

Vellefonte, Pa., August 30, 1907.

WHAT DOETH IT PROFIT THEM?

Hear the foolish people grumbling at the wind and at the rain; They complain about their losses or the little that they gain; They are fretting under burdens that have bent their shoulders low; They are mourning for the chances that they missed long, long ago; Thinking all that is in store, With sad faces they appear; But what profits are they gaining for the sadness that they show?

HAVEN.

It was a one-story house, built of rough stones, with wide overhanging eaves and quaint leaded glass windows. The largest part of me was the hall, where a huge fireplace of rough bricks, and a floor of red tiles, and a ceiling of low weathered rafters gave me full opportunity to express the spirit of cordiality. From this hall two steps led down into the dining room, and beyond was the enclosed veranda where one could look out upon the gently sloping hills and quiet, beautiful country. Towards the back of the house was a wing which formed a cozy library and bedroom. But what I loved best was my side which faced the garden, where in the early Spring I could see the crocuses peeping out amid the still brown grass; then would come the jonquills, afterward the spirea and roses; then the hollyhocks and poppies and larkspurs, followed by the August golden glow, and, last of all, chrysanthemums. My acquaintance with them began when I was just commencing to grow and lift myself up enough to take notice. They would come out in the late afternoons, when he had finished his work, and stand side by side, praising each of my parts, and rectifying any mistake. What first gained my love for them was the strong foundation upon which they placed me, for when it stormed and the wind blew and the thunder made me tremble, I could settle myself down upon the strong underground walls, and brace myself just as a man does in a heavy pair of boots. This is a great comfort to a house that stands on the crest of a hill, exposed to all kinds of weather and strong winds, as I did. It was in the early Autumn when I was entirely completed, and they came to live with me. How well I remember it! It was one of those blue gray afternoons when the smoke hangs low and everything seems mellowed by indistinctness. All day furniture and packages had been coming out, so that when they came there was much to do to get me into a semblance of order. They ran from room to room, admiring and patting my white enameled doors, trading softly upon my hard wood floors. "Look, dear, how beautiful this old settle is, beside the fireplace. It looks as if it had already been here an hundred years," she would say to him, and he would answer, "But have you seen the sunset from the library window?" and together they would walk, hand in hand, from one room to another, then back again, as if it were always new. The clock had chimed twelve that night before they could settle down to a moment of quiet rest. He had thrown some logs into my huge fireplace, and when they drew the blaze up the chimney with a roar she clapped her hands together and laughed, and then suddenly became very quiet, and I saw two tears roll down her cheeks. "What is it, dear," he asked, gently drawing her own on the settle beside him. "Oh, nothing—only, I am so happy in that it is just you and I and our home." And they sat there together a long time, her head resting in the hollow of his shoulder, and he smoking an old brier pipe, happy and contented. The minutes sped along until her head slipped lower, and she fell asleep, while he drifted into the fairy realm of fancies that blended, finally, with her dreams. Those were very happy days for us, in the full regalia of fresh paint, with not a joint to give me the least uneasiness, not even a crack in my plaster to mar my perfection. A vain house was I, I must admit, but it was the vanity that comes with the satisfaction of knowing that I made them happy, for it seemed to me that that was all for which I was built. Then, they were so young, and full of life and joy; how could I do otherwise than reflect their happiness? The days were too short that Winter; even the long evenings, that began at five and ended at eleven, seemed hardly long enough for us to do and say all that we desired. It was when they sat upon the settle before the glowing logs, gradually falling under the spell of the warmth and glow, that I found out that I could talk to them and make them understand. It was she who first heard my voice: "Listen, listen quick, dear; can't you hear the fire roaring up the chimney? It is talking to us. It is saying: 'East or West, Home's best.' Listen, it is singing now. Now, it is telling us that it is a haven, the place and rest, the port from all storms. That is what we shall call it, dear—'Haven.'"

So it was that I was named. Afterwards, they would listen to me every evening as I talked to them, and always it was she who understood me best.

