

A HUSBAND'S TRIALS.

I've been doing woman's work for at least a week, or more; and I'll own it isn't anything like fun. For when you try to think that your labor's nearly over, you will often find you've only just begun. There is boiling and there's baking; there is sweeping and bed-making; there is a thousand other things not understood by such a novice as I. And so I won't deny that I would not be a woman if I could. This is how it came about: My wife was taken sick; no help was to be had, so, like a dunce, I thought I'd try my best, but I found out very quick that I couldn't think of everything at once. The fire was slowly dying, when I put the steak a-trying, and the cat was mowing havoc with the bread. I had prepared for toasting, while the apple that was roasting was a plaything to the pug, upon the bed. When I went to wash the dishes, I found the kettle dry. The spout was melted off, and on the floor it lay a perfect wreck, that awoke a penitent sigh. As I thought upon the happy days of yore, I reflected on the bills. Of domestic scenes like this, and I couldn't hit on any other plan. It might be called hawking, but the work done in a kitchen, is not within the scope of common man. So I'd like to mention this to every friend and neighbor. That woman's work is never overdrawn; my respect is something greater for the housewife's daily labor. Since the trials I have lately undergone. Their work is not mislabeled, for I've been initiated, and I'm bound to help them every time I can. There's a recompense in doing what alone is worth pursuing. And woman's loving labor is a blessing unto man.—Geo. W. Shipman, in Housekeeper.

SHIRLEY'S VACATION.

A sacrifice that brought its own reward. "What amuses you, Shirley?" asked the head bookkeeper, as he looked up from his big ledger and saw a smile on the boy's face opposite. "I—just landed a five-pound bass," said Shirley, laughing and blushing a little. "Um—ah! Did it pull very hard?" "Fearful!" said Shirley. All through the year Shirley Holmes had been saving the money for his trip. He was assistant bookkeeper for Brown Bros. & Bridges' wholesale house on West Pearl street, where he had been since graduating from the commercial college, two years before. Shirley was an orphan. The small means left him by his parents had been exhausted before his education had been completed, so that his first year's savings had been used to repay money advanced him by an uncle to complete his course. His savings, this year, he was investing in building stock, with the exception of one dollar weekly, which he put aside for no other purpose than a trip to the bass streams of the Alleghanies. He was very fond of fishing, and to feel in imagination the tug and swish of the trout line and the rapid click of the running reel. Then his eyes would sparkle for a moment and he was no longer in the dim and dusty little office. But only for a moment, for the long columns of figures were waiting, and Shirley had a feeling of friendliness for them, knowing that it was through their mute assistance that his dream would be realized. All through the spring and early summer he pondered over the big books and thought of the cool mountains. He had asked for his vacation in August, and his request had been granted. He had calculated that the fifty-two dollars would pay his expenses. He had figured it out over and over, and he knew the items by heart. There were excursion rates to the mountains, and his round-trip ticket would cost him twenty dollars. Then there was his board at a farmhouse, which he calculated at twenty dollars. He could get a good rod, reel and line for ten dollars, and for general items he allowed as much more. "I think that will cover everything," he said to himself. "I shall begin to get my things together to-morrow, and in a few days I'll be on the way." That night, as they closed the books, the head bookkeeper said to him: "Shirley, you been to see Everett Harris yet?" "No," said Shirley. "But I will go to-night." "Not very good," the poor fellow; he doesn't improve much, I'm afraid. The doctor says the dust and smoke are bad for him. He coughs a good deal, and you know what that leads to." "Yes," said Shirley, feeling as if a pressure were on his own lungs. "I should think so." Everett Harris had been their shipper for a long time. He was a tender-hearted, good-natured fellow, whom Shirley had always liked for his out-spoken, friendly way. He was not very strong, howly ever, and one day during the winter had contracted a severe cold, terminating in pneumonia. This attack he had overcome, but it had left him very weak and with a disagreeable cough. His mother, a widow with a small pension, had found it hard matter to live without her son's assistance, and though Everett's employer had generously assumed his drug and doctor bills, while employees, from time to time, sent or carried such books and delicacies as he could enjoy. Shirley Holmes never spent a happier month in his life than that which he spent with Everett and his mother at Pokerville. Everett seemed to get better from the first day, and before the month was over was thoroughly himself again. Mrs. Harris visited with her old friends, while the young man spent whole days in the woods, sometimes fishing, sometimes just lying beneath the big trees. When they returned to the city the hot, dusty weather was over, and they went back to work bronzed and strong, and such fast friends that they are called now "the inseparables." Next year they are going to the mountains together.—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Golden Days.

