CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Perhaps Susie thinks so, too, but she returns to the old lady's presence with a serene countenance, and meekly resumes her occupation of sewing; and a very few weeks afterward an event occurs that leaves no room in her heart for anything but kindness for the protectress of her infancy. Miss Prescott dies—silently and quietly slips out of the world, as old ladies of her age are wont to do—falls asleep, in fact, one sultry afternoon, after having kept her bed for a couple of days, and does not wake again.

"And she is in heaven, which she used to be so fond of talking of," says the girl, with streaming eyes; "and that must be better than sitting in her old chair, crippled with rheumatism, all day—mustn't it, Deborah?"

"Yes—yes, my dear, in course it is; but what's to become of you, my poor lamb, that's what I'm thinking of. Your good aunt's safe enough; we may be sure of that. But you've got all your life before you, and how are you to spend it without her?"

"Never mind me, Deborah, I shall do well enough. Poor auntie has left me everything she possessed. She has told me so again and again, and it is all written down in her will, and you will stay with me and take care of me, won't you?"

"I'll stay with you as long as I live, Miss Susie, if so be you wish it," replies the servant; "but I'd like to see this will of your poor aunt's, all the same. We ought to find it and show it to a lawyer, so that you may be sure and have your rights."

Mr. Woolger, the lawyer, comes in the same evening, and hands over the ready money in the house to Susie's care, and reads the will which Miss Prescott has kept in her desk. But as he glances at the paper he starts.

"Surely this is not the only will your aunt has left behind her, Miss Susie? There must be another—this is only a draft—we must look again," says the lawyer, determinately.

But further search elicits no further discovery. The will he holds in his hand, written on a sheet of note paper, appears to be the only will Miss Prescott has left behind her.

"Well! And what's the matter with it?" demands Deborah, sharply. "Doesn't it leave the lease of the house and the furniture and money to Miss Susie here, as my mistress said it did?"

"Certainly; Miss Susie is left sole legatee of all her aunt's property; but, unfortunately, the will is not witnessed. Your late mistress has, by this unfortunate omission, died intestate, and all she leaves behind her goes to her next of kin."

"Oh! well, there ain't no next of kin, except Miss Susie herself, so that's all right," says Deborah, confidently; "Miss Prescott hadn't a living soul belonging to her except this child—she has said the same thing in my hearing scores of times."

At the same time Mr. Woolger has considered it wise to insert an advertisement in the newspapers for the next of kin. Which advertisement has so much effect, that on the second day after the finding of the unwitnessed will, Mr. Woolger again appeared at the little house, accompanied by a stout elderly man with a thick gray beard. They simply wish Deborah "good-morning."

"Is it Miss Susie you wish to see, sir?" demands the woman, as her glance travels from Mr. Woolger to the stranger.

"By and by, Deborah. At present my business lies with you. This gentleman is Mr. Robert Prescott, the brother of your late mistress. She believed him to have died in Australia. Mr. Prescott is, of course, next of kin to his sister, and inherits all she may have left behind her."

"And Miss Susie, sir—what is to become of Miss Susie?" says the servant, in a terrified voice.

"Susie! Ah, my niece, Susie Gresham! The child you were speaking of," says the stranger, in an unpleasant voice. "She has her own relations to look after her, and they seem to have taken plaguey little trouble about her up to now. What's her father been about all these years? It's about time he looked after her, and I wrote and told him yesterday."

Deborah, all in a flutter at the news she has to communicate, seeks out Susie in the upper story. The girl smooths her bright hair before the mirror, and arranges her dress, preparatory to meeting her unknown relation. It is sweet, even amidst her fear, to think she has a relation of her own. As she stands upon the threshold of the room for one moment before entering, even Robert Prescott recognizes her uncommon grace and beauty, and ceases to wonder that his sister took so much interest in her adopted child.

