will not think the last farewell I hear Is more than a brief good-by that a friend Turning toward home; that to our home lies I will not think so harshly of kind death.

I will not think the last looks of dear eyes Fades with the light that fades of our dim But that the apparent glories of the skies Weigh down their lids with beams too bright to bear.

Our dead have left us for no dark, strange Unwelcomed there, and with no friends to But hands of angels hold the trembling hands, And hands of angels guide the falterig feet. I will not think the soul gropes dumb and

blind,
A brief space through our world, deathdoomed from birth—
I will not think that Love shall ever find
A fairer heaven than he made on earth.

PATIENCE.

Hold thou mine hand, beloved, as we sit
Within the radiance of our winter fire,
Watching the dainty shadows as they flit
On wall and ceiling as the flames leap higher.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, with the calm
Close clasp of love assured and at rest,
And let the peace at home, a blessed balm,
Fall on us, folding faithful breast to breast.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, while I speak
Of all thy love hath done and borne for me,
The stronger soul supporting still the weak. The stronger soul supporting still the weak,
The good hand giving royally and free;
The tender heart that put man's roughness by,
To wipe weak tears from eyes too seldom dry.

I touch this thing and that, the pretty gifts,
The silver zone, the jeweled finger-ring,
The outward symbols of a love that lifts
My fate and me beyond life's buffeting;

Ver ob thrice governments. Yet, oh, thrice generous giver! there remains A thing for which I have not thanked the Thy patience—through the long years with

their pains—
Thy patience with my weakness and regret.
Ah, let me thank thee now with falling tears,
Tears of great joy, and deep serene content,
And God be thanked that through the weary

We saw together ere our lives were blent, Although the years were desolate and long, Thy patience matched thy love, and both were

-[All The Year Round.

MR. BULSTEAD'S SURPRISE.

long ago noted that particular letter with apprehension, helped him in haste to the hottest and choicest kidney on the dish. Maggie knew well that of late the contents of letters from Oxford were far from welcome.

. "Now, I will not stand this any longer!" cried the irritable old gentleman, in to me as secretary. I gave the and stood on the hearth-rug.

dashing his fist upon the table and ground-man the check to pay it last "Were you at Oxford when I was narrowly missing the just arrived and juncy kidney. "Now, Master Tom has the impudence to send it in to you I tried my patience once too often! Bill after bill have I settled during the last three months, expecting each to be the last; and, forsooth, listen to this, miss! To 500 lawn-tennis, £12 10s.; to rackets, as per former account, £8 10s.; to marking machines, £4; to—good gracious—to half a ton of whiting, £4; total £29! Good gracious! I say, does the young scapegrace live upon cleared up; but somehow it had made

"Oh it must be a mistake uncle!" "Mistake, indeed! Why, did not I wine bill, and Symond's bill for horse-All mistake, of course! You may thank your stars, young lady,' cried the old gentleman, abaudoning the indignantly satrical for the savagely personal tone, "that I would not let you tie yourself to this extravagant nephew of mine. Now I've done with him, and so have you.'

Maggie rose from the table with a flushed face and looked from the window with eyes that saw little of the square outside through their tears. But, like a wise girl, she kept silence, and the kind-hearted old gentleman after storming once or twice up and down the room began to cast uneasy glances at the graceful figure by the window. If there was one person whom Mr. Bulstead loved before and above the cause of his present anger it was his niece, Maggie Lloyd.

"Well, well," said he, sitting down to his now cold kidney. "There, my a ton of whiting-the lad must have gone mad!"

"It might have gone in worse things than whiting," she suggested humbly, but with a humorous quiver at the corner of a pretty mouth.

"So it might; that's true." The old gentleman was a little more straightfaced than most Londoners. "I'll tell you what, Maggie, I'll give you one more chance; I'll go down to Oxford by the 11 o'clock train, giving him no room? Fie, sir, fie! Or where their notice, and see for myself what sort of owner is now, I suppose? he added, life he is living. If he is doing nothing worse than wasting money I'll forgive him; but if I find the young fellow is as vicious as some of those Oxford sparks, why then"-and Mr. Bustead's voice assumed a quite unaccustomed tone of cool determination-"I've done with nephew Tom."

