PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

COL. JAMES EDWARD CALHOUN, O. Elberton, Ga., a man of wealth, letters, and eccentricity, and a near relative of John C. Calhoun, will be married in December to a fair widow of that state. He is 90 years of age.

MEISSONIER has painted a full-length miniature of himself in which the face is said to be no bigger than a man's finger nail, and yet there must be an immense amount of cheek about it, as the little picture is priced at \$3,000.

A CORRESPONDENT who recently say Gen. Schenck says he looks old and grizzled. Oid age has added seams and wrinkles to his homely features, and given him no grace to compensate for them. He has passed his 70th

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has a gray goose-quill with a gold pen fastened to it which, he says, has don e every bit of his literary work. He has used different holders, but the same pen, which has only been mendedonce.

MRS. LAWRENCE BARRETT will not travel with her husband this season. but remain at the Hotel Vendome, Boston. She is an accomplished gentlewoman, and the Barrett family circle is one of the most lovable in the profession.

KAISER WILHELMS is not only the oldest officer in the German army in point of age, but in point of servie as well. His commission as major general bears date of March 30, 1818, and he joined the army as an ensign March 22, 1807.

MISS JULIA FLETCHER, author of "Kismet," has been living in Rome for the past twelve years, with her mother and stepfather, Mr. Eugene Benson, the artist. She is a handsome young woman, with large dark eyes and beautiful teeth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has his left arm in a sling, a big black plaster on the bridge of his nose, and scratches all over his face. He had his arm broken on Saturday in a ride after hounds in a hunt at his country seat, Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

TEN copies of the new ordinary edition in fac simile of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and ten copies of the large paper edition have been bound in wood from the panels of Dolly's chop house, where Goldsmith, Johnson, and Garrick were accustomed to

CHEVIS CHASE, the comparatively unknown man, not "Chevy Chase," the famous ballad, is a relative of Tennyson, to whom the poet laureate has dedicated his "New King Arthur," and Chevis himself has also chased the muses in a small way and is the alleged author of "The Buntling

THE duke of Argyll is to visit Dundee on Nov. 12 for the purpose of delivering the first course of Armistead lectures. The freedom of the burgh is to be conferred upon the duke on the following day. The subject of his lecture is, "The Connection Between the Scenery of Scotland and Its Geology."

THE duke of Portland took a house at Doneaster this year, and entertained during the recent week a party of twenty-five bachelors. It is thought that they had not a bad time. With youth, health, £150,000 a year to spend, and a dukedom, his lordship manages to struggle along in this vale

ONE of President Arthur's friends kept watch of the newspapers and clipped out everything that was published about his matrimonial intentions. Just before his term expired these clippings were all pasted in a handsomely-bound scrap-book and presented to him. On the cover was stamped a quiver full of arrows, and the words: "Many were called, but none were chosen."

THE queen wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them, says Charles Greville in his memoirs. When she saw the duchess of Gloucester in town and told her she was to make her declaration on the next day the duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, "Yes, but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

THE funeral of M. Emile Perrin, late manager of the Comedie Fran caise, was very imposing. In the procession which followed the remains to Montmarere cemetery were members of the institute, deputations from the Academy of the Fine Arts and the Society of Dramatic Authors, and a large body of distinguished men of letters and artists. The last speech over the grave was by Alexandre Dumas. He said that he had come there to discharge publicly toward the memory of the deceased a personal debt of gratitude and affection.

BABY'S NAME.

Then father took the Bible down, And in his clear old fashioned hand pon its Record pages brown He wrote the name as it should stand.

But protest came from all the rest At giving such a little fairy The dearest, *weetest and the best, That antiquated name to carry.

And aunts and second cousius cry 'A name so worn and ordinary Could not be found if one should try As that same appellation 'Mary.

And o'er and o'er again they laud Her yellow cur's, her baby grace, 'Oh, call her 'Ethelind,' or 'Maud,' Or 'Christine,' for her angel face.

But time will change this golden fleec To match the eyes in dusky splendor; Far better name her 'Beatrice, Or 'Imogen,' serene and tender."

Oh, name the child for Aunt Louisa, For she, good soul, is well-to-do, The compliment is sure to please her, And we can call the darling 'Lou.'"

Most prudent counsel, all too late! 'Twixt Malachi's and Matthew's page Appears, unchangeable as fate, The name beloved of all the ages.

The Ancient gem, its purity Unspoiled shall grace our latest beauty; Sometime on dearer lips to be The synonym of love and duty.