"Well, little 'un," he says in a voice that is intended to be excessively gracious, "I suppose you're not over pleased to see me here, but right is right, and it isn't to be expected that I could do as much for you as your Aunt Susan did. I've lived a hard life, and knocked about all over the world, and I want a little rest and ease, now that I'm getting old. So you see, Missy, that whatever my sister's intentions were concerning you, they won't be carried out by me, as nobody but a fool ever gives away what the law gives him. See?"

"I—I—don't understand you, sir," says Susie.

"Perhaps I had better explain the matter to her," interposes Mr. Woolger. "My dear, there sits your uncle, and though Susie's situation is a disappointment, I must tell you he has a prior claim to your late aunt's possessions."

Susie colors and is silent. She is not greedy of gain, poor child, but she is quite practical enough to know that if she loses the provision her aunt made for her, there is nothing left for her support. All she realizes is that she is left in the wide world friendless and alone. Her mouth quivers, and her eyes fill with tears.

"But what can I do then, Mr. Woolger?" she says, in a piteous appeal to the lawyer.

"Bless you, child!" cries Woolger. "Do you imagine your uncle is going to turn you out of the house, to pick up a living as best you may?"

"No! no! no!" interposes Mr. Prescott, "you mustn't think so badly of me as all that, little 'un. But you haven't forgotten your father, surely? He's alive and well to do, and the proper person to take care of you; and he'll be here to-morrow or next day."

"What!" cries Susie, with a gasp and a scream. Such a scream of excitement and surprise as has never left her lips before in the whole course of her uneventful life. "Who did you say? My father! My father coming here—here—to fetch me away! Oh, Mr. Woolger! Mr. Woolger! I don't know what to do."

All the pent-up desire and want of Susie's life seem to find vent at this moment. She rushes up to the lawyer, and falling down on her knees by his side, buries her face in her hands, and bursting into a flood of tears, there sobs without restraint for fully ten minutes whilst Mr. Woolger, who has daughters of his own, pats her bowed head kindly with his hand. But when, exhausted by her unusual emotion, Susie lifts up her face again, it is dimpled with soft, watery smiles.

"My father!" she exclaims ecstatically, with raised eyes, "my father coming to take me home! You are sure you are not mistaken?" she continues earnestly to her uncle; "you have not deceived me? You are sure that he will come?"

"Well, I'm as sure as I can be of anything in this world," replies Mr. Prescott, "for I wrote him word of what was 'up' yesterday, and this morning I got a telegram in answer from him to say he'd be in Malisbury to-morrow or next day."

"Oh, sir, I am so much obliged to you. I am so glad the house and everything are yours; I would rather go back to my father than be the richest girl in all the world."

CHAPTER VII.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Joseph Gresham when he receives the letter from Mr. Prescott to say that Susie's guardian is dead and has left her totally unprovided for.

The letter says more than this; it desires him in very plain (if not forcible language) to go to Malisbury at once, and take the girl under his own protection. Joseph Gresham is a proud man. He telegraphs back within the hour, that, as soon as he can leave his business, he will reclaim his daughter, and then he sits down to consider what he shall do with her. He is still a widower. Though seventeen years have elapsed since Bessie Bouverie was laid to sleep in Ockham Churchyard, he has never sought nor wished to fill her vacant place.

"What am I to do with the girl?" he ponders. "I can't go into lodgings with her. A domestic life wouldn't suit me now, but neither can I let her knock about hotels. Besides, how will a trade like mine agree with the notions she's been brought up with? It is a shame for a woman to take a man's child from him, under a strict promise to provide for her, and then send her back, without a penny, on his hands. Just like these very good people! Always poking their noses into their neighbors' business, but too pious to neglect their own. Well, there's no help for it. The question is, what am I to do with her? If the worst comes to the worst, I can get her "farmed out" with some other old lady until she is married. She's sure to marry, sooner or later. They all do."

