The Bossier Banner.

Established July 1, 1859. "A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns." Subscription, $1 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXXII. BENTON, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1893. NUMBER 23.

LIZZIE.

I wonder ef all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theaters an' concer's where
Is things the papers talk about,
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified,
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now, Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right;
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite;
Yet what am I to answer when
She kinds uv fidgets by my side,
An' asks me every now an then:
"I wonder ef the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile;
Seems like she hearn the pleadin' cries
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she allus tries to hide
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum
Then wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike,
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little tyke,
But that his mother loved him best.
An' next to bein' what I be,
The husband uv my gentle bride,
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

-Eugene Field, in Albany Evening Journal.

SAVED BY A BOMB.

How a Civil War Court-Martial Was Suspended.

It was duringthe siege of Petersburg in the summer of 1864. A torrid sun sent its rays pouring down unmercifully. The red Virginia soil behind the union line defenses had been pulverized by transportation teams, light artillery, siege trains and the feet of the soldiers so that wherever one went it was wading through a foot or more of veritable brick dust. The temperature of the gopher holes, bomb proofs, covered ways and trenches, where the multitude of armed men lay to escape the sheet of lead and iron hail continually passing over them, was the air of a fiery furnace. It was hot as the breath of cannon and heavy with powdered soil and withering vapors. It was the oppressive, almost intolerable atmosphere of a siege that only those who experienced and endured can understand. The shade of the few isolated pines that had here and there escaped the ax of the engineer and quartermaster was a welcome source of occasional relief. Sheltered by a hill or rising knoll sufficient to protect from the death tempest that swirled above, it became a veritable paradise to those privileged to bask in its comparative cool. It was to such retired spots that the boys in blue repaired whenever they received permission, in small groups, to leave the trenches to refresh themselves by a breathing spell. Here they were wont to indulge in that seductive and fascinating game, devoid of moral turpitude in the army, draw poker. It was in such comparative safe shelter, too, that the frequent courts-martial and councils of officers were held.

It is a court-martial incident this story relates. Courts-martial in the terrible days of the war were as frequent as casualties and dire as the elements of destruction. They were of the drumhead variety and their decisive findings were often made known to the army only by the smothered report of half a dozen rifles from some sunken gulch on an isolated declivity. This simultaneous detonation carried its own significant import, dire and yet without dread, so calloused had the stern discipline of war made the true and patriotic soldiery. To them a coward was even poor food for powder. A deserter should suffer more disgraceful execution, but shooting him like a coyote saved the time and trouble of hanging. No one who has had the experience will asseverate that officers detailed for a drumhead court-martial ever forgot the dictates of humanity, the responsibility that rested upon them or the gravity of the occasion. Yet, doubtless, in those days of sharp and peremptory action, when the utmost exactions of discipline were requisite to preserve the morals of the army, the victims of the grim auxiliary courts often experienced injustice—sometimes suffered death undeservedly.

It happened at the place and time mentioned. The writer, a mounted officer of the line, had just ridden to that point of the earthworks that coiled about St. Petersburg like the folds of a shining anaconda and was designated as Fort Hell. His errand was with a general officer, whom he found surrounded by his staff directing the details of his command behind the comparative security of a redoubt. Over their heads swept and whizzed the missiles of the enemy, whirling clouds of dust a mile beyond on the lower plains, where they fell harmless. To this day natives in the neighborhood find it profitable to plow up and gather the tons of lead that in those days turned the red fields in the vicinity of the siege works into a vast bank of lead. While engaged in conversation every once in awhile one of those incendiary projectiles known as mortar shells would drop down from the clouds in unpleasant proximity to this group of officers. One might shield himself behind breastworks against musket shot, cannon balls and shell, but only the recess of a gopher hole or a heavily covered bomb-proof was assurance against the penetration of these deadly intruders. Resting securely, as might seem, in the depths of a valley, even beyond reach of the whiz and whirr of shot and shell, the blue sky above scarcely visible through the murky air, one's complacent revery was liable to be rudely disturbed by one of these tremendous bombs falling from the serenity above without the least premonition. If he escaped to tell of the incident it was related as a mere, ordinary, everyday affair, that was all. What may seem to the civilian a strange and extravagant narration, to the veteran is commonplace, without novelty or interest. That is why, perhaps, old soldiers who love to talk of the war to their comrades find no enjoyment in relating their experience to such as are devoid of the credulity begotten of experience, who are apt to manifest their apprehension that the narrator draws the long bow with reckless disregard.

