oes creaked out across
"They're the Lord's
know," but Miss Jane
ply.
o' grass," she sniffed,
s' as much grass as
n't won't have
here." But as her
rally over the short,
rushed the fragrant
found herself wonder-
it would seem if this
he.
rself and her God knew
that went on down in the
ture that afternoon, but
w who had the victory when
down to their five o'clock sup-
but she said nothing. And even
the dishes were washed and the
k put away, and Miss Jane tied on
ancient black straw "hackerney"
d said, after a little hesitation, that
e guessed she'd run over to the min-
ter's and tell him "if he can ketch
old of a likely little girl, we'll try an'
along with her two weeks"—even
n Calista only said: "Well, I would,
ster. A little girl wouldn't be so
uch trouble for you as a boy, most
likely."

But after Miss Jane had gone on her errand Calista went into her bedroom and shut the door. She had entered into her closet.

What Miss Jane said to herself as she trudged away was: "If I'm a sel sh pig, Lord, help me not to squeal and knock over my vittles every time I can't have 'em to suit me." And she backed up her prayers by her deeds.

Twenty years ago Calista had closed the eyes of her husband, young Lieutenant John Emmons, in a Southern hospital. She stayed with the sick and wounded two years longer, and then came home with the malaria that made her an invalid for life.

Jane Sewall had heard, as her neighbors had, that Alcander Merrill was shot through the head as he flung himself in desperation across the fatal deadline of the pen at Andersonville; but there had been no engagement announced between them.

He had whispered to her under the blooming apple trees the night before his regiment went away, and asked if she would wait until he came back, and after his death it was whispered about that he had been "kind o' shinin' up to Jane Sewall," and the postmaster was sure "he had wrote to her;" but the modesty of the New England village would have been shocked if she had presumed to openly mourn for him. And so the sorrow that flowed from Calista's wound, leaving it sweet and ready for healing, had cankered in Jane's heart, and formed a crust that few broke through.

She and Calista lived comfortably on the old place with a little money and Calista's pension; and though their lives might not lie in the sunshine, and the light was subdued, it was tender, not gloomy, and the only real shadow that darkened the path was the dread that sometimes thrust itself forward that one might be left alone.

The fatal Tuesday, as Miss Jane would have expressed it, came and found Miss Jane frying so many doughnuts that Calista said, laughingly, she must be expecting a boy, after all; but they were both surprised when the minister stopped at the door with a boy in his wagon.

"I said a girl," said Miss Jane, emphatically, meeting the minister on the door-step.

"I know you did, Miss Sewall, I know you did," said the good man, "but now I'll tell you just how it is. This boy has brought a dog with him" —Miss Jane's face was gorgon-like in its stoniness—"and nobody wants him. He brought the dog aboard the boat in that pasteboard box, and there he's kept him till somebody caught him putting in part of his luncheon for the little creature to eat. He cut holes in the box so the dog could breathe, and told him to keep still, and the knowing little thing hasn't made a sound since they started last night. The boy said he was afraid to leave him for fear he would be abused or lost."

Mr. Chandler paused, and looked at Miss Jane's face. He read nothing there.

"I can't say I blame you, though, for not wanting a boy," he continued, "and I'll see if we can't stow him away somewhere with ours."

Miss Jane caught a glimpse of Calista's face. "You pig, Jane Sewall, now kick over the whole trough because you can't have everything your way," said she to herself, and "Stop," said she to the minister; "bring him in."

"I hope you'll never regret it," said the minister, shaking hands when he went away.

"I hope I sha'n't," responded Miss Jane, in a tone that said "I know I shall;" but Mr. Chandler was used to a lack of faith, and he rode away, leaving the boy, with the box under his arm, standing on the broad, flat door-stone, in the morning sunshine.