Perhaps a vision of his child's mother passes before Mr. Gresham's eyes as the last thought strikes him—at any rate, there are softer thoughts mingled with his anticipations of meeting Susie than he cares to acknowledge even to himself, for he makes arrangements for her temporary accommodation that very day. The company is at Leicester when Prescott's letter reaches him, and the same afternoon Gresham may be seen knocking at the door of the apartments occupied by the two principal ladies under his management.

The "boss" come to call on them at their private apartments! Such a thing has never occurred before. What on earth can be going to happen? Miss Geraldine de Vere turns pale as she remembers how she sang out of tune the night before, and Miss Louise Montreassor turns crimson as she hastily collects various garments which she was in the act of repairing, and thrusts them in a heap under the sofa cushion.

"Ladies," began Mr. Gresham, "I've received rather unexpected news to-day, and that is, that my daughter's coming back to me—at all events, for the present."

"Your daughter, Mr. Gresham! We did not know you had one."

"Yes, I have; but she's been brought up till now by a relation of her mother's. I don't know anything about her myself, but I suppose you girls can mostly get on with one another, and it would be a great convenience to me, Miss De Vere, if you'd allow Susie to share your apartments till I can feel more settled about her."

"Oh, Mr. Gresham, we shall be only too delighted to have the dear girl with us. Shan't we, Louie? And is she going on the stage? Can she act?" demands Miss De Vere, with an interest that denotes some natural anxiety about her position. A manager's only daughter is so formidable a rival to cope with.

"I tell you I don't know anything about her, for I've never seen her since she was a baby. Nothing can be decided until we meet. But I may depend on her having a bedroom in this house?"

"Certainly, Mr. Gresham! I will speak to the landlady about it at once."

The following day he alights from the train at Malisbury, and walks slowly through the sober old town. It is strange that Gresham, in contemplating the coming interview with his daughter, has never once pictured her to himself as Bessie Bouverie's child. Susie seems to have belonged so entirely to Miss Prescott—her rightful name even having been wrested from her—that her father can only think of her as of some stranger, inconveniently cast upon his protection by the unpardonable carelessness of the woman who had promised to provide for her. His heart does not give one extra throb as he enters the shaded little parlor in Lucas Court, and tells Deborah to inform Miss Gresham that he is there.

He is pacing about the room in a restless, uneasy manner, when a light footstep on the threshold makes him turn his head quickly toward the door. There—standing just betwixt the dim light and the shade—with a look of timid expectation in her fawn-like hazel eyes, and a roseleaf bloom upon her delicate cheeks—Gresham encounters the living image of his lost wife. He trembles, and stands still, regarding her! Can it be Bessie, risen from the grave? Bessie, whom he laid to sleep so many years ago? Here are the same startled eyes, with their long, dark lashes and penciled brows; the same sunny, chestnut hair, flecked here and there with gold; the fair, smooth face; the graceful figure.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a moment Gresham realizes that he stands before his child—her child and his! —and all a father's pride and love wakes in his heart. Yet he remains transfixed—staring at her—and Susie is the first to speak. "Father!" she says, in a low, trembling voice, as though so unused to the word she cannot trust her tongue to utter it.

"My child!" exclaimed Gresham, making a sudden stride forward, and taking her in his arms; "why have we been parted all these years?"

The certainty of his regard is too much for Susie. She has been feverishly counting on this moment for the last two days, and has worked herself up to the highest pitch of excitement before she descends to greet him in the parlor. So that when he folds her in his embrace, and all her doubts and uncertainties are at an end, the poor child bursts into tears with the suddenness of her joy.

"Are you not glad to see me, my dear?" demands Gresham. "Are you not pleased that we have met again?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" cries Susie, clinging convulsively to him. "I have longed, I have prayed that it might come to pass. But, oh, father, why didn't you come before? Why have you left me all these years alone?"

"I wish I hadn't!" exclaims Gresham fervently—"I wish to heaven I hadn't! Come now!—come to the light and let me look at you. You are the living image of your mother. My poor Bessie!" and overcome by the remembrance thus unexpectedly conjured up before him, Gresham walks away to the other end of the room.

