RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1871.

THE ROBIN. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My cld Welsh neighbor over the way Crept slowly out in the sun of spring, Pushed from her ears the locks of gray, And listened to hear the robin sing

Her grandson, playing atmarbles, stopped, And cruel in sport, as boys will be, Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

" Nay," said the grandmother; "have you no heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the flery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill, And lets it fall on the souls of sin; You can see the mark on his red breast still Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burne-bird. Singing so sweetly from limb to limb, Very dear to the heart of our Lord s he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well,
Each good thought is a drop wherewith To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall, Tears of pity are cooling dew, And dear to the heart of our Lord are all Who suffer like Him in the good they do

AN OLD GAME.

"Button! button! who's got the but-

These words fell in hurried accents of vexation from the cherry-ripe lips of Miss Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a fairy-like avalanche of fascinating She was just about to step aboard the cars when she discovered her

"Oh dear! It was on when I started. What can have become of it? I can never match it in this world!" And she cast a look of consternation

at the vacant place on her sacque, where there should have been a large agate "Why don't you look around for it?" she demanded of her handsome cousin, Gerald Wentworth, who was to see her

safely started on her journey. He elevated his eyebrows at her imperious tone, and scanned the ground at

"What are you looking at, Tom Shelly? You'd better go back to your greasy machine-shop, unless you can find my

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to conceal a shade of pain that passed across his face, and walked away. He had come to take a last look at the despotic little beauty before she passed from his vision, perhaps forever. She was the incarnation to him of all that was bright, winning, sprightly, and lovperhaps, would bestow only an occasional, transient thought on him as an atom among her home reminiscences.

Just then the warning whistle sound ed, and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald

Wentworth waved his hat, and then the latter overtook Tom Shelly. "She's a high-toned little piece, Shel-

ly," he said. Who? Oh yes! Miss Ware. She is to be gone for a long time, I believe!" All winter.'

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty clothes, and contrasted them with the elegant suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"
"Proud as Lucifer's sister—if he had one," laughed Wentworth. "Though I don't know as I ought to say that. I think a good deal of her myself."

"Yes-she's my cousin, you know." "She is very beautiful." " And she knows it too." Tom was silent. He did not feel ca-

pable of maintaining his careless tone; so he looked straight ahead, and planted his heels on the pavement with vigor as he stepped. "They say you're the best man in Dunning's machine-shop, Shelly. How's

"Curse the machine-shop and its grease and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. "I wish I'd chosen some more genteel busi-

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be to be sure. But still, when you get up to the top, it's all right. Look at Dunning-how he stands in the community. He began by kindling the fires, you

Here the two turned off in different directions. Their brief conversation passed from Wentworth's mind immediately; but Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering on each word, and turning it over and over in his mind. There was no torture so delightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talked about, and to meditate on whatever concerned in near or remote degree. watched by stealth her smiles, and was angry with all the world because he could not resist the infatuation. For he ought to have dismissed her from his thoughts with contempt after she refused one night to go to a concert with him because he did not dress well enough. He was wounded and cut; but the circumstance did not bring common sense to his head. He sulked, and toiled,

and hoped with a miserable, doubting hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week, and was still an abject slave. Miss Ware was going to New York to spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and now he had her last words to think

of-a command to go back to his greasy When he left the shop that night it was to walk home with slow steps and a thoughtful face. Ruminations in which there were gleams of sense, energy, and

purpose ran through his head. He found supper waiting, and sat down opposite his mother with an ab-

sent, preoccupied look. "Are you tired, Tom?" "No, not particularly."
"I thought you looked so."

" Dunning began at the bottom, didn't he, mother? And why can't I work up to where he stands now? Yes, Went-worth was right. I'll do it!"

ONE HUNDRED

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell

were very well satisfied."
"Satisfied!" contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's t. We ought to be thankful—"

to leave Mr. Dunning?" " No, no." "What was it about Mr. Wentworth? "Oh, I met him to-day"—Tom blushed "and he reminded me of how Dun-

why can't one do it as well as another ! Why can't I do it?" Tom looked at his mother in a defiant.

slightly nonplussed. "But you should not deceive yourself by building air-cas-

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an idea that I mean to work out. It may amount to nothing."

