Republican Presidential Possibilities.

The Republican organs are so much occupied with the affairs of the Democracy that they have no time to treat their own party friends with courtesy. Here we are on the eve of a political contest which is admittedly the preliminary skirmish of the Presidential battle, and while Republican journals are full of calculations regarding Democratic candidates they have not a word to say concerning their own aspirants.

The Republican prospects, it is true, are not sufficiently encouraging to invite a severe struggle for the next Presidential nomination.

The field from which the Republicans have to make their choice is not a very wide one. The old issues of the party are dead and buried, and with them the best of its old leaders have passed away.

Yet Blaine is beyond question the most prominent and the strongest Republican mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination. He has a personal following of which no other Republican leader can boast. There is an atmosphere of chivalry about him. A "plumed knight" glamour surrounds him. He has enthusiastic followers and friends. But he has very bitter enemies.

It may safely be set down that Blaine is a candidate. He has long wanted the nomination. He wants it still. It is wisdom to hold back from the scramble. If now an avowed candidate, the hounds would be on his track and tear him to pieces before the Convention. He has great self-confidence. He believes he could win. But as a defeated candidate for the Presidency he would hold a higher position than as a repeatedly defeated candidate for the nomination. If the Republican party is to die, why should not Blaine retire with at least this much honor?

Blaine is a candidate for the nomination despite his literary pursuits, and his book may smooth away many old and violent antagonisms. An author can make friends out of enemies.

Senator George F. Edmunds waits for the nomination. But he is as cold and as honest as Bayard, and like him comes from a State insignificant in population. What strength would he bring to the party?

Robert Lincoln would like to fill the office his father honored. He is a possibility, but a sentimentality. Change his name and there is nothing left of him but an amiable gentleman of mild manners and limited capacity.

Senator John Logan will receive the support of his State. He can command Illinois. It is questionable whether his strength does not end there.

Ben Harrison, of Indiana, a very weak man and an indifferent politician, would suit a certain set of "liberal" Republicans. That fact kills him.

Foster is ambitious. He would be glad if somebody would steal the nomination for him as he stole it for Garfield.

John Sherman is still in the position of "Barkis." But Foster gave cunning John's ambition a death-blow in the nomination of Foraker.

General Sherman is a candidate. He would make a hot campaign. Hero worship would aid him. His military renown and his ability would make him an opponent not to be despised.

President Arthur is very much a candidate. His friends flatter him. Office-holders and office-seekers fawn on him. He holds the Southern delegations in his pocket. His hopes are high. His disappointment will be great.

Blaine heads the list of Republican probabilities. He would be coupled on the ticket with Lincoln, Harrison, Gresham, Foraker or Foster.

If he should be beaten by a Western candidate his strength would command the nomination for Vice-President. In that case who could defeat A. B. Cornell as candidate for Vice-President?

Blaine and Cornell work together. First, for Blaine for President. Secondly, for Cornell for Vice-President.—*N. Y. World.*

The New York Democratic Platform.

At its recent State Convention, the New York Democracy adopted the following platform of principles:

The Democracy of New York reaffirms the platform adopted at its last State Convention, which has received the approval of the people, as shown by a majority of nearly 200,000 at the last election, and they especially denounce the proposition that the people should be taxed to raise a surplus fund for the Federal Government to distribute among the States. We claim with pride and satisfaction that every pledge therein made has been in good faith redeemed.

Valuable reforms have been wrought, useless offices have been abolished, civil service has been freed from the debasing and injurious influences of partisan manipulaotin, the freedom and purity of primaries have been secured, political assessments have been abolished, receivership abuses been corrected, the principle of local self-government has been adhered to, the efficiency of the National Guard has been increased, taxation for the support of the Government has been reduced, a State Bureau of Labor Statistics has been established, the rights of workingmen have been further protected, the injurious competition of convict labor has been curtailed, and business methods have been the rule in the management of State affairs.

On the record thus made, and to which it will steadfastly adhere, the Democratic party asks the renewal of the award of the confidence of the people. We invite all reasonable friends of our improved State Administration, irrespective of party, to join with the Democracy in preserving and perfecting the reforms in progress, and in extending them to all branches of the State service.

We heartily indorse Governor Cleveland's Administration. It justifies the great vote which elected him. He has deservedly won the affection of the people by his industry, firmness, and intelligence and aggressive honesty. The results make his Administration one of the best the State has ever had.