Maggie trifled with the teaspoons, her eyes bent upon the plate. Her uncle's irritability was little to be fear-ed; it was more than neutralized by his kindness of heart. But she knew him to be on rare occasions, and in some matters, a man of great obstinacy; and, loving her cousin with all her heart, she dreaded the result of her uncle's projected trip. Tom would be doing me to believe you.' nothing dreadful, but he might be doing something Mr. Bustead might object to. To move her uncle from his resolve, once expressed in this way, she knew to be beyond even her influence; the more as the old gentleman, who had a few months before forbidden an he looked more handsome than ever express engagement between the cou- before. sins, was a little inclined to resent any influence she might try to exert in

"I shall not want any more tea. thank you, so you may go to your music lesson if you like. I shall just go to the Athenæum for an hour, and then to Paddington. I'll leave orders about the carriage, and then if you like you can meet the six o'clock train with

When Mr. Bulstead reached his club he found to his disgust, that his favorite chair was occupied by a bishop.
Had it been any one else, he would be the proper thing for the people of the United States to husband ping on his hat, with ferocious haster by the cld gentlemen. oust him by one of those forms of strat- ran down the stairs, and, his heart full as it was he ran his eye over the Times "all standing," and took his seat in a cab not in the best of tempers. "Half" opened the inner door and looked rath-

a ton of whiting!" he muttered to him-self, in tones of fretful speculation, wholly pretty face that appeared at it. as he passed through Hark lane.

He felt a little like a spy as he hurried across Canterbury Quad, and made with all speed for the bottom of Tom's staircase. The scout, old "Dot and go Bills? one," as he was called from his wooden leg, in vain essayed to detain him. Up went Mr. Bulstead two steps at a time left-hand door, appeared, in white letters upon a black background, his own name. He knocked sharply, and hardly waiting for some one within to utter what might or might not be "Come in," threw it open and entered. Lounging upon one of the window seats in flannels and a cigarette inhis mouth, was a young fellow whose good looking face was rather manly and straightforward than handsome. He was alone and got up without much appearance

"How do you do uncle? I thought it was you crossing the quad. Take a seat. Why did you not let me know

that you were coming?" Mr. Bulstead took the proffered seat intention of cutting off the young pro-and panted as he looked round. The fligate, as he termed him in his thoughts,

"I thought I would come upon you a bit by surprise, Tom," he said, with- have him. out any circumlocution. "The fact is, it is that whiting that has brought

"Whiting, uncle!" ejaculated Tom, with his first show of surprise.

"Half a ton of whiting!" murmur-ed his uncle, irresistibly impelled to dwell upon the mystery. "Half a ton of whiting! Ay, here it is." And he flourished the bill under the other's

Tom took it gingerly, and opened it with a serious face. It seemed to Mr. Bulstead that he was not quite so much at his ease as he would have his uncle | time to find it. believe, and the old gentleman glanced suspiciously round the room. It certainly was not the room of a hard-Mr. Bulstead's third and last letter ore the Oxford postmark; as he opened bore the Oxford postmark; as he opened upon Tom-the latter was contemplait he frowned. His niece, who had ting the bill with a broad smile genuine him. But now, at the sight of a sun-

enough. "Well," said Mr. Bulstead, "what have you to say about it? Half a ton of whiting, you know, Tom?"

The young man laughed loudly. "I am not at fault this time, sir; it is ground-man the check to pay it last week, and why they should have had can't imagine.

"Umph! but how about the whiting, Tom! What is that for?"

"Marking out the grounds, sir." "Of course it is, Tom! Very stupid

The mystery of the whiting was went to warn him." him suspicious.

"Now," said Tom, "will you come with me to a shop I want to call at in have a bill of £2 10. for dog collars? the High—not a hundred yards off, sir? Was that a mistake too? And the and by the time we come back lunch will be ready."

Was the dust of that whiting still in Mr. Bulstead's eyes? At any rate, it seemed to him that his nephew was peculiarly and restlessly anxious to get him out of the rooms. However, he

"Yes, Tom, certainly. Where did I out my umbrella? Ah, here it is; thank you. Why—what the—deuce s-that?

