

### THE LIGHT OF HOME.

As shines the steady polar star  
Across the darkened world we roam,  
So brightly beams, so flashes far  
The blessed light of home.  
In days of glory or of shame,  
'Mid gentle gales or adverse blast  
Love watches o'er its vestal flame  
And guards it to the last.

Enkindled first in Paradise,  
Joy, Purity and Peace came down,  
Attracted from their native skies,  
Earth's happiness to crown;  
And when with the humblest shrine,  
Whose building loving hearts ordain,  
That radiance begins to shine,  
Those angels meet again.

It gleams where dark, malignant powers  
With stent voice bid pilgrims stay,  
The temper at its glory cowers,  
The darkness flees away;  
It flashes on the toiler's brow,  
And saddening lines of care grow dim:  
From cots where poverty stoops low  
Ascends earth's sweetest hymn.

And when Time's treasures vanish here,  
And mother, wife, and child no more  
Speed forth to life with words of cheer,  
Or welcome at the door:  
On Faith's upturned and steady eyes  
That pierce beyond the starlit dome,  
Still falls that light through evening skies,  
And guides the weary home.

### OUT OF PITY.

She was just 17; the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Arwood Towers; the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fielding that the country had ever welcomed. To herself it was like a dream; it had come so fast; it seemed that all her life had lived itself in these six months, the leaving of her English school and going out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper and companion; the strange brief life on the up-country coffee estate, then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake, and who was received and entertained at Holme Harcourt with the delightful pen-and-ink hospitality of the colonies. And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and the chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Henry Fielding had been still more good; and then—and then—she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all voices around her was telling her she would never know another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dreary time; the sad past, and the present that was happy, but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nesta Harcourt, that people was fussing over and petting and welcoming home as if she had been a royal princess?

Perhaps it was as well she could not realize it or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending with his sister, Mrs. Mostyn, to present Nesta to the country-side, been one round of festivities, of which she was queen? This evening they had driven to a grand concert in the country town, to hear a famous singer, and Nesta, in her wonderful golden satin gown, rich with embroidery and lace, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck, and her cheeks flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the excitement and happiness now that they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall, for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests, and they were all vehemently declaring that the night was hardly begun yet, and they meant to finish it with a few games. The furniture in the blue drawing room was being hastily moved, and Nesta's heart sank at the thought of further exertion; her head ached and she was worn out. She would slip away quietly to bed, and leave Harry to make her excuses to Eleanor. Where was Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and heard that beautiful Miss Trafford were talking in the doorway. A hasty search through the nearest rooms had no result, and Nesta stopped by an open door to glance in at the half-cleared drawing room. Two portly dowagers were deep in conversation, their heads bent together behind their fans; but their voices rose above the music Eleanor was playing, and Nesta could not help hearing what they said. "Gladys Trafford, yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair that, my dear. He and she were perfectly inseparable and a most suitable match it would have been. The two oldest families in the country; his equal in position and fortune; Lord Stourbridge's estates are next his, you know, and Gladys is heiress to a great part."

What made Nesta's heart give such a leap, and her feet feel spell-bound to the spot where she stood? Arwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. It was as if her whole being were strained to hear the rest; she never thought of eavesdropping, poor child. It was life and death to her. "And why didn't it come about?" asked the purple brocade. "Heaven knows! A lover's tiff. I suppose, or some rubbish! It's a thousand pities! A Lady Fielding has always been at the head of the county society and Gladys Trafford is just made for the position, with her beauty and cleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."

"And who is the girl he has married?" She seems a nice little thing enough." "Ah! a harmless sort of creature; pink-and-white prettiness, nothing more. She was a planter's daughter in Ceylon, or somewhere; and she was staying with them when the father died. She was left quite friendless and destitute, and he married her out of pity. He was always a quixotic goose, Harry Fielding." The spell was off now, and Nesta, white as death, was hurrying up the stairs to her room. There was a little sofa in a sheltered nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry—and the woman he should have married. Nesta sped past, but she

she fled she saw Harry bend his head to kiss the beautiful hand he was holding, and she heard his low murmur: "If I had only known years ago things might have been so different!" On, on, till her own door closed behind her, and she gazed wildly around at the pretty ornaments that strewed her bower, as if she had never seen them before. She flung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they had hurt her, and sank into a chair beside the quaint old ebony table; leaning her head, with its tangle of crisp, brown hair, down on her folded arms. She did not shed a tear, but her brain seemed on fire. Beside her stood the tall vase of rushes that Harry and she had gathered from the lake only yesterday. Wasn't it a hundred years ago?