—In 1853, the story is, Miss Mary Place, now Mrs. Nesmith, of Charleston, S. C., was a member of a Lockport church choir. One Sunday an electric bolt entered the church, and proceeding directly to the choir, annihilated one of the singers, Mr. Crocker, stunned several others, and knocked Miss Place senseless. When she recovered she was unable to explain the disappearance of a gold chain, three feet long, which she had worn to church that morning. A physician who had been examining a long and narrow protuberance upon her left arm now declares that it is nothing more nor less than the chain, which the electricity must have driven into her person.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—The four white camels presented by King Humbert to Mr. Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and which were brought to this country on the steamer Independence, have arrived at Baltimore safely and have been sent to Druid Hill Park.

African Rights and African Wrongs.

A year from now both parties will probably have made their Presidential nominations, and the hot political fight with which the country is afflicted every forty-eight months will have fairly begun. In that fight the Republicans will undoubtedly attempt to use the gun which has been in constant service since 1856 whenever the Presidency was the price of victory. We mean, of course, the antiquated piece of artillery composed in equal parts of African rights and African wrongs, as represented by the relations of the two races in the South. At present it happens to be in the shop for repairs, and perhaps alterations; and before it comes out again a brief inquiry in regard to its capacity for future mischief will not be inappropriate. In other words, as Republican organs and orators will certainly try to "fire the Northern heart" on the Southern question at the approaching National election, let us see how that question really stands to-day when partisan lies have as yet had no chance to operate upon it.

First and foremost, the South is as quiet and peaceful as the North. There are as few violations of law, in proportion to population, in the Southern States as in the Northern, probably fewer; and these are entirely non-political in character and purpose—merely the usual manifestations of human depravity. The extensive assortment of crimes which existed, or was said to exist, when Southern Republicanism was in the full bloom of its power, has practically disappeared altogether since the Southern people were allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way—and chose the Democratic way. In 1876 Republican authorities declared that every year over a thousand persons belonging to that party were killed or grievously maltreated on account of their political opinions in Louisiana alone. Singularly enough, however, as soon as the Electoral vote of that State was stolen for Hayes, while at the same time the Republican candidate for Governor—who had more votes than Hayes—was told to consider himself defeated, political murders and maltreatment there came to an end; so that to-day a white or black Republican is as safe and serene in Louisiana as in Massachusetts. The occupation of Eliza Pinkston & Co. was gone the moment the last Federal soldier left New Orleans, and that famous firm went into hopeless bankruptcy. Though the South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the Gulf, is packed with Republican office-holders and agents, no Republican Munchausen is sufficiently impudent and shameless to manufacture a new supply of the old falsehoods. The "Southern outrage" mill has stopped grinding; bulldozers, bulldozing, Ku-Klux and rifle clubs have returned to the land of fable where they were born; and the most stupid and prejudiced Republican in the North knows that the South is quite as orderly and well-behaved in every respect as his own section, and there is no reason why she should not remain so. He knows, too, or may know, if he has eyes to read or ears to hear, that the "exodus" business has exploded, doing no damage to anybody, except the ignorant negroes who invested in it; and that the two races are living and working together as harmoniously and happily as the ordinary casualties, conflicts and chances of life will permit. In short, the Southern question, in all its political, social and industrial phases, is, if not actually settled, in process of final and satisfactory settlement. All it requires to reach that desirable consummation is to be let alone. The policy of interference was tried from 1865 to 1877, and its results make the darkest chapter in the Nation's history. The policy of non-interference has been tried from 1877 to 1883, and its results are before the world to speak for themselves.