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

He Meant Well, But the World Misunderstood Him. A West Chicago man a few evenings ago read an article in a newspaper setting forth the fact that it is the duty of every person to make it lively and pleasant for those about him. The following morning he decided to do what he could during the day to make everybody lively and cheerful. He heard the hired girl coming down stairs, and he thought he would hide behind the kitchen door and give her a pleasant little surprise. The girl was hardly awake, and failed to see the pleasantries of the joke until after her strong right hand had planted a slap on his cheek that almost loosened his teeth. He was quite sure his wife was not yet awake, but instead of gruffly calling her, as he sometimes did, he decided that her awakening from happy dreams to stern realities should be rendered as pleasant as possible. When he reached her room she was sleeping soundly. He thought it would be fun to take a hairbrush that was lying on the dresser and tickle her cheek till she awoke. When she opened her eyes she did it with a suddenness that surprised him. At the same instant she threw her arms up with such force that the brush was driven through the mirror of the dresser. Still he reasoned that these were only accidents that were likely to occur to anyone. After breakfast he went to the station to catch a train for the city. It was raining. He saw Jones stand his dripping umbrella in a corner while he tied his shoe that had come unfastened. It would be a good joke to take his umbrella just for a minute. When the man, who turned out to be not Jones but a stranger resembling him, had tied his shoe he reached for his umbrella, but it was not there. He had just located it in the gentleman's hand when the latter said: "Beg your pardon, I really mistook you for another man. It's all a mistake, I assure you." "Oh, I understand," said the stranger as he recovered his property. "Mistakes occur frequently on a rainy day." And everybody felt sorry for a man who was caught stealing an umbrella. Throughout the day the man who desired to make it pleasant for everybody met with several minor repulses, but he did not despair. On his way home in the evening, when the shadows were gathering, he saw his neighbor walking just in advance of him. It occurred to him that he would slip up behind his neighbor, and putting his hands over his eyes, make him guess who it was. That very morning his neighbor had read about some one being held up and robbed the night before at that very same place. The joke proved to be a deplorable failure. The joker no sooner attempted to put hands over the neighbor's eyes than he was knocked down by the latter, who held his face hard against the pavement while he called for the police. Later on matters were explained and the joker returned home with a disfigured face and a determination to let this sorry old world amuse itself henceforth.—Chicago Times.

HINTS TO HOUSE-CLEANERS.