Miss Jane said she "never did see such a fool for a boy that seemed to have wit, too," as the days wore away; and he asked her "what held up the stone wall" that fenced the pasture across the road, or wondered that raspberries grew on bushes, or puzzled at the connection between the hen or the nest and the egg found in there afterward. Miss Jane was, as she said, really "nonplussed at such ignorance."

The dog, Snap, proved to be a harmless little ragged-haired thing, who paid great respect to the enormous yellow-and-white cat Sarah, and mollified her mistress by catching the rats the lazy Sarah had allowed to gambol about the barn almost under her nose.

Quite a friendship grew between Calista and Jack, for he loved to listen to her stories of the war, though he never hesitated to tell her when he thought she left the straight highway of fact and strayed into the fields of imagination.

After awhile they found, in addition to Snap, he had brought with him an old flageolet, on which he played, if not scientifically, at least in a way pleasing to these lonely women.

"Pinafore" was new, but, fortunately, the bands still play "Marching Through Georgia" and "Annie Laurie," and Jack rattled them off, while Calista hummed, in a soft little voice, an accompaniment half a measure ahead or behind, as it happened. Miss Jane paid little heed, apparently, to the boy, but it was not Calista who crept upstairs to look at him as he lay asleep, and murmured: "If he had lived," and then blushed hotly alone in the dark at what seemed, to her rigid creed, almost a sin for the unwed to think of wifenood or motherhood, even though it might never be.

The second week of Jack's stay was extremely sultry, and one night, in a terrible shower, Calista was taken with one of the attacks of illness that had hung about her ever since her Southern campaign.

As Miss Jane hurriedly prepared the medicine she kept at hand, Jack's face looked in at the door.

"Sick, hain't she?" he whispered. "Oh!"

The house shook as a peal of thunder, like the boom of guns, cracked about it, and Miss Jane cried out, for the bottle fell from her hand and shattered on the door.

"Hain't ye got no more?" asked Jack. "I can go to the 'potecary's or to the doctor's. I know where the doctor lives."

Miss Jane didn't answer.

It would be dire cruelty to send that morsel of humanity out in such a storm, but Calista—

Before she could collect her thoughts the rain beat heavily in at the open door, and Jack was gone.

She sprang out to call after him to go by the road and not by the stepping-stones; but the wind rushed round the house and carried her words away, and Jack, with Snap at his heels, had been swallowed up by the night. Jack had been in Stoneham long enough to know that it was a half mile to Dr. McIntyre's by the road, while the path that led over the stepping-stones across Mad Brook was only half as far.

"We'll go over the steppin'-stones, for may be she's a-dyin'," said Jack to Snap, and Snap responded by a little howl as they fled down the path.

Dr. McIntyre was sick himself, and young Dr. Harry had driven off to Bobadil to set a man's leg, but Mrs. Woodbury, the housekeeper, and the old doctor together put up the medicine which, as Mrs. Woodbury said, "always fetched Mrs. Emmons right round when she had them spells; but I'm afraid you'll tumble down and spill it, you poor little dear," the kind woman added.

Jack pulled a bit of dirty string from his pocket for answer, and made the bottle fast to Snap's neck.

"*He* can't tumble down," said the little master, but Mrs. Woodbury was only divided as to the risks.

Nothing better presented itself, however, so she dubiously rolled the powders in a bit of oiled silk, and started the two homeward, with very little hope the medicine would reach there, if the boy and dog did.

Mad Brook was roaring when the dog reached it, foaming over the stepping-stones, but the moon was struggling out now, and showed a tree blown across from bank to bank.

"Keep close to me, old fellow," said Jack, starting nimbly across. Almost over, a dead branch snapped, and Jack fell. He caught a limb with each hand, and drew himself half out of the water; but the boughs swayed and creaked, and threatened to break, and Jack dare trust them no further.

"She's got to have the 'potecary stuff," he said, pulling the roll out of his pocket, while he held unsteadily by one hand. "Here, Snap, take it an' go home." Snap howled, but Jack repeated the command, and Snap trotted to the shore, laid down his bundle, and howled again.