Such being the plain and undeniable facts in relation to the present condition and prospects of the Southern question, it is difficult to see how this old Republican gun can be utilized in the coming campaign; but that an effort will be made to drag it into the field in support of the Republican ticket is sufficiently certain. The simple truth of the matter is that the Republicans can not get along without it. To take from them the Southern question would be another case of the play of "Hamlet" minus the melancholy Dane. They must have their "customary suit of solemn black;" they must have the always virtuous and oppressed negro, and the always wild and wicked Southern Democrat; they must have a Union eternally threatened with disunion, and "results of the war" eternally in danger of becoming no results at all; they must have a Southern Vesuvius always preparing to belch forth flame and blood, and crying for Republican water to put it out; they must play the same old tune on the same old fiddle, hoping the people will dance to it in the same old fashion. We think the people will decline to flourish "the light, fantastic toe" any more on any such provocation. We think that the people, seeing how peaceful and prosperous the South is in 1883, can not in 1884 be made to believe that it is a hell upon earth. The old Republican gun may, and doubtless will, be brought to the front as usual; but the unmistakable indications are that the poet's rhyme will receive brilliant and vigorous illustration thereby:

"But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over."
—*Exchange.*

—There are only six distilleries of rum in this country and all six are in Massachusetts. Of nearly half a million gallons of rum exported last year, the greater part went to Africa. The Germans say of a man who has taken just enough alcohol to be mentally stimulated that he is "illuminirt;" but rum is plainly not the kind of illumination which the Dark Continent needs.—*Boston Herald.*

—An unbroken line of rail now exists from Portland, Me., to its namesake in Oregon. A commission house arranged to dispatch ten freight cars filled with canned corn put up by Portland (Me.) firms direct to Portland, Ore., without change. Each car would be labeled from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., so that they could not fail to be noticed all along the route.—*Boston Post.*

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

The civil war and the rapid development of the territory now comprised in the newer of the Western States of the Union bred the material and afforded the opportunity for that class of criminals known as highwaymen. Never before, perhaps, in the history of modern civilization has there been such a conjunction of circumstances calculated to engender and feed that particular phase of lawlessness which found its victims on the highways of Western travel and in the thronged streets of towns and villages. It is, therefore, not strange that the plunderers and roughriders were for a season both numerous and audacious. Never was the prospect to murderers and robbers more seductive and never was a more ruthless and bloody brood of the enemies of society precipitated on any generation. For twenty years these agents of the road levied their heartless tribute. In all the qualities of unshrinking physical courage, relentless greed, cruel brutality, brought to the greatest perfection in the school of danger, the highwaymen of the Southwest in the past twenty years have never been equaled in any age. But a period of twenty years has served to bring them all to the dust. The James brothers, one in his grave and the other in a prison cell, illustrate the fate of those who have dared to ply their once apparently prosperous vocations of robbery and murder. The doom of the younger, who fell by the hand of an assassin trained by himself, was horrible, but was to any dispassionate judgment less to be dreaded than that of his elder now struggling to escape ignominious death by the hangman's halter. These were the princes of their clans with chances a hundred-fold more favorable than others on account of the inability or indisposition of hundreds who knew them as border partisans to draw a line between the point where internecine strife ended and war on society began. The penalty which the justice of mankind has adjudged to be due to those who take booty at the expense of blood is death. And death or worse than death has overtaken almost the last of the one-time gay and reckless riders who turned their hands against society. Such remnants of the defiant gangs as dyed their hands in blood and steeped their souls in murder rather than return to ways of peace and honesty now supplicate for the privilege to be allowed to earn their bread by the labor they lately despised. In the prime of manhood they find themselves broken in health, poor in purse, their lives hanging by threads so slender that a breath might land them in felons' graves. Such is the lesson of an era of lawlessness which afforded more opportunities to those whose evil propensities led them into its sinister paths than were ever elsewhere opened up before weak and wicked men. The truth of those terrible words was never more fearfully vindicated, "that the way of the transgressor is hard." The lesson loses much of its force and value because the hideous careers and the particular phase of crime from which it is drawn may now be regarded as of the past.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Dog Oil and Cats' Skins.

"We skins the horses and the dogs. Sometimes we skins the cats. Then we bile 'em all up together and make that and these here out of 'em." The speaker was bloody from neck to boots, and the "that and these here" were two piles of black stuff, the odor from which was somewhat off color. The place was one of the four or five carrion-rendering establishments which dot the river banks a quarter of a mile below Bridesburg. The cats and dogs referred to were the twenty or thirty barrels of these animals received each week from the city dog-pound and the "cat home" on Lombard street, below Thirteenth. Here also are taken all the dead carrion which can be begged or purchased in the city. In the darkest hours of night great covered wagons make their mysterious way through the byways of Philadelphia. These lumbering vehicles are large enough to carry two dead horses, and no matter how long the carrion they may find has been dead, if it will hold together it is gathered up and the wagons' march resumed until their rounds have been completed, and they dump their repulsive loads at the establishments on the river bank.