The canteen had just passed around. For an instant there was one of those momentous lulls that everyone remembers who has experienced the operations of a siege or a battle. The soldiers raised their heads to glance along the trenches and take a survey of the silent camps far in the distance to the rear. Men and officers moved hither and thither secure for the moment in the silence. Death in the air rested to catch its breath. Then from a gulch at some distance came a dull, muffled explosion, and a cloud of smoke and dust rising showed that a mortar shell from the siege batteries of the enemy had fallen and exploded. That was all, and that was all anyone thought about it. But it happened at that spot and at that moment a drumhead court-martial was sitting. A poor devil had somehow impressed his commanding officer with the belief that he was a coward. I do not remember, if I ever heard, the particulars. At any rate, he was being tried by a drumhead court-martial in this out-of-the-way place on the charge of cowardice. Of course the the penalty, if convicted, was death. A few minutes had passed since the explosion of the artificial aerolite. It had been forgotten, if it had been made a matter of even passing remark. The general was dictating to his adjutant general. Aids and clerks were all busy, when suddenly an apparition appeared before them. It was evidently a soldier, but bareheaded, his hair and face begrimed with powder and so covered with thick dust that, saturated with reeking perspiration, it ran into mud and gave him the appearance of a wild Indian. The hue of his clothing had evidently once been blue, but it was covered with dirt and to all appearances freshly torn into shreds. His audacity in appearing in such a plight before the general and his staff without even asking permission was the first wonder, but when he did so with the exclamation: "I am no coward, general!" surprise gave way to the indulgent impression, "another poor fellow gone daft, perhaps affected by the heat."

"Well, who said you were? What do you want here? See to him, adjutant," quickly spoke the general and again turned to his work.

"What is the matter, sir? Don't you know better than to intrude yourself this way in the presence of the general?" asked the aid. "Speak up at once, sir."

"I am no coward, I don't want to be shot for a coward," the poor fellow continued pleadingly. "What am I to do?" he asked, wiping the trickling grime and mud from his face and forehead with the remnants of the sleeve of his old woolen shirt. Then, more composedly, he related how he was being tried for cowardice by a court-martial "down the gulch over there;" how a tremendous mortar shell had dropped, exploding and interrupting the proceedings, knocking him over, tearing his clothing, mutilating his body to some extent, and had left him half dead and half buried; how he had come to, and, looking about, could see no one of the officers before whom he was at the time being tried for his life; and so he had come to the general to ask what he should do and to tell him he was no coward. A hurried investigation proved the truth of the poor fellow's story. The shell had exploded in close proximity to the court, but the accused was the only one who had suffered other inconvenience than a desperate shock of the nerves. Every member of the court had excitedly taken himself to a more secure place and before they had recovered their complacency sufficiently to remember that they had left the prisoner on the ground, the latter had reported to the general by whose order he was being tried. It was a lucky fall for the soldier. The commander thought he had shown more intrepidity than the officers who were trying him. He ordered him to report to the captain of his company for duty. The hour that, had it not been for the interposition of the enemy, might have marked his death as a craven saw him restored to the confidence of his comrades. A few days afterwards he gave proof that this confidence had not been misplaced. He fell with his face to the foe, in the assault that followed the famous mine explosion, a hero.—Omaha Bee.

—"Go on," remarked the earth to the comet; "there isn't room enough for you around here." "Great Scott," sobbed the luminous visitor; "crowded out for want of space! Who do you think I am—Vox Populi?"—Washington Star.

—Off and On.—Jones—"How are you getting on with your writing?" Brown—"Beautifully. I got off four poems last week."—Detroit Free Press.

