

EPOCHS.

Oh, drink to the infant blossom
That laughs in the lap of Spring—
To the newborn rose.

A NEW WAY OF WOOLING.

At Klompenkerk there is a deadly stillness. The rare stranger, entering through the breach in the ancient ramparts, is troubled by the echo of his own footsteps.

Vrouwe'polder was unimpressed. "Look at Pietje—just look at her, I say, going to church with her stove in her hand. Look at her corkscrews, her trefails, her brooches, her rings, her strings of coral, her silver buckles, her silver-bound prayer-book!"

conveyed in the clutch of six citizens, attended by the entire population, and as many visitors from adjacent villages as could squeeze into the market-place.

He said that he conducted mock trials, himself the judge, of every case there; and, further, that having convicted the incendiary beyond a doubt, he gave him valuable points, which contributed to his subsequent acquittal.

The Intelligence of Insects. The remarkable researches of Lord Avebury, better known to scientists as Sir John Lubbock, of Berthelot, Weisman Fabre, Romanes, and others, concerning the intelligence of insects, have been supplemented by the studies and experiments of Professor Nathan Harvey, of Michigan.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. I hold it true, what'er betfall, I feel it when I sorrow most; 'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.