"Sometimes," said the man in charge, "we gets a big supply in the way of a fire. After the Knickerbocker Ice Company's fire we had all we could do for some time. In the ordinary run we gets here about thirty horses and mules and twenty barrels of dead cats and dogs every week. What do we do with 'em? Well, you see, they goes three or four ways. We cuts 'em up, bones and all, and tosses 'em into that big biler over yonder. When that has biled away for twenty-four or more hours we get out the bones and they go to the bone-yard to make phosphate. We press the oil outen the balance, and that goes mostly to make lubrication [lubricating] oil or to soap-makers. The other stuff is put in the sun and dried, and we make phosphate out of it ourselves."

The skins, the men said, were sold to the tanners. In the winter and early summer the cats are skinned and the hide is used in the lining of winter circulars for ladies. Two curious uses are, however, frequently made of the dogs. Their fat is carefully taken off and manufactured into "dog oil," which among superstitious persons, especially the colored people, possesses almost miraculous virtue in the cure of various diseases, but chiefly of rheumatism. In all localities where the colored population is large this oil is for sale; and always sells for a good price. It is also in demand for consumptives. Very frequently people who have been pronounced incurable go to the establishment and beg the people there to sell them some of the oil obtained from the dog fat. Occasionally persons will bring dogs which they have killed themselves and have the oil manufactured from them.

Some of the rendering establishments along the river do an enormous business, receiving their supplies not only from the city but from abroad by the car load. Some of them use the intestines and refuse matter from the slaughter-house and abattoirs.—*Philadelphia Record*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., declare they will soon be able to rival Lyons in that industry.—*Newark Register.*

—The New York & New England Railroad has a contrivance which successfully uses up the smoke and cinders of the locomotive.—*Boston Post.*

—It is now thoroughly demonstrated that flowing wells, large enough to bring under cultivation thousands of acres of land, can be had at a cost within the reach of all in Salt Lake Valley.—*Denver Tribune.*

—In a paper read before the Academy of Science, at Paris, M. Peyrusson has demonstrated very clearly that germs of typhoid fever, cholera, and other contagious diseases may be preserved and communicated by the slightest crack in china or crockery tableware.

An Albany firm have utilized tin scraps. They make wrought plate dovetails for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose. The articles made are small pieces of tin of peculiar shape, which are used by stove-menders to make a perfect dovetail on stove bottoms.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—A rose farm is a new Georgia industry. Two gardeners in the vicinity of Savannah planted three acres in rose trees. This year they sold 22,000 trees to parties in the North, and had orders for 50,000 which they could not fill. The trees meet with a ready sale at from $10 to $20 per 100. Over half a million trees are annually imported into this country from France, England and Holland, and the Savannah *News* says it has been demonstrated that Georgia has a better climate for the cultivation of rose trees than that of the South of France.

—A French physician has been making some interesting experiments on the effect of condiments used with food. They show, among other things, that in cooking meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more is employed it will do one or two things: it will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh.

—Charles R. King, of Hartford, Conn., may be said to be the most multifarious tradesman in the State of Connecticut, having mastered no less than twenty-two distinct trades, and being, what is still more strange, a first-class workman in every one of them. He is not yet seventy years old, and is vigorous and hale and able to do a man's work any day. Here are the vocations he has learned: Blacksmith, house carpenter, cabinet-maker, ship-joiner, ship-carpenter, glass cutting and grinding, shoe-making, harness-making, wheelwright, wood machinist, mathematical instrument making, wood-carving, pattern-making, clock-making, cooper, carriage maker, gardener and florist, molder, patent-office model-maker, plumbing and locksmith.—*New Haven Register.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The affections are like lightning, you can not tell where they will strike till they have fallen.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Official reports state that the British census embraces 17,000,000 women. Who wouldn't be a census.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Is that gentleman a friend of yours," asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply. —*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Misfortunes never come singly." They couldn't. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.—*Golden Days.*

—So many people are dying in all parts of the country just now, at the advanced age of 105 years, that a man under eighty-five feels kind of bashful about going into a barber shop.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Longfellow said: "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.—*Boston Post.*