—Jack—"Are you making any headway with the girl?" Tom—"Some; but it is offset by the footway of the old gentleman."—Godey's.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Figgs—"Do you think peanuts healthful?" Fogg—"Yes, indeed; very fattening. Look at the policemen."—Boston Transcript.

—"Why do you think Mrs. Timpson is not going away?" She—"Pooh, didn't I see her pack all the things she would need right in the top of the trunk."—Inter Ocean.

—Teacher—"Do peas grow on vines or on bushes?" Pupil (whose father keeps a summer boarding-house)—"They comes in cans."—Boston Transcript.

—"Use Fish Liver Oil."—Pinxit—"And what's D'Auber doing this season?" Stipple—"Painting in the Catskills, I believe." Pinxit—"Humph! On the Catskills, more likely."—Puck.

—A Cool Proposition.—She—"I want twenty-five dollars to buy a Japanese fan." He—"O, get one of those five-cent ones. It is easier to raise the wind at that price."—Texas Siftings.

—Bob (trying to grow a mustache)—"I say, Tom, does it show at all?" Tom (seriously)—"Well, yes, a little; but never mind. I don't think anybody will notice it."—Washington News.

—"You're wrong in thinking Bigtalk a coward. Nothing can scare him." "That's what I said. I've seen him get frightened at a shadow."—Troy Press.

—"Is Spooney apt to marry that pretty girl at the cravat counter?" "I think he would if he felt that she could break herself of the habit of calling for 'cash.'"—Philadelphia Record.

—"You made a mistake in calling that drama of yours a play without a hero." "Why? It hasn't any heroes." "It's chock-full of them. Every man who braves an audience in a play like that is a hero."—Harper's Bazar.

—Security.—"Are you afraid of burglars?" said the lady who was making a short visit. "Not since our new girl came. The policeman spends most of his time at our house now."—Washington Star.

—She—"Mr. Sinnox, you ought to be ashamed to say so many mean things about us women. I cannot imagine where you get your ideas." He—"From other women mostly."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"O, dearest, did you bring the attachment for my diamond locket?" "Well, no, precious! Don't be alarmed, though; the sheriff may bring one."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Adams—"There are some things cheap in New York. You can ride in an open car from Harlem to the Battery for a nickel." Burns—Yes, pneumonia and a nine-mile ride are cheap for a nickel.—Texas Siftings.

—Her Brother—"Why did you persist in using French at the reception last night? You bungled the language so frightfully that no one understood what you said." Miss Budd—"Indeed? I did, every word of it."—Buffalo Courier.

—A Boon to Mankind.—Dealer—"This is the finest boat in the market." Customer—"What are its special features?" Dealer—"It has seats with powerful springs under them, that can be touched off by pressing a button, and made to hoist out any fool that tries to rock the boat." Customer—"Name your own price."—Puck.

—The Chance of His Life.—Mr. Henpeck—"My life is miserable." Friend—"What's the matter?" Mr. Henpeck—"O, my wife is always flaring up at something, and now she is jealous of my typewriter." F.—"Jealous of your typewriter? Good! This is the chance of your life." Mr. H.—"How?" F.—"Discharge your typewriter and let your wife take her place, and then you will be able to do something you've never done before in your life." Mr. H.—"What is that?" F.—"Dictate to your wife."—N. Y. Press.

Ancient Way to Force Confessions.

In a remote village in Hungary a husband and his wife were found murdered and their man servant being arrested confessed the deed but stated that three brothers—neighbors of the old couple—had persuaded him to murder them and had divided the spoils—something like five hundred pounds—with him. These three brothers were immediately arrested. The judge, our Vienna correspondent says, did an unusual thing on the day of the funeral. He brought them in chains to the churchyard, placed them near the open grave and bade the priest in his address praise the good qualities of the victims and end with the startling words: "And here stand their vile murderers at their grave." This was done and the judge in the meantime watched the three brothers' faces to see if they looked guilty. This form of examination caused some indignation among the people of the neighborhood.—London News.

Falcons as Messengers.

