of art glass are recognized in the markets. The so-called antique glass in both white and colors, is made precisely like the ordinary sheet window glass, except that the surface of the glass is made full of minute blow-holes, which produce almost an auriferous effect, and add greatly to its brilliancy. In the cathedral glass the surface is rendered wavy and uneven, so that the transmission of light shall be correspondingly irregular. In the flash glass ordinary sheets are covered with a thin plating of colored glass, a process which permits a very delicate color tone, and materially decreases the expense, where a costly glass, such as ruby, is needed to give the color. But in mosaic work it is now generally preferred that the glass shall not be at all transparent, since the effect is much richer. The most of the glass is therefore cast, the process being a repetition in miniature of the casting of rough plate.—Prof. C. H. Henderson, in Popular Science Monthly.

Summer in the Country.

"Where shall we go for the summer, Henry? Have you thought any thing about it?"
"No, not yet. How would you like to go into the country, again?"
"Well, perhaps that would do."
"I'll tell you what; let's stay at home. Let's see the screens out of the doors and windows so as to have plenty of mosquitoes, get a poor cook and an impertinent waitress, make the beds up as hard as a board, get a spavined old horse and a carry-all with stiff springs, and we can have all the advantages of country life without going out of town."—Chicago Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

—Intolerance most intolerantly denounces intolerance.
—All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.
—The family with a sixteen-year-old boy in the house has no use whatever for a twenty-four volume encyclopedia.
—Somerville Journal.
—No young man with brains will ever expect to find a good wife in a young woman who is not first a good daughter.
—A man gets his "Lost" advertisements free of all charge when it is his reputation that is involved.—Merchant Traveler.
—Curiosity must be awakened ere it can be satisfied. And once awakened it never fails in the end to satisfy itself.—Hugh Miller.

—It is good for us if the contrary winds occasionally blow on us, for after all it is they that make us strong as we sail the voyage of life.
—There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that the people can commend it without envy.—Shenstone.
—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor. Nothing is ever to be obtained without it.—Sir J. Reynolds.
—Young people should never forget that they have in their brains, and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains, actual money-yielding capital more satisfying than bonds.—Once a Week.

—The woman who creates by her work and smiles a happy home, and raises a family of children to worthy manhood and womanhood is the noblest work of God, and is more entitled to the honor and praises of mankind than the butterfly of fashion in the political or fashionable world.

—Happy are they who, when sorely wounded in life, can turn to the natural world and find in every tree, shrub and flower a comforting friend that will not turn from them. Such are not far from God and peace. Only mind, imagination and refinement can embroider the homely details of life.

—Especially do we owe a considerable manner to those less favored than ourselves; for with sweet flowers of courtesy we may do something to brighten an otherwise barren life. Even the degraded are quick to catch the gentle tone. None can withstand the power of this true fairy wand, whose spell we love best to invoke for "our own."—Elizabeth Eddy Norris.

TROUT-FISHING SECRETS.

An Ancient and Acute Angler Imparts Some Important Information.
Fly-fishing is supposed to be so difficult of mastery that many are deterred from incurring the expense of an outfit which is of no use in ordinary angling. But let the veteran fisherman say his own words:
"There is a secret in fishing for trout with the artificial fly, but it can be learned in half an hour by a man who has no prejudices and keeps his eyes open. I do not say all will succeed equally well, but any man who has 'gumption' and will take these hints can't help catching fish, and he may fish all day, if he goes about the business according to his own notions, and not get a single 'rise' for his trouble."
"First of all get the highest rod you can. If it is well balanced and has got the spring it is good enough. Don't bother with a lot of flies and use only one on the line at a time. Here are four flies that will serve all purposes. One is the red spinner; the second is the black gnat; the third is the coachman; the fourth and best of them all is the red Palmer or red hackle, as it is differently termed.

"Now for the secret. Take the red hackle as the standard and you will understand. If you throw it out and just drag it along the top of the water, as most people do, what do you suppose a trout will take it for? Why, just for what it is—a bunch of hair, no more, no less. You drag it along and the hairs close on the shank of the hook; it is just a dead mass, not resembling a fly, or a caterpillar, or any thing else. But suppose, instead of this, you work your wrist very gently up and down, so as to let the elastic hairs of the hackle expand and close with the stream, what then? Why, the thing looks alive, looks like a drowning insect, and the trout goes for it directly. It is the same with winged flies exactly. There is no use having wings to a fly if you simply drag it through the water in one direction.