"Go home," repeated Jack, in his sternest tone, and Jack's word was law to Snap; so he picked up his roll, and three minutes later, wet, dirty and panting, laid it at Miss Jane's feet, as she opened the door for perhaps the hundredth time to look and listen.

With trembling hands she took the bundle and untied the bottle, and, as soon as Calista's agony was relieved, with a terror of she knew not what, she sped down the hill with Snap, just as the day, fair and smiling, peeped over the hills.

"She's a-livin'?" called a feeble voice from the water.

Not a word in answer said Miss Jane, but she marched straight into the brook, and, taking Jack in her arms, put him on the ground.

"I couldn't hold much longer," said he, and dropped at her feet.

Two or three days afterward the minister came round to ask if Jack would be ready to go back with the other children. "No," said Miss Jane, abruptly: "I can't let him go, and Calista, she wants him, an' we'll keep him a spell longer. I guess, by what he tells about his aunt he lives with, there won't be any trouble there."

"Bless the Lord, sister!" said the minister, earnestly. He had heard the story of Mad Brook.

This spring Miss Jane, with a beaming face, put down her name for four children to spend two weeks with her. "Jack and Calista will enjoy it," said she, apologetically.

"How about Snap?" laughed the minister.

"There, ain't he the knowin'est little thing you ever saw?" exclaimed Miss Jane, with enthusiasm, and the minister assented; and she walked home, murmuring: "What a mess o' vittles you'd 'a' upset, Jane Sewall, if the Lord had let you had your own way!" —*Annie M. Libby, in Christian Union.*

THE MAIL IN CHINA.

How Letters and Business Correspondence Are Distributed in the Celestial Empire.

But as regards letters, a considerable proportion of the 400,000,000 Chinamen do occasionally exchange letters—those who can not write for themselves hiring scribes to do so. These letters are consigned to firms which have houses in all the large towns, where letters are forwarded to distant ports, to be distributed by special agents, who generally collect the postage from the receiver. There was certainly something comic in the fact that when China was no longer able to exclude foreigners from Pekin, our British postal arrangements were no sooner established than some of the Imperial officials came to ask Sir Frederick Bruce to forward certain State documents for them between Pekin and Canton. On the death of the Emperor Hien-fung, which occurred just at that time, intimation thereof was sent from his country palace (a distance of 600 li, which is upward of 200 miles) in twenty-four hours, which is the highest speed attainable in China. But the placid Celestials, to whom hurry appears a form of vulgar impatience, and to whom telegraphs are an abomination, are content that all ordinary communications should be conveyed either by slow paddling poling boats, or else by footrunners, whose high sounding title of "the thousand mile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter bag is secured on their back by a cloth knotted across the chest.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

—For a scurrilous article against the Hungarian Parliament, published in a comic newspaper of Agram, Austria, the *Scourge*, the editor, M. Zima, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with two fasting days per month. The publisher was sentenced to ten months' incarceration.

—Nervous spasms are usually lieved by a little salt taken into mouth and allowed to dissolve.

IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

Official Farces Acted by the Queen, Supported by Her Ministers.

The Queen of England's finest residence is Windsor Castle. In fact, intelligent Londoners often said to me that Buckingham Palace was a miserable old rat-trap, not fit for Victoria and her family to live in, while they were as ready to declare that Windsor Castle was the finest royal palace in the world. The Queen spends a large portion of the year at Windsor, and there she transacts a large proportion of that formal yet mainly rather amusing useless court business, the details of which are daily paraded in the the *Court Journal*. These matters are mostly quite familiar to average readers, yet one or two curious illustrations of the point in hand are too singular to be omitted.

Here, for instance, is the *Court Circular* for a day in early spring. In it this item: The Sheriff of Lancashire, at a private audience which the Queen gave the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was pricked by the Queen.