"But you won't love me the less for that, father?" demands Susie anxiously.

"No, no, my dear! the more—the more; but give me a moment in which to recover myself. I lost your mother too early, Susie. We had only been married a twelvemonth, and we had never had a word together. It has been the trouble of my life," says the widower, making a more ample confession to his newly found child than he has ever done to any creature in the world before.

"I am so glad you loved her, father," says Susie softly, "and so glad to think that I am like her, and you will love me for her sake. And I may go home with you—may I not?—when you leave this place, and you will never send me from you again?"

There is so much earnest entreaty in the girl's voice that it recalls Gresham to a more practical view of things.

"Now, Susie, I want to talk seriously to you about it. You have been your aunt's home all your life, my dear, and you must have many friends here. Are you sure you will not regret leaving it?"

"Not to go with you, father!"

"But, my dear, you know nothing of the life I lead. Are you aware that I have no settled home, but travel about the country all the year round?"

"Cannot I travel with you, father? And I should love to work. I have always longed to do something more than read and sew. Only—am I clever enough to help you?"

"You're pretty enough to help me, my dear, and if you have inherited as much of your mother's mind as you have of her features, you'll do well enough. I don't think there was a sweeter singer than my poor Bessie, nor a lighter dancer on the boards."

"On the boards, father! What is that?" asks the girl, with open eyes.

Gresham turns round and regards her steadfastly.

"Did Miss Prescott never tell you what my profession is, Susie?"

"No, father! She never even told me you were alive till a few years ago."

"I am a theatrical manager, Susie. I go about the country with a company of artists, and we play at every town in turn."

Susie looks puzzled.

"Father, I don't quite understand! Do you mean theaters like the one in Malisbury?"

"Yes. You have been to the theater, I suppose?"

"No, never. Poor auntie wouldn't let me. She said they were traps to lure souls to destruction."

"That's a specimen of the canting ways in which I expected she had reared you," says her father, angrily. "So they're traps, are they? Well, my dear, if that's your opinion, you'd better keep out of them; but, in that case, you can't come with me."

"Oh, father, father, don't say that!" cries Susie, flinging herself on her knees before him; "don't leave me here, or you will break my heart. Just as I have found you, too; just as I have found you!" she continues, sobbing, with her head upon his breast.

"I am not going to go against your aunt's teaching, nor offend any of your prejudices. If you've been reared to think the theaters wicked you'd better not go near them. But I don't think it wrong, and that's just the difference between us. You should have always been held the theatrical profession in the highest honor, and in esteem, because your dear mother, who was one of the purest and best women that ever breathed, was an actress."

"My mother an actress!" exclaims Susie, flushing with surprise. "Oh! father, is it possible? And may I be an actress, too?"

"We must see if you have the capacity first, my dear. And perhaps when you know more about the profession, you'll think it wrong as your aunt did."

"How could I think anything wrong that my mother did?" says the girl, in a reverent voice. "My sweet, dear mother, who died so much too soon for both of us. Oh, father! only let me try and be everything my mother was, and you will make me so happy."

And then ensues a long confidential conversation, the result of which is that by the time Mr. Robert Prescott returns to his house, it is fully decided that Susie is to travel with her father to Leicester the following morning.

The change from the gloomy, monotonous past has been so sudden, so unexpected, she can hardly believe it is true. As she sits opposite her father in the railway carriage the following morning on their road to Leicester, she cannot take her eyes off him. It seems so incredible that he and she should be sitting there together.

As they approach Leicester, Gresham informs his daughter of the arrangements he has made for her accommodation, and when she meets Miss De Vere and Miss Montressor she thinks them delightful. Louie runs down to the very door to welcome her with a sounding kiss, and Geraldine is waiting to receive her in the sitting room, with the table ready laid for dinner. So Gresham leaves her to the care of her new friends, more than ever convinced that he has done the very bast thing he could for her comfort and well-being.

