

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	50
One Square " " one month	3 00
One Square " " three months	8 00
One Square " " one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Col.	30 00
Half " "	50 00
One " "	100 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements col-
lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-
ments must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on Delivery.

My Boy.

A little roll of flannel fine;
A thrill in mother's heart—" 'tis mine;"
A little head of golden hair;
A lifted eye to heaven in prayer;
A smile that ripples to a laugh;
A tear with grit in its behalf;
A pushing of a slender chair,
A climbing of the oaken stair;
A stride o'er everything at hand;
A horse at Santa Claus command;
A little cart all painted red;
A train of cars at full steam sped;
A pair of "pants" that reach the knee;
A strut like midshipman from sea;
A pair of boots with tops of red;
A knife, a ball, a gallant sled;
A pocket full of everything;
A "shooter," skates, and yards of string;
A voting fraction of "such a bore";
A holiday rejoicing o'er;
A stretching down the pantaloons;
A swim—a wrestling match at noon;
A little Latin now, and Greek;
A letter home just once a week;
A roaming through collegiate halls;
A summer even in spent in calls;
A rapture o'er a sunny face;
A bow, a ring, some bridal lace;
A kneeling at the chancel rail;
A trembling bride, a bridegroom pale;
A lay into the world's wide sea;
My boy was gone—ah me! ah me!

A WORD IN SEASON.

The Day Accommodation on the Shore Line was making its deliberate way eastward, curving with every curve of the Connecticut shore, and clinging to the water side as though actuated by a sentiment for coast scenery. On one side of the track lay the blue, white-capped sea; on the other, low rolling hills with foregrounds of brown meadow and golden sedge; over all, a super-arch of sun-lit sky. It was a delicate autumn day, and Miss Mallovs found "That Husband of Mine" a little engrossing—perhaps because of her maidenly unacquaintance with the possessive case of that article—that she flung it down and betook herself to gazing from the window. She was growing dreamy, as gazers at a rapidly changing scene are apt to do, when a word reached her ear, and aroused curiosity enough to make her turn her head. It was a woman's name, and an uncommon—"Aretusa."

The person who uttered it was a man. His seat was on the opposite side of the car, and a little in advance of that which Miss Mallovs herself occupied, and she observed that there was something odd about his appearance. His head and shoulders were massive and finely formed; his face seen in profile was a good one, with kindly eyes and a striking forehead, broad and benevolent. But there was something dwarfish in his attitude, and when presently he half rose to shut the window, it became apparent that he was a dwarf. There was no deformity, but the large head and broad shoulders were balanced by a miserable pair of little legs not longer than those of a child of ten. He was not young, for there were grizzled hairs about his temples and in his full beard, and altogether his appearance was half repulsive and half attractive, and awake a feeling compounded of good will and pity so strangely mingled that it was hard to tell which predominated.

His companion—evidently the "Aretusa" addressed—was a girl not over twenty, of that delicate type of prettiness known as "American," which fades so early, but is charming in its brief flower-time. Her new gray suit, with crepe lisse ruffles at throat and wrist, the crisp feather in her hat, the shining red leather of her traveling bag, and the perfectly fresh, carefully put on gloves, bespoke the bride, but there was something very unbridal in the face which these fineries surrounded. The eyes, blue in tint and beautifully shaped and set, were swollen with crying, the lips quivered nervously, every vestige of color had fled from the round childish cheeks, and the hands in the new gloves were pinched together with a tightness like terror. Once or twice as Miss Mallovs watched, she fought with emotion and called up a wan little smile in answer to something said to her, but she never spoke. Her companion, on the contrary, talked incessantly in a low-voiced steady strain. Miss Mallovs could catch only a word now and then, and her curiosity about the couple grew so strong that she felt she would pay any price to know their story. There could be no doubt as to their relation, she thought; they were husband and wife, and just married. The little man evidently had no thought except for his bride. Mile after mile he talked and talked, devouring her with his eyes the while, and she sat with half-averted head, never meeting his gaze or replying by a word to anything he said. Once she turned and looked full at Miss Mallovs with a wild appeal in her face which was startling, but she instantly looked away, and presently laid her arm on the window sill and her head on her arm, and began to cry in a still, dreadful manner, not sobbing aloud, but trembling all over with a pent-up feeling which was worse than outbreak. The man tried in vain to soothe her; she repelled him gently but decidedly, and at last he gave up the attempt, and silently sat beside her with a grave, troubled face.