The experiments of Col. Smollon, of the Russian army, with falcons as carriers of dispatches have proved successful and the Russian army hereafter will employ them in preference to the ordinary "homing" birds. The colonel has found that the falcon can carry 1,640 grams without diminishing its rate of speed, which is considerably greater than that of the pigeon. The falcons, he says, are less likely to fall prey to other birds, as they are better fighters than the pigeons. It is on record, according to the officer, that a falcon once flew from the Canary islands to the estates of the duke of Larma in Spain. It seems highly probable that the falcon will become the servant of other European armies.—N. Y. Tribune.

PLAYING IT ON HUBBY.

Some Wifely Little Schemes for Obtaining Fine Clothes.

They met on State street one sunshiny afternoon.

"How is your husband?" asked the woman with the forgetmenots on her bonnet, after the first greetings were over.

"Feeling pretty well, thank you," replied the woman with the lace cape. "He always is well in the middle of the month."

"The middle of the month?" blankly repeated the woman with the forgetmenots on her bonnet.

"Why, yes; there are no bills coming in then, you know. You see about the 28th he begins to complain that he is feeling badly, on the 29th he is worse, and by the first of the month I really tremble for his life under the excitement of going over the accounts."

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman with the lace cape. "That's nothing; why, my husband threatens to get a divorce every time my dressmaker's bill is presented."

"Do you cry?" asked the other woman, breathlessly.

"Not at all; I tell him there is nothing which would please me better."

"But you don't mean——"

"Of course, I don't; but he is so contrary that he wouldn't do it then for the world, so he just pays the bill and says no more about it."

"Oh! Now my sister Julia has an excellent plan—you know she is awfully extravagant—well, when a bill comes in that horrifies even her she lets down all that yellow hair of hers and when her husband comes in he finds her weeping bitterly."

"Yes, yes; go on," cried the other woman, eagerly.

"Of course he asks why she is crying, and she says, 'O, Harold, I am such a wretch; here is Soandso's bill and it is awful. You are so generous that I know you'll pay it without a word, but I just hate myself for costing you so much money.' Then she cries and tears her hair."

"Well?"

"Well, he says the bill is not so large after all; kisses her, comforts her, and pays it without another word."

"What an awfully nice man her husband must be. Now, there's Cora; her husband used to rave like a madman over her bills, though he has plenty of money. Finally Cora determined to stop it. O, it is too good! What do you think she did?"

"I don't know. Tell me quick."

"She laid all her plans, and one day her husband brought home a swell friend to dinner. As they mounted the front steps an errand boy with a huge bundle came up also. Cora met them at the door."

"What is this?" asked her husband. You see, he thought she had been buying dry goods."

"Yes, I know; go on."

"'They wants the things on Saturday, mum,' said the boy. 'All right,' said Cora, taking the bundle. Then she turned to her husband and said: 'You know, dear, you told me that I was ruining you with my extravagance; this is some plain sewing I intend to do in order to pay my bills—it shall never be said that I ruined my husband.'"

"Well, I never; what was the end of it?"

"Oh! her husband has never complained of a bill since, she says. And you know how Cora dresses?"

"Yes. There's Gwendolen, too, she manages well."

"What is her plan?"

"Why, about the last week in the month her table begins to grow poor——"

"But that is no way——"

"You don't understand. Her husband is a great eater, but awfully stingy. He complains; she says: 'Yes, dear, I know, but I fear we are living beyond our means; the bills will be coming in soon and we must economize.'"

"What then?"

"He flies into a rage and says he pays the bills and he won't starve to death."

"Well?"

"Well, when the bills do come in and he complains she just says: 'Yes, dear, I see we must economize on the table.' That settles it."

"Of course. Oh! look at those lovely India silks. I am dying for one."

"And so am I—but, really, my bills——"

"And mine, too. Still, we might try Gwendolen's plan; lets go in and look at them anyway."—Chicago Tribune.

A Friendly Hint.

Post Office Clerk—"See here, boy! No living mortal can read the address on this envelope you just handed in.

Boy—Well, if this 'ere post office department wants fine handwritin', why don't you keep better pens at these desks, say?—Good News.

Afraid of Nothing.

Customer—Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing?

Dealer—That's just what I said.