If it had been another half ton of whiting piled upon the sofa, the old gentleman's face could not have grown darker. The thing lying half hidden by the sofa cushion was a lady's parasola dainty, tiny, wicked-looking sunshade of gray silk; and by it was a glove, too, too apparent French kid. Mr. Bulstead's worst fears were confirmed with a vengeance; all along he had felt that there was something wrong; this was the haunt of wicked dissipation he had dear, give me another cup of tea. Half half feared he should find it. Half a ton of whiting, indeed! In a moment, and before he glanced at the young fellow's confused face, he thought the

> "Well, sir," he said-and there was real sorrow as well as anger in the tone -"can you explain this with equal ease?"

> "No, I cannot, sir; but"-"You can't? Cannot say whose they are, or how they came to be in your suddenly recalling the scout's seeming attempts to delay him at the foot of the stairs, and marking the doors that led to two inner rooms.

"I cannot account for them." "And will not, I suppose?"

"You can put it that way if you like, sir. All I can say is that I am innocent of what you are thinking of me. give you my word of honor, I am; and can't say any more." The old man was a little impressed

by the younger's earnestness. The obnoxious articles might have been left there innocently, of course. "Then let me have a look into your

other rooms, young man, if you wish "No, I can't do that!" cried Tom, springing as the other advanced, toward the nearer door and setting his back against it. He was cooler now, and not a bit confused. The old gentleman, even in his anger, noticed that

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" he cried imperatively. Then suddenly changing his tone to an appealing one; "Make a clean breast of it and I'll try to forgive

"There's nothing to forgive." "Then open that door. You won't?"

"As I live, if you don't before I count three, I'll cut you off without a shilling. Now, sir; one, two-it's your last chance—three! There, sir, I've shaking steps the old gentleman

wholly pretty face that appeared at it.
"Did you hear anything?" he asked. "No, but do let me get away. I am

reply; "bills and other things. I dare to the second floor, where above the thing against me, you won't believe it.

"O Tom, how can you ask!" "Then there is no harm done," answered Tom, bravely and gallantly. And, after reconnoitering from the

window, the two left the room. To return to Mr. Bulstead, senior. It was a great trouble to him. Looking back upon that half ton of whiting, he wondered how that could have made him angry with the lad. If he would only have kept to that he could have forgiven him a ship-load of whiting. But this was a different matter, and the more the old gentleman thought of it, the worse it appeared to him. Still he was a just and fair man; he had no real stairs were steep and his wind was not so good as it had been. with a shilling. He would make him a sufficient but small allowance, but near his house or near Maggie he would not

> He made this last determination known to Maggie, merely adding that her cousin had behaved so ill that he had forbidden him the house. The announcement was received with a woman's strongest remonstrancessilent tears. Altogether things were rather gloomy that June in Fitzroy

Square. One morning Mr. Bulstead, made up his mind to see his lawyer about Tom. "I'll get it over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought for his umbrella in the stand. It took him some

"Bless the umbrella!" he cried at length, fumbling among the heap. "Is that it? No! Nor this. Why, what's

Only the word which he used was a stronger one, and one which seldom, even in moments of irritability escaped shade in the umbrella stand, he solemnly repeated it twice: "Well, I am dash-

Then he stood in the hall for some minutes whistling softly to himself. This done, he went rather slowly and the Lawn-Tennis Club's account sent thoughtfully up to the drawing-room,

there on the 28th of last month?"

"Yes," answered Maggie, horribly rightened, and yet relieved at getting the matter off her mind. She had not confessed simply because she was afraid of increasing her uncle's anger against Tom. "Yes, I was, uncle. You said you were going to put Tom to the test, and I was afraid he might be doing something to displease you. I

was there?" "Yes. It was foolish of me; you followed me so closely and I was afraid to face you. Tom put me in the scout's hole, as he called it."