—Of the rich newspaper men James Gordon Bennett runs two yachts and four-in-hands; Robert Bonner is the owner of one hundred and seventy horses; Charles A. Dana keeps a Pullman parlor-car, while we are putting in a foundation for a barn.—*Marlboro' Times.*

—It was a happy thought on the part of our Government to purchase the Yellowstone country and convert it into a national park. It belongs to all the people of the United States, the poor as well as the rich, and all it costs for a man living inside of civilization to go there and return is a thousand dollars or two—and perhaps his scalp.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"James!" he began, as he called the clerk into the private office, "your conduct is such that I can no longer retain you in my employ. You do not hesitate to lie and cheat, and you are drunk at least twice a week." "All right," responded the clerk. "I got news yesterday of a legacy of $75,000, and I guess I wont go to the poorhouse." "Seventy-five thousand dollars!" "To a cent." "Cash money?" "All cash." "Then I'll sell you a partnership interest in the business, and we'll make things hum! Ha! Let me congratulate you! Just such a partner as I'd pick among a thousand!"—*Wall Street News.*

—"Is this train to stop at Neponset?" a passenger asked a conductor of the Old Colony Road the other forenoon. "No, sir," was the reply; "no stops between South Braintree and Boston." "Why, how's that?" said the surprised inquirer; "you used to stop there; you did the last time I came up." The conductor was puzzled. "Guess you are wrong," he said, "but when was that time?" "Well," replied his passenger, "I can't say exactly." And after a moment's thought, he continued: "It was when I built my barn—some time during the war."—*Boston Transcript*

Our Young Folks

WHAT SHE LACKED.

Miss Pussy sat on the lowest bough
Of a waving hickory tree,
Whispering softly: "I'll have you now,
You gay little robin, you'll see!
The old hen watches her chicks thirteen,
And has such a fearful way
Of flying at one, that I haven't seen
A bit of fresh meat to-day."

But Master Robin twitters away,
As she stealthily creeps along,
Joining in as the thrush and jay
Chirrup a morning song.
Glancing sidewise once and again
Out of his saucy eye,
As if to say: "You will catch me, then?
Well, madam, suppose you try!"

"I have four legs," said Pussy Cat,
"And you, sir, have only two;
I have sharp claws, depend on that,
And they'll get the better of you;
I'm stronger, too, than a dozen birds—
Look now!"—and she quickly springs;
But the robin laughed as he soared away:
"Ha! ha! but you have no wings."
—*Youth's Companion.*

THE COW-TREE.

"Mamma," said little Robbie Wood, one day, at the dinner-table, "how does butter grow?"

"Oh, ho!" cried out his brother Harry, before mamma could answer; "what a goose you are, Rob! butter don't grow."

Mamma looked across the table and saw a little lip quivering, for Robbie hated to be laughed at. Harry saw it, too, and was sorry.

"No matter, Rob," said he; "I had no business to laugh at you; but it was such a funny idea;" and Harry had hard work to keep back another shout.

"I suppose you would think it was very funny," said mamma, putting some milk into her cup of tea, "if I told you that there is a country where the people get milk from trees."

The great tears in Robbie's eyes forgot to roll out, and Harry stared at his mother to see if she was joking.

"It is true," said she.

"Now, mamma," said Harry, in a very coaxing tone, "you are going to tell us about it, aren't you? It will make such a splendid story."

"I haven't time now," mamma said; "but come to me after supper and you shall hear it."

The boys went out to play that afternoon, and perhaps you think they forgot all about the story; but they didn't do any such thing, and just as soon as supper was over, and mamma had taken her sewing and sat down to the table, the boys brought their chairs and sat down in front of her.

"Now, mamma, for the story."

"Well," began mamma. Some way or other all mamma's stories began with "well." The boys had learned to like it very much. It was like smelling hot ginger-bread when they went into the kitchen; they always knew then that mamma would give them a piece. So when mamma began a story with "well," they knew something nice was coming.

"Well," said mamma, "far away from here—so far away that people go in ships, tossing up and down on the waves—"

"That must be great fun. I'd like to go," said Harry.

"Don't talk, Harry," said Robbie, with his eyes on mamma's face.

"—So far away," continued mamma, "that very few travelers go there, there is a country very different from ours. There is never any cold weather, never any snow or ice. There are wonderful things there. The fishes are of lovely colors, blue and yellow and orange and red; you can see them shining far down in the clear water. There are sharks, and alligators, and crocodiles, too, and they are not lovely at all."