"Why, he shies at his own shadow."

"Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Best of Reasons.

"Say, Tom, come over here and have a game of ball."

"Can't; I've got my best suit on."

"Well, why don't you change it?"

"Can't; 'cause I haven't any other."—Harper's Young People.

A LAND OF LOTUS-EATERS.

The Lazy People of Paraguay Will Not Work for Money or Love.

Immediately upon awaking everybody takes the usual desayuno of Spanish-America (a bit of bread and something warm to drink—here a gourd of yerba mate, instead of a cup of coffee or mug of chocolate, as elsewhere); and breakfast, like a dinner of several courses, comes on between 10:30 and noon. By 11 o'clock the heat of the day is in full blast, and everybody has sought the shade. Shops, which were open before sunrise, are now closed, and remain so for several hours, while proprietors, clerks and customers are napping in hammocks, or imbibing gossip and yerba mate somewhere in retirement. The post office and all other places of business are locked; even the street cars stop running and river boats tie up. Ladies, in the privacy of home, universally dispense with the double skirt, and in the negligee of the camisole (the Paraguayan "tea gown," which much resembles the scant, white garment of the north, not often mentioned in public society, known as a chemise), enjoy their cigars in peace and comfort. The boy who blacks your boots must have his siesta, as well as the priest, the merchant, the lawyer, the gentleman of leisure. The cook leaves her pots and pans to take care of themselves, market women lie down among their yams and oranges, ox-drivers stretch themselves in the shadow of their carts, and donkey boys and their animals doze together.

This happens every day of the week, and during the siesta hours the wide-awake stranger, however urgent his business or pressed he is for time, might as well resign himself to fate and el custumbre, for absolutely nothing can be done.

The fact is these people are hopelessly lazy. Why should they toil and spin when nature and the mission fathers have given them the means of life and felicity — in the form of oranges, mandioca, mate, tobacco and wild cane for rum—without effort on their part? So delightful is the climate that they require next to nothing in the way of clothing and shelter; they have no soaring ambition to gratify, and changeful fashion has not yet invaded this remote Acadia to any harassing extent. We hear the same thing everywhere, that only under such despotic rule as that of Francia and Lopez, or the paternal system of communism that existed in the old colonial days of the monks and the missions, can a Paraguayan be induced to work at all. It is useless to order him about, although he utterly neglects to do that for which he was hired; the only way to get anything out of him is by treating him as an equal, with infinite coaxing and patience.

The Indians are even worse than the mixed Guarani-Spanish race that comprises the bulk of the population; for, having no need of money nor any thought for the morrow, they positively will not work unless driven to it by hunger, and then only until their their stomachs are filled. On the estandias, where oranges are the principal product, the fruit lies rotting under the trees, a foot deep—of no profit to the owner, because he cannot get it picked up and carried to the market. It might be a good thing if the Paraguayan government were to have all the orange trees cut down, as that of Costa Rica caused the banana fields to be destroyed, so that the people could no longer depend upon spontaneous growth for "daily bread," but were compelled to wake up and earn it or starve. There is a palm-oil factory in the neighborhood of Asuncion, but it is closed the greater part of the time because of the difficulty of getting palm nuts, though literally "the woods are full of them." Not a native will take the trouble to gather nuts and bring them to the mill, unless very much in want of a meal, a new poncho, or petticoat or other bit of gaud and gear; and as soon as the object is attained a long interval of uninterrupted rest is required to make up for the exertion. I am told that it is the same way with the brick factory and kiln below the city. The universal building material here is kiln-dried brick, plastered inside and out; if a man desires to build a house there is no knowing how long he may have to wait for the brick, because workmen are not to be had. Or, rather, one should say workwomen, for in nearly every case women are the laborers rather than men.—Fanny B. Ward, in Chicago Tribune.

Guiana Indian Customs.

