

In 1894 a locomotive is to be placed on the line between London and Edinburgh which will cover 100 miles an hour, and run to the northern capital in six hours.

It has been decided by a Seattle (Wash.) Justice that a man cannot be convicted of using vulgar language to an officer unless someone besides the policeman hears him.

The number of sportsmen and fishing clubs in this country is estimated at 1,500.

The making of leather matches is a state monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Rumania and Servia.

The copper industry in Japan is assuming importance. The output has quadrupled since 1881 and the exports have increased even more rapidly.

London has a big appetite. It devours every year over 400,000 oxen, 1,600,000 sheep, 500,000 calves, 700,000 hogs, fowls innumerable, and consumes 9,900,000 gallons of milk.

The cabin's lot at Melbourne, Australia, cannot be a happy one. In order to meet the competition of omnibuses and train cars, penny fares have been started as an experiment.

A New York court lately decided the knotty question as to which one of a child's parents should have possession of him, by decreeing that the boy should remain with his mother during the summer, while in the winter he should live with his father.

Rattlesnake hunting is a profession in Connecticut. The snake hunters go armed with a staff from six to eight feet long, into the end of which is set a sharp steel blade eight inches long. By a dextrous swish of his lance, the hunter severs the snake's head, and the game is his.

An old law, which has been forgotten, requires all ships leaving the Port of New York to carry a small cannon, two projectiles and 500 yards of line, so that in case the ship should be beached the crew would be able to communicate with the shore. All sailing masters have received notice to comply with the law.

Such an interruption of the telegraph service as is caused in this country by storms would be impossible in Germany, declares the St. Louis Republic, where the entire country is covered, or, more literally speaking, underlaid, by a network of underground telegraph cables. These are beyond the slightest danger of interruption by storm.

Crime in the United States Army is punished on a scale ten times more severe than anything known in civil life, avers the New York Dispatch. The most trumpety offenses against discipline—a momentary ebullition of temper, or a casual indiscretion in the matter of drink—are almost every day punished by men in loss of rank and personal disadvantage in their grades.

The President of the Argentine Republic is chosen for six years and receives an annual salary of \$36,000. The French President receives a salary of \$120,000, a house to live in, and allowances amounting to \$120,000 more; his term of office is seven years, and he may be re-elected. The President of the Swiss Republic is elected from the seven federal cantons (who serve three years), and serves as president for one year, receiving a salary of \$2,700. He may be re-elected after an interval of one year. The President of Mexico is paid \$49,977 each year, and serves four years; he may be re-elected now, General Diaz, the present president, having had the constitution altered to permit him to serve.

The New York News observes: Foreigners often comment upon what they call the extravagant habits of American people. As a nation we seem to live so well, to enjoy life so heartily, and to spend money so freely, that the foreigner can see no means of provision for the proverbial rainy day. The American enjoys life, it is true, but home is his magnet and his heart is with his family. No other people on earth are so provident as our own. The aggregate deposits in American savings banks, last year, amounted to \$1,712,769,026. The total of such deposits in Great Britain was \$536,000,000, in France \$559,000,000, and in Prussia \$720,000,000. The average amounts of deposits in this country are from three to five times greater than in Europe. Life insurance statistics give a still more gratifying exhibit. The life insurance in force in the United States last year reached the enormous sum of \$10,731,992,719. The total for Great Britain was \$2,274,422,020, for France \$689,180,203, and for Germany \$980,935,375. The amount of insurance in the United States is more than double that of all Europe.

CRADLE SONG.