"I can't tell you now. You know that brains sometimes make more money than hands. If I could only invent

something."
Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtful-

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be ashamed to slander them. Think of what they have done for the world." Tom left the table with his meal but

half finished, and threw himself down on the couch. Putting his hand in his pecket it came in contact with some-thing that sent a crimson flood to his when it dropped, picked it up, and resolved to keep it as a remembrancer of blissful ignorance of who was the pos-sessor of the lost trinket. Then the foolish fellow gazed at it long and earnestly, finally placing it in an inside pocket of

He went to a shelf on which was able; and after she was gone he would ranged a choice collection of scientific there as well as the old folks, and the muse and dream about her, when she, works, took one down, and commenced house was aglow with merriment and reading. But his thoughts refusing to concentrate themselves on the subject of mother for the rest of the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious. He perpetrated fearful jokes, and both laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, thus insuring a good night's

> day Tom bought pencils, compasses, and drafting paper, and in the evening shut himself up in his room. This was repeated the next evening, and the next, and at the end of a week his mother learned to look no more for the pleasant hours they had been wont to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale, and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute look. And soon he drew half of his two hundred dollars from the bank and fitted up a little workshop in a back chamber. Here the sound of filing and hammering was heard late into the hours of almost every evening. Tom was working out his idea, whatever it was; and it was plainly no child's play with him, but a game in which he had staked his all—a battle for life or death. His earnest face told this, always soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever relaxing into a smile. His mother noticed this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; his friends noticed it; but he discharged all his daily duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short answers to expressions of concern. And

shall go on the same."

right. You are pale and thin."

resent," persisted Tom. "I may want vacation before long. I'll ask for it when I do.' "All right. Don't be afraid to men-

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later than ever to his little workshop

the lonely, solemn town clock. At the end of that time he went to Mr. Dunning with bright, almost happylooking eyes. Yet he had a jaded, ex-

hausted air. " Now, sir, I want my vacation." "Whew!" said Mr. Dunning. "We've ust got in some big orders, you know." "I can't help it, sir. I must have a

"You must?" ave it I'd throw up my place.

thing going wrong?"
"No, sir. I hope you will pardon my
persistence, but can I go for a week?" flectively, shall have it."

That night Tom packed something very carefully in a small box, bade his mother good-by, and started for Wash-

"Do what, Tom?"

"Why, what's the matter, Tom Aren't you doing very well now?"
"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrimed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or give up the ghost."
"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to speak unkindly; but-well, there's going to be a change; that's all."
"You don't mean that you are going

ning began as a chore-boy, and of the way he stands now. And I thought,

argumentative way.
"I'm sure I don't know," she replied.

"What is it, Tom?"

Inventors are generally hair-

ained creatures."

his vest.

But a change was coming, The next

thus the winter passed. One August day Mr. Dunning said: "Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and you look as though you needed it. Go off for a couple of weeks. Your pay

"I don't want it now, sir. I'm all

Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all "I would prefer to work on for the

tion it. Only don't wait till the busy

evenings, and often toiled there until the wee, small hours were tolled out by

"I'm sorry, sir; but rather than not "Why, what's the row, Shelly?

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflectively, "I suppose so. You ought it." to have taken it in the summer, though. But since you ask for only a week, you

ington.

"Upon my word, Shelly, I did not

THE OF TELEWISON ST

know there was so much in you?"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted together in the latter's private office, with some papers spread out be-fore them, and a small brass model of a machine standing on the desk.

"Well, sir, since you approve of it, and think it likely to answer its purpose, suppose we talk business."

"Well, sir, since you approve of it, go back to my greasy machine-shop if I couldn't find it."

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh,

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the patent. There's money in the machine, bat it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true." "Well, your capital invested in these works is one hundred thousand dollars. I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand, and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!" "Or, if you like, I will travel two months, and see how the thing is likely to take before we make any agreement." "Don't you think you've got your ideas up rather high on the matter?" "Pernaps I have," answered Tom, coolly; "but I don't propose to go begging, and let others grow rich out of

what I ought to have. "Such things are all experimentsgreat risks." "I know, sir; but you see what it is,

and the need it supplies, and it is for you to say whether you will run the risk of taking hold of it." Mr. Dunning paused and reflected.
"I will look the matter over," he said at length, "and you may come here to-

morrow evening. This was as satisfactory as Tom could have expected, and so he withdrew. When he went home he asked his mother (to whom he had confided naught

of his plans) how she would like to live in Judge Graham's house on Main "The judge is going to Europe, and

"What is that to us, Tom? We can't buy his house." Well, we may be able to some time.

