

Confessions of Defeat.

The New York Tribune, which can not be accused of any lukewarmness to the Republican party, and whose political knowledge and editorial judgment is in the sense behind that of other papers of this party, gravely declares that the Electoral Votes of the Southern States are certain to be cast for the Democratic nominee. It does not arrive at this fact by roundabout reasoning, but concludes that such will be the fact from the force of current events. It knows why the South is Democratic, and it is wise enough to see that there is nothing in the recent history of the Republican party which is likely to produce a change. For this faithful assertion of a self-evident truth that paper is now being roundly denounced as conceding the election of a Democratic President. The Republican, of this city, worried at the announcement of such a truth, denies the conclusions at which the Tribune has arrived, and tries to break the force of the statement by declaring that the South is not solid for Democratic restoration, and supports its assertions by instancing the Readjuster triumph in Virginia and the independent strength in North Carolina. It seems to forget that Virginia gave its Electoral Vote to General Hancock, and that North Carolina did the same, and that the conditions are even more favorable now for National Democratic success in those States than they were in 1880. It forgets, further, that the heavy Republican vote which Virginia cast for General Garfield is now all torn up and disorganized by the dictatorial conduct of General Mahone, and that as he is opposing all the men who contributed to swell that vote for Garfield, no assurance can be given that a coalition will be formed for the Republican National ticket which will be strong enough to wrest the Electoral Vote of that State from the Democratic nominee. A local triumph on a State issue is one thing, and a victory in a National election quite another. The hostility in Virginia between the regular Republicans and the Mahone followers does not indicate that unity and harmony of action which underlies an enthusiastic campaign. So far as men can judge the conditions are all against Republican success in Virginia next year. North Carolina is even less likely to assist Republican hopes than Virginia, for the independent movement there has signally failed to affect the Democratic strength, and the dominant party there is abundantly able to hold the State to its Democratic anchorage. In attempting to answer the New York Tribune the Republican virtually concedes a National Democratic triumph. It says: "It is folly to pretend that the Democratic party is not likely to secure forty-eight Electoral Votes in the North when last year and this it has elected Governors in ten Northern States having one hundred and forty-five Electoral Votes." Being satisfied upon the point, it tries to show that the Republican hope must hang upon Electoral Votes in the South, and names Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and West Virginia as the doubtful States which will seriously interfere with Democratic calculations. So between the New York Tribune's judgment of a solid South assured for the Democracy, and the Republican's assertion that "it is folly to pretend the Democracy could not get the other forty-eight votes" necessary to elect, the chances of Democratic success are made tolerably clear, and that out of the mouths of political enemies. If the Republican party concedes the Electoral Vote of the South to the Democratic nominee, which is a reasonable conclusion, and the doubt of its getting the other forty-eight votes from the North is declared a "folly," which is equally reasonable, there would not seem to be much use for the Republicans to make a fight. The Tribune and the Republican are both right in their conclusions. The Democratic nominee will get the South, and he will also get the forty-eight votes he needs from the North. It is no wonder that Judge Edmunds declines being a candidate, and that the nomination seems to be going a-begging.—American Register.

"Democratic Blundering."

Nothing is more common than the assumption that the Democrats when in sight of victory always commit some egregious blunder, and thus throw away or destroy their own chances. This assumption is a part of the capital, and one of the favorite weapons, of the Republicans and their allies. No party management is perfect, and it will be confessed without hesitation that the Democratic party has committed many errors, but their long series of defeats may be referred to causes entirely outside of their own organization. Their opponents have all the time possessed the patronage and the powerful advantage of the possession and control of the Federal Government and its vast army of office-holders. When danger of defeat and fear of losing the places and patronage of the immense Government machine confronted the Republican party and its dependents, they have generally been able to almost entirely avoid the use of nearly unlimited sums of money one way or another, drawn from the public Treasury, to turn the tide and snatch victory from disaster. In every crisis the cry is raised of Democratic blundering. Such was the case in 1872 when Greeley was nominated. Mr. Greeley ought not to have been nominated, but the Whisky Kings and illimitable corruptions of the Grant Administration, its arbitrary exercise of power in many States and the shameless use of the public Treasury in that and other States, and the corrupt and more potent agencies than any errors of the Democratic party. In 1876 the people had been aroused to the gigantic corruptions of the party in power, and the Federal patronage was less concentrated than it had been before. There was a fairer expression of public sentiment than there had been since 1870. The result was that the country was swept by the Democratic party. No alleged blundering prevented success at the polls that year. In 1880 the Republican party had pulled itself together again. The supple, insupportable Hayes was a fact in the hands of his party. The Post-office Department, in the hands of the Dorseys and Bradys, was made to furnish the millions which had before been stolen by the Whisky Ring; the ballot-box in the doubtful States