I've made a nest for dearie,
As sweet as nut for dearie,
Nid-nod, nid-nod!
With golden strands by daisy spun
I've put it all over, I've put it all over,
'Tis only big enough for one!
'Twill hold no more, 'twill hold no more!
I've lined it with my daisy dreams,
And tucked it in with daisy sweet,
And while the daisy moonlight shines,
To me the daisy dream is complete,
I've made an essential star-alar.
To work and blink at dearie,
I've made a nest for dearie,
A daisy nest for dearie—
Nid-nod, nid-nod!
I've speckled it with daisy perfume,
And o'er it I have raised the daisy,
And o'er it I have raised the daisy,
This daisy nest is my daisy plan,
Within a shadowy daisy nest,
While soft winds play a lullaby,
And tiny daisies with daisy wings,
A daisy nest for dearie,
I've made an essential star-alar.
To keep and creep over dearie,
I've made a nest for dearie,
A daisy nest for dearie—
Nid-nod, nid-nod!
I've speckled it with daisy perfume,
And o'er it I have raised the daisy,
And o'er it I have raised the daisy,
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I've made an essential star-alar.
To keep and creep over dearie.

—Jean I. Bennett, in "The Companion."

RIATA TOM.

A STORY OF THE ARIZONA DESERT.

"How is Bill this morning, doctor?"
"Just left him—badly off—typhoid fever—needs careful nursing more than visits from me," replied the post-surgeon as he pushed back his gray campaign hat to wipe his forehead.

Now this was June and the land Arizona, where summer is secure but ice impossible, and trained nurses a taunting vision of days, unassociated with sagebrush, accomplished in pleasant Eastern hospitals.

"On a place like this, a sensible man would die first and have his typhoid fever afterward," growled the post-surgeon, still exclaiming from a treaty-mile ride across the dusty mesa in the face of the hot morning sun, where he had gone, after surgeon's call, on a charity visit to Bill Meron, a rancher in the Sierra Bonita foothills.

Once he had been a mild-spoken man, this surgeon, as he was still mild-hearted. For, even while speaking, he resolved to telegraph for ice and to send a man six miles across the desert to the station after it. His brusqueness was the shell a sensitive nature had acquired in adjusting itself to the wear and tear of garrison life in a super-heated climate. He wondered at it himself, and often, when he had spoken, felt startled as one feels surprised to find the voice suddenly grown coarse with cold. Yet he could have told you accurately why the skin on the hand thickens in time of toil to keep the nerves quiet within.

"Doc, I don't know nuthin' 'bout nursing, but if I can be any good, I'll lead a hand. My bronco's outside, an' I ain't doing nuthin' particular."

The speaker was a young cowboy, clad in blue cottonade and high-heeled boots, after the fashion of the country; he stood uneasy on one foot near the door of the officers' club, in the general store where the Mexicans loiter and the ranchers buy their bacon and tobacco. The surgeon glanced at the boy and his eyes rested on him a moment without reply.

"Riata Tom's all right, doctor. He cooked for McLean on the round-up this spring, and is handy as a woman about a place," added a bystander.

"Very well, Tom; tell the steward I sent you to the hospital for a lesson in nursing typhoid fever. This evening go over to Sierra Bonita and take charge of Bill Meron. I'll call to-morrow, after muster."

"Ain't there any way I can see?" asked the trader.

"No; nothing new, Williams. May want a little champagne later," he was thinking of it. In crossing the hot parade to the hospital, he wondered if the Pullman car supply could possibly last across the desert.

In the dispensary he wrote a telegram, and told the steward to send it to the operator and to tell Morris to put the ambulance mules in the backboard and drive to the Sierras. Then he visited the sick ward.

The next afternoon Dr. Davis rode to Meron's ranch. The sun shone hotly, and the sparse sage tufts plumed the mesa boulder mounds in thin, half-cold glare. The Berence hair tossed in the heat-waves and the mountain profiles trembled, fretting on a horizon of unbroken blue. There were no clouds above and the glare was intense, causing the eye to recoil and strain itself in the effort to contract and shut out all the light, while the quick, throbbing pulse of the heat-laden air felt like fever breath on the face.