"Some time! What a way you have of looking ahead, Tom ! "It's better to look ahead than be-hind, I think."

face. He rose hastily and went up to his room. He lit a lamp, and smiled in exultation as he laid a small object on the table. It was Miss Lucy Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen it pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he miss Lucy looked puzzled.

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento over and over, gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Because it is true," he ook in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento of the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Because it is true," he ook in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento of the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled. feared some one might be looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dunning's dethe tantalizing siren who had so be-witched him. Some time, perhaps, he would return it. He chuckled as he thought of her discomfiture, and her for his whole future hung on the interview of twenty-four hours hence.

New-Year's night! A silver wedding! Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open and thronged with his friends. It He went to a shelf on which was was no stately affair. The children were ranged a choice collection of scientific there as well as the old folks, and the

There were beautiful presents, smiling the book, he finally flung it aside and congratulations, and shaking of hands; went down stairs. He astonished his bright-eyed girls, with dazzling dresses congratulations, and shaking of hands; and shining white shoulders; dignified matrons in stately silks and diamonds; benignant fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids; elegant young men in swallow-tails and white vests; screaming children, with wild, delighted countenances; and the buzz and rustle and din and clatter of a crowd that had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there, and so was Lucy Ware. The former was surrounded by friends and new acquaintances eager to congratulate him on a recent important event-namely, his admission as

partner with Mr. Dunning. "Dunning & Shelly has a very spectable sound," said one. "Accept my congratulations on your

good fortune," said another. "Well, Tom, your luck has come a

"You deserve your luck-every bit of it," were the words of an old friend. Tom received all this with due grace and modesty. A few ventur-ed to sound him, to test his intelligence, but were speedly satisfied on that score. He was a thoughtful reader, and possessed a little stock of books that many of those around him would have done

well to subsitute for the unwholesome sweetmeats with which they were wont to regale their minds. In the mean time Tom is soliloquizing mentally. He is growing restive, and longs to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders how she will receive himwhether his good fortune will make him more attractive to her. And if it does, and if certain hopes he has cherished are fulfilled, will it be he that wins, or something else? Will it be a cash match or a love match? Or won't it be any match at all, and is such speculation idle They were perplexing questions, and Tom found himself unable to consider

them with that coolness of judgment he had resolved with himself to bring to bear on the matter. At last Tom approached her, and as he drew near felt a choking thrill. She was just as beautiful as ever, and gave a glance out of her liquid black

eyes, that rippled up from under the long lashes like a flood of sunlight. But in spite of the wild canter into which his blood was fired, he bade her good-evening, touched her gloved palm, and uttered some commonplace remark with very praiseworthy nonchlance.

Just then a set was forming to dance, and one couple was wanting. Of course Tom asked Miss Ware for the honor, eto, and the two marched on the floor. "You will allow me to express my pleasure at your advancement, will you

not?" she asked, in a tone in which there was just a shade of tremulousness. "Oh, certainly, if you take enough interest in me to feel any pleasure at

"Why, of course I do. I always feel interested in those deserving success.' Her tone was charmingly frank now.
"Oh, that's it, is it?' said Tom, a little disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's eyes dilated a little.
"Well, I got it by hard work," he

"I went back to my greasy machine-shop that time, as you bid me." "What do you mean?" "Have you forgotten about it? It was when you went to New York to visit your aunt. You lost your button at the depot, you know, and told me to

do not speak of that. It was very rude in me. I supposed you had forgotten it. I was only in fun."
"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was

rather stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I made a vow then."
"Oh dear! I hope I wasn't the means

of your making a vow?"
"Do you? And suppose you were—what then? Is there any thing so very alarming about making a vow?" "I don't know. They are so seldom

kept."
"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled already, and will be entirely some time. That is, only one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one thing was, but grew reserved, and during the rest of the quadrille did not look into Tom's face with her embarrassed freedom. The conversation had been carried on disjointly during the pauses in the dancing. When the last figure was finished Miss Ware said :

"Oh dear, I am so tired of dancing! Let us walk in the other room, and see what the children are doing." Her hand still resting on Tom's arm,

and they made their way into another apartment, where a merry throng of boys and girls were partaking of the pleasures of that old exciting game, "Button! button! who's got the but-

"That's a good old game," said Lucy, glancing at the children.
"Button! button! who's got the button ?" came in ringing tones from one of the players.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom. "No, sir; I've got it myself!" shouted a merry, blue-eyed girl, betrayed into the letting out of her secret.