(To be continued.)

The Size of Watches.

"A watch factory is a wonderfully interesting place to visit," says the dealer in timepieces. "Many of the machines seem almost human. They turn out the most delicate work, and yet they can be managed by a girl of 14. You could almost say that you put in the raw material at one end and the finished watch came out at the other—that is, the works.

"A watch case and the movements are two different things. A wholesale dealer never keeps them together. The cases are in one set of compartments the works in another. The retail dealer buys a lot of each and combines them to suit himself or his customers. The manufacturers of the works send blocks, or actually a set of works, minus wheels, to the case manufacturers, and they make their cases to fit. That was the reason the Swiss watches went out of the market. They were not made, in regular sizes—each case had to be made to fit an individual set of works, and it was too expensive. It is not always easy to fit a watch several years old with new works, for the standards change every few years. Since I have been down town—sixteen years—there has been a great change in the size of watches. They have been gradually growing smaller. Why, at one time we put six ounces of silver into a man's watch.

"But you can't expect the very small watches to keep such good time. A woman's watch pinned to her dress will never keep good time anyway. It swings around too much. A watch should be wound regularly, and always left hanging when not worn."

The Potato.

The potato originally came from South America where it grows wild. From Peru it was taken to Spain, passing thence into Italy as early as 1514. In 1588 a professor of the University of Leyden received two tubercules from the Papal Legate, which he cultivated; and, afterwards writing a history of rare plants, described the potato as being much cultivated in Italy as food for pigs. Admiral Drake introduced the vegetable directly into England from Virginia, after having first introduced it into the English colony from South America; but it was only when Sir Walter Raleigh brought it over a second time in 1623 that it began to be grown in the British Isles. In 1592 the innocent vegetable was made the subject of a special law by the parliament of Besancon, its use and cultivation being forbidden as a "pernicious substance," and as being conducive to leprosy. It is very interesting to note the dates after which its growth became general. In Lancashire after 1634, in Saxony after 1717, in Scotland after 1728, in Prussia after 1738, and after the great famine of 1771 throughout the whole of Germany.

Artists.

Wilkie drew his first pictures with a burnt stick on a barn door. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of hairs from the cat's tail. Ferguson made a map of the heavenly bodies by lying on his back in the fields and holding between his eye and the sky a thread of silk on which little beads were strung, and Franklin's implements were a kite and a key. With these he taught men the use of electricity, while Dr. Black discovered latent heat with a pan of water and two thermometers.

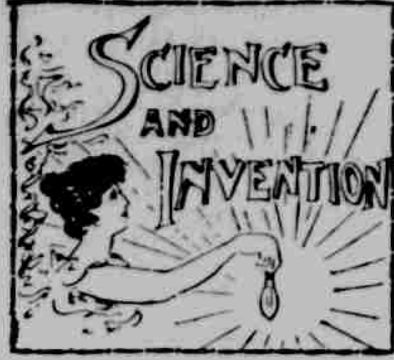
Smoking.

Smoking in China is rather a tedious performance. The smoker fills the pipe with a small pinch of snuff-like Oriental tobacco, then lights it, and takes one long puff. This puff empties the pipe, and he then refills, relights, and repuffs.

She—You say, Mr. Guddiman, that you confine your reading to fields not commonly sought for? He—Yes, miss; my chief pleasure is in reading the contemporary thoughts of the ancients.—Boston Courier.

If this hot weather continues people will loll out their tongues, and pant, like dogs.

Be a fool while you are young; it is better to cause grief to parents than to children.



Drinking Rain-Drops.

The interesting doings and peculiarities of a young kingbird, kept a captive, are described by Mr. H. C. Bumpus in Science. The kingbird lives on insects, which it generally captures on the wing, and the young bird that Mr. Bumpus experimented with caught falling drops of water by striking at them with its beak, but could not be induced to drink from a dish after the manner of a chicken. This leads Mr. Bumpus to suggest that kingbirds may be in the habit of quenching their thirst by seizing falling drops of rain.