The Sheriffs for England and Wales were pricked by her Majesty at the council on Thursday last, the 5th inst., and not after it, as stated in the *Court Circular* for that date.

Now what does all this mean? The explanation is simply this: Every year the Judges of Assizes make return to the Queen of three persons for every county in England, from which she is to select one to serve as Sheriff of each county.

When these names, written upon a sheet of paper, are presented to the Queen, she takes in her fingers a pin and sticks it through one of them, being thus supposed to indicate her choice—to make her selection.

The old phrase of "stick a pin there," in such common use in New England, must have taken its origin in this very ancient royal custom of making a selection which I have just described.

But the pin sticking of the Queen at Windsor is, of course, a mere meaningless form, for all the appointments of the officers whom she is supposed to select are settled upon by the Government before being submitted to her.

There is another and more fitting use of a pin which the Queen sometimes makes. When officers or soldiers have particularly distinguished themselves in the field decorations are often bestowed upon them. And in such cases the heroes are sometimes summoned to the palace of the Queen and personally received and hospitably entertained by her. Then, in her presence, the services of the men are read over to her Majesty, after which she pins upon their breasts with her own hands the decorations granted to them. It is not uncommon for such an audience as this to close with a personal introduction to the soldiers and members of the household at Windsor, often including the three little Princesses of the palace, the grandchildren of Victoria.

There are many other palace public ceremonies which are of a somewhat similar character to those I have been describing. But I have space to mention only two more. When the Government has made an appointment of a diplomatic representative, the Minister selected makes a journey to the palace of the Queen before he goes forth as her representative, and on his bended knee kisses her hand in recognition of the honor he has received.

The forms gone through at the palace when an address of the Queen is to be presented to Parliament are peculiar. The Ministry—the Prime Minister—prepares the speech, and then the Cabinet makes a stately and most formal journey to Windsor for the purpose of reading the document to her Majesty. After it has been read in her presence it is supposed to become her speech from the throne.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

The Happy Agriculturists of the Lone Star State.

A popular superstition has prevailed in all ages, to the effect that the typical farmer harvests more solid joy and happiness to the acre than any other class of agriculturists who toil in the Lord's moral vineyard.

After mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that the average Texas farmer, at least, suffers as much from the canker-worm of care as does the man who "rastles his hash" in the busy haunts of men.

Some years ago, while engaged as a local reporter on the San Antonio *Bugle*, we knew a hardy agriculturist who tilled the soil on the Rosillo Creek about ten miles from the Alamo city, the Thermopylae of Texas. His name was Macbeth Simmons.

He did not come to town often, but when he did the black pall of gloom settled down on the place worse than it did the day after the fall of the Alamo. He came to town on an old flea-bitten gray mare, so thin and gaunt, and suggestive of an impending famine, that at the sight of Simmons on that pale horse, the people whooped up all the grain in the country, expecting a rise.

"What's the matter, Macbeth; has anybody died out on the Rosillo, and asked you to come to town to order a sarcophagus?" we asked.

"There is nobody dead yet, but we might as well be. We are going to have a late frost, and then it will be Good-bye John to the crops."

"Perhaps we will not have any late frost at all."

"May be not. If we don't have no late frost the eggs of the grasshoppers will hatch out and eat up the crops, anyhow. There's no silver lining to the cloud. We poor farmers don't work for ourselves nohow. We toil and sweat, and sweat and toil, for the grasshoppers and the San Antonio merchants. If we manage to keep them filled up I suppose we ought not ter grumble. Texas is no farming country nohow."

"Cheer up old man, you will raise the biggest kind of a corn crop this year, if you don't stop it growing with your discouraging talk."

"Suppose we do raise a big corn crop—what's the use anyhow," he exclaimed, indignantly; "if we raise a big crop the price will go down to forty cents a bushel, and then it won't pay to haul it to town. I reckon I'll raise enough to keep the weevils busy all winter. If I do that I reckon I ought to be happy," and after he had mopped his moist eye with his elbow, he stirred up his crow-bait and started for his ranch on the Rosillo.