A little scene of confusion followed, and then the game went on. Lucy Ware had looked up at Tom in surprise. "What made you say that?"

"Because it is true," he answered,

looking at her with a mischievous twitch

"Do you want to see it?" "Yes," she answered, with a doubtful He reached in his pocket and held something out in his hand,
"Why," she exclaimed, in amazement,

that's mine! Where did you get it? It's the one I lost." "I know it." She blushed vividly, and was utterly

· Please explain," she said. "Oh, there's not much to explain. "And why did you not give it to

nystified.

"I preferred to keep it. I took it to my greasy machine-shop."
"Please don't!" Tom laughed, and grew immediately

serious again. He had to screw his courage up to the sticking point to utter the next words. "I kept it because I loved you!" whispered.

"Oh!" And Miss Lucy hid her in her hands, while her heart beat violently. "And I haven't got over it yet! said, boldly.

This was a very audacious remark, and Tom had to take breath after it. Miss Ware also breathed audibly. But she did not spurn him with indignation -no, far from it. Tom finally said, in a voice a trifle unsteady:
"I made a vow that morning, part of

which was to work my way out of that greasy machine-shop. I've done that. The next was to keep the button until its owner cared enough for it to-torepay-to-that is, to give herself to me as a condition of its restoration." Miss Ware looked into his face with

swimming eyes, yet out of the depths of which still welled up a fountain of irrepressible roguery. But my sacque has gone out of fashion now, and the button will be of no

use to me," she said. Tom looked at her earnestly. And, besides, I think you ought to be willing to give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom flushed a little at this, but suddenly seized her hand and exclaimed with energy: "I can give the whole love of an undivided heart-a life-long devotion-a love as unchanging and untiring as the sun that shines! Will that do?"

"I don't know but it will," came faint murmur. And so the old, old game was played, and who shall say that hearts did not

win ?

PROPAGATION OF PIKE.-We learn from the Rochester Union that Mr. Seth Green has lately been engaged in propagating pike, and with considerable suc-cess. He has demonstrated that pike may be cultivated, and will no doubt soon be able to do it as successfully as with shad, trout and white fish. yellow pike is one of the very best fishes found in our lakes, bays and rivers, often reaching the weight of twelve pounds. Its yield of ova is immense— a single fish producing sometimes one million eggs. Great results may be ex-pected to follow the propagation of the pike. The large white-tailed mullet and the "red sides" are receiving the attention of Mr. Green, but he has not proceeded far enough with his experiments to enable him to announce anything positively.

In a famous horse case in Binghamton, N. Y., the attorney asked a veterinary surgeon, "Have you ever made any examinations in the abdominal region? To which the witness replied, "No; all of any chance-passer, no man will care of my examinations have been made in to hold out his arms for you in good

Presents For Young Ladies.

There was a good deal of wisdom in the now obsolete notion that young ladies should be chary in receiving gifts from gentlemen who are "friends only," and that they should be still more chary

of making presents to gentlemen. I heard a young fellow say the other day, out of the depths of his vexation: "I think I'll cut the girls entirely, if they don't stop making me so many trifling presents. You know they're always at it. A fellow can't be introduced to a girl and make himself agreeable to her, but what, after seeing her two or three times, comes the inevitable fancy necktie, or smoking cap, or hand-kerchief with your initials embroidered on it. All very nice and very good of them, I'm sure. But it gets to be a bore after a time, because it places you under and old authorities maintain that Ireso many obligations to so many differ-ent girls. The young lady who embroidered you a pair of slippers thinks you an ungrateful wretch if you take the young lady who worked you a notecase cover out to drive, and the one that worked the note-case cover thinks that she is horribly treated if you ask the one that embroidered the slippers to go to a concert with you. And so you catch it all around, and you have to be a better diplomatist than Bismarck if you can manage this sort of thing and not get

into a scrape or several scrapes. "What's a fellow to do about it? them in a plantation at Milecross, near That's what I want to know. One dislikes Newtonards; and the readiness with immensely to be put under any obligation which they multiplied was more alarmin this way. But what man would dare to refuse to take a present of this sort from a young lady after she has ta-ken the trouble to make it for him? Most of us would rather they wouldn't do it; but, if they will do, how can you help