"Just one hint more," he said to the reporter. "If a trout goes for your fly, don't strike with your arm as if you meant to knock a man's head off with a club or slug a bull for three bases. Just turn your wrist sharply and on the instant, for the trout looks on the fly directly he finds what it is, and it doesn't take him half a second to do it. Fish up stream, use one fly, and that a red hackle, work your fly in the water to make it look alive, and you will fill a basket while your neighbors are tiring their hearts and souls out and catching nothing.

"Let me say, too, that you can't throw a fly too lightly on the water. To do this you must keep your body still, throw with the arm, and the arm only, letting the spring of the rod do the last part of the cast. In this way the fly is made to fall first—which is every thing. Watch a novice and you will cease to wonder why he never raises a fish."—San Francisco Chronicle.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A BAD LITTLE MAN.
When he was up, he cried to get down,
And when he was in, he cried to get out,
And no little boy in Boston town
Was ever so ready to fret and pout.
Fretful oh!
And fretful oh!
And spend the whole day in a pettish oh!
And what shall we do to this bad little man,
But shake him as hard as we possibly can!
—Somerville Journal.
When he was cold, he cried to be warm;
And when he was warm, he cried to be cold,
And all the morn'g 'twas scold and scold,
And all the evening 'twas storm and scold.
Stormy oh!
And scoldy oh!
And never do what he was to do;
And what shall we do with his bad little man,
But shake him as hard as we possibly can!
—Youth's Companion.

THE BOY AND THE KING.

How the Former Saved the Latter's Life.
I suppose there is hardly a little boy or girl throughout our land who has not heard the name of Frederick the Great. He was born in Berlin more than one hundred and fifty years ago, but although he lived in a palace and was the son of a king, there are few people in the world more miserably unhappy than he was for the first twenty-five years of his life.
From boyhood, he had the great misfortune to be hated, instead of loved, by his father, who was cruel, despotic and violent (if not of unsound mind), and so this poor young Frederick was a witness of many strange scenes within the palace walls. In the middle of his dinner, plates were sometimes hurled at his head; occasionally he was kicked and dragged round the room by the hair, and once the old King, finding his son practicing upon the flute, in a rage snatched the instrument away and snapped it in two across the astonished boy's shoulders.

I have not time to tell you all the cruel things this unnatural father did to his son, but, at last, matters became so unpleasant at home that the young prince resolved to run away. Being overtaken, however, he was thrust into prison; and, more cruel than all, he was compelled to watch from a window in the prison the execution of the kind young friend who helped him to make his escape!

At the age of twenty-eight, the old King having died, Frederick himself became King of Prussia. Up to this time he had never been allowed to have any thing to do with the government of his country, but he had occupied himself in studying the language and literature of France and in writing books.

Now his pen was laid aside for the sword, and he busied himself in building up the power of his kingdom. All his energies were given to this end. He was so industrious that he worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He was so frugal—as far as he himself was concerned—that he wore the same old snuffly waistcoat year after year, and when he died he was actually buried in his valet's shirt, because he did not possess a presentable one of his own!

But, although he left no rich garments behind him, he left something better, I think—a name. He had become Frederick the Great! He had increased his armies, his territories and the number of his subjects. He had built magnificent palaces, in which members of the royal family of Prussia are living at the present day. He had encouraged the arts and sciences, and had approved freedom rather than tyranny among his people, and had permitted no persecution on account of religion.

Our own Washington aroused his heartiest admiration. In proof of this, he sent a Prussian sword of honor to Mount Vernon, with the inscription, "From the oldest General to the Greatest."
It was this famous King, then, whose life was once saved by the devotion of a little boy whom the King befriended, and this is how it happened:

One winter, when the Prussian troops were stationed in Dresden, during the Seven Years' War, the King made it his habit to walk out every morning on the terrace along the river bank.
He was pacing back and forth one day, according to his usual custom, when a wretched-looking little boy stopped before him. The child was a ragged little fellow, and held in his arms a box almost as big as himself.

"Oh, sir, wouldn't you like to see my marionettes," asked the boy in his simple fashion.
The King, smiling, asked if they were in that box.
"Yes, and they can perform very well. They can dance; shall I show them to you, sir?" eagerly repeated the boy.
The King gently shook his head. He had no wish to see the marionettes, but the little boy interested him, and the King asked his name.

"Antonio, sir," was the answer. "I am a Savoyard. The marionettes are from Savoy, too. We go through the world together, and when we have earned enough money to live on, we are going home again, and then I hope that I can learn to play on the flute!"