We did not have the pleasure of seeing Macbeth Simmons again for some time. In spite of all his groaning and sighing, the clouds let their garnered fullness down, and the crops were simply immense.

Once more Macbeth turned up with his old pale horse hitched to a wagon. He had sold his cotton at a good figure, and carried a bag of money in his hand, but he did not look as happy and contented as he did the last time we saw him.

"Got the toothache, Macbeth," we asked, pleasantly.

"No," he replied, surlily.

"You probably haven't got any use for teeth this year. You haven't got anything to bite. No corn, no watermelons, no nothing," we remarked, ironically.

"Yes, we have got something to keep our teeth goin' now. We are all gwine ter be down with chills. We won't do nothin' this fall with our teeth except to chatter and gnash 'em. It will take every cent of money I've got to get quinine. That's the way it is whenever it runs enough to make crops," and with a sort of a "we are all poor worms of the dust" expression, he climbed up into his wagon, which was loaded down with canned goods, demijohns, smoking tobacco, etc., and moved slowly out of town.

Of course all Texas farmers are not like Macbeth Simmons, but that the average farmer in any part of the United States is happier than the lawyer, the merchant, or even the overworked journalist, or the tired banker, we very much doubt.—*Texas Siftings.*

NO MORE CHESTNUTS.

A Detroiter Who Didn't Understand the Relevancy of the Worm-Eaten Phrase.

"I like to know," he said as he helped himself to a chair in the Central Station yesterday, "if I vhas some chestnuts?"

"I don't understand," replied the Sergeant.

"Vhell, may be we haf a big crop of chestnuts dis year."

"I don't know about that. What is your case?"

"Vhell, if I sit down in front of my saloon to smoke my pipe some boys like to sit mit me. Dot makes me feel tickled, und may be I says to my son Shake:

"'Shake vhy vhas some elephant like a buck?'

"Before Shake can guess it all der boys raise up und shout 'chestnut' at me."

"I see."

"Some odder times, when my saloon vhas full, may peel ask somebody if he vhas a sailor. He asks me vhy, und I says because he likes a schooner. Dot makes me laugh all oafer, fut everybody shtands oop und cries out: 'More chestnuts!'"

"Exactly."

"Und if I vhas washing off der windows und somebody comes by und I ask vhy a pig in a fence corner vhas like a mule in a parlor, he yells: 'Chestnuts!' at me and walks right along. Now, I like to know vhat dot chestnuts vhas?"

"A chestnut is a nut with a worm in it."

"S—o? Vhell, how does dot affect me?"

"The worm has eaten the meat all out."

"Oxactly, but vhas I too blame? Can somepody lay it to me? I vhas a peaceful man, und I pay taxes in two wards und get to poor folks cavery day, but der verry next time somepody calls 'chestnut!' at me I shall know vhy. I shall take him by der neck und fling him down und walk on him, und I shall find out if he makes fun of me. Chestnuts! Do I look like him? Vhas I eaten up by worms? Do I sell by der pint? Chestnuts! Um! Let 'em look a leedle oudt for me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

KEEN FOR WATERMELON.

A Colored Man Who Displayed Rare Detective Genius.

A colored man came out of an alley off Michigan avenue yesterday and inquired of the grocer on the corner:

"Say, boss, has you had a watermellyon stole away to-day?"

"Why, I declare, if some one hasn't stolen a big one which laid on the end of this shelf!" exclaimed the grocer.

"Did you see a white man an' a cull'd feller hangin' 'round yere?"

"Come to think of it, I did."

"Dem as' de chaps who stole dat mellyon."

"Did you see them?" asked the grocer.

"Nebber did, sah."

"Then, how do you know?"