And gracious womanhood adora, Howeverfortune's gift may vary, Till on a day like Easter morn She hears the Master call her "Mary." -Columbus Dispatch.

A HIDDEN HERO.

J. S. Winter, in Harper's Bazar.

Lord Archie Falconer was keeping his hunters-to the tune of a modest couple-out of barracks, and was on his way to see them, when he chanced to meet with Marcus Orford.

His way lay through a poor and forlorn-looking district, laid out in small and narrow streets of ugly little featureless houses, built in rows to the cultivation of nothing but a certain air of crushed and melancholy meek neatness, and situated about midway between the barracks and the town of Warnecliffe. It was peopled chiefly by such of the Benedicks among the rank and file of the Black Horse as were not on the strength of the regi-

Marcus Orford was laughing as Lord Archie approached him, and he felt his own face expanding into a broad smile instantly.

"What are you laughing at?" he de-

"I found yesterday," the other answered, "that Arnitt was down with a severe attack of congestion of the lungs-a very serious case, his wife told me the doctor had pronounced it. I sent him a basket of things down this morning-ice and grapes and jelly and so on, you know-for, poor devil, it must be hard lines to be ill in such a hole as that"-jerking his stick over his shoulder to indicate a row of squalid little houses behind him-"and Moore brought back word that he was very bad-as bad as he could be. So I thought I'd come round and hear how he is to-day. 'Tis a tidy little place, but terribly bare and comfortless, and I found half a dozen youngsters all squatting about the doorstep, and evidently expecting every minute to hear that the end had come. 'Hollo, my man,' said I to the biggest boy, a lad of 7 or 8, 'are you one of Arnitt's boys?" 'Yes, sir, we're all his'n,' he piped out. 'Oh, are you?' I said, thinking Arnitt may well look as hungry as he generally does. 'And how is your father this afternoon?' 'Very bad, sir-mortal bad-as bad's he can be,' the youngster piped out in reply.
'An' the doctor says if father lives till morning, there'll be some 'opes; but if he don't live till morning, he won't have no 'opes at all.'"

Lord Archie laughed outright, and Marcus Orford continued: "But I don't believe Arnitt will live till morning, poor chap; and if not, what his wife will do with all those youngsters is rather a hard question.'

"Yes; decent fellow, Arnitt; I had him with my horses for a time. Pity he married without waiting for leave; it's such a drag on a man, unless the wife happens to have some business of her own; and, Arnitt, poor beggar, is so overridden with children, and his wife's line of business not of much use

"What was it?"

"Oh, she was a circus-rider, and a ripping smart girl, too. I remember seeing her the year I joined. She had a pretty little face, and a pretty little figure too, and a lot of light crinkling fair hair that seemed to wave all over her head in shining flecks of light; 1 never saw such jolly hair.'

"She's a pretty little woman now," Marcus Oxford remarked. "Well?" "We were all more or less gone on her." Lord Archie continued.

little favorite, we used to call her. Her circus name was Mademoiselle Favorita-her own, God knows! However, none of the fellows could make any impression upon her whatever, not the very smallest, and one afternoon, about 6 o'clock, I met her going down to the circus with Arnitt-and then I knew why. And, sure enough, very shortly after that she and Arnitt got married. If he'd put in for leave, and waited till he got it, which he would have done, they might have got on very well, but he married her straight out of hand, and there they have stuck ever since. Arnitt ought to have got on, for he's a gentleman—a 'Varsity man, too; but he's been un-

lucky, unlucky all round." in huge surprise, "that he's a gentle- stimulus to remember, and which man-and a 'Varsity man?"

Paul's, but for the very life I couldn't thea, and have never been able since to put a name to it. And yet I almost fancy-and I think of it every time I get a fair look at him-that I've seen the face with a tuft above

"A tuft! you don't mean it?" Orford cried.

"Yes, I do. I get back to a certain point, and then I seem to come to a dead-wall, which blocks me complete-

"Oh, you must be mistaken, or be mixing him up with somebody else," Orford declared. "It couldn't be, you know; somebody would be sure to recognize him."

"Well, I may be," Lord Archie admitted—"I may be, but still I've had the same impression ever since I have been in the regiment. Still, as you say, I may be mixing him up with

somebody else.'

"Why don't you ask him outright?" "I did hint at it once. One of the horses was sick; and we had a good deal of trouble with him: and one afternoon I was watching Arnitt put a bandage on, when the conviction that I had known him before came upon me stronger than ever. This is not the first time you and I have had to do with a horse together, Arnitt,' I said to him. He looked up at me quickly, a flash of a look as if I might be a detective who had been tracking him for years, and had hunted him down at last. 'For God's sake, don't my lord,' he said, all in a hurry; 'it's no use pretending that I was once a-' 'An undergrade at Brazenose,' I put in; when, poor beggar, he gave such a cringing shiver that I felt sure I'd put my hand on an open wound, and wished I had let him alone. 'I want to forget all that, my lord; I sunk that life and everything connected with it long since,' he said, desperately. 'I wouldn't have joined the Black Horse if I'd ever guessed you would have been gazetted to it.' 'Oh, it's all right. I'll not remind you of it again, Arnitt,' Itold him; for, of course I didn't want to make his burden any heavier for him to carry. I knew his face, but could not remember his name, and should not try to find out. 'Only,' I said' 'I do remember perfectly well that you didn't call me "my lord" in the old days.' 'Don't talk about the old days,' he burst out. ' forfeited all that made them worth having, and I can bear it; but don't remind me of them, if you know what pity is—don't.' So of course I told him I wouldn't, and no more I did. I never tried to find him out, but I've often thought about it, and tried to fix the name I knew belonged to the face, but I never could; it has always eluded my memory just as a dream know you will, when I have told you often does. Yes, there is a queer story at the back of Arnitt's hard life, I know that. It's a strange fate for a man to have been a tuft at Brazenose, and then a private in a marching regiment, with a wife picked out of a circus. And he's fond of her, too; oh, yes, for she is not a bad sort, and was always pretty. Yes, it's a queer story, very. Well, I must be getting along—by-by. "By-by," returned Orford, and went

on his way, wondering much about the story he had just heard. Meantime Lord Archie went further along the street, and turned in at an archway between two of the little featureless houses, which brought him into the stable-yard. He just cast an eye over the animals, and then inquired of

the groom which was Arnitt's house. The man pointed it out, and Lord Archie crossed the narrow, ill-paved little street, and knocked softly on the panel of the door. It was opened by the pretty, fair-haired wife, who looked worn to death, and had a baby in her arms; two other children, yet little more than infants, clung to her skirts, and the bigger ones stood in the background looking shyly on.

"Good-day, Mrs. Arnitt. How is your husband?" he asked.

'Oh, my lord, he's very ill," she answered with quivering lips and eyes brimming over, not because she had been weeping much, but because the sympathetic tone went straight to her heart, and made it quiver like a harp swept by a strong hand; "he's very ill, indeed; and Dr. Granger scarcely gives me any hope at all.'

"Who's attending to him? Have you got a nurse or anybody to help you?" Lord Archie inquired. "Yes, my lord; Mr. Orford sent one

in as soon as ever he heard Arnitt was ill-very ill, that is. But he will never get over it, my lord-never.' And lowering her voice almost to a whisper. "He's got something on his mind; I know it; I'm sure of it.'

"What kind of a something?" Lord Archie asked.

"I can't tell that, my lord," she answered; "but something there is, for certain. Arnitt is a very quiet close sort of man, and though he's one of the best husbands that ever drew breath, and has never given me a cross word since we were married, and has never raised his hand to one of the children-and they are trying at times, there's no denying it-he's never told me a word about his past life, never a one. don't know anything about him, my lord, not even where he was born, or whether he has a relation in all the world. But he isn't like me, my lord; and though he's no better now than a common soldier, he's a gentleman, Arnitt is; and sometimes I could fancy he was even more than that."

Lord Archie's conscience pricked him a little that he was obliged in honor to keep from this distressed little scul, with her pretty fair hair and blue tear-drownded eyes, the fact that he knew the truth of much of what she was saying. Then a sudden thought came into his mind.

Would he like to see me, do you think?" he asked. "I feel sure he would, my lord," she

answered. "Well, you might ask him," he said, for he had no desire to disturb what probably were his ex-groom's last hours by recalling painfully to his mind the incidents of the past-inci-"You don't mean it," Orford cried, dents which he most likely needed no would now be crowding back upon "Oh, but I do, though-an Oxford him, as the past does when we have

man. I remember his face distinctly nearly done with the present.
as a man of Brazenose when I was at So she went up the creaking little

stairs with the baby in her arms, leaving Lord Archie standing in the midst | why did you bury yourself in the ranks, of the group of aw-stricken and be-wildered youngsters. Hespoke to one or two of them, the eldest boy amongst them, and found that Marcus Orford's little aneedcte had been liberally doctored in the matter of pronunciation and accent, and that he in common with all others, spoke very well indeed, and if not quite up to his own standard, still very much above the average of a better class of children than those living in that part of War-

And then Mrs. Arnitt appeared again, and said the sick man was very anxious to see his lordship if he would go up. So Lord Archie went up

It was a poor little room in which he found himself when he reached the top of the creaking stairway, but it was clean and orderly. The quilt upon the bed was white, if coarse, and there was a pleasant-faced middleaged nurse in a white cap sitting beside the patient, who rose and made her obedience when he entered under the low doorway. Arnitt made a sign to her to leave them, and Lord Archie advanced to the side of the bed.

"Why, Arnitt" he said, "I'm very sorry to find you so ill; what ever have you been doing to get like this?" "I've about come to the end of the journey," said the sick man in a painful undertone, scarcely more than

a whisper. "Oh! I hope not, I hope not, put in the officer kindly. "You must keep up your heart. You know while there's life there's hope, and a man just in his prime, as you are, mustn't think of giving in yet awhile. Besides, there are others to think of, you know, Arnitt-there's your wife, and there are your children-you must make an effort and do your best to live for their

"Poor souls, God help them!" murmured Arnitt, feebly. "I've never been much good to her, and she's been the best and dearest of wives to me; but there'll be a provision for her and for them, never fear; and, Lord Archie it was about that I was anxious to see you when Nellie told me you were down below." "Ought you to be talk-ing so much?" Lord Archie asked,gently interrupting. He had noticed the change in Arnitt's manner of addressing him-a change from "my lord" to "Lord Archie"-and it made the man more familiar than ever.

"Oh, yes, yes-what will it matter in the end?" impatiently. "Just a few minutes more or less. I must tell you some things, and get you to help my boy into the rights and position which I had to forego and give up. I my story, beginning from the time when you were Archie Falconner, of Paul's, and I was Studham, of Braze-

recognition and surprise. "Studham, of Brazenose, and the ranks of the Twenty-fifth dragoons! Good heavens! what could have possessed you? You must have been mad-mad! "No, I wasn't mad, not in the least;

Lord Archie uttered a sharp cry of

was only the victim of circumstances," answered the sick man, with a sad smile; "But, tell me, didn't you know all along?"

"I never guessed it. I never suspect ed it for a moment. Ionly knew I had known you long ago in tha old 'Varsity days. Yes; of course you are Studham; but, heavens!" how you are al-"Fourteen years of the ranks do make

a change in a man, and the Studham you knew was very young and very toolish," the other answered. "Then what can I do for you? Why

don't you claim your own, and take your own place in the world? It's absurd to think of you. Studham-nay, but you are not Studham, but Mannersleigh, now, since your father died -dragging out such a life as yours must of necessity be. It's absurd, and we must get you out of this at once.'

"No, no: it's a poor little hole, but I've been happy in it. I'll stay here to the end of the chapter. We've got to the last page, I fancy. Still, my children have rights, and I have kept silence long enough. "For Mannersleigh-that is, for your

brother Taff.' "Yes, Taff; do you ever hear anything of him? Have you any idea

what kind of a life he is leading?" Lord Archie laughed. "Oh; he has turned over a new leat; he has given up the old ways with the old name. But how came he to prove your death? He must have done it to claim and gain your father's title."

"I don't know; I have not heard a word of him for years-never since the day when I last saw him, when I told him I had proof, proof of his guilt for which I have borne the blame all these fourteen long weary years past. I gave him the opportunity of flying the country, which, he scouted, declaring I must be mad, crazy, idiotic to dream of suspecting him."

"Of what?" "Murder!" the sick man answered. "He foully and cruelly murdered my mother's niece, our cousin, because he had made -. But what am I saying? I am wandering in my head, that I go babbling out the secret I have kept all these years to my own hurt and ruin." He looked anxiously at Lord Archie as he spoke, as if he thought he would rush out of the room and proclaim the whole of his secret to the world at large; but Lord Archie soon set him at rest.

"Don't worry yourself. You didn't mean to tell me? Well, I shall never disclose it, don't worry yourself about it. And now tell me what steps I shall have to take to secure your son's rights. Have you made a will, and left your papers in order?"

Everything! They are all in that little tin box. As to my will, that is made, too; but I should like to add something to it, if you will consent." "I? Oh, of course; what is it?" "To act as trustee to my children

marry again, and I've provided a suit- him in this light." able income in case of it."

suitably for your wife and childrenand let that young ruffian Taff usurp your place.?'

"I'll tell you. As I said, Taff flatly refused to clear out of the way, and challenged me-yes, actually challenged me—to produce my proofs against him. I had them safe enough, and so I told him—they're in that box now. I shouldn't have spoken-what was dead, had been lying dead among the sedge and bulrushes for hours before we found her. All the ruin that could come upon the Mannersleigh family would not bring her back again, so I determined to keep silence, simply because I could not see the good of

speaking. "I had been all that day sitting with my lord, but I happened to be the first to find the poor girl, lying face down in the water, and as I turned her over I tore open the bosom of her gown, in doing it, when there fell out a letter in Taff's handwriting, asking her to meet him in that place at 4 in the afternoon. I concealed it instinctively, and seeing her hand clinched upon something, forced it open and took from it a locket which he had worn on his watch chain at luncheon. I knew it, because we had all noticed it. There was a bit of broken chain attached to it, evidently where she had clutched at it in the last agony of her struggle with him. I showed the letter and the locket to him that very night, and then, owing to the gossip of one of of the servants who had seen me take the locket, or, rather, had seen me take something out of her hand, I was put up on the trial as first witness. As soon as saw in the report that it was known I had the locket, I made up my mind to clear out of the way at once, tor, though I could keep silence, I could not give false evidence. I could easier bear ruin and social extinction for myself than I could break my father's heart by putting a rope round my brother's neck. So that night I bolted, and then I got over to Ireland and enlisted in the Twenty-fifth. But I didn't know, I never heard, he was

dead. When was it?" "About a year ago," Lord Archie

"Ah, I never heard it," sighing; "and you say Taff has turned over a new

"Presides at philanthropic and religious meetings, and so forth. I believe he's quite a shining light among

the unco' guid." "Ah, he'll need it all," dryly, " fear though, there's not much real good in him. He was always a bad to lose. For the rest, it will soon be over. I shall not see to-morrow; of Taff, and tell him all I have told you; tell him that you hold my written word that it is all true, that unless he admits my boy's claim, and allows him to take his place without delay, you have my orders to disclose everything-everything! But you will have no trouble; and I should like to lie in the old churchyard at home beside my mother. You'll do all this for me,

Archie?" anxiously. "I'll do it all to the best of my power," said Lord Archie, with a great lump in his throat and a white mist dancing before his eyes, so that the sick man and the little meagre room were blotted out from his vis-

"I didn't know that he had gone, or I should have done it before. I always meant to put my children in their own place, but I didn't know the old man was dead. I only kept out of the way for his sake; it was all for his sake. Lord Archie rose to his feet. "I'll go for a lawyer at once; but Studham,

old fellow, can't you make an effort and get well? I wish you would." "It's too late now, Archie; but

thank you all the same. "It seems such a pity," regretfully. "It can't be helped," patiently;

'and I kept it from him." And that night Private John Arnitt died, and a week later was buried as John George Alrued, tenth Earl of Mannersleigh, when Stephen, his son, reigned in his stead.

A Story Of Arthur Gilman.

From the Boston Evening Record.

A number of architects were talking the other day of the peculiarities of the bright men of the profession in Boston, and they agreed that the late Arthur Gilman, who designed the City Hall, Arlington Street Church and Horticultural Hall, took the palm for dashing selfconfidence. The way in which his practical humor cropped out amid seemingly adverse conditions was recalled with two good stories. Though he made a good deal of money he managed to spend a good deal more, and the result was that he applied on a certain oceasion to take the poor debtor's oath. To be able to take this oath a person has to satisfy the magistrate that he is not worth \$20 in the world outside certain exempted articles of property. The questions put to Mr. Gilman by the counsel for the creditor elicited the fact that he was boarding at the Tremont House, then kept by that prince of landlords, Paran Stevens, at the rate of \$40 a

"Is not this a high price for a man who hasn't got \$20 in the world?" asked the lawyer. The architect hesitated about answering this troublesome question, but on being told by the judge that he must reply to it, he exclaimed:

"Yes, your honor, I have often told Mr. Stevens that he was charging me a great deal too much, and I wish your | withstanding his apparent carelessand their mother. I dare say she will honor would present the matter to ness, his plumage was soft and exquis-

I'll do it, of course; but, tell me Stud- its hearers, and the judge, who knew nam, tell me," reverting instinctively Gilman well in his social relations, co the old name of their Varsity days, when you had the power to take everything and provide properly and allowed to take the oath.

A Talk About Murderers.

New York Letter: One of the most

experienced members of the detective force of New York was talking a day or two ago about murderers. "The old superstition," he said, "about murderers being unable to sleep in the night has more truth in it than people may imagine. I've had a great deal would have been the good? It would of experience in murder cases during have broken my father's heart, and the past thirty years, and I know tarnished our old name; and the girl what. I'm talking about. With out what I'm talking about. With out and out murderers the ability to sleep comes strangely enough, as soon as they have been tried and found guilty. I am inclined to think that the fear of being caught has more to do in preventing them from enjoying repose at night than their disturbing conscience. I once caught a clue that led to the conviction of a woman in Brooklyn named Allen, who had never been suspected of the murder of her husband until I chanced to get on to it. The old man had been dead two yearswhen the woman first began to attract my attention. I was a patrol-man then on the Brooklyn police force, and I got home at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. My room was the fourth story back of a house in Henry street, and I noticed that the lights were always burning when I got in in a solitary window in the back of the house on the next street. At daylight the gass was turned out, and the shade raised. This went on for a long time, until the summer months came. By this time I had grown in the habit of watching the window carefully. The program was never varied until the hot weather set in. Then the light went out with the same regularity as soon as dawn appeared. A woman slept in the room, and after she had turned out thegas she always raised the shade and opened both the upper and lower sash. She always looked heavy eyed, and after daylight had got thoroughly into the room she would throw herself on the bed and fall asleep in an instant, as though from sheer exhaustion. That's the way I came to get at the points in a poisoning case that earned me my first important promotion. Leave murderers out of the question and take men who have killled other men either in self defence. during a sudden spasm of insanity, or as a means of justifiable revenge. Do you think they sleep well at night? Not a bit of it. I know an officer who was standing one day on the corner of his street with his brother, when a saloonkeeper came out and shot the brother through the back of the head. My friend whipped out his own revolver and killed the murderer, before he could lot, but my father loved him best of fire a second shot. That justified the us all. Well, my time is getting short, homicide, of course, Well, sir, that and if you will get me a lawyer here at | man is only thirty-six years old and once, I'll settle about the trusteeship; he looks fifty. He can't get up before the sooner the better, there's no time 10 o'clock to save him, because he never sleeps until daylight. Take a case like that of Ed Stokes. Isn't he that I am certain. As soon as you the latest of the late rounders. He hear of it, I want you to go and see doesn't seem to enjoy standing up to a bar and drinking and yet at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning he is always to be found in some public place, with a friend or two. He does not seem happy, and he moves restlessly all the time. There'a more in the old traditions than the know-it-all young men of the year '85 are willing to admit."

A Bird Study.

From the Atlantic Monthly. The mocking-bird's emotions were so intense and so originally displayed that he was a constant source of interest. A hand glass lying face up gave opportunity for an amusing exhibition one day. Leaning over it, he puffed out every feather, opened his mouth, and tried the glass with his beak at every point. Meeting no satisfaction, he turned to leave it, but first peeped slyly over the edge to see if the stranger were still there, no doubt unable to get over his surprise at seeing a bird in that position and ready to meet his bill at every point. The same glass standing up brought out a different demonstration. He stood in front of it and swelled himself out, while the feathers of the shoulders and breast were erected. Then he opened his mouth wide and attacked the reflection, but was astonished to meet the glass. He touched the bill of his double with his own, and moved all the way to the bottom of the glass, not taking it away, but apparently trying to seize the one which opposed his. He lowered his head as though to take hold of the enemy's foot, then pulled timself up as straight as a soldier. wings and tail constantly jerking with excitement. After indulging for some time in these proceedings, he dodged around behind the glass, plainly expecting to pounce upon his opponent. and surprised not to do so. Several times he drew himself up, swelled out his breast, and blustered before the glass. Once he flew up with the reflection in the manner of a quarrelsome cock, and upon reaching the top of the glass naturally went over and landed behind, without an enemy in sight. Upon this he stared a moment.

The deliberate, leisurely dressing of plumage with which many birds pass away the dull hours is an occupation in which the mocking-bird never had time to indulge. He was a bird of affairs; he had too much on his mind for loitering. A few sudden, thourough shakes, a rapid snatching of the wing and tail feathers through the beak, or, after a bath, a violent beating the air with both wings while holding tightly to the perch with his feet, sufficed for his toilet. Not-The coolness of this speech convulsed | breast feathers matted together and hung in locks, like hair. Through a common magnifying-glass each tiny the rings could hardly be seen.

as if dazed, then shook himself out

and flew away in evident disgust.