I think I hear Minnie, who wears her hair a la Pompadour; and Nettie, who lets hers flow in crinkled masses of light brown over her shoulders; and Josie, who is an angel in light blue; and Ella of the rose-leaf complexion—all uniting their somewhat high American voices in chorus of "Conceited! What a wretch! Just like those horrid men, you know Don't let's ever give them anything again. Never! Never! No, we will

It would be a great deal better if you wouldn't, young ladies; or, at least, if you'd wait till you are asked. But I know you don't mean to keep your word, and you know it, too. Like a good

ceive some delicate trifle from your fair point do not do so at the other. For fingers and then swagger off to boast of example, the swallows and insectiverous it and to make mysterious allusions to birds that frequent Northern Europe such and such a girl who is "sweet on them "—"conceited." But whose fault mate of Algeria and Lower Egypt, is it that they are conceited? Nobody's but yours! and the way half a dozen of Europe push to equatorial latitudes, and picked it up when you lost it at that you will make idiots of yourselves about vice versa. A great many warblers from nearly pull him to pieces in the contest. the South and in the islands of the How you angle for invitations to the Mediterranean, while the majority go theatre! How you give gentle hints as still further southward. But why should to your wishes in this direction or that individuals of the same species remain direction! And do you suppose he cannot see what is going on all the time? You put him up as a premium among yourselves, and then you are surprised and angry that he begins to value himself accordingly. Conceited Yes, of course he is! The wonder would be if he wasn't; and it serves you just right same birds as met with in the South are for spoiling him so. It is a great pity that you don't lavish some of this spontaneous petting on your own brothers You can make your homes so attractive to other girl's brothers : but the lights are not turned on, and the new music practiced and the becoming dresses donned for your own! Else, perhaps, we

might have a more home-loving set of young men among us. You say if a young man don't want what you propose to give him, let him refuse it. I should like to see one of them dare to do that. As one young gentleman remarked a little while since What man would dare to refuse to take from a lady a present that she has been at the trouble to make him? It would be the blackest ingratitude and the greatest discourtesy. And no man will found to pioneer the way. On the contrary, they will continue to submit to be hypocritical, to grumble and to swell 'on the strength of these enforced presents, and get called conceited for

so doing." Angelina gives Edwin an embroidered pen-wiper, and Edwin mutters "confounded bore," behind his moustache, remembering that he has plenty of penwipers kicking about at home—presents from other admiring young ladies. But outwardly Edwin is as grateful as if his sole hope of existence hung upon that new pen-wiper; and Angelina forthwith begins to design a cigar case for some other hopeful youth. And I know that Angelina will be one of the first to exclaim "Cruel! treacherous! ungrateful!" Dear Angelina, there ought to be a magic echo which should reply to you, Unmaidenly! scheming! calculating!

For you know very well that you commonly give in small measure that you may receive in greater measure. You want to put Edwin and Tom and Dick and Harry under those very obligations to you of which they so loudly complain. The cigar cases and worked handkerchiefs and cravat bows are so many spells to bind men in your trainso many lures to get cavaliers for parties and concerts. You understand well enough the weight of the maxim, "One good turn deserves another;" and that you may have a good turn done you, you take the initiative in the matter.

Indeed, you are altogether too fond of taking the initiative; and in so doing you cheapen yourself immensely. It is a peculiarity of woman nature to scorn the fruit that is ready to fall into its mouth, and to prize most that which it has to climb for. So with men in regard to women. You will be taken at your own valuation, neither higher nor lower than that, and if you show yourself so fatally ready to fall into the arms

amuse himself with you now and then when he has a dull half-hour on his hand. HOWARD GLYNDON.

Snakes and Fregs in Ireland.