"Never another sorrow he could guard her from?" Well, it was true; he couldn't help this; it wasn't his fault, he had meant to do right; he had married her "out of pity" when he loved another woman. It must be her own fault, not his; yes, because she was pink and white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it.

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she was to go away that very night, and never trouble him again. She had not a friend in the world except her old Brighton schoolmistress; she would go to her and beg her to take her in, and let her teach the little children. And perhaps she might die soon; and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved. Nesta felt as if death wouldn't be long in coming, she felt it now.

She got up to fetch a time table. Yes, the mail train passed through Middlehampton at 1 o'clock; it was only 12 now, and though she could not very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the park. She drew her blotting-book to her and began to write fast. A big tear or two leaked down on the paper, but she wiped them patiently away; it must be clear that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me for pity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me that I never, never did. I can't make you free again, but it is better for us never to see each other any more, and perhaps I may die, and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now when you kissed her hand, and said things might have been so different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you my poor good boy! you were not to blame." She paused and looked up.

"What shall I sign it?" she said; "I am not his wife any more, for only love really makes a marriage." Her eye fell on her little wedding ring, its brilliancy scarcely tarnished yet. She stopped and pressed her lips to it gently, solemnly.

"Oh! Harry, my Harry!" she whispered, "if it had only been love, not pity!" She rose and slipped off the golden gown, and put on a dark, warm dress.

"I must even go away from him in the things he gave me," she said, as she fastened her long fur cloak with its silver clasps. "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love." She opened the French window in her dressing room and stepped out on the balcony whence a flight of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Chinese cabinets and blue and white china, and the ebony table, where the letter to Harry lay with the light full upon it, so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her and turned resolutely away.

The moon was bright with a fitful brightness—now almost as light as day now hidden behind hurrying clouds—and it was bitterly cold. Nesta drew her cloak tighter around her and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary, and stumbled along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. Surely she could not have missed her way! The moon and the clouds were playing smoke pranks that one could not be sure, and her heart had been too full to notice all the turns. It was as black as Erebus now; a darkness that might be felt. Nesta took a few steps forward, then stopped short, by some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out clear and bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which shimmered at her feet. A strange, sharp pain shot through her heart as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday. Yesterday? A thousand years ago; when she was happy.

A wild thought flashed across her brain; she had wished to die, would it not be better for Harry and herself, yes, and for that other woman too, if she were under those cold smiling waters in a dreamless sleep? It was only a moment, her soul was too white and too brave for more; she recoiled with a start of horror; but ah! the bank was worn and smooth; her little feet slipped on the edge; she threw out her hands to stop herself, but the frozen grass slid through her fingers; there was one short, sharp cry, and a pale, sweet face lay still among the rushes in the silent moonlight.

It was dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again. She heard Harry's low voice before ever she opened her eyes, and felt his clasp of her hand—Harry's hand-clasp, there was no other like it anywhere—and though it must be heaven, and was glad she had done with earth, since this was so much better. And so she slept again. And when next she woke she knew that the clouds she seemed to lie on, clouds soft and billowy, where her own bed, nothing more ethereal, and she was aware it must be earth still but felt it did not matter since it could be so much like heaven, for Harry's voice and Harry's hand were there still; and she slept again, smiling gently.

But the next time she awoke the

hand and voice were missing, and Harry's back was visible in the room beyond as she raised herself on her pillows. And as she rose she caught sight of herself in the long Psyche glass opposite and started at the reflection. For all her tangle of brown hair was cut short, and there was no pink and white prettiness now, only great dark eyes and a small white face. And as she fell back on her pillow, half from surprise and half from weakness, for she was very feeble, the bells burst out clear and sweet and mystical in a perfect coroll of exultant joy.

"Christmas bells! Is it Christmas?" she said.

"Why it was November when I died!" And as Harry turned and hurried to her side, she smiled up at him and asked again.