Directions for Which Some Weary Women Will Be Very Glad. A good way to clean paint, and one which preserves as well as cleanses it, is to put half a pound of glue into an old pot, pour about a quart of cold water over it, and set it on the stove, where it will dissolve slowly. A little of this glue water should be added to each pail or basinful of fresh water used. With a fine woolen cloth (old flannel shirting is capital) wash about a yard of the paint at a time with only this water and nothing else, then wring the cloth out of the water as hard as possible, and dry the paint with it. Of course it will not be quite dry, but that does not matter as long as no drops of the dirty water are left. Do not go over too much at a time. Any particularly dirty bit of molding may be safely scrubbed with an old nail brush without detriment to the paint if this water only is used. This glue water also cleans waxcloth and the varnished walls of passages nicely, the glue acting as a kind of soap, and removing all dirt immediately. The best way to clean mirrors, or any glass, such as that in picture frames, is to wash them lightly with a sponge and clean water, then with another sponge rub them over with spirits of wine. After this dab them lightly with some whiting tied up in a muslin bag, and finish with an old silk handkerchief. This sounds troublesome, but in reality is very quickly done, and does not entail half the labor in polishing that chemists' leather and water do, besides keeping the glass bright for a much longer time. A quart of spirits of wine will last long. China which has been lying aside and has got smoked can be cleaned by rubbing salt on it when washing it. This will effectually remove the smoke stain without hurting either the colors or the glaze. An old-fashioned but capital way of cleaning carpets is to use oxgall in the proportion of about one part of gall to three parts of water, rubbing the carpet over with a cloth dipped in this, taking care not to wet the carpet more than is absolutely necessary. This will both remove stains and revive the colors. But as the smell of the gall is atrocious and not to be got rid of for twenty-four hours at the most, even with windows wide open, the process should be carried on in an attic, or outside on a plot of grass, where no inconveniences need arise from the odor. The covers of albums and other drawing room books soon become worn and faded if much used; but if the bindings are of leather they can easily be revived by the following process: Wash the leather as lightly as possible with water in which the smallest morsel of soda has been dissolved, in order to free it from grease. Then wash with clean water to remove the soda, and let it dry. Now dissolve a bit of gum arabic about the size of the little finger-nail in a teaspoonful of water, and beat this up with about the same quantity of white of egg with no speck of yolk in it. With a bit of sponge wash the leather lightly over with this glaze, and let it dry. Should the glaze, however, froth up on the leather, as it will very likely do if there is much tooled work on the book, dab it with the palm of the hand, or with the sponge squeezed as dry as possible, till removed.—Chicago Tribune.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Of all menagerie stock the monkey tribe is the most precarious. The comparative comfort of a roof tree does not compensate for the activity of their natural life, and, considering that they feed on fresh fruits in their primal forests, it is not amazing that after a time an unlimited dietary of hazel nuts and stale buns is apt to disagree with the quadrumanal digestion. —A good story is told of the encounter which Miss Lucinda G. Gore, a school teacher at Luckhabad, India, had with a tiger. Turning from the blackboard, she was confronted by a Royal Bengal at the open school room door. With woman's wit, she jammed the brush end of a broom into his eyes, and when he drew back with a growl of pain, slammed the door in his face. Help came before the man-eater could gain ingress elsewhere, and the brave woman and her pupils were rescued. —The French government has consented that plaster casts be made for the world's fair of the numerous art treasures in the Trocadero, Paris. The exposition authorities will bear the expense, which will be something above \$25,000. The collection will be a very fine one and will occupy a conspicuous place in the fine arts building. After the fair the collection will be placed in the projected Chicago museum, where, it is believed, it will prove of great benefit to American artists and of much interest to visitors. —A reason given for the use of the third as the ring finger by some authorities is that in the early Christian marriage ceremonies the bridegroom, taking the ring put it first on the bride's thumb and then successively on the first and second fingers, pronouncing in each case the name of one person of the Trinity immediately after the words: "With this ring I thee wed"—namely, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, until, with the final "Amen," the third finger was reached, and there the wedding was suffered to remain. —Dr. V. McGillivuddy, who, as colonel on the staff of the governor of South Dakota during the recent Indian war, issued ammunition to the state volunteers, estimates that it took eight hundred pounds of lead to kill the two Indians who fell victims to the prowess of the state troops. Dr. McGillivuddy also issued three hundred guns to settlers for their self-protection, and when it became his duty to collect these arms after peace was assured he found them scattered all over the west. It was the doctor who stopped a ghost-dance among the Sioux by ungraciously kicking old Red Cloud when the chief questioned his authority. —Dwellings increased in number more rapidly than population in the last decade, according to the census returns, and there were only 5.4 persons to an occupied building or house in 1890, where in 1880 there were 5.6 persons. There has also been a decrease of the number of persons to a family from 5.04 in 1880 to 4.94 in 1890. The number of dwellings in 1890 was 11,438,318 for the United States and the number of families 12,990,153—leaving an excess of 1,206,334 families over dwellings, or 10.5 per cent, which is less than in 1880, when there was over 11 per cent more families than dwellings.—Springfield Republican.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—To check erysipelas, paint the inflamed part with white lead frequently; painting with iodine (the stainless can be procured) has about the same effect. —It is the most beggarly economy to lay a carpet on any floor without putting papers under it. No carpet will stand the hard wear which comes upon it when it is put directly on the floor. Besides it softens the tread and renders it more agreeable to walk upon. —Bollid Halibut.—Put a thick slice of halibut secured in a cloth into boiling water to which a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and some juice of a lemon have been added.—After cooking thirty minutes (two pounds) remove the skin and serve with egg sauce.—N. Y. World. —The centipede, or "thousand-legged worm," found about the house in some places in damp localities, is an entirely different creature from the southern centipede of the same name. It is harmless, though very disagreeable. It does not infest any building in any large quantities.—N. Y. Tribune. —Breakfast Dried Beef.—Cut or pare the meat very thin, and freshen by placing in hot water for a few minutes. Pour off the water. Place in a pan or skillet a lump of butter, and as soon as it is heated put the dried beef into it, adding five or six eggs immediately. Stir all up together, like scrambled eggs, and turn out on a hot platter.—Detroit Free Press. —Rice With Apples.—Peel six or eight large, tart apples and scoop out the cores. Make a sirup of sugar and water, with a little lemon peel. Pour over the apples, cover and bake until done without breaking. Place the apple on a plate, fill the cavities with boiled rice and pour over them the sirup in which they were cooked. Serve with cream, and sugar if not sweet enough.—Ohio Farmer. —Waterproof Paper.—Common paper may be converted into a substance resembling parchment by means of sulphuric acid. The acid should be of an exact strength, and mixed with half its weight of water. A sheet of paper placed in this solution becomes hard, tough and fibrous, yet its weight is not increased and it is far better for writing purposes than animal parchment.—Ladies' Home Journal. —Lady Abbas Sandwiches.—One pound and three ounces of almonds, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, mixed with a little rosewater until it becomes a thick paste. Spread it on a buttered tin, bake in a slow oven; when done let it get cold, then spread a layer of crushed and sweetened strawberries between two layers of the paste, and cut in stripes with a very sharp knife.