"And you were in his rooms while I

"So you deceived me between you?" said he, harshly. "No, sir; I did. Tom knew nothing of my coming. He was afraid for me,

not for himself." "Did he tell you what I was angry

"After you were gone?" "Of course!" snapped Mr. Bulstead, poking the fire vigorously.

"I think," said Maggie, timidly, for now it was Tom's favor that was at stake, "he said it was about bills. He had nothing to do with my journey to Oxford."

"And a nice ladylike thing you consider it, I suppose, gadding about to young men's rooms. Very well; since you seem inclined to mix yourself up with his affairs, you will write to him at once and tell him to come up to town and call here. When you are both together I'll tell you what I think of it. A pretty pair of fools!"

And Mr. Bulstead fumed his way out of the room without much outward heat, and an angry expression of countenance. But the butler, who watched his exit with awe, and opined that there had been stormy weather upstairs, was amazed to hear him utter with an audible chuckle as he reached the darkest angle of the staircase, "Good lad! good

Tom, of course, came up as fast as the Great Western would bring him; and when they were both together Mr. Bulstead told the culprits what he thought of it. No happier trio sat down to dinner that day in London than the party presided over by our friend's butler. Somewhere in the old gentleman's nature was a large bump of the chivalrous, and for the sake of Tom's gallantry Maggie's deception was forgiven. In no long time he did visit his lawyer, but it was upon business more pleasant both to himself and to that professional gentleman. "For a really paying piece of work," the latter has often been heard to say in confidence, "give me a marriage set-

Timber of the World.

The timber interests of the world are reported to be in a bad way, the de-mand for lumber everywhere being in excess of the supply. The forests of Sweden and Norway have been drawn on to excess; those of Northern Russia fail to meet the demands even of St. Petersburg; the 30,000,000 acres of woodland in Germany produce lumber of a poor quality; the timber lands of Bohemia, Gallicia and Transylvania are not easily accessible; the shores of the Atlantic are bare; Great Britain has no merchantile lumber worth mentioning, and the forests of Central Africa are too remote to give a supply. The aggregate woodland of Europe is estimated at 500,000,000 acres, or about 20 per cent. of the area of the continent. Under the circumstances it

He that observes his Sabbaths is sure avoiding such colds.)

The Planets in August.

Venus is morning star throughout who cannot, with safety, bathe in cold the month, and easily wins the honor water, all may use the brush with safeso nervous. He was very angry, wasn't of being at the head of the planetary he? Yes. What was it about, Tom? list, for she is the most beautiful object dust which is accumulates in the brush that adorns the eastern sky before the proves that a great deal of waste mat-"Yes," was the somewhat halting all-conquering sun commences his daily ter flows to the surface, which cleanlicourse. There is a reason why the ness, at least, demands should be resay he'll cool down. If you hear any- fairest of the stars deserves special moved. The thorough use of the brush mention during the passage of the last removes the dead and poisonous matmonth of summer. On the 17th she ter constantly accumulating on the surreaches her period of greatest brilliancy as morning star, when she is so tran-them to remain open—a cold is closed cendently lovely that the trouble of pores-inviting the warm blood from rising early is more than rewarded by the heart to the surface, where about the beauty of the exhibition of

"Astarte's bediamoned crescent,! Distinct with its duplicate horn."

Venus makes her appearance at that time soon after 2 o'clock in the morning, nearly three hours before sunrise, when such is the brilliancy of her shining that objects illumined by her rays cast shadows, and even the great sun himself has no power to hide her entirely from mortal view. It is difficult to find words to express the matchless loveliness of this bewitching star, as she hangs low in the heavens in the soft summer mornings. She is rapidly receding from our neighborhood, and many months must wax and wane before she will again put on her glorious apparel.

Jupiter may almost be numbered with the morning stars, for he is only evening star until the 7th. On that day, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he reaches one of his great epochs, being then in conjunction with the sun, rising and setting with him, and entirely hidden from view in his eclipsing rays, the evening sky has departed, but he is not lost. He has fulfilled his mission While t on the sun's eastern side, only to reappear on the sun's western side, where he will soon emerge from his transient gem of the planetary trio made up of of Tennessee. Saturn, Venus and himself.