"Christmas! Is it really Christmas, Harry?" but he only bent to catch her in his arms. She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him from her. "Harry you must not—you must not!" she said. He saw the trouble look in her eyes and knew that memory was coming back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little darling, my blessing, my life! The doctor says I must tell you all about it, for the worry will hurt worse than the talking; and oh! how I have waited for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I heard you scream and ran up just in time to see you sink!"

"Then it was you who found me?"

"Oh! Harry!"

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came to your room five minutes after you must have left it, and there was the time-table open, and your little note, bless it! and so I just set forth for the station as hard as I could. I had almost reached the park gate when that cry came—off to the right—and I turned just in time." His voice broke, and he bent his head down to hers.

"Nesta, it was all a vile, infamous lie, whoever told it. Gladys Trafford and I were always dear old boy-and-girl friends, nothing more. I knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and I always thought that she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confessed to me that they had been engaged all these years, and Wilfred was trying to make a fortune for her sake. I told her I would soon put all that right; and then I scolded her for never having told me before, when I could have saved them both all these years of waiting. 'Nesta!'—for her face was hidden, and she was sobbing softly—'you will no doubt see me again?'"

"Never, never, never! not if you told me yourself! But, Harry, in a whisper which scarcely reached his ear, 'did you really marry me out of pity?'"

"Yes, my sweetheart—the very sincerest pity for myself!" And Nesta never asked any more questions.

### Breakfast Drinks.

Coffee stands first in the list of beverages for the breakfast table, though for nervous people or those who are afflicted with palpitation of the heart it is not to perfection one requires a coffee pot with a double base. A French filter pot is the best. Never boil it if you wish to preserve the aroma. Buy two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha; the first is required for strength, the latter for flavor. I prefer to have coffee roasted at the grocer's, as inexperienced hands are liable to leave a few berries in that have been scorched, giving it a bitter taste. But we grind our own coffee, and that only the moment before pouring on the boiling water. Allow two heaping tablespoonsful of ground coffee to a pint of the boiling water; let it boil half a minute and set back to settle. In this way coffee will be clear without the aid of eggs or shells. If it is not possible to procure cream, always boil the milk and use loaf sugar.

Tea needs first of all, the help of a "cozy" to make it in perfection. A "cozy" is a wadded cover made to fit the teapot. It is generally shaped in two half circles, stitched around, wadded, lined and corded. It can be made very ornamental by braiding or crevel work. Tea requires water freshly boiled, and should not be made to stand on the hob and stew before using, and it should be poured for each person. After pouring stand near the fire, then place directly under the "cozy" before calling the family to the table. In this way the tea preserves all its delicate aroma.

If any reader has not tried tea "a la Russe," it is quite a revelation. It is to place of peeled, well-sugared lemon at the bottom of each cup before pouring over it the tea, hot and strong. Iced tea can be served in the same way. Chocolate must be scraped and soaked in milk for an hour before using, to free it from lumps. Allow two sticks to a pint of milk, which must be boiled and sweetened. Make the soaked chocolate into a fine paste, stir in the milk; let it boil half a minute. Serve hot, as when only lukewarm it becomes flat. The best breakfast beverage of all is cocoa, which, being more oily and nutritious, is strongly recommended for those who have weak lungs. It is made in the same way as chocolate, only a little vanilla is often added as a flavoring which takes off the over-rich taste. A nice addition to either chocolate or cocoa is a heaping tablespoonful of whipped cream placed on the top of each cup. This, too, must be lightly flavored with vanilla.

Cafe au lait is a common beverage among French people. It is made with a quart of clear, strained coffee, a quart of boiling milk, sugar to the taste, whipped up with the whites of three or four eggs. Rinse the coffeepot with hot water and pour in the coffee and milk alternately. Cover closely for three or four minutes. Put a spoonful of the whipped and sweetened white of egg in each cup.

The reason why New Year resolves are so often forgotten is because many who turn the new leaf forget to gum it down.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

### The Mines.

The discovery of gold in the Frazer river and its tributaries, in British Columbia, occurred in the year 1858, and among the many thousands who started from Victoria to the land of promise was your humble servant, Joseph Laylor.

I did not go alone on my gold-seeking expedition. Henry Cleave went with me as a partner.

It was a journey of twenty-three days from Victoria, across wading waist-deep in the mud and slush, and crossing mountains of immense height.