"I shall die if I can't find out about those people," thought the excited observer on the other side of the car. But she didn't die, neither could she find

out. One can not walk up to a perfect stranger and demand, "Your story or your life"—it is impossible. So Miss Mallovs sat still, her conjectures aflame and her fingers fairly twitching with impatience, till at last the train stopped at a small way-station, and the little man, rising from his seat—and, alas! looking even shorter than when he sat, said, in a gentle, deprecatory tone, "Now, Aretusa."

With that they vanished. Miss Mallovs had one more glance of them, getting into a brand-new carry-all, which looked as though it might be a part of the wedding outfit, and then the train bore her away. Her thoughts remained behind, with the people in whom she had taken so sudden and violent an interest.

"I wonder, wonder, who they are, and why on earth she married him?" ran her reflections. "So young and pretty, and so evidently unhappy! And for all her prettiness, it wasn't an educated face, or a lady's—she looked far nicer than she. I feel exactly as though I had dipped into the middle chapter of an exciting novel, and then somebody had taken away the book. What wouldn't I give to read the beginning and end of it! 'That Husband of Mine,' indeed! 'Stupid wretch!' And she gave the volume a vicious little knock. 'How is one to endure such twaddle, when really interesting things like this are happening in real life all the time? Let me see—where was it that those people got out?' consulting her ticket. 'Upham Corners—that is only ten, eleven, thirteen miles from Patuxet. Perhaps Margaret Lenox may know something of them. I'll ask her."

Felicia—I am tired of calling her Miss Mallovs, which name, besides, seems to belie her frank, impulsive nature—had her desire gratified sooner, than she had dared to hope.

Mr. Lenox was late to tea that night, and explained the fact by saying, "I went four miles out of my road to see David Dalrymple's new steam thrasher, and, behold, when I got there, it was locked up, and he away with the key in his pocket. And what do you think, Margaret?—he had gone to be married!"

"Not really!"

"Really. I tried to pump old Sally as to the age and antecedents of the bride, but she was taken deaf at once, and not a word could I extract. Master David had told her to have a good fire and boil a ham, and she'd got a good fire and she'd boiled the ham—that was all; and she wasn't one to ask questions about things that didn't concern her. Then she pinched her lips tight and began to poke the fire; and as it struck me that the remark about things which didn't 'concern' people was meant to be personal, I gave it up and came away."

"Oh dear! What dreadful woman do you suppose has pounced on that poor little David? An old maid, of course, or some harpy of a widow."

"I can't say as to that, but I imagine she's good-looking, and that David is in love with her."

"Dear, what makes you think that?"

"Oh, because of the pains he has taken about the house. Lots of new furniture, and every thing reddeed up. He's bought a carry-all, Sally said."

"Who is this person that you are talking about?" asked Felicia.

"A neighbor of ours—seven miles off, to be sure, but that counts as neighborhood in the country. Such a nice, clever man, Felicia, a good farmer too, and thoroughly respectable in every way; but, poor fellow! so unfortunate in his appearance—a dwarf almost, with the head and shoulders of a grown person, and stunted legs no bigger than a child's."

"Oh! must shrieked Miss Mallovs, "that must be my little man in the car. I came all the way from New Haven with him and his bride," and she plunged into a description which left Mrs. Lenox as much excited as her friend.

"I must see her!" she cried. "We'll drive over in a day or two."

Weather was unpropitious, however, and the day or two proved nearly a fortnight. Mrs. Lenox had a double errand, being provided with a basketful of Zonale geraniums to be exchanged for cuttings from old Sally's famous chrysantheums; but when, after knocking a long time at the seldom-used front-door of the farm-house, they made their way round to the kitchen, and from thence to the family sitting-room, no one was visible, and the fireless hearth and neatly piled books and papers on the table made it evident that the apartment had not been used of late. While they lingered and wondered, a creaking step came down the stairs, and old Sally, with a tea-cup in her hand, entered the room. She saluted the ladies grimly.

"Thank ye, Miss Lenox. I'd like the geraniums well enough if I'd time to taw round with 'em, but jest now my hands is full, without taking care of plants, a-nussing Miss Dalrymple."