—Housekeeper. —The etiquette of French dinners is more formal than that of American. In Paris, which is all France, one must never betray any admiration of any effects evolved during the dinner, gastronomic or decorative, much less speak of them. In New York, which by the same token is all America, it is rather remiss not to express in some unobtrusive way, one's pleasure of taste or sight. "What a charming arrangement of flowers!" "This salad is something to remember!" and others like these, are phrases which no New York hostess thinks of resenting, indeed, rather hopes for. Many French dinner notions are, however, copied here, notably that of serving unbroken dishes.—N. Y. Times. —USEFUL AND PRETTY. Dainty Articles for the Parlor and Dining-Room. Long silver tossing forks with twisted silver handles are in use. Oblong boxes for matches have bases like those of silver candlesticks. Small silver card trays have perforated bottoms as well as perforated borders. Perforated borders and broken edges, the one or the other, finish all silverware. Ring holders are made like small silver candlesticks except that they taper toward the top. Smelling-salts bottles, half crystal and half metal tips, gold or silver, are shaped like cartridges. Glass bottles covered with perforated silver are so common that it is suspected all are not sterling silver. Perfume atomizers, the rubber covered with perforated silver, are seen in great abundance. Asparagus tongs and broad based servers have been brought out in unusual numbers. The preference seems equally divided between them. Circular thermometers of ivory and its imitations bound in perforated ornaments of silver have the central spaces used as a calendar. Parrot sticks are sold by jewelers. They are chiefly of natural woods, bamboo sticks prevailing, and are daintily finished with crystal, white amber, pink and colored quartz. Oblong silver trays have a small silver candlestick with taper poised on an elastic string of silver resting from one end of the tray and carried over it. The scaling-wax and other implements lie on the tray. Jewelers get small blasé figures, such as Cupids, with cages and birds, and use them for displaying rings. The rings are hung on the arms and toes of the Cupid. The boy looks very cunning and is sure to attract attention. The new combination of blue and silver is the most prominent indication in leather goods. The leather is an intense turquoise blue and is made up into every variety of finely mounted portmanteaus, card cases, diaries, change pouches, calendars and writing pads. These are bound in ornamental borders of silver perforated Renaissance ornaments through which the blue leather is seen. Other devices are put in the corners. Sometimes a tiny watch is inserted, most often it is a bow-knot of silver, and lately a linked group of horseshoes. The fashion of carrying out the colors of the toilette brings into the market in addition to this specialty a large number of tinted leathers, made up in the same manner.—Jewelry Circular.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Georgia man has in his possession a palm oil lamp made in Madrid, Spain, in 1604. It was dug up in the woods some time ago and is supposed to have been lost by Ponce de Leon. —An English manufacturer, while examining the texture and quality of some handkerchiefs found on a mummy, was astonished to find that the arrangement of the threads was exactly like that which he had patented a few months before, which he had supposed to be an independent invention of his own. —A resident of Fitchburg, Mass., is in luck and in trouble at the same time. He is wanted to receive \$10,000 left him by will for stopping a pair of runaway horses and saving a young woman's life. The reason he can't be found is that he disappeared last fall to escape a judgment of \$1,000 given against him in court. —The Hindoo prince soon to visit England, the Galkwar of Baroda, is one of the most progressive rulers in Hindostan. He does not want costly buildings merely for show, but spends his money preferably on schools, railroads and drainage. His personal character is good and he is philanthropic in his instincts. —Congressman Tillman, of South Carolina, is said to be the most vigorous man for his age in Washington. He is now sixty-six, and his beard and hair are white, but he is as straight as an arrow and has a constitution of iron. Like Hannibal Hamlin, he rarely wears an overcoat, and once said to a friend that such garments were for women and invalids. —An Italian woman in New York, one day last week attempted to enter the street cars with a small goat, but was refused admission by several different conductors. She then stepped to the sidewalk, removed her shawl and wrapped it closely around the goat and so deceived the next unwary conductor, and got a ride for her pet, to the amusement of a crowd of on-lookers. —Frau Probst, who enjoyed the distinction of being the heaviest woman in Europe, recently died at Traubing, in Bavaria, at the age of 41. At her death she weighed over 550, and on account of her enormous weight it was impossible to carry her coffin from the first story of the house in which she lived. Consequently boards were put down the staircase, over which the coffin was slid. —A pretty story is told of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to the effect that when she was a child of only nine she was so charmed with the melody of the Italian language as she heard it in a class of other girls that she secretly procured a grammar, and studied by herself until she had gained sufficient facility to write the Italian teacher a letter in her own tongue, asking permission to join the class. —Ex-Queen Isabella's chamberlain, the Marquis de V., is a man of expedients. He is a retired naval officer and better versed in marine matters than in social duties. At an evening reception given by the ex-queen recently the refreshment table was organized on so extensive a scale that there were not enough tablecloths in the house to cover it. The chamberlain thereupon caused the board to be draped with sheets, at the juncture of the sheets which nosegays of flowers were inserted. The guests were amused as well as amazed by the novel makeshift. —"A LITTLE NONSENSE." —Literary Lady—"I am very fond of Bacon, aren't you?" Unliterate Gentleman—"Can't say I am, but I like ham and eggs."—Pharmaceutical Era. —It is an accepted fact, recently discovered by scholars, that Noah had been in the ark. The kangaroo went in with hops and the bear was always brum. —Naming the Form.—Miss Elder (to the dentist)—"Is it good to take an anesthetic, Dr. Molar?" Molar—"O, yes, madam; chloroform."—Detroit Free Press. —In Boston.—Miss Gotham—"Have you ever been west?" Miss Boston (with a traveled air)—"O, yes, I've been in New York several times."—Detroit Free Press. —"Be sure to shake before taking," said the druggist as he handed his customer a bottle of acne cure. "I always do," replied the customer, grimly.—Vermont Watchman. —"You borrowed a sweater of me the other day, you know." "Ya-as." "I'd like to have it back if you can." —"But, my dear boy, I've spent it."—Indianaapolis Journal. —How obtuse some people are! When Wigglesden was asked by Miss Flora, whose affections are centered on her pug puppy, if he liked dogs, he the stupid fellow replied: "I don't know; I never saw any."—Boston Transcript. —Merchant—"I regret that I can't have these goods charged, as I don't know who you are." Mrs. Meter—"My husband is the plumber who is repairing the leak down stairs now." Merchant—"I beg your pardon, madam. Your goods will be sent home at once." —The photograph will do real service when it is set, chime-wise, in a clock, and sings out: "Go home! Go home!" to the too social caller. The phrase might be embellished without limit for subsequent rounds on the dial. This is of urgent importance and should command Mr. Edison's attention at once.—Boston Commonwealth. —"I'm going to see if you know anything about arithmetic, Johnny. How many are ten times two cents?" asked Uncle George. "Four," said Johnny, innocently. "Nonsense!" said Uncle George. "Bet you an apple, and leave it to papa." "Done," said Uncle George. "Pa," cried Johnny, "ain't ten times two cents four nickels?" "Yes," said papa; and Johnny got the apple.—Harpers' Bazar. —A witness who had given his evidence in such a way as to satisfy everybody in court that he was committing perjury, being cautioned by Justice Maule, said at last: "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Justice Maule; "but the question is, how long you have been a widower."—Times.