The colored man took him down the alley and showed him two heaps of melon rinds and exclaimed:

"If de mellyon wasn't dun stole nobody would come in heah to eat it. Dat pile of rinds hain't half gnawed. Dat's jist de way white folks eat 'em. De odder pile am gnawed right down to the bark. Dat's de work of a cull'd man, an' doan' you forgit it. Down dar' am a rind all alone. De chaps got scar't an' run'd away afore dey was dun."

"Say, may be you are sharp enough to catch 'em," said the grocer.

"Wall, I dunno," was the reply, but in the course of half an hour the man brought in a hang-dog looking African and turned him over, with the remark:

"Heah's one of 'em, but de odder has skupped."

"How do you know that this fellow is guilty?"

"Kase I dun looked for a darkey wid a mellyon seed on his shirt-bosom, an' heah he am. He's dun guilty, and has got thirty-five cents to settle wid ye."

The grocer says he'll have that man on the detective force or break a leg.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Old Sol Used to Shine.

In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. The heat in several French provinces during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and four p. m.

In 1718 many shops had to close; the theaters never opened their doors for three months. Not a drop of water fell during six months.

In 1775 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees.

In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a great number of people were stifled. There was not sufficient air for the breath, and people had to take refuge under the ground.

In July, 1790, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split up; meat went bad in an hour.—*Washington Star.*

—In the late official report at San Francisco it was shown that in the Chinese Laundry Association of that city there are 300 laundries, which paid in water and gas taxes $180,000 yearly, a total yearly rental of $80,000, and owned property and good will valued at $250,000, and gave employment to 3,000 heathen.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Brave boys, would you live wisely,
To God and Nature true,
Hear me and I prescribe
Will tell you what to do.
This world is the place for working
Right well and honest and good,
But we must do it before we
Have purposes with strong hand.
It was a sad day for Adam
That he ate of the fruit
Because then all things became
For victories meant for blood
Marching on and fighting world
With firm and steady gaze;
But the law into effect
Anything and everything
Which [illegible]
Which [illegible]
And [illegible]
From [illegible]
Now [illegible]
The task that is [illegible]
Forgiving [illegible]
On God, who judges the world,
He begins [illegible]
Hope [illegible]
Where [illegible]
When [illegible]
And [illegible]
While [illegible]
To [illegible]
For [illegible]
And [illegible]
Bet with the [illegible]
[illegible]
And when the [illegible]
On life's wide sea [illegible]
And [illegible]
To live and work with him.

—Samuel Hoffman.

THOROUGH WORKMEN.

Building Without Hammer or Nails—A Bold Robbery and a Successful Revenge.

There were two of them, and the father and mother and she seemed to be doing as much as he did. They were not Turks or Indians, or she would have done all the carrying and building, while he sat in a limb overseeing the job. There I have let out, and you know they were not men and women, only robins in a cherry-tree. The tree was ten or fifteen feet from my window. It was in the spring of 1878, when warm weather came early. I was sick in bed, but one of my friends brought me an opera-glass, and with that I could see all the work going on as plainly as if it was on the table in my room. Not all, however, for much of it was done early in the morning before I was awake. Do you know how early the birds get up? I have heard roosters begin to sing at half-past three in the morning.

When these birds had laid down a foundation of large twigs, strengthened with mud, then they began to weave in short pieces of hay and grass and fine twigs. They filled up the bottom with clay, which I think they had worked up in their bills to make it more sticky and tough. I could see them put the sticks and straws in and push the end through with their bills, and then draw it out on the other side and bring it up to the top or push it in another place. Long pieces of hair or white strings were hanging down around the nest. When a few short pieces had been woven to their satisfaction, then they would draw up these longer pieces and pull them through and so fasten it all together very securely.

The pushing and pulling and weaving would draw the nest out of shape. These birds were thorough workmen, and built to the plumb line, and had an eye for beauty as well as strength and comfort. To shape the nest inside the robin would turn round and round in it, pressing the mud constantly in the bottom and brushing the sides smooth and making the nest round. To press the loosely woven straws down and make the work firm, the bird slapped it down with her wings. This sometimes she pressed it down with her breast and neck, and the funniest way of all, she would beat it down behind her with her tail again and again.