"Mr. Dalrymple's wife? Is she ill?"

"Yes, she is and she ain't. 'Tain't no pertikular kind of sickness as I can see; but she's weak as water, and looks bad. I give her pennyroyal when she's fast come, thinkin' it might be she'd ketched an inside cold on the journey; but it didn't do no good, and she kep on not eatin' nothin' and gettin' more and more peakin', till finally she took to her bed, and to-day Mr. David's gone over for the doctor. He set up with her last night. She didn't want him to, but he said he shouldn't sleep anyhow, and he'd ruther. It don't seem as if it need take up any time a-waitin' on her, for she don't ask for any thing from day's end to day's end; but sickness takes steps any way you fix it, and I hain't done

much except go up stairs and down agin for these four days."

"Dear me!" began Mrs. Lenox. But Felicia, moved by an impulse, broke, in,

"I think I must have come in the same train with Mrs. Dalrymple. I wonder if I might go up and see her?"

Rather to her surprise, Sally made no objection.

"She hain't said she wouldn't see nobody, and mebbe it'll rouse her up a bit," was her ultimatum, and Miss Mallovs ran lightly up. A door stood half open; she tapped, and in answer to a faint "Comin'," entered the bedroom, where, covered with a resplendent star-patterned patch-work quilt, lay her late fellow-traveler.

The pale cheeks, from which much of the childish roundness had wasted, flushed at sight of her.

"I hope you will forgive me for coming up so unceremoniously," began Felicia, speaking rapidly to hide her own nervousness. "Your old housekeeper gave me leave, and—well, I felt so sorry for you, sick and alone in a strange place, that I wanted to come. If it tires you, you must send me away."

The girl looked at her a moment in silence. Then she said: "Won't you sit down? There's a chair."

Miss Mallovs sat down. She was a pleasant object to look at in her olive greens and pleasant browns, with cheeks and eyes brightened by frosty air, and the invalid felt it.

"You was in the car the day I came, wasn't you?" she said. "I recollect your hat, I've been sick 'most ever since. It seems a long time."

"The first few weeks in a new place are apt to seem long," replied Felicia, kindly; "and I dare say you miss your home."

"I haven't any home to miss"—sadly. "Indeed!"

"No. I don't remember my folks at all, or scarcely. My father he died when I was born, and mother when I wasn't but two. I hadn't any body else, so they sent me to the orphan asylum, and I lived there fifteen years."

"Poor child! Did you? And what then?"

"Then I was took by Mr. Parker over to Cheshire. I was their help, but they was very good to me, and it was most of a home I'd ever had. Miss Parker she liked to have me call her 'ma,' and I did."

"And then you married Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes." The blue eyes clouded over, and the lips closed tightly over the one word.

"And now I hope you'll have a real home of your own at last. What a pleasant old place this is! Even at this season one can see that. And my friends tell me that Mr. Dalrymple is so kind and good and clever, and so much respected in the neighborhood. I am sure you can not fail to be happy with him, though just at first the farm may seem a little lonely and strange."

The reply to these well meant remarks was unexpected, for the bride burst into a violent fit of crying, which no soothing on the part of her dismayed guest availed to check.

"I'll tell you about it," she sobbed at last, quieting a little, and won to confidence, as it were, by the tears in Felicia's own eyes. "I haven't had any one to tell before, and I'm so unhappy. I didn't ever think I should feel so when I got married. They all said I should be a fool if I didn't take Mr. Dalrymple, because he was so well off, and he wanted me so much; even Miss Parker she said she couldn't countenance no such a thing as my sayin' no, and I'd never have such another chance the longest day I lived. Then I'd never had no one to do for me before, and he gave me such a lot of things, and I did so like to look nice and pretty like ladies do, and so—I did. And then, somehow, when it was all over, and I had to go off with him, it come to me all of a sudden what I'd done, and how my whole life was a-going to be just the same thing always, and he was always a-going to be there, and I know the girls laughed at us behind our backs, and Louisa Brooks called him 'Spindle-toes,' and yet I'd got to stay by him and never go any where else, or be any thing else. And it all come over me, and it was awful! I hadn't ever realized it before." And she looked with piteous eyes into Miss Mallovs's face, who stroked her hand gently, but wisely made no answer as yet.