The Winter fled and Spring came gently on. It was then that they began the garden which was to be my pleasure. He would work there, spading and digging, while she planted and watered the flowers. How impatiently we watched for the plants to spring up into life! I recall one night she awakened, and, remembering the roses had not been watered, she went out into the moonlit garden and sprinkled them most carefully. As Summer came on, she grew into the habit of sitting for the greater part of the day under the shadow of an old tree, one that was there long before I was even thought of. She would go there directly after breakfast, sewing all the time upon the tiniest garments, for which I could make out no real use. Yet she kept on diligently until a very large basket was completely filled with these funny little doll clothes. Then, one morning, I found him climbing up the steps which led into my garret, and calling back to a white-gowned nurse that a baby must always be carried up first to give it luck.

Those were quite the happiest days that I was to know. The baby grew into a beautiful boy, and he played with me as I had never known how to play before. Rainy days he spent the hours in my attic, ransacking every corner and finding out all my secrets—secrets I was very willing for him to know, for it strengthened the bond between us and made me feel that my claim upon him would last as long as I lived. With these treasures in my care, my confidence in myself grew until I began to think that I was the only house in the world worth considering, and I looked it over all the neighborhood. "What do I care?" said I to them. "You are only every day houses who change your occupants often, but I am more than a house. I am a home. The spirit of beauty and truth and nobility lives within me. Besides, nearly all of you are rented houses. You know my real owners; you are at the mercy of any one who is able to pay your price, but I belong to my people, and they belong to me." While I talked on thus, I heard a far-distant voice answer me, and as I looked in the direction from which it came, I saw an unpretentious old house living far back in a grove of trees. It looked very aged and sadly in need of paint, yet about it was an air of comfort and solidity.

"Vain boaster," it called to me, "it is all very well to be proud of your beauty. You are young now; you talk of the spirits of love and beauty, but that is only the beginning. I have had that, too, and something still greater, for I have seen the depths of suffering, and know that the only real nobility comes when one has passed through these shadows, and can still hold himself erect and smiling." At this I only laughed, for I knew that old houses always grumbled.

It was in Midsummer when one evening he was late in returning home. She was waiting for him in the garden. When he came I read in his face that a great trouble had fallen upon them. He whispered the words to her gently, and afterward she wept through that long, miserable night. A week later they looked the door, and walked away, the child between them. At the crest of the hill she stopped and looked back at me longingly; her eyes embraced me in their great love, and I heard her murmur, "Don't forget us, dear, dear Haven. We are coming back—some day."

Then was I alone, utterly alone, with my blinds closed and my rooms darkened so that the glass began to mold, and the smooth glass windows were deep with dust. But this was nothing to me in grief over their departure. I felt that I was deserted and left to the mercy of those who thought me worthy to be bought. Each morning as I bathed my gables in the early sun, I would glow with the hope that perhaps that day they might return, but as the lonely shadows of the twilight dimmed about me, I knew it was not to be.

In my grief and loneliness I believe I aged more in those few months than I was empty than in the many years spent with them. At the end of three dreary months, I was awakened from my lethargy by the sound of a heavy carriage rolling up to my gate. The jangling of the chains, the restless pacing of the horses, the smart rattle of the carriage—all told me that the newcomers were rich. They were accompanied by the heartless man who had bought me, and as he unlocked the door and showed the strangers in, one ray of happiness passed over me—the hope that I might pass from his hands forever.

The two women—they were mother and daughter, I learned, when I had come to know them—held their dainty gowns high as they stepped lightly over my dusty floors and criticized me—detail by detail. "A brick floor—how absurd, mamma! We must have a wood floor laid here as once. And how plain the walls are! They will have to be papered. And all this white wood work is so tiresome, but we can have it stained mahogany. Yes, I believe we can make it presentable by spending money. Papa, do send for a decorator at once."

Finally they took possession of me, and with them came a horde of workmen. I reverberated with hammering, my walls were hung with heavy, dust-catching cloths; masses, masses of furniture were crammed all over me, until I felt that I was myself no longer—that another house stood in my place. When all this was done, I rang with the sound of music, of laughter, of endless frivolities. There was no peace nor quiet self-communion left me any longer. All was hubbub and careless merriment.

Thus I lived for a decade. There were alternate periods of rest when the daughter and mother would leave on their tours and visits. At such times I felt almost happy again, and the old man, the husband and father, almost won his way into my heart by his loneliness and homelessness. In a way he represented something similar to myself for at heart he craved a real home and yet was continually forced to live in what was nothing but a thin imitation. But the friendship between us never grew, for he did not know how to begin to love me, and, before he learned, the daughter was married, and they moved away. Again I found myself alone.