At last we arrived at the mines in a deplorable condition. Here we found the suffering fearful, provisions scarce, and, although we had read such glittering accounts of the mines, the gold was slow in coming.

Day by day we toiled, and at the end of the first week we were not much richer than when we had arrived.

The second week, however, we struck a "vein," and our anticipation seemed about to be realized.

It was the last day of the second week, and Harry and I were seated in our tent, smoking and discussing our unexpected luck.

I had just put down my pipe, when a man entered the tent. It was Bob Riley the bully of the mines.

He was a man of about six feet in height, splendidly formed, with an arm that looked as though it might fell an ox.

He took a seat without even saying as much as: "By your leave."

"Hey, old boy, give us that pipe," he said at length, pointing to my pipe I had just put down. "And harkee, old feller, fill it to the brim; d'ye hear?"

"Bob Riley," I replied, "I know you're a bully, and I'm not afraid of you. If you call me rightly and speak respectfully I'll lend you the pipe."

"Guv me that pipe!" he cried, his face growing red with rage. "Guv me the pipe and mind you're talking to d'ye hear?"

"I will not give you the pipe, Bob Riley, till you do what I told you," was the answer, interposing my body between him and the object of his inquiry.

With an oath he arose and came toward me, Harry jumped up to take my part, but I told him to keep quiet and I'd make it right.

It certainly looked as though Bob would demolish me—I was so slight in comparison to him.

"Get out of the way!" he cried, with an oath, his face white with rage.

I did not move.

He then raised his brawny fist to strike me down.

I parried the blow and the next minute he had measured his length on the ground, his head touching the canvas, from a well-measured blow on the mouth from my fist.

In a minute he was up again, for I would take no mean advantage of his position.

With a volley of oaths he cried: "Joe Laylor, my time will come. I shall never forget this!" and with that he disappeared from the tent.

That night I lay awake, the words of the bully ringing in my ears. I tried to forget them, but it was useless.

By the morning it had leaked out that I had "kicked" the bully, and I was the talk and hero of the day. I passed over a period of four months. I casually had attended the efforts of Harry and myself during this time, and we were worth a nice \$20,000 in gold pieces, and thinking of leaving the mines.

For the better safety of our money we had dug a hole in the ground under our tent, deposited it there, placed a piece of wood over the hole, and then covered it with mud, and five miners, Harry and myself had formed a band for mutual protection.

Every night at 12 o'clock Harry and I used to look to see if our gold was safe.

Four months had gone by and we were growing rapidly rich.

Midnight had arrived and we were again about to look after our gold.

"God! Am I blind?"

With tenfold force the words of the bully came to my mind. But he had not been seen since that memorable night four months ago.

The air in the tent was stifling. I could not stand it.

I passed out into the cool night air, and oh how refreshing it felt!

Harry remained in the tent, as much affected as I was.

As I walked on I observed a faint glimmer of light in one of the tents. It was that of a worthless vagabond, by name Jim Langley.

All the other tents were pitch dark. With nervous tread I approached and peered in through a hole in the canvas. "I saw I believe my senses!"

I saw Bob Riley and Jim Langley bending over a small table and counting money from some bags which I recognized as mine.

In less than five minutes I had aroused our committee, and the gold was again in my hands, while the thieves were safely locked up to await the arrival of a justice.

A week went by, and our fortune was increased by \$10,000. At the end of the week we had determined to go.

It was dangerous to go in the day, as every one who left was watched to see if he took gold with him.

All night we traveled, with the exception of an hour to rest. Toward the break of day we started again.

We had not walked for more than an hour when we heard footsteps approaching, and presently two men appeared, looking fresh and hearty.

"Hello, my good men," cried one Harry, tired of carrying the bag; "will you please to carry our buddies for us a little ways?"

It was reckless of him to say the least.

The men acquiesced, and we all went forward.

We had now arrived at a narrow path, where not more than two persons could walk together. We had proceeded on a little way, in pairs, when I heard two pistol shots, followed quickly by a third.

I saw Harry and one of the men fall, and felt a bullet whiz by my head.

Before I could turn, almost, the other man was on me.

"It is my turn now. I do not forget."

Now he was down with me on top, when suddenly the positions were reversed.

There was a knife in my belt, and both struggled to get it.

God's hand was on my throat, my knife in his uplifted arm.