"I s'pose folks do call this a pleasant place," she went on, after a little pause, "but it don't look pleasant to me. I ain't used to country, or to being alone all day. There was two hundred of us at the asylum, and at Miss Parker's we was close to the town, and could see folks a-passing and hear wagons. It's so still here I can hear myself think almost, and the wind makes noises in the chimney, and I lie awake at night and listen. It's like a voice, and it says, 'Alone! alone! alone!' and groans, and frightens me awfully."

"I don't think it says that," exclaimed Miss Mallovs, with a sudden inspiration. "It says, 'A home! a home! a home!' That's what wind always seems to me to say in homely old chimneys like these." Then she thought to herself, "Shall I? or sha'n't I? I hate preaching, and I hate meddling; but there's a chance to do a bit of good, maybe, and—yes, I'll risk it."

"Now listen to me, dear," she went on, aloud, softening her voice as if to a child. "This is what I think about your position. It seems to me that you are just at the point when you must decide for yourself whether you'll be a happy woman or an unhappy one for the rest of your life."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, you were a lonely girl, you know, with no real home of your own, and here a good man has come along and taken you into his. He loves you dearly now, and you have a great deal of influence over him, and can do pretty much as you like now; but how long will that last if you go on crying and being unhappy and showing how little you care for him?"

"I don't know," whispered the bride, faintly.

"Then you are married, you know. You have given a promise, and must keep it, even if it makes you sorry. Promises are solemn things. But I think you can keep it and be happy too. And it strikes me you have a chance to do a most beautiful thing."

"What is that?" wonderingly.

"To make up to a good man who loves you for a hard, hard thing in his life. Think how dreadful it must always have been for your husband, with his clever mind and fine face, to feel himself in one respect inferior to the stupidest laborer who works in his fields. It must have hurt him cruelly always, and if he were not a sweet-hearted person by nature, it must have made him hard and sour. Now, for the first time, something delightful has come into his life. He has married you, and it seems to me such a chance as few women have to be able to be so much to any one as you can be to him. And—don't think I want to preach; but God always blesses those who try to do right, and if you make your husband happy, I think He will bless you and make you happy too."

Her eyes ran over as she ended her little speech.

"Felicia!" sounded from below—"Felicia, we ought to be going."

"Must you go?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, sitting up in bed. "Thank you ever so. You've done me a heap of good. I'll never forget you—never. Oh—what's your name?"

"Felicia—Felicia Mallovs. Good-by, dear; and don't forget that the wind in the chimney never says 'Alone' when two people who care for each other are together." Then they said good-by. "I shall come again if I can before I leave," declared Miss Mallovs. Old Sally, coming up to hasten her movements, was astonished to see the two exchange a kiss.

"Why, what ever has she done for the crettr?" she muttered, as the pony wagon rolled away. "She looks twice as alive as she did afore they came."

We drop a tiny seed into the ground, or we watch a winged messenger detach itself from the parent plant and float away on its separate errand, and we are scarcely conscious that with the act a new sequence of energies and possibilities began, and the world is richer for a fresh point of growth. Felicia Mallovs had no chance for another visit to the Dalrymple farm that autumn, and it was two years before she saw it again, during which time the image of the oddly circumstanced little bride-faded into dim distance, as images will in this overcrowded world. Another visit to Patuxet revived it into sudden life.

"Whatever became of that little neighbor of yours who married a young girl?" She asked Mrs. Lenox. "It was when I was last here. She was sick. Don't you recollect our going there?"

"Yes, now that you recall it, I do; and the unconscionable time you staid up stairs in her bedroom. I believe she is well. Her baby was baptized a few Sundays ago."

"Have they a baby?"

"Yes; a little girl. By-the-way—" Mrs. Lenox was called off, and did not finish her sentence. Next day Miss Mallovs borrowed the pony wagon for a solitary drive.

"I want to see my little friend, Mrs. Dalrymple," she explained; "and supposing her to be up-stairs, you might get tired of old Sally."

"Thank you, my dear, I should. You are welcome to the pony."

It was a September as mild as June and when Miss Mallovs drove through the farm gate, she saw its mistress sitting in the porch, her sleeping baby in its wicker basket, and her sewing in her hands. She dropped it with a start of joy when she caught sight of her guest.

"Is it you?" she cried "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Is there any fattery equal to that; 'you'?"

"You haven't forgotten me, then?" said Felicia.