Years and years of solitude—stretching out into an eternity of dreariness. An endless changing of faces and forms, some remaining with me for several years, others only a few months. Some of them were sweet children, one particularly—a little girl with soft, brown hair, and gentle eyes who sat in my garden on Summer afternoons, reading fairy tales and naming the flowers after her many dream figures. She seemed to feel my presence in such moments, and the only happy experience in the desert of my years—and even that moment was the happiness of sorrow—was when they took her away. The others

were calling her to follow them and she slipped out into the garden before leaving, and laid her head against the big door, kissing the broad panel which the weather had blistered and cracked. "Good-bye, old house," she said very softly—a whisper just for me—"I love you very much. You are so big, and quiet and peaceful."

There were other children, many of them, but they were thoughtless and treated me badly. My doors were slammed until I was sadly in need of new hinges, and my nice smooth paint was scratched and mutilated, and my fine hardwood floors, which had been the pride of my youth, were beyond recognition. Each year marked the decay of some part, until I reached the indignity of becoming a rented house. My deceptions brought only the poorer classes—people with no thoughtfulness or thrift. They believed in treating me with contempt, using each part of me as suited their purposes best, defacing me, ruining me.

An old hollyhock in the garden was my timekeeper. Despite all changes, each Spring would see it struggle up through the rampant grass, lifting its stalks of pure white blossoms high; then gradually wilting and dying—these did I know another year had been added to my age. Thirty-seven years had I counted in this way since they left me—thirty seven years without the sound of their voices, without the look of their affectionate eyes. At last the end was near at hand—I felt it in every part of me. My strong uprights would tremble now when the wind blew; I felt certain that I could not resist another long Winter.

I had been alone for months—even the poorest would not consider me any longer, and oftentimes people would go by in the late night and shudder when they looked at me saying that I was haunted; that ghosts lived within my walls. And they were right—ghosts did live within me—the ghosts and memories of that long procession which had marched through me with the passing years. And then there came a calm, cold night. The wind had died down into the golden December mist, and the clouds hurried across the sky, only half obscuring the moon. It was a lonely night, and I felt a great passionate man hold the light of a match until the door swung open and they entered. The chilling damp blew into their faces and smote them with a mousy odor.

"Tell the coachman to bring us one of his lamps," I heard the woman say, and she waited silently in the darkness until he came, and she returned with the light. It was then that my ruin and desolation became evident to them. I saw her put her hands up to her face and cover her eyes as if some deep pain had suddenly taken possession of her. But he moved about with a firm tread and made the staring coachman bring some old, rotten palings from the fence, and start a fire in my old, cracked chimney. Soon the fire crackled and a bright warmth beamed into the room, making it a little less cheerless. I almost felt the glow of youth pass over my shivering body once more.

When the fire blazed he pushed the one rough chair in the hall forward into its glow, and led the woman to it. She sank into it, clasping her hands before her and letting her head drop forward over her knees until the firelight gleamed on her snow-white hair. Her eyes looked straight out before her into the blazing timbers. He stood with his hand resting affectionately upon her shoulder, a little back of her, where the light shone on his strong rugged features, so lined and furrowed with the signs of age and disappointment. An hour passed by and yet no word had broken the stillness. Finally, he spoke: "We must be going now, dear. We shall return in the morning." She started and looked at him in surprise.

"Leave her? You surely cannot mean it. I shall never leave her again." "But not for to-night. We can return to-morrow for good. It is not safe to stay here to-night." Again her eyes rebuked him. "No harm can come to us here. We are safer here than any place in the world. Don't you remember, we called it 'Haven'? That means rest and safety. Tell the coachman to go back. We shall stay here forever now." He left her alone—just she and I, and it was then that I knew her. A great tremor passed over me so that one of the loose stones in my chimney was shaken from its fastenings and fell down into the fire, making it blaze up suddenly into a gorgeous glow that rumbled far up my chimney. And in its noise my voice rose into a passionate cry, "Beloved! Beloved!" Suddenly she leaned forward on her knees before the hearth and listened and heard me. When he returned, and threw down a great armful of holly on the hearth, she pulled him down beside her so that their arms were about each other and their faces close together.

"Listen, listen," she whispered, "it is the house talking to me. It has not forgotten. It is calling. 'Beloved! Beloved!'" —By Norval Richardson, in The Delicater.

One baby in arms, a couple of others tugging at her skirts as she moves about the house, no help, and yet this woman manages to sweep and cook and sew. Is it any wonder that she wears out fast? Is it any wonder that her nerves are racked? Hardly a woman is exempt from "female troubles" in some form. It is upon the woman of many cares, the woman who cannot rest, that the disease falls the hardest. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to every weary, working woman, vexed by woman's ills, as a boon and a blessing. It heals ulceration and inflammation. It cures the fainting that saps the strength. It drives the female troubles, strengthens the nerves, and makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It cannot injure the most delicate woman.

Popularity of Languages. Of the common European languages English is the most widely spoken at the present time and seems to be increasing in popularity more rapidly than any of the others. In 1800 about 21,000,000 people spoke English and in 1900 about 120,000,000. In the same interval of time the number speaking Russian increased from 31,000,000 to 80,000,000, German from 30,000,000 to 80,000,000, French from 31,450,000 to 55,000,000, Italian from 15,000,000 to 33,000,000, Spanish from 26,000,000 to 45,000,000, and Portuguese from 7,450,000 to 13,000,000.

COMEDY IN A CEMETERY.

Old Chestnut Seller of Genoa and Her Fortune Hunting Spouse.

It does not seem possible that one could run across a comedy in such a solemn place as a cemetery, yet there is, so the optimist assures us, a little comedy in every situation. Surely in the romance of the old chestnut seller of Genoa and the chagrin of her fortune hunting spouse, both of whom figure in the local gossip and one of whom is immortalized in marble in the Campo Santo, one must admit that the situation is not without its lighter side. The most serious minded smile as they read the inscription which the shrewd old lady commanded the sculptor to chisel on her tomb.

Not so many years ago, so the story runs, one of the best known figures in the streets of Genoa was that of an old woman who made a living selling chestnuts. She was without beauty, but was gifted with a quality which no doubt stood her in better stead—a native shrewdness which enabled her to buy her wares prudently and to sell them with a profit. It does not require a large income to live in Genoa, especially when one has not acquired extravagant tastes, so gradually the fortune of the worthy toiler grew and finally became large enough to be talked about. A lad more noted for his good looks than for principle or intellect caught the rumor of the fortune, sought the chestnut merchant and made straight for her heart, which was not long in responding. The subsequent marriage of the pair caused the knowing ones to smile.

After a short honeymoon it was brought to the notice of interested neighbors that the young husband was in search of work. His elderly bride disclaimed all knowledge of the rumored fortune and said that, as she was almost without a penny, she expected that he, too, would put his shoulder to the wheel. Between them a comfortable home might be supported and an occasional evening at the theater might be enjoyed. Not even yet having given up hope that the fortune would one day appear, the young husband for a time an exemplary "life," but finally patience gave place to discouragement, and love's young dream was shattered. Several years later the deserted wife died, and, like a mushroom in the night, sprang up in a conspicuous place in the Campo Santo a handsome monument representing, aside from the plot which it occupied, a snug fortune. The marble statue, of life size, represents the old lady, dressed in full gathered skirt, silk apron, fringed shawl and a rosary wound around her fingers. Lest there should be a doubt about the history of the original and her romance the entire story is set upon the pedestal of the statue, explaining how the lady had been wooed, not, as she knew at the time, for her beauty or her virtue, but for her fortune, and how she had thwarted her mercenary lover by the purchase of this lasting memorial, which not only represented her husband's disappointment, but might also serve as a warning to others. The statue is one of the most striking in the entire place.—Leslie's Weekly.

No Mail For Him.

"Yes," remarked the driver, as his leaders swept round the turn into a lightly timbered stretch of level road in the Australian "bush," "you may not believe it, but those kangaroos are as clever as people." Then, in response to the inquiry of a passenger who contributes the story to Cassell's Magazine, he proceeded to tell why. "Now, there's Moloney," he continued, "who owns the section on the other side of the creek. He trained one of them to meet the coach every week and get the letters for him. The kangaroo's pouch comes in real handy, ye see," he added, with the humor that belongs to the stage driver the world over.

Presently, as often happens on a quiet country road, a fine kangaroo, disturbed by the approach of his majesty's royal mail, came into view, as he raised himself from the grass where he had been feeding and looked toward the coach with an innocent, inquiring air. The driver glanced at him and shook his head. "Nothing for you today, old man!" he called genially. The kangaroo, as if that was all he had been waiting for, hopped quickly out of view among the trees, to the amazement of the box seat traveler and intense enjoyment of the other occupants of the coach.

Dog Seeks Aid For Horse.

Frisk, a beautiful coach dog and Jack, a fine bay two-year-old of trotting stock, were raised together on our farm and became fast friends, sleeping in the same stall and, in fact, were almost inseparable. Jack had been overfed on new oats, resulting in a severe attack of colic, which often proves fatal to horses in a short time. About midnight Frisk awakened us by scratching at the door and barking as if in great distress. Upon opening the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar, the dog pleadingly stood up on his hind feet, putting his paws against me and whined most pitifully, then started toward the barn in the same appealing manner. My curiosity being thoroughly aroused, I followed and, before reaching the barn, could hear Jack kicking and groaning. To cure him was an easy matter. Years afterward Jack was a "favorite" in many races, and Frisk was still a close and loyal protector, guarding Jack from all intruders who sought entrance without the trainer or myself.—Chicago Tribune.

Huxley and Arnold.

Dean Farrar records in his "Men I Have Known" an amusing and perfectly good natured retort which Matthew Arnold provoked from Professor Huxley, for the better appreciation of which it may be added that the "sweetness and light," of which Mr. Arnold wrote, were exemplified in his own very airy and charming manners. I sometimes met Huxley in company with Matthew Arnold, and nothing could be more delightful than the conversation elicited by their contrasted individualities. I remember a walk which I once took with them both through the pleasant ground of Paris Hill, where Mr. Arnold's cottage was. He was asking Huxley whether he liked going out to dinner parties, and the professor answered that, as a rule, he did not like it at all. "Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "I rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you are."

Times Change.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that you would give your life for me. Benham—That was when I was sick and expected to die anyway.—Baltimore World.

LEGEND OF THE BOUNTY.

A British Brig Whose Ghost Still Sails the South Seas.

So famous has become the Flying Dutchman and the story of the punishment visited for impiety upon her captain that the yarn has overshadowed many others equally good. There is, for instance, the tale still told in the attols of the south seas concerning the brig Bounty, of mutiny fame, which, for dramatic intenseness, far outweighs it.

As a tale of adventure few, if any, stories of real life can exceed in tragic detail the story of the mutiny of the British brig of war Bounty. Her men, disheartened and oppressed by a tyrannical captain, set upon their officers and, murdering some, set the rest adrift in open boats. Then the mutineers sailed to a deserted island, first taking into themselves wives of the daughters of the Islanders, and their descendants still live on a rocky island in the south Pacific. For years after the mutiny the whereabouts of the ship and her crew was unknown, and she was supposed to have foundered at sea. Naturally stories, weaving themselves from the phantasmagoria of the sea, were told concerning her at the wharves where seamen congregated and finally crystallized into one gruesome yarn which might have served Coleridge as the framework for his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Any old whaler in "Frisco can tell the legend which is the white man's contribution to the romance swathed south sea islands.

She, like the death ship seen by the Ancient Mariner, comes sweeping down on a vessel when the wind has fallen and the ship lies "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Her dead crew are at quarters, and her murdered officers are still on the quarter deck, but there is no flag flying. Aft, at the taffrail, a man is struggling to raise the bunting, but, as the old whaler will tell you, he can't—"God won't let him." The planking of the ship is covered with mold, and her sails, worn by countless winds, are thin as lace, letting the sun through in golden arabesques. All is slow and discipline aboard as she sails slowly by the becalmed whaler, the white water under her forefoot and her wake trailing behind a glittering furrow. She swings wide as she comes near, the sun glances for a moment on her gossamer canvas and she is not. She "goes out like a slush lamp in a blow," say old shellbacks who have seen her.—New York Herald.

Bold Yankee Engineers.

The operations of Yankee engineers are a source of constant wonder and bewilderment to all foreigners. The daring way in which the Americans blow up mountains that come in their way or string bridges over seemingly impassable canyons almost takes their breath away. On one job in South America a contractor used about \$80,000 worth of powder in blasting. He employed 8,000 men and completed a piece of work in less than three months that local authorities said could not be done inside of ten years. He put 3,000 kegs of powder in one blast, and when the shot went off it sent over 700 train loads of rock down a cliff into the river. There was such a mass of debris that it raised the water of the stream fifty-five feet in less than twenty minutes. The channel had to be blasted out to let the water through. The force of this immense charge was so great that it sent huge boulders the size of box cars sailing over the hill like a flock of buzzards flying over a barn.—Toledo Blade.

Shooting the Steenbuck.

Many of the poor Boers in the Transvaal, by whom all the shooting that is done is for the pot and not for sport, have perfected a system of shooting with the assistance of oxen. A steenbuck has no fear of cattle and will be still even if they graze right up to him. The hunter gets together a few cattle and with his gun walks behind them in such a way that he cannot be seen from the front. Great care has to be exercised to drive the oxen so that they may seem to be grazing naturally. The hunter must be ready to shoot without having to alter his position. The slightest movement is noticed by the steenbuck.

Peculiarities of Long Island.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was asked by the teacher, "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and, after awhile, a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why," said the boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you see the sea and on the north side you hear the sound."

Fatalism Exemplified.

She—I hope, dear, that you are not going to worry about my exceeding my allowance this time. He (brightening up)—You don't mean to tell me, dearest, that there isn't any necessity for it? "Certainly not. What's the use of worrying about something you can't help?"—New York Life.

The Flesh She Lost.

"You're not looking well, Mrs. Giles. Surely you have lost a lot of flesh lately, have you not?" "I have that. I've lost me 'usband. 'E weighed nineteen stone when 'e died."—London Telegraph.

Modern Modesty.

"You say a modest woman. Just what do you mean by that?" "Well, a woman who costs her husband less than \$2,500 a year is modest as prices go."—New York World.

WOONG SLEEP.

A Prescription That Worked Well in Philadelphia.

A haggard looking man strolled into a downtown drug store the other day and asked the druggist for help. He said he had trouble in getting to sleep when he retired. No matter how sleepy he might be during the day or how much sleep he might have lost, the moment his head touched the pillow he was wide awake and lay thus for several hours. Once asleep he was very hard to waken, but he had to be up at a certain hour, and in consequence of his peculiar habit he could stand. The drug clerk regarded him quizzically a few moments and then replied:

"My dear man, you don't want medicine. What you want is something to change the trend of your thoughts. Do as a friend of mine did. He was troubled the same way and found that the old folks' plan of imagining sheep passing a barrier and counting them was out of date, so he began trying to name all the states in the Union. He soon got them so he could classify them alphabetically. Then, when they no longer interested him, he started on the counties of his state. He now has them at his tongue's end, classified up to the fourth letter. Now he is starting on state capitals and their locations. Then he will take up county seats. A moment's glance at an atlas during the day shows him when he is wrong, and the beauty of the plan is that he rarely has to think along these lines longer than ten minutes before he is sound asleep. To make it short, the study of geography is a good narcotic."—Philadelphia Record.

A BOY HUNT.

Chased From Hedge to Hedge by a Big Pack of Weasels.

The following extract from an interesting book may be of interest to our friends. It is "From My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, published in London in 1870. "About this time, while rambling in the picturesque lane leading from Winton to Windleton with two other boys, an adventure occurred sufficiently startling to two little fellows from nine to ten years old. We were busily engaged in picking wild strawberries, which clustered in the hedgerows, when we saw at about a hundred yards distance a pack of at least twenty weasels running from hedge to hedge and evidently scenting out footsteps. It flashed upon us that we were being hunted. So, springing over the nearest hedge, we ran across a pasture field and, standing upon the farther bank, looked back toward our assailants. To our dismay we saw the whole pack, with noses to ground, steadily tracking our course. The word was given, 'Run, run!' and off we scampered across another field to take up our position on another hedge. Still the pursuit was going on, and the creatures were evidently gaining upon us, so with a wild shout we fled to the village, which, happily for us, was not far off. I have frequently heard of persons being attacked by weasels, but never hunted by them on any other occasion."

The above must have occurred about 1812, the locality being the north of England.—Forest and Stream.

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