About nine miles above Akyma is a large village of aboriginal Maucuisi Indians. They are said to be peaceable savages, who build little grass huts and go about in puris naturalibus. Among their singular customs is that of bandaging the legs just below the knee and around the ankle, so as to produce an abnormally large calf, beginning the practice in infancy, as the Flathead Indians do with their heads and the Chinese with their feet. Dame Fashion dictates strange things even in these remote parts. Their neighbors, the Caribs, follow her decrees by making a pincushion of the lower lip, by sticking into it several long, slender pins of bone or steel, resembling knitting needles, or sharp thorns where pins are unobtainable, which they remove for the exigencies of eating and kissing and afterward return to the same place.—Philadelphia Record.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The greatest depth under water ever reached by a diver is believed to have been attained by Capt. John Christiansen, who went down 196 feet below the surface at Elliot Bay, Wash., recently. He remained at that depth in his armor for twenty minutes, without inconvenience.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

—The prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes on our New England coast on portions of which scarlet and crimson seaweeds abound, is explained by Prof. J. Brown Goode by the red pigment derived by the crustaceans from the seaweeds they devour, and which in turn form the food of the fishes.

—Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

—The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Causbrook castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the surface of the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

—In 1892 the number of mines of all kinds at work in the United Kingdom was 4,257, the number of persons employed was 721,808, and the total amount of mineral of every description raised was 195,880,580 tons. The total number of fatal accidents during the year was 862, and the number of deaths resulting therefrom 1,034.

—Work on the mighty telescope for the French exposition of 1900, which was to enable us to see the man in the moon, has been suspended, after considerable progress had been made in the construction of it, especially in the optic portion. The great lenses are already cast, but the whole affair is now abandoned for want of money.

—A company with a capital of $2,000,000, obtained mostly from Scotland, is engaged in Argentina in canning meats for the European market, shipments last year amounting to close upon 10,000 tons, worth $1,000,000. The frozen meat business is also prospering, there having been shipments of about 25,000 tons to England and France last year.

—Sales of wool in Australian colonies are increasing very largely, the aggregate quantity disposed of for the 1892-93 clip being 725,000 bales, as against 634,000 for the previous season. The bulk of the sales, 430,000 bales, were made to buyers from Continental Europe, and 36,650 bales were disposed of to American buyers, who took stocks less firmly than usual.

—Intellectual work, according to M. Jules Simon (who is, by the way, a striking example of the corectness of his own theory), is the secret of a green old age. Nothing, he declares, helps so materially to conserve physical strength as mental employment. His own experience is in point. So also is the membership of the French institute, a congregation of hale and hearty octogenarians."

—The annual manufacture of looking glass in Europe at the present time, according to the latest statistics, is something like 1,850,000 square yards. In the mirrors of to-day the light is reflected by a layer of silver or an amalgam of tin, but a proportion of light is lost in the process of reflection, and the image is less luminous than the original. The value of a looking glass is estimated by the thickness of the glass, because the thicker they are the stronger they must be; but, speaking scientifically, thick glasses are defective, because the outlines of the image reflected are less clearly defined.

—A well-known practitioner of medicine says: "Probably you have noticed the tendency of epidemic diseases to run themselves out, even in districts where no precautionary measures are taken. It has been shown in the history of every great plague—the 'black death,' cholera and the rest, and now it is illustrated in the grip. We have the grip with us again, as you know, and there have been a few fatal cases of it; but it is nothing to what it was in its first and second season. Then, you remember, there where instances where it was fatal within twenty-four hours, and its effects were more severe and more lasting they they have been since.

The Water Hen.

The water hen, which is found from Siberia to the Capes, seems able to adapt itself, like a human being, to any climate. An English lady, having fed a hen and her mate, had the pair for regular visitors. They became quite tame, built their nest in a thorn-bush covered with ivy, which had fallen into the water, and, when the young were a few days old, the parents brought them up close to the drawing-room window where they were daily fed with wheat; and as the lady of the house paid them the greatest attention, they learned to look upon her as their natural protectress and friend—so much so that one bird in particular, which was much persecuted by the rest, would, when attacked, fly to her for refuge. Whenever she called the whole flock, as tame as barnyard fowls, quitted the water and assembled around to the number of seventeen. They also made other friends in the dogs belonging to the family, approaching them without fear, though hurrying off with great alarm on the appearance of a strange dog.—Golden Days.