was corrupted and success purchased with the people's money. Then we heard again the cry of Democratic blundering. The stubborn stand made in Congress against extravagant and profligate appropriations and the refusal to refund the National debt at a needlessly high and wasteful interest were paraded as great blunders, and the country was warned against the Democrats as obstructionists and destructivists. The rational and wise declarations in the National platform in favor of a reformation in the revenue system and a constitutional tariff were declared to be blunders added to blunders. Whatever the Democrats did, either in Congress or in Convention, was ingeniously and adroitly misrepresented and stigmatized as great and criminal wrongs. In the meantime the country was dominated, corrupted or bought by the aid of the public Treasury, and the army of office-holders, State and Federal. Democratic blunders have been the least potent of the factors in the disastrous Presidential campaigns in the past. Between 1872 and 1876 the Whisky Kings were exposed and measurably overthrown, and through the soured overthrow of Grant concentration of patronage partially thwarted. The result was a popular triumph at the polls. Since 1880 the post-office frauds, then so rank and fruitful of slush, have been exposed and a partial check put upon the use and abuse of the office-holding power. Public sentiment has been quickened and enlightened. The result is the scales are inclining everywhere in favor of the Democratic party, and the signs of the times are too plain to be mistaken that a complete triumph in 1884 will crown the efforts of next year. Whatever the Democrats may do, or fail to do, on all great questions will be deemed as great blunders, but the strengthening of their own power in several important States and the decline in the resources of their opponents tend to the same end. Events and facts such as these are far more significant than stale partisan assumptions.—St. Louis Republican.

A Harmful Position.

The Tribune is the recognized organ of the Republican party. As such it declares that the continuance of the Republicans in power is necessary to the commercial and financial interests of the country. We are told that since the Democrats obtained victories which gave promise of the election of a Democratic President "it has been impossible to restore the confidence which is requisite to the prosperity of industry and trade. Capital has been unwilling to commit itself to new undertakings. Securities have gone begging for lack of investors. Almost every commercial or financial interest has felt the change." The Tribune tells us how this condition of affairs may be reversed: "It is possible that this year a reversal of the popular verdict may start a genuine and lasting revival of confidence, with incalculably beneficial results to all business interests."

The position taken by the Tribune is more harmful to capital and more dangerous than all the ravings of Communism.

Can it be true that capital persuades itself that the supremacy of one particular political party is necessary to its safety? If so, it surely will be ready to use its power remorselessly, unscrupulously, to defeat the attempt of any other party to supersede it. If so, it will for self-protection pour out its money to defeat the popular will and control the result of elections.

This means a reversal of the form of Government established by the fathers of the Republic.

They decided that a majority of the people should rule, all citizens being equal in their enjoyment of civil and political rights.

But if capital believes that one party—a minority party—is necessary to its own preservation, it will use the almighty power of money to crush the majority and to keep the minority in power.

Is this the reason the majority of the people were disfranchised in 1876 by the fraudulent inauguration of a President defeated by the people? Is this the reason Garfield and Arthur were elected by purchase in 1880?—N. Y. World.

Triumph Over Partisan Degradation.