In a recent note on St. Patrick's day, we adverted to the well-known tradition among the Irish peasants that serpents cannot exist in Ireland. A correspondent, however, informs us of the unfortu-nate fact that not only do serpents and cans going to Europe. frogs manage to exist in Ireland, but, worse still, that they absolutely swarm, the latter especially, in the country dis-tricts—notably in the county of Dublin and the Queen's county. It is commonly supposed that if any adventurous spirit tock the trouble to introduce a few of the reptiles, he would find it laand old authorities maintain that Ireland was free from them until compara-tively recent times, the fact remains that somebody must have imported them. One account gives it out that they were first propagated from spawn, introduced as an experiment, in 1696, by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; another, that a gentleman imported a number of vipers from England into Wexford, about the year 1797, but that they died immediately after. In the summer of 1831, however, a gentleman, by way of exper-iment, brought a few pairs of the com-mon snake from Scotland, and placed ing than pleasant. The late Marquis of W—d, well known in his day for his strange freaks, is said to have tried the same experiment on his own estates, but with no success. May not, after all, the idea of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes in the Emerald Isle be traced to the association of the serpent with the Evil One, and to the success which his rever-ence had in reforming the vices of his barbarian disciples ?- Once a Week.

Bird Migrations.

It seems inexplicable how many birds find their way back to exactly the same haunts of the previous year, and this is more extraordinary when we consider the distance between their winter and summer retreats. I have often wondered how tiny warblers find their way from Northern Europe to Central Africa, and at the very short time spent by certain birds on their journey. The cuckoo ap-pears in England just as soon as we find many of your sweet little promises, made on the impulse of the moment, I fear this particular one is made to be broken.

You call these young men—who re-Northern Europe spend their winter in in cold climates when others migrate to warm countries? For example, the redbreast braves the severest winters in Britain, while the robins of Southern Europe migrate to Africa, and the same may be said of the song-thrush and blackbird; and I ascertained that the relatively smaller than their Northern compeers. The power to resist very low temperatures is somewhat strange. I have noticed the pied-wagtail, as well as the bee-eater and chiff-chaff, become feeble when the thermometer stood eight or nine degrees above freezing. What a contrast to the pigmy golden crests and titmice of northern regions, where we find them lively and moving about at temperature or twenty-four degrees to thirty degrees below zero Fahrenheit! Notes of a Naturalist in the Nile Valley and Malta.

Photography without Light.

A new process, called heliotype, by

which photographs can be printed inde-pendently of light, and in a permanent style, is attracting attention. It may be thus briefly described: The photograph is taken on a sheet of gelatine; this sheet is fastened down upon a plate of metal, and after a little preparation, in which sponge and water play a part, can be printed from as if it were an engraved block. Ordinary printing ink, laid on with a roller, is used; and the sheet is printed in an ordinary printing press, and with a remarkable preserva tion of the lights and half-tones. Oil paintings, engravings, chalk drawings, and anything, living or dead, that can be photographed, may, by this process, be reproduced and multiplied in a permanent form; and when a sufficient number of impressions has been taken, the sheet of gelatine can be lifted from the plate, and laid aside for future use This is obviously a very important addition to the resources of art; from 300 to 400 impressions can be taken in a day, quite independently of weather; and, if required, the picture can be printed along with type in the pages of a book. Specimens were exhibited at the conversazione given by the President of the Royal Society at Burlington House, including chalk drawings by the old Italian masters, landscapes, buildings, engravings, sea pieces, maps, and a num-ber of shattered and wounded bones from the recent battle-fields in France, intended to illustrate a work on surgery. All these specimens were reproduced with such skill that, in many cases, it would have been difficult to distinguish them from the originals .- All the Year

A curious and beautiful effect was produced by one of the ice-making ma-chines built lately in Philadelphia. This was a cake of manufactured ice, in the centre of which, completely inclosed by the translucent material, was a bequet of fresh flowers. Every leaf and flower of any chance-passer, no man will care to hold out his arms for you in good earnest, though he may be content to be described by the refraction through the ice.

NO. 14.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. The color of the wind was discovered

by the man who went out and found it blue. Terre Haute has just been the scene of

the wedding of a young lady of 29 to her fourth husband. About 100 passports a day are issued from the State Department for Ameri-

The daily paper printed at Wild Cat, Arkansas, is very appropriately named the Ecening Caterwaul.