WARNING THE CROWD.

The Tobacco Fiend Was Shown in His True Colors. As the train stopped at a small station in Kentucky it was discovered that a switch engine had run off the track just beyond and a wrecking crew were at work getting her off. The conductor said he would be detained half an hour, and many of us went up to see the wreckers at work. There was a crowd of fifty around the spot when a fat, good-natured looking man who had a month big enough to take in half a pumpkin pie, came sauntering up and bowed and smiled to everybody. He was just getting ready to say something when a little skinny man with a piping voice, cried out at him: "Don't you do it, Silo Davis—don't you do it! If you do I'll give you dead away." The good-natured man fell back at this, and I saw him wink and motion to the skinny man to draw aside for a confab. "I don't want no truck with you, Silo Davis," was the reply. "I told you last week I'd do it, and so I will; you jest keep shut." The language aroused our curiosity, as a matter of course, and we were anxious for the explanation when it came. The fat man walked around for a minute or two, and when he thought the other was not looking he slipped up to one of our crowd and softly remarked: "Stranger, would you mind lendin' me a chaw of plug tobacco for a day or two, till I can git twenty-seven dollars as is owing me on a job?" "Here you!" shouted the skinny man, who had kept an eye open all the time, "I warned you I'd do it and now I will! Gentlemen, I want to tell you about this critter. He chaws mo' tobacco than any 'o' men in Kentucky and he begs every bit of it." "I only borrows it!" protested the other. "Only borrows it! And never pays! Gentlemen, look at this memorandum book. Here's his account all put down and figured up to date. He begun borrows' chaws of me on the 9th of May, 1876, and in the fifteen years has borrowed jest exactly fifty-four thousand and two chaws and never paid one of 'em back. Don't no man in this 'ere crowd pull out no plug fur any sich critter to bite on." "I don't want none—I'm a-chawin' on sasaparilla," replied the fat man as he tried to brace up under the shock, but he didn't hold his nerve over a minute, and went off to hide himself behind a freight car.—Detroit Free Press. —Little Bessie's doll had lost one eye, its face was cracked, one arm was gone and most of its internal sawdust had departed. She placed it in a sitting posture on the floor in the corner of her play-house, examined its forlorn and shrunken figure with a critical eye, and said, regretfully, yet decidedly: "You can stay in the family if you want to, Dolly; but after this I'm only going to be a stepmother to you."

BIRDS IN TIERS.

The Amusing Antics of a Careful of Songsters. Three tiers of brilliantly colored little birds was one of the many pretty sights I often saw in the bird-market in Paris. To lighten his burden, the owner of these pretty songsters had placed a great many of them in one cage. The cage had but a single perch—a long one, to be sure, yet at best it could hold only one third of the birds. As you may suppose, all places on this perch were always in great demand, and usually its whole length was fully occupied by the jolly warblers, crowded together in jolly companionship. Flying about the cage in all directions were those not fortunate enough to secure "seats," and their antics in endeavoring to find a resting-place were very pretty and clever. Alighting on the seated ones, they would wedge their tiny feet between two of them in an attempt to reach the perch; and sometimes they succeeded; but more often a second tier of birds was started by the new comers coolly getting upon the backs of the first. A slight disturbance of the center of gravity, however, and all would come tumbling down. Then there would be a great commotion and a perfect medley of color, as the birds rushed again, pell-mell, for the coveted places. Presently quiet would be restored, and the two tiers of birds again successfully completed. But there were still others flying about or hopping around on the bottom of the cage, who also expected to get resting-places. To perch on top of the second tier was indeed a very pretty and a very difficult performance, as there was considerable wobbling in the lower tiers, even at the lightest touch of a hovering bird. Finally, with dainty wings and feet outstretched in slow descent, a bright little acrobat would start the third tier. But alas! the next bird might prove a careless little fellow, and would upset them all. However, in spite of accidents and carelessness, the third tier was often finished, and sometimes it lasted even several minutes before it was demolished. But when the pyramid was completed, usually some hungry little chap in the first story, spying a dainty morsel lying on the bottom of the cage, would withdraw his support, to the disaster and confusion of the crowd. Thus it went on, all day long—inconstant change of place and form and color. Happily through it all the little acrobats were as merry as birds could be, peering out their liquid music into the golden sunshine, joyously twisting and shaking their bright little heads. The grand music of old Notre Dame cathedral, close by, was not more charming than that of this pretty feathery choir singing under the kind inspiration of a soft June sky.—Melodist Nugent, in St. Nicholas.