"Oh, no; how could I forget? You came when I was all sick and miserable, and lifted me right out of it. There's never been a day since when I haven't thought of you."

"Then you are sick and miserable no longer?" said Miss Mallovs, with a second kiss. "That is happy news."

"Oh, no; I am quite contented now. David is ever so good to me, and I think more of him every day. And then there's my baby."

"Let me see her. What a sweet little face!"

"Isn't it?" with an exultant smile. "And she's much prettier with her eyes open. They're not blue; they're dark gray, like her father's, and just lovely. And I named her after you. Felicia David! that's her name. How I wish he was here! I've told him heaps about you. He's over in the field yonder with the hay-cutters. They do twice as well if he sits by and looks after them."

"Dear Mrs. Dalrymple, how glad I am to see you again! And to think of naming your baby after me!"

"Oh, I wanted to. You were so good to me that day. All you said to me came true. I couldn't think more of David than I do now if he was as tall as Goliath. He's little, but he's got the biggest

heart. That's right, baby; wake up, and tell the lady that papa is the best man in the world. He is, isn't he?—Did you hear her? She said yes.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Notes.

Pocket handkerchiefs are very small. Black satin is becoming fashionable again. Gold trimmings never look well by daylight. Black draperies grow beautifully less and less. No overskirts are seen on fashionable costumes. Belts are worn with pleated or Grecian corraages. Cut-away jackets are in fashion for young ladies. Pleated waists with or without yokes are coming in vogue. There will be much costlier toilets worn at the balls and receptions given after Lent than were at those before the penitential season. Pin-head checks in various shades of the same color, on a darker or lighter ground, are seen in the prints and percales of the season. Willow pompons, the ends terminating in seed pearls and tipped with an aigrette, are shown in all the light and beautiful new shades of color. Long, narrow trains, either perfectly square at the end or rounded to describe a lozenge pattern on the floor, are *de rigueur* at the moment. Ball dresses are either long trained, four-rear, or princess or empress dresses; or if made basque they simulate the dress in one piece. Gauntlet gloves, with the monogram on the back of the hand embroidered in silk and picked out gold threads, are among the novelties in gloves. Crepe batiste is one of the novelties for summer dresses. It is a thin linen fabric woven in crepe effects. It comes in all delicate shades of pure bright color for evening wear. Opera mantles of raw silk bourette, in delicate shades of color, are threaded with lines of gold and silver, and trimmed with chenille and gold and silver fringes to match. Wide galloons of silk and velvet, and plush mixtures are seen on ball toilets in delicate colors, shot with threads of gold and silver, or seeded with Roman pearl or fine glass beads.

Words of Wisdom.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed. Silence is the best course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself. Make yourself all honey, and you'll soon find flies to devour you. Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both. Show me a land that has mountains without valleys, and I will show you a man who has joys without sorrows. The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than ought else. He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do. There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others. In youth grief comes with a rush and overflow, but it dries up, too, like the torrent. In the winter of life it remains in miserable pool, resisting all evaporation.

A Witness Who Went Prepared.

An Englishman, who recently brought suit against a railway corporation for damages caused by an accident on the line, not only went into the witness box well crammed, but even took his notebook with him. He referred to it so often that Sergeant Ballantine took it out of his hands, and himself introduced it in evidence while cross-examining the witness. The book contained a written account of the accident in the form of an address to the jury, interspersed with remarks, such as "Take it easy," "Don't get flurried," "Take care," These the plaintiff candidly admitted. These he set as warnings to him in giving his evidence. Sergeant Ballantine then questioned him as to the meaning of the figures 1, 2, 3, which occurred from time to time in the note-book, and it appeared that these were intended as reminders to the witness to count three before answering any question put to him. The entry "Never mind him," referred to the learned sergeant himself. The success of this thoughtful gentleman—he won the suit and obtained \$1,250 damages—may encourage other witnesses to adopt a similar system of notes and checks for use in the box.

An ewe, owned by Mr. Wright, of Bland county, Md., recently gave birth to a most singular monstrosity. It was undoubtedly a lamb, but it had three distinct heads and mouths, with full sets of jaws and a tongue in each. Two of the mouths were where the ears should have been, and in its heads were small apertures which seemed to answer for ears. To partially make up for this superfluity of heads, etc., it was without a tail. A remarkable fact about the beast was, that when it bleated the sounds came out of its ears. It lived about eight hours.