Jupiter has deigned to give us little information concerning himself in his last synodic circuit. Even the red spot, the peep-hole into his glowing nucleus, is but a ghost of its former self. The cloud-atmosphere has neatly closed over it, and there will be no more tidings until another rift shall arise and the red-headed man who owned the tion \$250. [Fever heat.] Corporal show farther glimpses of the chaotic outfit. "Fifty dollars, I say, to the dog Tanner, of New York, again on his feet, mass, cooling and condensing into form and shape. We must wait till 1892 for There were a few takers of the Jupiter's next perihelion, when being er man's offer, but the luckless dog-46,000,000 miles nearer the sun than at owners who invested 25 cents in the ex- have a dim recollection of having heard aphelion, we may hope that the appick up something worth knowing.

he approaches the earth. It is, how- grinned all over. ever, the day of small things in his his-

the planetary choir in being the first to still lanker mastiff. zon. On the 14th at 11 o'clock in the asked Lincoln. vening he reaches the halfway house between conjunction and opposition,

west of the sun. Mercury is evening star during the he said: month. On the 23d, at 5 o'clock in the "I'll i evening, he reaches his greatest east- sir." ern elongation, when he is twentyseven degrees twenty-one minutes east of the sun. It is a moderately favora- silver quarter. ble opportunity for seeing him, on an set in the west. His southern declin- the mastiff, he threw it into the open-

to pick up. Uranus is evening star. His course is uneventful, except for the conjunction with Mercury on the 23d.

Mars is evening star, and is of little account, as he slowly travels on his distant path, his rapidly increasing strance. Out sprang the badly frightsouthern declination being the only noteworthy event in his course.

The August moon fulls on the 6th, at ing, standard time. She is in conjunction with Neptune on the 13th, the day the 16th. She makes a close conjunction with Venus on the 17th, at thirty- able. seven minutes after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, being then 23 min. north. The waning crescent and the radiant morning star will make a lovely celestial enough to fight. picture on the morning of the 17th, though they are invisible at the time of the badger keeper. nearest approach.

Colds and Their Cure.

I think that one cause of your frequent colds may be too much confinement in a hot room, with too little exercise-"hovering." You do not say whether there is a shriveled condition | Mr. Lincoln, who in turn gave it to the of the skin, a general feeling of chillness, a quickened pulse, flashes of heat etc., or whether a sore throat, inflammation of the nasal passages and the like, are the evidences. Let me say that these last are no evidences, only indications, since they may result from various causes. A stomach derangeted, the inflammation extends upward, effecting the throat, eventually appear-

ter room would be better for them,

if you have been in the habit of using warm water. While there are a few ty, comfort, and with good results. The one-half of the contents of the body should be, of necessity, equalizing the circulation, relieving internal congested organs, and promoting the general warmth of the body. I can conceive of no harm from a general use of the brush. (If allowed to refer to personal experience, I will say that I have used two of "Adams'" brushes-the hand, excellent, and the long, curved one-for many years with great advantage, and see no reason why they will not last longer than I shall survive. I will add that, as I "break colds" in this way, not deeming it safe for me, a former consumptive, to neglect a cold, I have not been so sick for thirty years, that I could not attend to others, not for a whole day!) I recommend my custom of taking a very light supper, often but the simple juices of food, as of an apple, the grains, etc.

One More Lincoln Story.

Denver Tribune. An amusing incident in the unwritten history of Abraham Lincoln is The planet that beamed so brightly in | told by the Hon. Ward H. Lamon, of

While the gentlemen were law partners in Illinois, and before Lincoln New York. [Laughter and cheers.] was thought of for president of the Gen. Wagner, of Pennsylvania, took United States, they happened to visit eclipse, to become the second brightest | an agricultural fair in an inland town

Lincoln was in high spirits and seemed bent on fun. While casting motion with \$250. [Long and loud about for such amusement as the exhibition afforded Lincoln discovered an position on the platform said, the Ohio attraction in the shape of a turneddown flour barrel containing a badger. "Fifty dollars for a dog that will haul the badger out of the barrel," shouted