"Are you so anxious, then, to become a musician?" asked the King, more and more drawn to the child.
Such a look of longing came over the little up-turned face, that it was pitiful to see it.
"I always practice on my willow whistle," said Antonio; "but that's not like a real instrument, you know. A real flute costs too much for me," he added, with a sigh.

Perhaps the King remembered how much pleasure he himself had found in his flute when a boy. At all events, he said:

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Perhaps the King remembered how much pleasure he himself had found in his flute when a boy. At all events, he said:

"Well, Antonio, if you are industrious and will prove that you really wish to learn, you shall be taught by a thoroughly good teacher, and by and by you shall have a flute of your own to keep. How will that do?"

You may imagine how happy the little Savoyard was at that. Seizing the King's hand in his small brown paws he kissed it again and again, and then an appointment was made for him to come to the palace the next day, in order that the whole matter might be arranged. The next morning Antonio walked into the courtyard of the palace with pride and happiness in his heart.

He was taken in charge by the Court Capelmester, who had been given orders to see whether the child really possessed any musical talent. His report was most favorable, and from that day Antonio had his heart's desire. He studied well, and made such progress that soon he was allowed to play daily before the King.

All this kindness aroused the deepest gratitude within the boy's heart. He almost worshipped the King, and longed to give proof of his devotion. Strange enough an opportunity came in a very short time.

One evening Antonio noticed an unusual amount of whispering among the servants of the palace, who seemed to be holding a consultation. Feeling sure that something must be wrong, he took care to rise early the next morning, and to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen, where he could see without being seen. He had a long time to wait, but at last he saw one of the cooks coming by with a folded paper in his hand. At first he thought it a letter; but it was very curious that when the man opened it a fine white powder came sifting out, and fell straight into a pot of chocolate that happened to be standing on the table ready to be carried in to King Frederick.

Out came the little Savoyard from his dark corner, and in a state of the greatest excitement rushed off to the King's apartment.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped forgetting his manners and the respect due the presence of the King. "Oh, sir, do not mind what I say—refuse the chocolate this morning. It will kill you—they have put poison in it—I saw them—I saw them!"

Then as calmly as he could, Antonio told his story to the King, and as he ended breakfast came in. At almost the same moment came a general to hold a council with his Majesty. The King greeted him with brevity. No one would have known he had just learned of a plot against his life.

Presently the servant poured out a cup of chocolate and offered it to the King. Frederick eyed him so sharply that the man trembled and grew pale.
"What ails you?" asked his majesty, in a quiet voice. "Are you ill?"
"No, your Majesty, but—I—I—"
"Possibly if you drink a cup of this warm chocolate it may do you good," cried the King.

The servant threw himself at the King's feet.
"Mercy, your Majesty; mercy!" he cried.
"Wretched man!" answered the King. "This cup is poisoned!"
The man protested that the powder would only have made his Majesty unconscious, that it would have done no real harm. For answer the King gave the chocolate to a dog. The poor brute had scarcely taken it when it began to suffer, and soon was dead. The servant then confessed.

The King's charity to the helpless Savoyard had made for himself a friend whose shrewdness and devotion defeated the cunning of the assassins. And that was how Antonio saved the King.—Elizabeth Abercrombie, in St. Nicholas.

Animals as Seed-Planters.

Many noble oak-trees are planted by the little squirrel. Running up the branches, this little animal strips off the acorns, and buries them in the ground for food in the cold weather; and when he goes to hunt them up he does not find all of them. Those he leaves behind often to grow up into great and beautiful trees.

The nutcrack, too, among the birds, is a great planter. After twisting off a cluster of beech-nuts this queer little bird carries them to some favorite tree, and pegs them into the crevices of the bark in a curious way. How, we can not tell. After a while they fall to the ground, and there grow into large trees.

Some larger animals are good seed-planters, and have sometimes covered barren countries with trees. It is very singular that animals and birds can do so much farm-work, isn't it?—Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.

"So, here I am between two tailors," said a dandy at a hotel table, where two young tailors just started out in business were sitting. "True," was the reply. "We are beginners, and can only afford one goose between us."—Philadelphia Press.

The following passage occurs in a notice posted on the court house in a concealed seat and took into execution, according to law and inquiry, the following aforesaid property.

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said: "You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggarty?" "No, morn. Of'm diggin' out the dirt an' lawin' the holes."—Texas Sittings.

A simile is generally supposed to be a species of comparison, but it is more of a paradox. You knock one of its out to make it smile.—Terre Haute Express.