A Wise Bird.

The same little captive described in the preceding paragraph gave an amusing proof of the excellence of its memory and the quickness of its observation. The first time it saw a large brown ant it seized the insect and mulled it in its mouth, but finding the taste disagreeable, instantly rejected the morsel. "The next day the bird was taken to the same tree, and on perceiving a second ant of the same species, eyed it closely and deliberately, and then shook its head and vigorously wiped its beak with unmistakable signs of recollection."

A Deep Polar Sea.

Doctor Nansen, who returned last summer baffled in his attempt to reach the north pole, although he got nearer to it than anyone else has ever been, reports a fact which upsets old ideas about the Polar Sea. He found that the sea north of Siberia is shallow in its southern portion, averaging only 90 fathoms deep, but that above latitude 79 degrees, it suddenly becomes profound, the bottom falling to a depth of 1,600 to 1,900 fathoms. If this applies to the entire polar basin, then the north pole does not lie in shallow water, as many have supposed, but is situated in the midst of a deep sea—a fact which has a bearing upon the problem of how best to reach the pole.

Microbes Leap Niagara.

Professor Frankland told some very interesting things about microbes in water during a recent lecture at the Royal Institution. He said that these little organisms sent into the Niagara River from the sewers of Buffalo take the tremendous leap over the great falls, and pass through the fearful turmoil of the rapids and whirlpools beneath with little or no harm. But after they have reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they rapidly perish, and almost entirely disappear. This and many other similar facts were adduced to show that quiet subsidence in undisturbed water is far more fatal to bacterial life than the most violent agitation in contact with atmospheric air. Hence Professor Frankland argues that the storage of water in reservoirs is an excellent method of freeing it from microbes.

Floating Metals

If a small rod of iron—a straight piece of wire, for instance—be greased, it can be made to float on water. The grease apparently prevents the breaking of the surface of the water, and the iron lies cradled in a slight depression, or trough. Recently Dr. A. M. Mayer, experimenting with rods and rings of iron, tin, copper, brass, platinum, aluminum, German silver, etc., found that all metals, even the densest, will float on water when their surfaces are chemically clean. A perfectly clean piece of copper or platinum wire, for instance, forms a trough for itself on the surface of water just as if it were greased. The same is true of a small rod of glass. Doctor Mayer believes the floating is due to a film of air condensed on the surface of the glass or metal, because if the rod be heated to redness, and as soon as it cools be placed on water, it will sink; but if it be exposed to the air for a short time it will float.

How Gold Penetrates Lead.

Very wonderful are the experiments of Prof. Roberts-Austen on the "diffusion of solid metals." The professor has proved, for instance, that gold, without being melted, will diffuse its atoms through a mass of solid lead. Of course the amount of the diffusion is slight, but it is easily measurable. In some of the experiments cylinders of lead about two and three-quarters inches in length, with gold placed at the bottom, were kept at a high temperature—but not high enough to melt either of the metals—for various periods of time. In these days enough gold had passed upward through the solid lead to be detected at the top of the cylinders! Gold and lead kept pressed together for four days, without being heated above ordinary temperatures, were strongly united. Solid gold also diffuses in solid silver and solid copper. These facts are regarded as furnishing confirmation of the view long held by Prof. Graham that "the three conditions of matter, solid, liquid and gaseous, probably always exist in every liquid or solid substance, but that one predominates over the others."

The Habits of Russia's Czar.