The young lady singer who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it, made a great mistake. It has been ascertained that out of fifteen hundred salmon eggs in the ordinary course of nature only one produces a mature salmon. If all the eggs laid were

to produce salmon, the ocean in half a century would be a moving mass of sal-The fastest trains on American railways are slow in comparison with those of England. A London paper says that an express train on the Bristol and Exeter and Great Western Raitway now runs from Exeter to Paddington, a distance of 194 miles, in four hours and a quarter, including stoppages of fifteen minutes. On other roads trains run

with almost equal speed. It cost San Francisco five thousand three hundred dollars to try Mis. Fair; it cost Mrs. Fair twelve thousand dollars, including five thousand dollars to her senior counsel, to be tried, and it cost one of the papers fourteen hundred and thirty-five dollars to phonographically report and print the trial. Mrs. Fair is such an expensive female that the community can afford to keep but

So profuse is the native production of trawberries, on what is called the Pembina Mountain, in Minnesota-where the plant takes the upright form in the very pride of its exuberant fruitfulness, as if it disdained to creep along the earth with its scarlet crown of glorythat the cart-wheels crush the berries as they revolve, and will become red with this wild vintage of the plains, leaving long crimson trails behind them. A disciple of Izaak Walton, who has

terminated these beautiful fish. In brooks which formerly gave twenty to forty as the result of an hour's fishing. a half day's labor produces but one or two. He suggests that fishers should hold back for a year or two, and that associations be formed to restock the brooks. A New Orleans letter to the St. Louis Republican says: "There are more cattle going North via Missouri from Texas than at any previous year. I learn from drovers that at least a half million head

will come from Missouri, Kansas, and

Nebraska. The grazing stock, many of

them, go to the latter place, where they

will feed until the frosty weather this

been trying the trout brooks in New Hampshire, found that the extreme drouth of last summer has almost ex-

fall destroys the grass. many of all this stock fit at present for good beef. The use of iron tanks of large dimensions for transporting petroleum from the oil wells to great distances was justly looked upon as one of the greatest improvements in the business, on account of the saving of expense in the way of casks, and the avoidance of danger in consequence of leakage. An ingenious firm in Cincinnati, Messrs, A. Gunnison & Co., have introduced this same feature into the transportation of lard-oil, and especially of whale-oil; and it is more han probable that in a very short time the cargoes of the whalers in the Pacific will be shiped at San Francisco in such tanks, and brought across the country to

the East. Massachusetts has a monopoly of the manufacture of palm-leaf hats in this country. The raw material is imported from Cuba in bunches of leaves from four to five feet long. These pass into the hands of manufacturers at Amherst, Palmer, Barre, and Fitchburg, by whom they are bleached and split. The weaving is principally done by women and children, and in hundreds of country farm-houses the inmates can be found busily at work at hat making. The pay is not large, but the work is simple and easy. The waste resulting from the splitting was until lately regarded as entirely useless, but is now sold to paper mills and used in the manufacture of coarse paper.

Those who are compelled to "hurry up their cakes" may find the following variety, prepared for various callings convenient to select from: The best cake for prize-fighters, pound cake; the most suitable for carpenters, plane cake; the most relished by loafers, spongecake; the most palatable to boatmen, current cake; the most acceptable to hangmen, drop cake; the best for farmers, seed cake; the kind indulged in by surgeons, cup cake; the kind most used by topers, corn cake; the most healthy for plumbers, plum cake; the debtor's cake, short cake; the gardener's cake, the hoe cake; the one for summer use, the cake of ice; the one for discount, an oat cake; a cake not enjoyed by any one, stomach-ache. American merchants have a reputa-

tion for sagacity and acuteness, but there are few of them that can surpass, in that respect, the gentleman of whom a good story is told in the English papers. He is a merchant in London, and lately found that a rival establishment was using his brains for its own benefit, and at the same time forestalling him in the market by obtaining copies of his telegraphic orders from an operator, by bribery. He at once wrote privately to his agents always to act exactly contrary to orders, and then went to work ex-ercising his brains at once for his own benefit and the injury of the wrong-do-er. He not only got the full benefit of his own foresight and tact, but was ob-taining a poetical revenge upon his ri-val, and in three months had him in the Court of Bankruptcy, while his own

concern went on prosperously.