I saw it about to descend, and raised my hand mechanically to ward off the blow, when there came another shot, and Bob Riley fell over—dead.

A party of men came in sight, and I saw that it was the justice and his escort on their way to the mines, who saved my life.

In a minute everything was explained.

Harry was dying from a wound in his side.

It seems he had been watching the associate of Riley in crime, who proved to be Langley, but he was not in time to dodge the shot.

He had, moreover, drawn his pistol as he fell, and fired, luckily killing his murderer.

"Joe," he said, in a faint and hardly articulate voice, gasping between each word. "Joe, I'm dy—ing. Bury me—when I'm gone. I leave my—money—to—you, hoping—you will do good with it—and aid the poor. Good—bye," and his soul left its earthly tenement for the better land above.

I hired some men, and we took his body down to the Queenella river.

We made a coffin, placed all there was of him in it, and buried him on the south bank of the river.

### Horsemanship in India.

The delusions prevalent about the covert sides of England that no men can ride but Englishmen, and the fond faith of Irish fox hunters that there is no race in the world like the natives of the Green Isle for hippodromic prowess, might be somewhat shaken if they had seen those swarthy gentlemen, the Tenth Bengal Cavalry quite recently.

The Prince went out about 9 o'clock, attended by General Proby and others, to see the men at work, and was so pleased at what he saw that he gave a fine hunting knife to the best man. A British trooper would have probably received the gift with much delight and immense "mauvaise honte" and walked off full of pride and shamefacedness. The Tawanna man, quite delighted, too, was able to express a wish that he might be allowed to wear the knife in his belt when in uniform, and the wish was acceded to. The British trooper would probably have been admonished suitably and severely reprehended by the authorities for such a request.

Every one knows that tent pegging means riding full tilt with a lance at a tent peg driven deep into the ground and carrying it off, if successful, on the point of the lance. If any one thinks it is easy to do this from the simple description let him try it at Aldershot or elsewhere, remembering, however, that Indian tent pegs are larger, longer and stick deeper than those at home. The troopers dashed full gallop one after the other at the pegs, which were replaced as fast as they were drawn. Then rapiers were put on the tent pegs to be knocked off by the lance point without touching the peg. That was done better and oftener than the succeeding exercise of cutting or spearing oranges on the tent peg tops. Handkerchiefs were laid on the ground, and the troopers, riding hard, made swoops at them and missed them or caught them up. One man managed to take three in succession in the same gallop. There were exhibitions of horsemanship which might be described as of a circus character, but for this difference—the horses were not ridden at a regulation stride at a skillfully adjusted angle, but were ridden boldly about on the hard plain, and everything was done by hand, bit and balance.

### Royal Parliamentarians.

Five members of the royal family have seats in the House of Lords, namely the four sons of the queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Connaught and Albany, and their cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. But with the exception of the first and last named, none of these Princes have ever taken any active part in the proceedings of parliament.

It is an understood thing that members of the royal family must never mix themselves up with politics, and there is no certainty on the point as to which great party in the state is most favored over by any one of them. It is believed that the general feeling of the royal princes is on the whole moderately liberal, but they have never said a word in public to indicate the fact. The duke of Cambridge, as commander-in-chief of the army, of course, often speaks in the House of Lords on military affairs, on which he is a high authority, leaning to the policy of cautious progress rather than daring innovation, but his voice is rarely heard on any other topic. The duke is not an attractive orator, but his speeches are always business-like and to the point.

A few days ago the Prince of Wales caused some astonishment by making what really was his first speech in parliament. Three years ago, it is true, he said a few words in presenting a petition in favor of the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, a measure, which, as everybody knows, the royal family are, for certain special reasons, very anxious to have passed, but his royal-highness's utterances on this occasion could hardly be called a speech. The other night he spoke for about ten minutes, and his address occupied some fifty or sixty lines in the newspapers. His topic was strictly non-political, but concerned that difficult question of the housing of the poor, which is engaging so much attention just now.