Why did they put mud in the nest? Not only to make it stronger. Perhaps you may think to make it warmer. I think for just the opposite reason, to make it cooler. When the sun was hot and the wind blowing, the eggs would get hot and dry, so that they might not hatch. The mud would catch some of the rain and be damp and keep the eggs moist. Did you ever see a bird get on the eggs and stand up and fan them with her wings? They do it sometimes. But that is after the nest is built, and our birds are not done yet.

One morning when I woke about six o'clock, I looked out the window and saw a long strip of white cloth hanging down from the nest. It was about two inches wide and three feet long. The birds were not in the nest. Having worked an hour or two, they were getting their breakfast. A few minutes later I saw the strip was gone and the robins flying about in great distress, and consulting about where to find the thief. And they found him before long and were back again with the cloth, and several impudent town sparrows in hot pursuit. I kept an eye on the nest to see the end of this fight, and my breakfast was cold before I could eat it. I was so much interested in what was going on in the little world outside my window.

The town sparrow is the communist among birds. He thinks if he wants anything he has a right to it. It does not matter if it has been earned by another by hard work. He will fly down near a bird that has dug up a bug or a worm, and hop around in the most innocent manner till it has been killed, and then fly in with a rush and pick it up for himself.

One of these sparrows had found the nest and helped himself to that nice strip of soft cotton. But the robins were ready to defend their property, and drove the sparrows away, and everything quieted down for awhile. Before an hour had gone the sparrows watched their chance and stole that cloth again. Oh, how angry the robins were. They called on all the robins to help, and made a stormy attack on the sparrows' nests in the woodline on the other side of the building. The mother robin came back with the cloth in her bill. But she did not go to the nest. She sat in the top of the cherry tree. There were at least twenty mad sparrows flying at her, but the robins were too much for them. Every sparrow that came into the tree saw a big red robin coming down on him like a red-hot ten-pound cannon ball, and he thought it was time for him to get behind the protection of his woodlice. The battle was sharp and short. The sparrows were thoroughly beaten, and for once seemed to have learned a lesson. That piece of cloth was put back in the nest, and one end of it hung down waving in the breeze all summer long, like a banner of victory.

In a day or two the nest was finished. I think they were not a week building it. Then for several days the robins were not seen. I feared they had abandoned it. Perhaps after building their home they had gone off on a wedding trip—a very sensible plan, I think. They came back again, and took possession and went to housekeeping. Here in quiet the eggs were laid, the young birds were hatched, and the little family spent their summer.—*Rev. Charles S. Mesig, in Chicago Interior.*

WELL PROVIDED FOR.

The Chicken with Two Mothers—A Strange Partnership.

Fawn and Fallow were two fawns. They had grown up together, and had always been the best of friends.

One day they made their way to the shed. In a sunny corner they found a box which cook had packed full of fine things. Lined with nice white cotton.

"What a splendid place for a nap," said Fawn.

"Yes," said the other, "and I think it is big enough for two."

So they both got into the box, and the soft bed was such that a great white egg. They were so pleased with what they had done that they made a great noise talking about it. The rough little Maggie in the kitchen came into the house to see what the eggs.

"I tell you," said she, "I know what Fawn and Fallow will go with the two fine roosters."

So she did, and that day Maggie had two eggs for breakfast for supper.

The next day for supper she had only Maggie had but two eggs, and one was among the [illegible].

At last Fawn and Fallow decided that they had had enough. They began to eat, to play with other creatures, and having a very good time in their sunny corner. Maggie paid no more eggs. One day, when she came in the shed, she found Fawn and Fallow standing proud and between them was the little chick. Such a frightened face were looking over it.