In such strong light, as in great fog, the outside world escapes us and vision turns inward on the brain. The doctor was now following that curious chain-memory—where details are recorded, then remembered or forgotten. He no longer saw the stretch of trail immediately before him; he saw the whole trail—saw it where it left the post and wandered across the weary mesa; saw it span the arroyo to enter the broken tableland and then wind higher and higher among the ascending foothills. Then he strained his eyes against the shimmering heat and fancied the foothills were swaying with the motion of billows; he could see their crests reaching toward the black sear of the Sierra, like crests of breakers toward a beach of fire, while the Sierras were Rancho Bonita, tossing on a brown billow of this barren sea. Four—five—swells more, and the rancho will be dashed in the face of the Sierra! No, it is not the sea, it is only the desert. Yet how like the sea—so monotonous, so desolate.

Here the billows ceased tossing, and the map on the brain was folded away. Now the doctor saw only the rancho. He was thinking it so like a bark on an unswayed ocean, that would meet no other vessel. The doctor was an imaginative man, with a poetic nature. Seen in a more inhabited country, this same poor little ranch would have been to him but a simple version of poverty, pitiful, but all told, but here, in the desert, where the aid which does not come from self must come from God—in a solitude so infinite this seemed inadequate to him, such self-imposed banishment suggested rather than aid, and left the mind groping.

His horse stopped to drink the cool water which crept out from under a blanket of sand, where, for a few pards, a trap-dike crossed the canyon and forced the agua peridita to the surface. The ranch was in view, with Tom standing barefooted in the trail leading from the water.

"Glad you've come, doctor. Bill's mighty low in his talk to-day. Peers mighty low in his talk, I judge his life has been straky like—full of black and white, like the wood agate in the Mogollons. I took my boots and spurs off," Tom continued, looking apologetically at his bare feet. "Bill mistook the spur-jangle for the cow-bell on the range, 'cause he wanted me to saddle Monte; said the ram was on in the divide, and the cattle was a-drifting."

"It's the fever, delirium accompanies it," said the doctor, as they entered the shack.

Meron was lying on a tough couch of quilts thrown over a few blankets and hides, supported by a cot of boards. The room was hideously hot, the roof being low and the floor of adobe. From the desert, wind whirled through the half thatched walls of cactus.

The surgeon walked to the door and looked wearily across the brown waste. "Morris would be here to-night," he muttered.

He was thinking of ice. Meron's pulse was an octave too high. The fever was rising. Already he was tossing on the unclashed folds of delirium, but mysterious sea where the landmarks of life appear for a moment, and then sink and are forgotten. He no longer heard the tinkle of the cattle-bell in the pines up the canyon; the storm-day had passed on the dry divide where his partner had been caught in a clowd-burst and swept away. He was back in the pleasant town, unacquainted with the desert, and the time was early summer. He spoke of a woman in his ravings now; but of her I cannot say. The story belongs to Tom and the surgeon, and they never told it.

But this I do know, that after the delirium the surgeon went often to Rancho Bonita, and that Tom drank heavily of ranch coffee and watched day and night at the bedside of the surgeon, sleeping only during the surgeon's visits.

Days passed on—superheated, unchangeable and faculties faded. But they won the fever-battle in the face of the desert. The doctor said it was nursing, while Tom thought it was the occult knowledge of a doctor who could wear a captain's uniform.

One evening, when Meron was convalescent, he rode over with Tom to the garrison. They met the surgeon at the trader's.

"Doctor," said Meron, "Tom tells me you are ordered East."

A RAT-CATCHING FOX.

He Made His Home in a Mine and Dined on Rotents.

"The best rat-catcher we ever had in the mine," said a Leesawanna Valley mine foreman, "was a fox, and the way he got down into the mine was a little curious. One fall morning, just as I had started down the shaft on the car, a fox came close to me. The poor animal was all of a tremble, as though he had been chased all night by a hound, and he had evidently plunged into the shaft in search of shelter from his pursuer. The fox was in a pickle when he found where he was, but he couldn't get back to the surface of the ore, so he jumped back and forth till the car reached the bottom of the shaft, then he sprang off and disappeared in the gangway. I ordered the miners and driver boys not to scare or hurt the fox, and as the only way for the fox to get out of the mine was through the shaft, Jerry, as I named him, had to stay in the mine."

The fox gradually became wonted to his new home, and the way he began to stir the log and honey-mine rats seemed to surprise the cats and please the mules. Jerry soon learned that the rats were in the habit of flocking to the barn where the mules were fed, and it wasn't long before he killed more rats every day than all the other nine cats put together. When the mules were at work Jerry would crouch and watch for rats near the dinner cans of the miners, and as the men never frightened him, he got to be very tame and confiding, and was a great favorite among the workmen.

"When Jerry had lived in the mine a few months he became homesick, and one morning he jumped on a loaded car at the bottom of the shaft and was hoisted to the surface. I never expected to see the fox again, but two mornings afterward Jerry returned to the breaker, got on a car, and came down into the mine. I thought he had been cured of his homesickness, and the men and boys were very glad to see Jerry jumping through the gangways, and slipping up rats again. In the spring and summer the fox rode up the shaft every few weeks, started on a lay-off, and then appeared at the head of the shaft and waited for a car to take him down. The rats had to bustle whenever Jerry returned from his vacation.

"Work in the mine was indefinitely suspended in the fall, the mules and cats were removed to the surface, but Jerry was left down there. Six weeks later I saw the fox again, but he had been killed every rat in the mine, and as there was no other food for him to get, the poor fellow had starved to death."

[New York Tribune.]

A PATRIOTIC SHRINE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE TO HAVE A MONUMENT.

Two Ideas are Under Consideration—One is a Building of Granite, the Other a Huge Boulder.

There is to be another shrine on the historic Potomac. The birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Va., is finally to be marked by an appropriate monument. Wakefield is seventy-five miles down the river from this city, says a Washington letter to the New York Times. All that remains of the house in which Washington was born is a ruined hearthstone and chimney. Old maps of Virginia call attention to the site by the inscription "The Birthplace of Washington."

The idea of erecting a memorial on this historic spot was advanced many years ago, but for a long time the Congress displayed the utmost indifference to it. Finally, in June, 1879, an appropriation of \$4,000 was provided for the erection of a suitable monument, and the Secretary of State was authorized to see that the money was properly expended.

It appears that nothing was done to carry out the wishes of the Congress until the following year, when Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of the State, made a visit to Wakefield.

Mr. Evarts submitted five drawings of the proposed commemorative building. These plans contemplated a building of granite with a tiled roof and a bronze tablet bearing an inscription, bronze doors, and windows so arranged with bronze screens that the interior of the building might be plainly seen from the outside.

The neglected burial place of the immediate ancestry of Washington, close to the homestead, suggested to Mr. Evarts the protection of their remains from further exposure and dishonor. He provided in the plans for securing in the outer walls of the structure the ancient tablets and headstones to be taken from the neighboring burying ground.

Nothing more was heard of the matter until February, 1881, when Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of marking the birthplace. The act provided that this sum was to purchase the old homestead and to erect a suitable monument thereon. Under this stimulus the State Department brought about the transfer of the property to the Government, and also obtained the right of way for a road to a suitable landing place on the river.

General Casey of the Engineers, who had not then attained his present position as the head of the Engineer Corps, maintained that, in the interest of the public generally, a landing place on the river was an absolute necessity. Without such a landing place the materials for the monument would have to be hauled over a very inferior road for at least six miles, and the cost of this long haul would, of course, be included in the cost of construction.

Surveys were made and estimates furnished, but nothing was done toward constructing the memorial. In April, 1884, General Casey submitted a plan for a wharf, to be constructed of cast-iron piles, and to be built on the river deck. The plan provided that the dock should be 1,050 feet long by 16 feet wide, the head to be 40 by 60 feet. This great length was made necessary by the shallow condition of the river opposite Wakefield.

Nine weeks of inactivity followed upon the preparation of this plan. At its last session Congress approved the plan and authorized the expenditure of \$11,150 for the construction of the wharf, out of the original appropriation of \$30,000. The unexpended balance of that appropriation is \$24,712, so, by deducting the amount specifically allotted to the wharf, there remains \$15,576 for the monument proper.

Colonel John M. Wilson, United States Army, the present Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, is now in charge of the undertaking, and proposes to push it to completion. The contract for the construction of the wharf has been awarded to L. H. Hathaway & Co., of Philadelphia. The contract price is \$9,850. Work on the wharf must begin May 1 next, and be completed by August 1.

Nothing will be done toward the construction of the monument until the wharf is completed. In the meantime the plan of the proposed memorial will be decided upon.

So far as can be learned, the ideas advanced by Mr. Evarts thirteen years ago do not meet with general approval. Colonel Wilson is of the opinion that the proposed building would hardly be appropriate. To his mind a more rugged memorial, befitting the character of Washington, would be more appropriate. He said to the writer that if the matter were left to his judgment, he would lay in the space occupied by the ruins of the house a solid foundation of cement, and on this place a monster piece of granite, to be transported from some quarry. On this stone he would place the proper inscriptions.

"Such a memorial," said Colonel Wilson, "would last for ages and would never require any care. It would be a common sense memorial, and I have no doubt of its acceptability to the masses of the people."

It remains to be seen whether Colonel Wilson's idea will agree with those of the State Department. With a wharf at Wakefield, there is good reason to believe that the birthplace of Washington would receive a good deal of attention from the great army of tourists which each year invades this region.

The great distance of Wakefield from Washington makes it reasonably certain that the visitors to the shrine will never equal the number of those who annually visit Mount Vernon where Washington's body lies. Mount Vernon, with its chief show place along the river. It is replete with memories of Washington, and the beauties of the ancient estate are increasing year by year.

PEIXOTO.

A Glance at the President of Brazil's Republic.

In an editorial on "The Brazilian Revolt," the South American Journal gives the following interesting information concerning President Peixoto:

It may be interesting to glance at the career of Marshal Peixoto, whose name is now so prominently before the world, and who, from the position of a private soldier, has risen to the point of becoming the ruler of a great nation. Born in Alagoas, he is at present about 49 years of age. By good conduct, application to the special study of military science, and the display of exceptional ability, he secured admission to the military school at Rio, where he graduated with high honors. Shortly before the outbreak of the Paraguayan war he had been a month in the ranks of the army, and played a gallant part in several of the early battles which took place during that protracted and sanguinary struggle. His

power,

Strength of a Whale.

Sir William Turner, the eminent anatomist of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, with the help of a Glasgow ship-builder, has been making some calculations as to the strength of a whale. The size and dimensions of a great whale stranded some time since on the Scotch coast furnished the necessary data. This whale was 80 feet long, 29 feet across the flanges of the tail, and weighed 165,000 pounds. The professor calculates that to attain a speed of twelve miles an hour, an ordinary rate for a whale, the animal would have to exert 145 horse-

power,

Rest the Eyes.

In continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, type-setting, bookkeeping, filing and studying, the saving time is long, and the work at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every ten or fifteen minutes. This relieves the muscular tension, rests the eyes, and makes the blood supply much better.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A SECRET.

When I am sent to bed at night,
One candle's given me to light
My way along the darkened hall,
Where shadows crowd and leap and fall!

But I've two candles in my room,
Which serve to banish all the gloom.
A single one my lantern has,
While one burns in the looking glass.

[Harper's Young People.]

A MONKEY AND TERRIER TIMS.

Toward horses and cows, and to other animals "big and amplexous" to him, Bob, the monkey held a great dislike. When Billy, the saddle horse, came near him, Bob would crouch like an angry cat, erecting his hair, lipping his back, and scolding vehemently. When in his judgment he was safely out of Billy's reach, he would advance boldly and scold loudly. When he thought Billy too near, he became as small and inconspicuous as possible, to avoid the horse's notice. At one time he was placed on Billy's back, where he went into spasms of fear. When taken into the house, he grew bolder, and, climbing on the back of a chair, he described his adventures volubly and with many gestures to his friend Oatki, who understood it all.

To the big dog Rover he also had strong objections. Rover looked down on Bob with tolerant contempt, as a disagreeable being, not to be shaken like a rat because possibly human. But when Bob would strike him in the face with the flat of his hand, Rover would snap at him, barking indignantly, but he never caught him, and Bob was careful to keep out of his reach. His discretion could be counted on to get the better of his courage. With the little terrier, Dandy, Bob's relations were often friendly, although there was very little mutual trust. At one time Dandy was deep in the ivy in search of a nut, while Bob had also entered the ivy by another opening for other reasons. They met in the dark in a rat hole through the ivy leaves, and a sharp conflict ensued, which, it is said, was the only one of the kind in which the monkey was the victor. With the other part and pulling of hair and barking on the other, when Dandy had dragged Bob to the light, both were very much surprised, and they parted with mutual apologies and much shamefacedness.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

FEET-FOOTED ZEBRAS.

The rapidity with which the different zebras have been exterminated, owing to the advance of civilization in South Africa, is shown by reference to such works as that of Sir Cornwallis Harris, written in 1840, in which the author tells us that the quunga was at that time found in "interminable herds," bands of many hundreds being frequently seen, while he describes Burchell's zebra as congregating in herds of 80 or 100, and abounding to a great extent; but now, after the extermination of that species, the one species is extinct or practically so, while the other has been driven much farther afield, and its numbers are yearly being reduced, says the Saturday Review.

This author's description of the common zebra is well worth repeating. He says: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, the haughty troops are exceedingly difficult to approach, as well on account of their extreme agility and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the cloaked herd whom 'painted skins adorn' is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge on which the risk of being stepped on is not small. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vidette, than, picking their long ears, the whole flock hurries forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, whisking their limbed tails aloft, helter-skelter away they thunder down ravine precipices and over yawning ravines where no less agile foot could dare to follow them."

Of Burchell's zebra he says: "Force, strong, feet and surprisingly beautiful, there is, perhaps, no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty." Zebras are by no means amiable animals, and though many of the stories told of their cruelty are doubtless much exaggerated, they have so far not proved themselves amenable to domestication.

Hunting the Hawk.

In the heart of a big evergreen swamp, or solemn Northern forest, the coldest of winds has no chance, and a man can keep comfortably warm in any well-chosen "stand." On a sparkling morning the bright snowshoes of Sir Hare print the tell-tale surface with many a hasty triangle for eager noses to follow. The white fellow loves to squat close to a morning. He is snug in his form "neath some close tangled cover, and he hates to bestir himself till he needs must. The busy beagle pokes here and there puzzling out cold trails, and at their nose he swings a cat's paw of the loved scent coming from a pile of brush, a fallen tree top, or a tangle of snow. A rustling about his domicile, a questioning yelp almost in his long quivering ears, gird him for flying speed. With a graceful, curving bound he clears the sheltering cover, and, as a jangle of bell-like music thrills his sensitive ears, he swings his furry snowshoes for every ounce that in him lies. Away he flies, a leaping, flying image of white speed. At every bound he hears fiercer challenges in the storm of trumpet tones behind. Speed now at any price! Yet, run as he may, uncaring nostrils read his course in air and snow; hot red throats clang his doom amid the echoing forests. A mile, or more, he covers at a running pace, then he curves his flight and circles for his starting point. The ringing tumult in his wake whimpers dying far away, only to rise and swell again in wilder, stronger chorus. He must try new tactics—a swift dart across a narrow open will enable him to gain a saving swamp. One leap from the cover his bulging eyes mark a new term. A fearful shape moves near a screening bush; a frightful thrush fills his dying ears, and from the dark woods where his course has been, pours sudden, loud and exultant, a torrent of approving dog-music—for right well do the excited rogues know what has been the end—(Outing.)

Night Turned Into Day.

The wealthy Siamese, including the King, practically turn night into day. All important political meetings are held in the night, and at four o'clock in the morning is the hour at which Bangkok fashionables retire unto their semi-succeeding afternoon.

European tourists are struck by one of the present King's predecessors, and there are plenty of outdoor theatrical performances by natives, the Siamese being a pleasure-loving people and fond of all sorts of entertainments.

The worst thing that can happen to a man in Siam is to get into debt, from which there is never any escape, owing to the exorbitant interest charged. Once in debt there is no appeal, the debtor being stripped of his clothes and compelled to work in fetters, generally for the rest of his life, to pay the interest. Debtors are not permitted to give evidence in the law courts of Siam.

The Buddhist priests, and yellow robes, are to be seen everywhere in Bangkok, and it is quite common for a man to enter the priesthood, which affords them an easy and luxurious life, owing to the liberality of the populace toward any so sanctified to the service of Buddha.

Domestic.

That stroke was final, and realizing apparently, that his mate was instantly to die, without waiting to see how speedy a bullet from his rifle avenged his loss.

[Youth's Companion.]

WOMEN and glassware are always in danger.

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A SECRET.

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One candle's given me to light
My way along the darkened hall,
Where shadows crowd and leap and fall!

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FEET-FOOTED ZEBRAS.

The rapidity with which the different zebras have been exterminated, owing to the advance of civilization in South Africa, is shown by reference to such works as that of Sir Cornwallis Harris, written in 1840, in which the author tells us that the quunga was at that time found in "interminable herds," bands of many hundreds being frequently seen, while he describes Burchell's zebra as congregating in herds of 80 or 100, and abounding to a great extent; but now, after the extermination of that species, the one species is extinct or practically so, while the other has been driven much farther afield, and its numbers are yearly being reduced, says the Saturday Review.

This author's description of the common zebra is well worth repeating. He says: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, the haughty troops are exceedingly difficult to approach, as well on account of their extreme agility and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the cloaked herd whom 'painted skins adorn' is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge on which the risk of being stepped on is not small. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vidette, than, picking their long ears, the whole flock hurries forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, whisking their limbed tails aloft, helter-skelter away they thunder down ravine precipices and over yawning ravines where no less agile foot could dare to follow them."

Of Burchell's zebra he says: "Force, strong, feet and surprisingly beautiful, there is, perhaps, no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty." Zebras are by no means amiable animals, and though many of the stories told of their cruelty are doubtless much exaggerated, they have so far not proved themselves amenable to domestication.

Hunting the Hawk.

In the heart of a big evergreen swamp, or solemn Northern forest, the coldest of winds has no chance, and a man can keep comfortably warm in any well-chosen "stand." On a sparkling morning the bright snowshoes of Sir Hare print the tell-tale surface with many a hasty triangle for eager noses to follow. The white fellow loves to squat close to a morning. He is snug in his form "neath some close tangled cover, and he hates to bestir himself till he needs must. The busy beagle pokes here and there puzzling out cold trails, and at their nose he swings a cat's paw of the loved scent coming from a pile of brush, a fallen tree top, or a tangle of snow. A rustling about his domicile, a questioning yelp almost in his long quivering ears, gird him for flying speed. With a graceful, curving bound he clears the sheltering cover, and, as a jangle of bell-like music thrills his sensitive ears, he swings his furry snowshoes for every ounce that in him lies. Away he flies, a leaping, flying image of white speed. At every bound he hears fiercer challenges in the storm of trumpet tones behind. Speed now at any price! Yet, run as he may, uncaring nostrils read his course in air and snow; hot red throats clang his doom amid the echoing forests. A mile, or more, he covers at a running pace, then he curves his flight and circles for his starting point. The ringing tumult in his wake whimpers dying far away, only to rise and swell again in wilder, stronger chorus. He must try new tactics—a swift dart across a narrow open will enable him to gain a saving swamp. One leap from the cover his bulging eyes mark a new term. A fearful shape moves near a screening bush; a frightful thrush fills his dying ears, and from the dark woods where his course has been, pours sudden, loud and exultant, a torrent of approving dog-music—for right well do the excited rogues know what has been the end—(Outing.)

Night Turned Into Day.