The Democratic victory in Ohio is truly glorious. Hoody's majority is at least from 12,000 to 14,000, with a Democratic majority in the Legislature of twenty-four on a joint ballot. This is a decided triumph of the cause of popular government over misrule and partisan degradation. The people are beginning to understand this pseudo-Republican party, the controlling elements of which are against popular government. It obtained power, and has kept itself in power by falsehood and fraud, and deceiving and misleading the people. And the wrongs it has committed, and its gross violation of the Constitution and abuses of power have been covered up and disguised from public observation, but they will now be brought to the light. And fifty years hence the people will look back in perfect amazement at the manner in which the country has been humbugged, deceived, misled and imposed on by the leaders of this most perfidious and grossly dishonest political party, which has placed partisan ascendancy, power and aggrandizement above the Constitution, the Union, and most sacred pledges of the public faith. The high-handed wrongs it has committed, its flagrant abuse of power, and its frauds and schemes of corruption and plunder, which have heretofore only incidentally cropped out occasionally in such affairs as the Star Route swindle, the Salary Grab law, the Credit Mobilier bribery and fraud, etc., will all appear in their naked deformity in the course of time.

Ohio is a great State, rich in its resources, flourishing in all branches of productive industry, and growing in all the elements of prosperity and greatness. All the people need to insure their grand future is good government. And in Judge Hoody they will find a competent, ready and efficient public officer in the protection of the rights and in fostering their great and growing interests.—Washington Post.

—Indians who do not wear hats are never bald-headed, unless they are scalped.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A suspicious person whom a London policeman ordered to "move on" proved to be Lord Derby.

—The crowd at Aberdeen, Scotland, in their eagerness to see the Princess Beatrice, knocked down the tree which she had just planted.

—The late English hangman's wife, Mrs. Marwood, died the other morning, her death being hastened by intemperance. It is said that on the occasion of each execution her husband gave her a bottle of gin.

—As an illustration of the strength of paper, it is said that a Bank of England note twisted into a kind of rope can sustain as much as 329 pounds avoirdupois suspended to it and not be injured in the least.

—Thomas Coats, Sr., one of the original members of the well-known firm of Scotch thread manufacturers, is dead. He was noted for his philanthropy, and one of his notable gifts was a large and beautifully decorated public park to his native town, Paisley. In 1880 he visited this country for his health.

—A new play was produced recently at the Odéon Theater, in Paris, under decidedly novel circumstances. An author had brought an action against the manager because, after accepting a rank, he had delayed its production, and the court, beside awarding £12, damages ordered the piece to be produced forthwith. Played accordingly it was not "by special request," but "by judicial decree."

—The fan in Spain is a well-known weapon of expression, yet its ordinary use is excessively monotonous. It has three motions. It is opened, moved twice and closed. As described by Charles Dudley Warner, the movement is "open, two movements of fanning, shut, open, fan, shut, hour after hour, until the beholder is driven half wild by the monotony of the performance."

—The English Ghost Hunters' League, which has been investigating all the ghosts and haunted houses which come within its knowledge, and have absolutely nothing to show for two years' labor, is becoming discouraged. It now prints a card asking all people with supernatural affairs about them or their houses to come forward, promising as an inducement that "nothing will in any case be printed or published with or without names, except with the full consent of the persons concerned."

—Among the many leagues which are formed for the benefit of both man and beast, the last, and perhaps the most curious, is that which has for its object to protest against the use of the American lobster as an article of food, on the ground that it can only be obtained by torturing the animal or fish. A number of Parisians, the originators of the scheme, wear a badge on which is pinned a crustacean holding in its claws a small visiting card, with the simple word "Thanks."

—The remains of an ancient church that was destroyed about five hundred years ago by the Poles when they took Smolensk have come to light near the village of Klovko, in Russia. The walls are about nine feet high, and are made of brick 13 1/2 inches long seven wide and one inch thick, stamped with Russian letters. Fragments of the mortar that remain look like porcelain. Curiosity-hunters have already begun to pull the walls to pieces, and it is feared that in a short time not a trace of them will be left.