There were a few takers of the badgperiment invariably lost in the speculaproved telescopes of the period will tion, for the badger's teeth were sharp, and every dog that entered its strong-

Mr. Lincoln hit upon a happy thought. Taking Ward to one side Neptune is morning star, and leads they found a lank countryman with a raised, and by resolution turned over

make his appearance above the hori- "Want to make \$50 with that dog?" "Course I do," replied the havseed.

being then in quadrature, or 90 degrees | Lincoln approached the badger man, elbowing his way through the crowd,

"I'll invest a quarter in your game,

The badger man looked at Lincoln's hungry dog and smiled as he took the Lincoln caught the dog and led it

exceptionally clear evening after sun- up to the barrel. Hastily grabbing followed a lively scrape inside the

"Hold on there," cried the manager. 'Fair play.'

But he was too late with his remonened dog with the badger sticking to his hind quarters. The crowd parted, and away went the dog and badger six minutes after 6 o'clock in the even- into the inner field of the race-track. The badger stuck like a brother, teams ran away, women fainted and the crowd spasms of mirth, the fun was so enjoy-

> The countryman owning the dog was paralyzed, as was the badger owner, who set up a great howl and was mad "Produce your \$50," said Lincoln to

"Foul play, foul play!" cried the chagrined gamester, "and I'll never Here is where Lamon came in ser-

viceable. Catching the badger's friend by the neck, he cried: 'Give up the \$50 or I'll wallup you.' Lamon's herculean proportions were too argumentary to be trifled what are your symptoms of a cold, with, and the money was handed to

> countryman. The dog was well paid for, and the padger business closed up for the want of a badger.

A Close Call.

One of the most remarkable cases of ment produces more inflamed sore narrow escapes we ever heard of transthroats than colds, for a reason easily pired near town last Sunday afterflamed, and then, by a law that all con- his field cutting wheat. The storm tiguous membranes are similarly effectioning up, he unhitched his horses, got onto one of them, and started for home leading the other. A bolt of ing on the tongue, which is the reason lightning killed both his horses and why we examine the tongue so care- came as near killing him as could well fully to learn the state of the stom- possibly be. It struck his head, tearng a hole in his hat large enough to What shall be done? I hope that you run one's fist through, and made a do not bathe in the "heroic" style, in mark about two inches long on his ice water, and that you do not vibrate | scalp. The horse he was riding fell to the other extreme, having "hydro- on him, in which condition he was phobia," never using any water to bathe, aside from hot. Those who to the house and Dr. Brown was called. "baby themselves" will have colds, He acted like a man afflicted with cerwhile those most in the cold air, well ebro-spinal meningitis, and it took sevclad, will have the fewest. The lum- eral men to hold him. The doctor ber men who sleep on pine boughs, in soon brought him out of that and he a rude hut, far from human habita- lay in a sort of drowsy sleep, from tions, seldom have colds, though a bet- which he could only be aroused by considerable effort, but was not in his with their abundance of cool, bracing, right mind. The last report we had life-giving air! It may be that your from him was that he was up around, The Fiji Islanders, the Samoans and colds result from the too free use of apparently in his right mind, but lard, butter, sugar and the like, irrita- could remember nothing previous to These things in animals would suggest ting the stomach and the throat. (I the stroke. He is impressed with the the poisoned dagger with which the think that my "health rules" and idea that he was kicked by a mule. Italians of the middle ages were so "good digestion" would aid you in the lightning bolt must have first handy. struck his head, and then glanced and

INTERESTING INCIDENT

Major W. W. Alcorn, who was present at the Grand Army encampment in Minneapolis last week, relates the following incident:

An exciting scene in the Grand Army encampment occurred Friday morning last. The encampment being called to order, and being about to proceed to the general order of business (election of commander-in-chief), Corporal Tanner, of New York, advanced to the stage, and asked unanimous consent to introduce a matter of some importance, which was granted. He thereupon delivered the speech which is accredited to Commander - in - chief Kountz as a speech of acceptance, in the papers all over the country, in which he stated that a comrade from Dakota, being in the city attending the reunion of his old regiment (the 1st Minnesota), had been run over by a street car the day before and injured to such an extent as to necessitate the amputation of one of his limbs, and moved that the encampment appropriate \$500 to assist him in his going through life.