"Don't they eat people sometimes?" asked Harry.

"Sometimes," said mamma.

Rob looked frightened, and mamma hurried on.

"But the birds are even more beautiful than the fishes; some of them are as white as snow, and some of them are as pink as baby's cheeks, and some of them have bright red wings; some of them are green and gold, with lovely drooping tail-feathers a yard long. One of them has a cry that sounds just like a child in trouble—it would make you sad to hear it; and there is one that has a spur as sharp as steel under his wing, so he can fight his enemies. There are a great many gay little humming-birds that fly in and out among the trees, and everywhere green and purple dragon-flies dart about in the bushes.

"But the plants and trees are the most wonderful of all. There is a flower called the fever flower, because at certain times in the day it gives out heat; and there is a plant called the pitcher plant, because its leaves are folded up into little green pitchers that hold water. One of the plants has a very big flower that just before it blossoms looks like a swan held by its bill, but when it is all open it turns into a liberty-cap, with a violet lining. The vines climb 'way up to the tops of the tall trees and blossom there; and ferns, that grow close to the ground here, grow there till they are as high as trees. You would like to go to walk there and see the strange trees: coffee-trees, with shining evergreen leaves, and little white flowers, very sweet to smell; cocoa-trees, very tall and straight, with a cluster of leaves at the top—great leaves twenty feet long; and orange-trees, with leaves and blossoms and green and ripe oranges all on the tree at once. But I think you would like best of all to see the cow-tree—only you would have to climb up very high, for it likes to live on high places."

"I wouldn't mind that," said Robbie; "I can climb."

"Guess you would get tired," said Harry.

"No, I wouldn't, either," said Robbie. "Would I, mamma?"

"If you lived down in the valley, it would be a long walk," said mamma; "for these trees grow 'way up on the sides of the mountains. Sometimes it doesn't rain in that part of the country for weeks, and weeks, and months, and the leaves droop, and the poor cow-trees look as if they were dead; but if you were to cut a little place in the trunk of one of them, what do you think would come out? Nice, sweet milk!"

"Is it just like cow's milk?" asked Harry.

"Not just exactly like it," said mamma, "but almost like it, and just as good to drink. You would think so if you could see the little boys and girls there drink it. The milk runs fastest at sunrise, and so when the sun rises over the mountains the people come, men, and women, and children, with their bowls in their hands, to get the milk. They only have to hold the bowl close to the tree, and the little white stream soon fills it. If they like, they can set it away when they get home, and in a little while it will turn thick like cream."

"What a wonderful tree!" said Robbie. "Does it look like any common tree?"

"Yes," said mamma; "only it is very tall—a great deal taller than any of the trees here. It has beautiful dark-green leaves, pointed at the end, and longer than my hand; and tiny little flowers, and small, round fruit with a little leaf on the top like a cap."

"But, mamma," said Harry, "you haven't told us where the country is where all these strange things are."

"It's among the Cordilleras, on the coast of Caracas," answered mamma.

"But I don't know any better now," said Harry. "I never heard of that place before."

"I know it," said mamma, smiling; "but you can take papa's big atlas to-morrow and find it."

"Oh, please tell us now," begged Robbie.

But mamma only shook her head and smiled again.

"That's just like you mamma," said Harry. "You always leave something for us to find out for ourselves, and I like it. Rob and I will have a good time to-morrow hunting up that place."

"Very well," said mamma. "Now scamper to bed, little men."—*Mrs. Carbee, in Christian Union.*

The Midget Sheep.

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it can not have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl, indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.—*John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas*

The Pride of the Regiment.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may appropriately be introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who, from being the "pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of National fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war-eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our National bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of a regiment, on the march and in battle, was surely very appropriate, indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to handle or to carry him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all the regiments along the line cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. Sometimes he would be gone two or three days at a time; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment no concern, for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away, he would be quite sure to find them again.

At Jackson, Miss., during the hottest of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air and remained there from morning till the fight closed at night, having greatly enjoyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls, that it looked on top as if a groove-plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place, on his perch, on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural building. He was still alive, though growing old, and was the observed of all observers. As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the capital of Michigan two or three years ago.—*Harry M. Kieffer, in St. Nicholas.*