Pope Leo at Home.

The Capitan Froucausa of Rome publishes a conversation which one of its correspondents had with Rev. Philip Barry, canon of the Cashel Cathedral. The canon is said to have spoken as follows: "Leo XIII. is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very much like Simonetti, he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XIII's smile is totally different from Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well and walks remarkably straight. He has snow-white hair and very finely-marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent-looking, and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose policy was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early and spends the first hours of the day in prayer and generally in his bedroom. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o'clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence all the time. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and those chiefs of religious societies who may demand audience. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Ambassadors. At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more than two francs, or half a dollar." And he keeps so many cooks," said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Pops were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance; but Leo XIII. has nothing of all this. After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums, galleries, etc. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden and likes to play the gardener at times. He frequently receives visitors in the garden, and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second time I saw him was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Monsignor Mascchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a red-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well. I saw he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said; 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then, seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to raise me, but the offering was not accepted; but it was not so. We live on charity" (and here he smiled sadly); "for all we had has been taken from us. Oh, these

persecutions!" he cried with a loud voice; "they purify us, even when the heaven is pure and immaculate." I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief on the blue sky. The sun was setting, and he looked up to the sky, as if seeking an inspiration there. 'I have heard,' he then said, 'that, notwithstanding the general state of anguish in Ireland, the churches are full of people. May the Lord be praised and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord, hear our prayers and judge us! He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much simplicity. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight he returns to work in his private rooms, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night, but not always to sleep though, for he is during the night that he reads and writes for his own pleasure, his favorite subject being the 'Science of St. Thomas,' and essays on the works of that saint, which he receives from every part of the world, whenever and wherever published."

How the Asiatic Smokes.

The Asiatic, so far as my observation goes, never smokes his tobacco pure. He mixes it with sugar, molasses or honey, and his taste for sweets, let him mix it with sugar, molasses or honey, and—in the case of the luxurious, notably the young Mohammedan "swells"—to perfume and qualify the mixture with paste of roses and spices. When ready for the pipe it looks like crude opium, a tenacious black amalgam, and when kindled gives out a faint, sickly odor, surprisingly tenacious and penetrating. A Hindoo smoking his hookah, or even the plebeian hubble-bubble, can be smelt out from a long distance—as the lurking servant often finds out to his cost. Apparently unconscious of the far-reaching properties of the scent, he will squat just round the corner to have a quiet smoke with a friend who he ought to be about his work, and retribution, guided to the spot by the nose, suddenly overtakes him in his fancied security. The varieties of tobacco grown in the East are chiefly "Shiraz" and "Latakia," and though they differ in degrees of quality, they are very seldom above mediocrity for the European taste. There is no preparation of the leaf worth calling preparation; for the Oriental smoker depends upon his particular tobaccoist or his own servants to mix up the compound to suit his own taste. The flavor of the actual leaf itself, therefore, goes for little. When away from their own country, however, the natives of India will change their habit, and smoke the pure leaf—as, for instance, in the sugar plantations of Mauritius, where I have seen the coolie smoking original-looking cigarettes of his own manufacture. But the most surprising specimens of the self-made cigar are to be found among the emancipated negroes of that earthly paradise, the Seychelles Islands. There the tobacco plant has run wild, and the negro will sometimes so far bestir himself as to order his wife to make him some cigars; and the results are such distorted, preposterous caterpillars of tobacco as might make a Regent street tobaccoist howl. The material, however, is excellent, being the best Havana or Virginia leaf run wild, but without curing or preparation of any kind is naturally coarse and acid. The negro, however, likes it, and consumes his home-rolled cigar in unstinted abundance.

During the bombardment of Alexandria one of the houses that suffered severely was that of Hajji Nasim, the cigarette manufacturer. But he improvised temporary quarters, and in a jury-rigged sort of way managed to keep abreast of the extraordinary demand which the presence of so many British officers created. And what superb cigarettes the old Hajji made! I remember sitting with him one evening smoking, overlooking the bombarded square, and listening to his reminiscences of Alexandria tempore acti; and he told me, among other things, that one of the best judges of tobacco he had ever known was the late Sultan. And he clapped his hands, and a girl brought him a box of his Majesty's private brand, "the Sultan," and I certainly found it the daintiest, most lily-like smoking. But in the evening I unrolled a couple and charged my Turkish pipe—a large amber bead for mouth-piece, jessamine stem, and bowl of damascened clay—with the contents; and when I had finished the pipe it seemed as if I had been smoking only the ghost of tobacco, a mere adumbration of the weed. Fairies, if they smoke at all, probably smoke "Sultans."

But as this paper seems to have concerned itself chiefly with criticisms of others' tobacco, I ought in fairness to add that the very worst tobacco I ever put into a pipe—worse than the Boer, worse than the Chinese—was some of my own growing and manufacture. While in India I was permitted to assist at the public cost in some experiments in tobacco-cultivation, and for my own hobby selected "Guatemala" seed. The result was amazing, terrific, disastrous. I distributed it all among my servants; and they, poor wretches, out of respect to me, smoked it. But it took them months to finish five pounds. I thought I should never have smelt the last of it.—St. James' Gazette.

—The American Journal of Forestry records an instance of handsome profit received for ten acres purchased ten years ago in Logan Valley, in Nebraska, and planted with black walnuts, by Colonel Van. He gave \$1 25 per acre for the land, and after it was handsomely covered with a dense growth of thrifty black walnuts, ten years old, he sold the ten acres for \$3,000. The time will certainly come when all this timber will be wanted at an advanced and handsome price, and there is nothing for which there will be a more extensive demand than the best large second-growth selected timber. Judging from the way in which our native forests are disappearing, the market will not be glutted.

The Society of Friends in England

has repealed the prohibition of marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly two hundred years.

Our Young Folks.

TOM WEE.
"Hear ye," the merry gossips say,
"A tale of the last Thankful Day."
(9 O'CLOCK.)
Up from his perch on grandpa's knee,
Up to the dear face, soberly
Looked Tommy Wee, that merry elf,
The while he murmured to himself:
"He'll go to church and pray—and pray,
He'll have a jolly time, his way."
To-day.

(12 O'CLOCK.)
Up to the turkey crisp and brown,
Up to the mince pies, smiling down
Mid hosts of goodies from the shelf,
Looked Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"He's gone to church to pray—and pray;
I'll have a jolly time, my way."
To-day.

(4 O'CLOCK.)
Up in his little trundle-bed,
Up, covered close from foot to head,
Lay Tommy Wee, a sorry elf,
Lay Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"Oh, what is turkey? what is pie?
If only I don't die—don't die,
Next time Thanksgiving comes this way,
I'll go to church and pray—and pray."
All day.

"Think you," the merry gossips say,
"He'll keep his word, this Thankful Day!"
—Wise Auntie.

SIX THANKSGIVING TURKEYS.

Dan Riley was eating his breakfast. Strange to say, he wasn't thinking much about the buckwheat cakes and honey this morning, though grandpa always said breakfast was the only time that Dan was not absent-minded. She had known him go to school without his hat, and go to bed in his boots, and leave his candle burning all night, and forget to mail a letter for a week; but he never failed, grandpa would say, with a funny twinkle, to hear Prue step at the door, and was always there to meet her and bring in the hot cakes. But to-day he was having a debating society with himself, and was so much interested in the discussion that he didn't even know how many cakes he was getting away with.

It was two days before Thanksgiving. There was a fine snow on the ground and Dan had a new sled. Ike Paxton, his chum, had no sled and no time to make one (it was all Ike's mother could do to spare him school times, and almost more than she could do to feed and clothe him and the other three boys other times). Should he let Ike coast with him Thanksgiving, when all the fellows met on Big Spring Hill—for, of course, even Ike would have some Thanksgiving holiday? or should he give him his old piece of a sled, that wouldn't go straight and would certainly go to smash the first time it struck against a tree?

Meantime, grandpa was interviewing grandpa about her Thanksgiving dinner. Son John was going to drive over in his big sleigh, with wife and six children; and daughter Caroline would bring her family to dinner; "and I am determined to cook two turkeys," said this old lady, as fiercely as if somebody were going to oppose her. "Very well," said Farmer Riley, smiling. "You don't say nothin' 'bout how many ears of corn Dobbin gets. I ain't got nothin' to say against your two turkeys."

"And that ain't all," continued grandpa, still defying an imaginary opposer. "I want another one killed for Widder Aldrich. Don't you think, father, when I asked her, at Miss Roger's quilting, whether she put chopped parsley in her turkey gravy, she said she hadn't had a turkey trap word so long she most forgot. I just made up my mind that minute that I'd kill three turkeys, 'stead of two, this Thanksgiving."

"All right, old woman," said the farmer, finishing off his breakfast with a glass of fresh buttermilk. "Better have 'em killed 'fore night and hung up. Do you hear, Dan? If granny wants all her turkeys killed, don't you ask no questions. Just go ahead and do it."

"And Dan," said grandpa, "don't be too late getting at it." Dan was busy picturing himself, alone in his glory, flashing down Big Spring Hill on "The Rainbow" and trying to persuade himself that to a fellow who had no sled an old rickety trap would seem a very fine affair. He didn't take in very clearly what was expected of him, but contented himself with a vague assurance that he was to kill all grandpa's turkeys and ask no questions.

He thought he was beginning his job pretty early that evening; but the November twilight seemed very short, and he had only killed six turkeys when he heard the supper-bell rung out of the window at him and knew he must give up the job for the night. He lugged them up to the kitchen door, washed his hands at the pump, and, by no means in a gentle humor, went in to supper.

"Well, Dan," said grandpa, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in his cup, "did you get through?" "No'm," he said, in a very injured tone; "not half through. I only killed six."

"Six?" said Grandpa Riley, and set down the cup and saucer. There was a blank silence, while an uncomfortable suspicion began to dawn upon absent-minded Dan.

"Grandpa said I was to kill all your turkeys, without asking any questions," he said, presently; and then grandpa roared out laughing, and laughed and laughed, until grandpa herself had to join, and Dan. They were still at it when Prue rushed in with the overwhelming statement that there were six "killed" turkeys at the kitchen door.

Her chances for scolding Dan being spoiled by all this laughing, Grandpa Riley took the fact of the six turkeys very quietly. "I ain't often you make me a present, mother," said the old farmer, "and I want one of them turkeys for Jim Coales' family."

"Grandma, can't I have one for Ike Paxton's mother?" said Dan, conscious of a guilty thought that this might buy off his conscience about that coasting business. "Oh! go 'long," said grandpa; "but you needn't ask for 't'her, 'cause Prue is a-go'in' to fetch it to her old uncle. And now come 'long and help me and Prue to pick them six turkeys, Dan 'el Riley."

plans for double-riding on the Rainbow. And the spreading did not stop there. That was the gayest Thanksgiving the Rileys had ever known. The story of the six turkeys was told amid shouts of happy laughter, and when it came home down John's wife said: "Sister Caroline, while we had come to eat mother's turkeys, I think we might kill our own for somebody that hasn't any." And they made the bargain between them.

When Grandpa Riley was covering the bedroom fire for the night grandpa shook her head at him from the pillows and said, in the tone of one who quells an enemy: "You needn't say a word, old man, I mean to kill six turkeys every Thanksgiving as long as I live!"—E. P. Allen, in N. Y. Independent.

Good Mother Woodcock.

My friend the woodcock has an excellent wife, and an excellent mother—that is, an excellent mother to his children. He may have had an excellent mother himself; probably he did, for of all birds the woodcock mother is the kindest and most affectionate to her little ones. But what I wish to state, though I'll confess that, like Brother Boreas, I'm a little long-winded this time, is that the offspring of my friend Woodcock actually are carried about by their mother when they are too young to escape from danger unaided. She does not carry them by her bill (no, even the cat-bird would not attempt that), but she closes her little feet upon them, and so holds them as safely as your mother holds the baby in her careful arms.

In numbers of cases, hunters have seen the great-eyed birds rise and fly away heavily and low, seemingly holding something between their feet. Mr. C. F. Holder, one of the St. Nicholas writers, tells me that a Western sportsman recently had curiosity enough to follow such a bird, and a good chase she led him, through a hay-field, over brambles, bushes and stones, but he finally gained upon her, and saw that in her feet she carried a tiny downy woodcock, that seemed not the least alarmed by such a strange mode of traveling. The old bird carried it several hundred yards, before alighting with it, and then quickly disappeared in the tall, thick grass.

My little Mrs. Woodcock is the proudest mother I ever knew. She thinks her children are perfection. To me they seem to have rather large mouths, but she scents the idea of that being anything against their beauty. To her way of thinking a large mouth gives an openness of expression to the young that is simply charming. Ah, Woodcock that is a happy fellow!—St. Nicholas.

Money in the Antipodes.

Socially money will do very much in America; judiciously expended I think it will do even more in England; in the way of sheer purchase of social recognition it will do curiously little in Australia. There was, indeed, a time there when, in a social sense, the moneyed man was regarded with actual suspicion. And for this there were some grounds. The original moneyed man might have had unpleasant antecedents, of which time had not yet effaced the memory. Non olet is not true of nummus in Australia, although it is safe to predicate that with the lapse of years non olet. But now there is a vast number of moneyed men in Australia, and the means whereby their wealth has come to them are known, as reasonably savory. They have therefore ceased to be regarded with suspicion. I do not think people at home have any idea how large fortunes are in Australia, and how many of those large fortunes there are. Once in South Australia I had occasion to speak of a friend who had his residence in London, and taken up his residence in London. I spoke of him as a very rich man. "Oh, no," was the answer, "he is very well off, but we don't reckon him a very rich man." "Why," said I, "I understand him to be worth a quarter of a million!" "Well, I hope he is a little better than that," said my interlocutor, "but still we don't reckon him here as very rich." I am not going to compile a roll of Australian millionaires, because, for one thing, it would take up too much space. But this I may affirm, that two-thirds of them are not in society, nor nourish any hope of ever being admitted within its pale. If you find one of them inside it, he has not crossed the palisade on the golden ladder; he entered by the gate in virtue of his social attributes. If these are unsatisfactory, you will find him outside among the nettles; or again, it may be, far away in the bush, a man content with himself, and caring for none of these things. For it must be said that in Australia there is no universal aspiration after the flower garden of society. But the moneyed aspirant will not find that his wealth gives him social prestige. There are Australians now in England who have entertained royalty, and whose guests have filled columns of the Morning Post, yet who, in their native land, have never, with all their efforts, got further than the outlying fringes of Australian society.—Archibald Forbes, in Contemporary Review.

The Superior Man.

"What's this Dead Scott decision looking up?" queried Mrs. Wigglesworth, brooding from the paper. "Dread Scott—not Dead Scott," corrected Mr. Wigglesworth, with a man's patronizing smile of superiority. "Well, Dread Scott, then. What is it?" Mr. Wigglesworth was stuck, but he looked wise. "Something to do with the Mexican war," he explained. "General Scott, you know, was a terrible fighter, and the greasers got to referring to him as Dread Scott. Some decision or other he made about a battle in what the papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a satisfied air, folded the paper back and turned to see if any new people had been born, while Mr. Wigglesworth winked to himself at his having got out of it so smoothly. "All a woman needs," he mentally remarked, "is to have a thing explained one way or another. Don't matter what you tell 'em, so long as it's something. It's a mighty sight easier than having to answer a hundred questions; makes 'em respect a man, too!"—Rockland Courier-Gazette.