

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful what you sow, girls! For every seed will grow, girls! Though it may fall...

TOM PRIMROSE.

Tom Primrose was a very good boy, as boys go. He was a bright scholar, respectful to his teacher and parents...

afternoon Mrs. Romney received a note sent by her husband from his place of business. She read it twice, and then handed it to her daughter, a young lady just home from school, exclaiming: "Well, I never!"

friends of her husband and well-known to herself. At sight of her white face they all arose, one of them placed a chair for her and begged her to sit down; but without taking time even to decline his invitation, she said, "Mr. Brand, my children have not come home from school—I don't know where they are—I cannot find Mr. Primrose."

"Nelse Crocker lived near White Lake, in Bethel township, Sullivan Co., N. Y., where his grandfather had been a pioneer settler and kept a tavern. In the Fall of 1820 Nelse had his cabin in the woods near what was called Big Pond, and one day he and his dogs struck the trail of panthers along the edge of Painter Swamp. The practice of the hunter discovered that there were tracks of no less than seven of the ferocious animals. He followed the trail with his dog, by long distance in the swamp without discovering any game, and then sat down on a log to eat his lunch and rest himself. Suddenly his dog began to bristle up and growl and the next instant a huge panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's shoulders as it shot past him. It struck the ground a few feet beyond and bounded into the swamp.

the fall of 1844. He joined a party on a hunt that fall, and they had plenty of run in the camp. Nelse got drunk, and remained so for a week. When he became sober he was so ashamed that he shot himself in camp.

"The reed bird is a little feathered tramp," said a game dealer to a reporter, "and he flies from the swamps of Louisiana to the lakes and prairies of Manitoba and back every year. He is fond of aliases as any tramp, and in Manitoba, Minnesota and the West generally is known as the bobolink, under which name he is eagerly sought after by the white trappers and Indian natives of the Western wilds as a savory addition to their meal. In the Middle and Eastern States he turns up in August and September as the reed bird, fat and juicy, fit to be killed, as the law allows, on after the 1st of September each year. Look at these specimens. They are the first of the season. They are fine and the demand is good."

"Where are the principal hunting grounds?" "The grain fields of this State, Connecticut and Vermont, the swamps and fields of Long Island, but above all along the Jersey coast, where, with his cousin-german, the rail, the little fescue-bon vivants strips the luscious reeds of their mealy grain. But to get him at his fattest and juiciest, you want to wait until late in October and November, when he has gorged himself with the nearly seeds of the wild rice swamps in the South. Then he is a fit morsel for the greatest gourmand in the land."