Items of Interest.

A sweet rascal—The sugar beet.
A Celebrated Case—The printer's.
"Two for assent"—A bridal couple.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Even a barrel-hoop will turn when trod upon.
A set of teeth things—Dentist's instruments.
The head-waiter—The last man in a crowded barber's shop.
Catch a barber with a dull razor and he is bound to hone up.
A household in Boston advertises rooms to let to gentlemen furnished with gas.
A Cleveland county (N. C.) man has had three just and lawful wives in the last year.
The shoemakers don't mind dull times. Their shoes are sold before they go into the market.
Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honeymoon.
The Earl of Beaconsfield is one of the best dressers in England, and one of his dressing-gowns cost \$3,000.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a faint of human blindness,
Has been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.
During the last decade \$106,000,000, derived from confiscated church property sold at auction, have been paid into the treasury of Italy.
King Humbert has instituted yearly prizes of \$1,000 each for those most distinguishing themselves in literature, art, and science in his kingdom.
A girl in Zanesville, Ohio, was simultaneously converted and cured of stammering by Revivalist Hammond. She thinks a miracle was wrought.
William Pavitt, of St. Paul, on being arrested for branding his unruly son's tongue with a hot iron, said that things had come to a pretty pass when a parent could not discipline his own children.
Chinese are starving—70,000,000 of them the cable says. How many is that, do you know? Why, it is so many that if you were to count at the rate of ten a minute, night and day, without eating or sleeping, it would take you fourteen years to count them.

THE SONG OF THE MILEMAD.

Turn! turn! for my cheeks they burn;
Turn by the vale, my Harry!
Fill, fill! fill, fill, Harry!
He's turned by the vale,
And there by the stile waits Harry,
Fill, fill!—fill, fill!—fill!
For there by the stile waits Harry.
The world may go round—the world may stand still;
But I—can milk and marry. —Scribner.

So! so! brute! huddup your foot!
Look at ye now, where you've stuck it!
Hold still your tail
Stiff as a nail.
And both his feet in the bucket!
There stands a tramp by the barnyard gate,
And—so there! I'm Lute, or I'll lam ye!
So, now; so! Ah, beast! There you go!
And there goes the pail, too; dog
gone a cow, anyhow. —Burton-Hawkeye.

Anson Rye, of Vermont, is out with a challenge to wrestle any man in the State. We have been on the most intimate terms with old Rye for the past thirty years, and therefore know him well. He is an oily, pleasant sort of cuss, but will surely get the inside track on you if you don't look out. Keep away from him. You may manage to put him down at first, but after ten or twelve rounds, he will throw you sure, unless you have a constitution like a mowing machine. —Danbury News.

A new electric light intended for the illumination of dwelling houses was exhibited in New York recently. The lamp is constructed of two metal or carbon rods, between which, near their end, is held a small bit of some compound, the preparation of which is the inventor's secret. This compound is hard as a diamond, but when subjected to the electric current becomes incandescent almost instantly, and if burned in the open air is rapidly consumed. For this reason the lamp is inclosed in an air-tight glass case, in which there is a prepared atmosphere. It is stated that the bit of compound and the prepared atmosphere will last an indefinite period; and the cost of the light in dwellings is estimated at one fifteenth that of ordinary gas.

Flying Foxes.

The flying fox is a very curious inhabitant of the forests near Moreton bay, in East Australia. It lives in flocks, and moves generally towards the dusk of the evening; and the noise produced by the heavy flapping of the so-called wings is very singular. The flocks like quiet places, where there are large arbutus trees, with an underwood of scrub and creepers. The foxes hang in vast numbers from the horizontal branches of the pine trees. When there is a clear space amongst the trees, an enormous number of the animals may be seen, and their noise can be heard; for directly they see anything unusual, they utter a short bark, something like the sound made by young goats. Often every branch is crowded, and the flying foxes are seen either flapping their wings, and moving on with their hind feet, and when they are flying for places. Suddenly they start to flight, and flap their wings, and wheel around in the air, and then descend to them. The creature is not a true fox, and there is a fold of skin which reaches from the fore to the hind legs. This is called the wing. It enables the Pteropus, as the fox is called, to float and turn in the air.