The prince has a pleasant and slightly husky voice, and rolls his r's in a manner peculiar to many of the royal family, and somewhat resembling the well-known Parisian intonation. He speaks with great deliberation and at the same time with perfect ease, unlike his brother, the duke of Edinburgh, who stammers and hesitates woefully.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

### Snaring Red Birds.

"This will do," said one of a couple of bird hunters in Ohio, "we will plant our trap right here. The idea in making this path was to make a clear space for the birds to fly along—like the creek back there in the gully. The decoy bird which I have brought along in the cage is a female red-bird. I place her on the ground under this pollard willow, so I cover the cage with leaves and branches, so that the birds cannot see her, and then I lime every branch on the willow which is apt to be a resting place for the birds who fly down the path to see what female is crying, and what is the matter with her, but who are puzzled when they reach this place at hearing the cries without seeing the crier."

The bird-lime, which was spread thickly over the upper sides of several branches on the willow, was a clear, viscid fluid, so strongly adhesive that when the writer closed his hand unwittingly over a limed branch the bark had to be cut away and to go with the hand—to be rubbed off gradually—before it could be freed.

"Now we will get back to our silk net in the gully, and begin catching birds in earnest."

But before the net was reached a nest containing young birds was discovered in the lower branches of an apple-tree growing in a fence corner. It was pouch-shaped, six inches in depth, and was fashioned of a felt-like material, lined with feathers and wool, and was fixed at its mouth to a couple of forked twigs, whence it hung, clearly suspended in the air.

"The couple that own that there nest was mighty late in getting married," said the bird catcher, "or else they had bad luck with their first brood. They ought to had them young ones flying about and scratching for themselves a month ago. That nest belongs to the hang-nest, or fire-bird, as it is sometimes called; but his right name is Baltimore Oriole, and he is so scarce in this neighborhood that I want the old lady and the young ones, too. To get her I just make a horse-hair noose over the mouth of the nest, and when she settles on it she is bound to tangle her legs up in the snare, and there she is. Those young ones are almost feathered, and I can raise them easy. They are not really cage birds. They don't do much singing, but they are so handsome that I will have no trouble in selling them at a fair price, and if I can manage to catch the male bird I will be in luck, as he is as pretty as a picture, and will go off like hot cakes."

When the ravine was reached, across which the net had been suspended, the order was:

"Now yell; throw sticks into the gully; clap your hands and make more noise than a bull in a china-shop."

The order was literally obeyed, and a noisy march was kept along the ravine toward the net, every bird in the bushes being so paralyzed with fright that he dashed ahead, away from the noises, straight toward the net stretched across his path.

Three red-birds—two males and a female—seven English sparrows, two cat birds and a blue jay and several wrens entangled themselves in the meshes of the net, and fell easy victims.

The necks of the sparrows were wrung at once, and the bodies deposited in the bird catcher's pocket, to be presently baked into pie; the wrens were liberated, but the others were placed in separate compartments in an ingenious cage, which was rapidly improvised from wire-netting and willow twigs.

"Those two male red-birds will bring me from \$1 to \$1.50 apiece; the female rather less than that; the cats about 50 cents each, and the jay \$1—call the whole haul \$5; and you can see for yourself that for a man who likes the world outdoors this is not a bad business. Of course, my material costs me something. That is, there I bought at second-hand for \$11, and after almost every drive it needs repairs of more or less magnitude."

A good singing red bird can be purchased at the bird stores in the city for from \$2.50 to \$5 each. They are actually worth much more, as their song is but little inferior to a mocking bird's. In England this red bird is known as the American nightingale, and good judges say that his song is as pleasing as that of the nightingale itself. I don't know about that, but I do know that no nightingale can sing as well as our thrush, our mocking-bird, or even our little summer yellow bird, which we set the sunflower bait for a short time ago.

"But there is one thing about red birds that is not in their favor. It is the fact that two of them cannot safely be placed in the same cage. If they are both males they will fight together so viciously as to kill one or both; and if one of them is a male and the other a female, the chances are that the male will kill the female by beating her to death. Why does he do this? Jealousy, my boy; jealousy."

"A male jealous of a female!"

"Exactly so. Perhaps you do not know it, but the female red bird sings almost as well as the male, and there is more than one case on record of a male setting upon his mate and killing her immediately after she has executed an uncommonly brilliant song. But now we will look after the canaries."

The net was taken down by this time, and carefully packed away. Three of the sunflower traps when reached were found to be sprung, two of them containing a single bird each, the other two. These birds all belonged to the family known as summer yellow birds; wild canaries, &c., and were of a rich lemon yellow, with black wings and tail.

### A Table Barometer.

If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of the duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre.