

the union, that is by Nebraska, with 400 species.

"The reason for this great variety of bird life is found in the geographical position of the state and the physical characteristics of its surface." Mr. August Elche says there are 417 species in Nebraska which he has identified and classified.

From the Atlantic ocean to western Iowa but slight changes occur in the avi-fauna. But with the decreased rainfall and the increase in altitude from there westward, a great number of new forms appear. The greatest change is at the eastern foothills of the Rocky mountains, which is the natural dividing line between the eastern and middle provinces of the United States. But while many of the western forms extend as stragglers eastward into Kansas and Nebraska and especially into the Black Hills of South Dakota and northwest Nebraska, a large number of eastern forms do not pass west of the semi-arid region of twenty inches of annual rainfall and are not found in Colorado. It is due to this fact that Nebraska exceeds Colorado in the number of species taken in the State. All of the eastern species reach Nebraska and nearly all the western forms extend into northwestern Nebraska. This is strikingly shown in the case of the Warblers. Nebraska has more than twenty Warblers that do not occur in Colorado, while Colorado has less than five that are not found in Nebraska.

Some of the most curious columns in the newspapers are those headed "juvenile" and supposed to be for the edification as well as amusement of boys and girls. *The Chicago Record* prints every Saturday an extra edition which is in fact, what the Sunday edition is to other papers, for *The Record* prints no Sunday paper. Last Saturday in an article labeled "Swimming Tricks" there is a diabolical description of an invention by which a small boy can frighten his companions and the spectators by staying under the water "a considerable length of time without rising to the surface. Any body will readily imagine the various pranks that can be played with such an invention," which is a long rubber tube attached to a wooden spool at each end. The boy puts one spool in his mouth and allows the other to float on the water, fastening himself on the bottom of the stream by means of weeds or boulders. The point of the joke of course is that his companions are induced to dive to his rescue and the humour is in the shock to the nerves of the would-be rescuers who may also be parents, brothers or sisters. Perhaps a boy will try it and fasten himself inextricably to the bottom, the tube will inevitably, in a few moments become full of water, through faulty fastening at the top or swaying of the spool, and the boy at the bottom be drowned. The Editor of the column has what has sometimes been called the "American sense of humor." It is a variety, grim ghastly and utterly selfish and unrefined, a sort of college fraternity joke whose point is, in the suffering and fright imposed by the perpetrators on their innocent and unsuspecting victims.

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Voice Culture.

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STORIES IN PASSING.

They called him "the slave of the cow," and this is the story of his bondage and emancipation. Early last May a neighbor brought in a fresh milch cow from the farm, a young beaut and one that would lift a man over a church if she had the chance. The neighbors couldn't touch her, so the "slave," who in his youth boasted that he would milk any cow in the country, came over and tried his hand. He tied the animal up to the manger, so close that she could look only straight ahead, pushed her side gently over against the barn wall, slid quickly down upon the milking-stool and then with his left knee pinned the animal's hind legs to the timbers. The cow struggled and backed and tossed her head and bellowed from sheer vexation, but the man held her fast until the milking was finished. The owner watched him and then proposed a bargain. The man was to feed the cow and do the milking and receive half the milk. The two shook hands over the agreement, the cow was led over to the friend's house and from that moment his slavery began.

He could manage to milk her but sometimes he was a little slow or tied her head too loosely or something of the kind, and more than once he was sent sprawling to the floor or nailed to the side of the barn. And then he never could regulate her comings and goings. She was constantly breaking out of pasture either to come home and despoil the garden and lawn or to wander into a cornfield at the edge of town and run the danger of foundering before the herd boy could find her. His whole life came to swing about that cow. The regularity of the household, his business and his church duties were disturbed and his pleasures were impaired by constant anxiety over the beast.

He stood it five weeks, and then, early in June, after chasing that cow through a cornfield for four hours one morning and missing the early train to Lincoln, where his son graduated from the state university, the "slave" sent her back to the neighbor, hurled the milking-stool through the feed-bin, kicked the pail into the alley and has since been taking milk of the dairyman in part payment on a bad debt.

There were seated in an East Lincoln trolley car one morning just before noon and were talking of a certain candidate for political preferment.

"Oh, he's smooth—altogether too smooth," remarked the large man in a crash suit, mentioning the candidate's name, "he talks finely and makes all kinds of promises but he is a tricky fellow."

"No, you can't trust him and he'll never get my support," answered his companion.

Across the aisle a little woman with a bright, young, trustful face was listening with bursting ears.

"I know of a deal he made with a certain man in the council and there were some pretty shady transactions during the last legislature. It's queer they don't come out."

The face of the little woman had grown pale and there was pain in her eyes as she tried to look unconsciously out of the window.

"Oh, he's a crafty chap," answered the big man's companion, "and keeps those things hushed up pretty well. It would be a pretty story if one only knew how he got his money to get married and build that house and keep up his establishment."

Their talk was suddenly interrupted by the little woman across the aisle stopping the car abruptly and going out with pallid face and trembling lips.

At the mouth of Salt creek a few miles below Ashland is a scene beauti-

ful, varied and picturesque. On the south side, bluffs reach to the height of a hundred feet, from which a view is obtained for many miles in any direction. To the northwest stretches the Platte, lined by trees, spanned here and there by glistening bridges and choked by green islands and white sand-bars. Far down the river the state fisheries are largely to be seen, nestling among the Sarpy hills, while on and beyond, the smoke of Omaha lies like a hazy mist on the horizon. And at night from this hill can be seen the electric lights of the Capitol dome—a distance, as the bird flies, of thirty miles. But the most magnificent scene of all, is that from the bluff at early sunrise. The valley below is filled with mist like some gauzy glacier, hiding water, and islands and all, while the sandy hills on the opposite side hold up their rock faces to the clearer air above. All the land to the west is in shallow, seemingly melting indistinctly into the cloud-banks in to the distance. But to the east there is a pale, gray light which grows constantly. Then streaks of light dart up from the hill-tops, touching the trees and bluffs in red and yellow and white. The shadows and the mists chase each other down into the hollows and are lost over the fields far in the west. Down in the valley trees are beginning to take shape and houses show out among them. Even the river appears dull and lifeless. Then all of a sudden, the sun which has appeared to hang just over the eastern hill line seems to dart into the air, as if given an impetus by some gigantic lever resting on the brow of the bluff. Its light floods river, valley, field and hill in golden brilliancy. Shadow, mist, darkness and uncertainty have fled, and God's glorious day has come.

It was eleven o'clock of a winter Sunday night when the young man left the train at the little village, and started to walk the three miles to the farm-house where he was staying while teaching the district school. The night was not cold, but as the snow was falling heavily, the young man pulled his ulster tightly about his ears and face, and his cap close down to his eyes. Consequently muffled as he was, along with the starless night and the falling snow, it was impossible to see but a few feet before him.

The road ran two miles on the level and this the young man traveled without accident. Then the road dipped down into a ravine, crossed a small stream by means of a wooden bridge and then on up a long steady hill to the level again. There were trees on both sides of the bridge, dense, dark and overhanging, and altogether it was like walking into a pocket. On the right not far from the bridge was a small house where an old German couple had lived once, but the place was now deserted and falling to pieces, and bore an evil name in the neighborhood.

The young man, half asleep, thinking of many things, plunged down into the ravine and stepped upon the bridge. Suddenly to his right close to the rail of the bridge two figures appeared, indistinct and motionless. The young man stopped paralyzed by fear, his tongue glued to the roof of his mouth, his heart in his throat, and chills chasing each other up and down his spine. Then looking beyond the figures through the trees he beheld a sight that froze his blood. There was a light in the old deserted house, and through the window the German farmer and his wife could be seen sitting at the table, counting a heap of coins they had emptied from a woolen stocking.

Of a sudden the figures on the bridge beside him stirred. One fell back in the shadow. The other raised a rifle to his shoulder and aimed at the window. It seemed to the young man that he

was looking along the barrel and had the two heads of the old couple directly in line. There was a flash but the young man heard no report. The wife fell back in the chair, one hand upon the table, her head hanging loosely to one side, her eyes wide open and staring. The old German straightened to his feet, and then lounged forward scattering his coins and upsetting the lamp, so that sudden darkness came upon the house and scene.

When the young man came to his right mind he was far up the hill running as he had never run before, his brow throbbing, his nerves shaken as if by ague.

You will not believe all this, of course. One hears the like so often. But it is true, true as the light of day—for I was he that stood on the bridge that night and saw it all.

—HARRY G. SHEDD.

Town Topics' London Correspondence.

Goodwood was a great disappointment to the men who had hoped for freedom and ease this tropical weather. The reason of their great grief was this: For some days previous to the meeting it was supposed that the Prince of Wales would attend the races in country attire—that is to say, a low hat and a tweed suit, such as he has always worn of late years at Goodwood. However, almost at the last minute, the word went round that he had elected to appear in black frock coat and tall hat, just as if dressed for the park; so, of course, every man who was to have a place in the royal enclosure had to follow suit, out of respect to the Princess, and as every outside man who wanted to be smart felt obliged to copy their style, there was a great deal of secret woe. The free and-easy charm of Goodwood was at an end for them.

We women revenged ourselves by donning our lightest muslins and chiffons, and our airiest toques of tulle. The Duchess of York had one of the prettiest gowns, all pale green with little frills. The Countess of Essex, all in white, with a toque of turquoise chiffon, was perfectly suited; her eyes looked glorious. Lady Randolph Churchill was all in white.

How weary I am of those enormous hearts of gold that all our smart women are wearing now, great flat things, often made to hold a miniature, and an inch and a half to three inches across. They are worn on such long chains that they hang down far below the waist (which give a very ungraceful effect on a woman,) and they knock against everything and are horribly in the way. No matter, it is the thing to have them. Ellaline Terris set the fashion. I wish she had let it alone.

The smartest cotillion of the season was Lady Huntingdon's, in Grosvenor Square. Lady Huntingdon, you remember, is a Wilson, and her brother married Lady Sarah Churchill. All the eldest sons—for whose benefit, as a cynic once said, the London season is kept up—were there in force, and so were most of the beauties. "Bertie" Stopford and Mrs. Hwfa Williams led.

There is a great deal of jealousy about the Queen's appointment of Miss Sylvia Edwards as her new maid of honor in waiting. That such a preferment should fall to the lot of a girl of seventeen, not yet presented, is unheard of, so indignant folks are asking in many quarters, "Who is Sylvia? What is she?" Sylvia is Lord Kensington's cousin, and the Queen met her at Cimiez, where she was staying with her widowed mother, took a fancy to her, and resolved to give her the coveted post. As Her Majesty grows older she likes more and more to have young people about her, so probably the new arrival will become a favorite. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the