The most important personage in Europe to-day is the young Czar of Russia. The nihilists believe they have frightened him already out of his mind, and are rejoicing thereat, claiming that he suffers from loss of memory. It is said Prof. Mandel, the famous Berlin alienist, was sent for some time ago to see him, and that great secrecy attended his movements. However, he is now at the royal house party at Balmoral, having come there from Denmark. An observer at Copenhagen thus describes his habits and manners:

"The emperor has not been here long, but it is already easy for us to see that his habits are totally different from those of his father. Alexander III. loved hunting, riding and walking. His successor scarcely ever walks or hunts or rides. In fact, he eschews almost entirely everything demanding physical exertion. Of me m height, and delicate constitution, icholas II. will never be chief of an army or master of any sport. He delights to shut himself up in his study to read, to write, to think over state affairs, and to attend promptly to matters brought him by the daily couriers from St. Petersburg. After dinner he smokes a few cigarettes, and then generally plays billiards for an hour. At 11 o'clock he retires for the night, and sleeps as peacefully as a child until 8 or 8:30 a. m."

JOCKEYS.

What Agonies They Suffer "Wasting" Themselves to Reduce Weight.

A prominent physician, in a discussion of the superiority of the new method of reducing the weight of jockeys by means of coverings electrically heated, says that probably no one undergoes such labor on such low diet as the jockey who is "wasting" himself so as to scale with another lucky fellow whose nature runs less to fat. In the hottest weather he piles on clothes and takes sharp walks. He labors hard, and the more he sweats the more he feels he has done his duty. Then comes the muzzle. After the labor there is appetite; after the sweating there is thirst—a raging thirst—but the food must be strictly limited, and the drink must be of the smallest, or all the labor would be for naught. The privation is horrible. Training for condition is bad enough, and has made many a good fellow throw athleticism to the dogs; but training for weight is a far greater infliction. So many pounds have got to be got off, and there are only so many days or weeks in which to do it. It is done by physic, by sweating, by hard labor, and by starvation. A successful jockey is envied by thousands; but on the other hand it must be remembered that there are few occupations which demand so much of self-denial, and entail such painful discipline as that of the jockey. The ordeal comes when he is working himself down to scale. A man in ordinary condition hardly varies in weight from day to day, and he may keep his weight almost without change for months and even years. It is not so, however, when training has brought down the weight far below its natural level. Then every cell in the body seems hungry and athirst, and a moisture is sucked up as by blotting paper. Many break down under the strain, the starvation telling on their nervous system before it affects their flesh, while others throw up the effort rather than continue the misery of starvation which is involved in keeping the scales on the right side.

He Knew Maurice.

The other day Maurice Thompson, the writer, visited Calhoun, Ga., his old boyhood home.

"Who's that yander?" asked an old countryman, indicating Thompson, who was standing before a grocery store, whittling a pine box.

"The tall fellow?"

"Yes."

"That's Thompson—Maurice Thompson."

"What! The feller what use ter play eroun' here?"

"The very same."

"You don't tell me?"

"Fact. But he's the great man now—one of the most successful of literary men."

"Onpossible."

"Fact, I tell you. He's a great man now."

"Well," said the old man, doubtfully, "hit may be so, but hit don't look reasonable."

"Not reasonable?"

"No! Why"—and he drew closer and lowered his voice a little—"he used ter go fishin' with me."—New York Tribune.

Africans at a Camp Fire.

The African strikes a happy medium with regard to the benefits derived from a fire. He lies so close as to get the utmost heat and just escape the roasting-point; his thick hide will stand a lot of toasting—a degree of heat which would blister the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided he has plenty of dry wood, he can keep himself comfortable outdoors with the thermometer down to the freezing-point. He builds a big fire, which he keeps going all night, the attention apparently costing no sacrifice of his rest; during the night he shifts his position to adapt himself to the fire. Sleeping in flannels, with an overcoat and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chilled spot in the small of my back, as if a block of ice were there. My men by their fires have been more comfortable; but it has been very miserable for them marching in the early morning, with frost on the grass, in bare feet and loin-cloth.—Century.

Birds as Fog Signals.

The cries of sea birds, especially seagulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land.

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army. The first year he serves fifty-four days, the second twenty-four, and the third year twenty-four. He gets only his board.