When the cheers subsided, Commo-

dore Lloyd, of Ohio, ascended the platform and closed a neat speech by seconding the motion with a donation of \$100 [cheers] from the department of Ohio. A delegate from New York also begged leave to second with \$100 from New York. An Illinois delegate arose and said the department of Illinois seconds the nomination with \$200. [Great applause.] The New York delegate, again on his feet, said, I find that I have not half represented my delegation, who authorizes \$200 from the platform and said, the Pennsylvania delegation desire to "see" the genmen from New York and Illinois and will "go \$50 better," and second the applause.] Commander Lloyd, taking soldiers, in the days of the war, never took position in the rear, and they do not on this occasion. Ohio "calls" Pennsylvania and makes her contribusaid: I am very much confused by the terms used by our comrades from Ohio and Pennsylvania [laughter], but I them in my early experience in the army, and, desiring to answer in the same vernacular, my friend who is at Saturn is morning star, and is growing brighter and more conspicuous as cious animal inside held the fort and \$250. [Cheers.] Then followed like contributions from nearly all the various departments, in sums ranging from \$25 to \$100, until over \$4,000 was to the department of Dakota, with instructions to use it as in their judgment seemed best for the disabled comrade. The scene occupied less than half an

"The dog was bartered for, and as hour, and was characterized by constant outbreaks on every new donation -hats in air and delegates standing. It was a scene worth visiting so distant a city as Minneapolis to see.

> What We Have Learned From Animals.

It is a favorite theory of some that animals are imitative, and what man does they follow and try to perform. Possiation will make him a difficult object ing 'tother end first. There was a bly man learned first from the animals. pause only for a second, and then Many animals are born armed and weaponed both for offense, capture and defense when attacked or pursued. The gorillas of Africa fought the soldiers of Hanno, and apes use handstones to crack nuts. In the days of Strabo, that historian tells us that Indian monkeys climbed mountains and rolled stones down on their pursuers. Take throwing, for example. The primitive man learned it from beasts. The squid (cuttle fish) defends itself by discharging its ink-bag, imbedded in the of her last quarter, and with Saturn on roared. Lincoln fairly went into liver, and escapes in the blackened water. The toxotes or archer brings down insects with a drop of water when they are three or four feet high in the air. The archer fish of Japan is kept in a glass jar and fed by holding flies at the end of a rod a few inches from the surface of the water, and it never fails to hit them. The lima or guanaco throw their acrid and fetid saliva some distance and with accurate aim. Men would learn to strike by watching the blow of the bear, and the kick of those animals which defend themselves by kicking, as the horse, zebra, the camel and giraffe, while the ostrich, eagle and larger birds of prey would teach him a lesson in assaulting with ready wings. The whale raises its head such force that it has with sunk a whaler. Combats of goats, stags, buffaloes and wild bulls, all of which rush forward with their heads down and drive their horns into their enemy's body, would suggest the thrust. The bittern, the peacock and the American white crane stab at the eye. And the black rhinoceros, the fiercest of any, when angered his horn becomes hard and erect, and, diving beneath understood. First, the stomach is in- noon. Mr. John Garrigan was out in the canoe, he pierces a hole in its bottom and sinks it, and with the same weapon attacks and rips open the huge and ungainly elephant. The pheasant and partridge, the cock and quail, would suggest, with their spurs, the use

of the poniard. Pliny says that dol-

phins which enter the Nile have a knife-

edged spur on their backs to protect

them from the crocodiles. The bull-

head fish has a many-barbed horn on

its dorsum which must have taught the

Equimaux and savages of South Amer-

ica and Australia the use of their spears.

Poisoned dagger-makers took a hint

from the sting-fish, or adder-pike,

whose dorsals and spines have double

grooves, in which a poisonous secre-

tion is found. The sting-rays twist

their long slender tails round their en-

emy and cut the surface, inflicting a

wound not easily healed. The sting

sometimes breaks off in the wound.

Tahitians use this poison extensively.