"Then what Maggie thought the eggs were,"

"Chickens, to mine," cried Fallow.

"No, it is mine," says Fawn. "I had the egg," says Fallow. "And so did I," says Fawn.

Then Fallow crooked to Fawn, and Fawn clucked, and little chick would run back to one mother and then to the other. After awhile they gave up quarreling about it, and went strolling around the garden, the little chick between them. I am sorry a little chick never lived so well before. With two mammies to scratch for her, she couldn't feed half they gave her. She grew so fat she could hardly waddle about.

Wasn't it a pity that old Whitey, who had seventeen yellow ladies, and got tired to death every day waiting upon them, did not know enough to give Fawn or Fallow some of hers? Wouldn't it have been better all around if she had?—*Our Little Ones.*

Little Travelers.

During the past week two children, a boy and a girl, arrived in Castle Garden, New York, who had traveled from Germany alone. They had leather tags on their necks, but no money or food. The Commissioner of Immigration gave the children food, and put them on the train for their home in Minnesota, where, before this time, they are with their father and mother.

We often read in the papers of children who come from Europe to this country alone, but we rarely hear of children going back to Europe alone. But this week a boy twelve years old came to Castle Garden to buy a ticket for England. When questioned he said that he and his father worked in a cot on mill in Massachusetts, and that his mother and little brothers and sisters were in England. The week before he dreamed his mother was ill, and he made up his mind that when he got his month's pay he would go over to England to her. His money was given him July 15, and he ran away at once from his father, and got to New York, where he was held by the proper officers until his father came after him.

Of course the boy did wrong, yet we very anxious and homesick a little boy must get in a great busy mill town! How lonely it must be to go home warm, tired and hungry, and instead of a mother's kiss and afternoon, to meet only strangers and indifference, perhaps sometimes only a cross word, because small boys are considered to be always in the way by a good many big folks who ought to have longer memories, who ought to remember that they were not always big folks.

Let us hope that this poor little English boy was either sent to his mother, or that he and his father will soon earn money enough to bring the mother, little brothers and sisters to this country, where they will all find a happy home.—*Christian Union.*

Mourning Bonnets and Veils.

Summer bonnets of crape are now made light by using only one layer instead of doubling it. For widows this bonnet has no trimming except the white cap inside the brim, which is now a small puff of tarlatan. The crape veil worn by a widow covers the bonnet completely, hanging almost as low in the back as in front; a deeper hem is, however, turned up in front. This hem is doubled over on the outside, and sewed with blind stitches. Some use narrow folds to edge the brim of plain crape bonnets, while others find a crape puff more becoming. Canton crape is also used for summer bonnets for first mourning, and very young ladies in mere complimentary mourning have shirred tulle bonnets with rows of dull beads on the edge. Strings of tulle are on such bonnets, but a bow or narrow strings of grosgrain are on simpler bonnets. Small capotes and close round hats of English straw or of chip are trimmed with Canton crape for bonnets for general use. Jet ornaments and some jetted feathers are the favorite trimmings; black flowers are little used. Tulle veils for the face and flowing net veils with a grenadine border are worn in the summer. The long crape veil is much less used than formerly, as physicians forbid it in families where they practice, because of its unwholesomeness. Nuns veiling of the sheerest quantity is used for veils, but this is objectionable on account of its weight, and is seldom used over the face.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—As a letter carrier started to enter a yard in Mullet street, a dog rushed at him and drove him out, and as he limped into a shoemaker's shop on the corner, he was asked by the owner: "Vell, didt you meet my new dog?" "You bet!" "Und didt he bite you?" "Snapped me here on the leg like a steel trap." "Ah, he vash recommended to me ash a dog who would bite, but I doan know if der man lied to me or not. Vell! vell! So he does bite, eh? Dot satisfies me, und I doan' worry some more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Women farm laborers in South Carolina work for fifty cents a day and board.—*Chicago Herald.*