Lean closer, darling, let thy tender heart Beat against mine that aches with heavy Drop thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart.
Ah me! that I could ease my sorrow so!

But men must work, sweetheart, and women weep. So says the song, so runs the world's be-Yet time will pass and tender comfort creen

With hope in company unto thy breast. Now, ere we part, while yet on lip and Close kisses linger, clinging passionate, There is a farewell word love fain would

speak, A tender thought love labors to translate In earnest words, whose memory through the years Shall calm thy soul, and dry thy dropping

tears. If in the garden when the roses blow, Or by the shelter of thine evening fire,

If any winter gloom, or summer glov Thy soul floats seaward with a fond desire (Fonder and stronger than thy tender use) Think thou, "One longs for me across the foam; And if, sweet falling like the evening dews,

A special peace enfolds thine heart and Then say thou, dear, with softly bated breath

"In some lone wilderness beyond the sea, Whether in light of life, or gloom of death, My lover's spirit speaks to God for me!" Kiss me, beloved, without doubt or dread, We are not sundered, though farewell be

"LA FILOMELA."

The hard work of my practice in my energies that in January, two years determined to spend some months in Paris, where I might, if so minded, follow up a specialty in which I was greatly interested, and yet live comfortably in holiday fashion with my eldest sister, a widow residing in that cheerful capital for the education of her two daughters.

For a fortnight after my arrival I led a lazy life, and fell into a routine which made me the attendant of my sister and nieces, who appeared to consider "Uncle Paul" a decidedly useful appendage. Mary and Lucy were charming girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, and my sister had cause for the triumph she felt in the success of intelligence and acquirements were above the average.

Of course I heard a great deal of courses; and pitied the Parisian, who ions evoked in school days, which, for strength and vehemence, are often prototypes of the love of later life,

They called this lady (whose name was Ginlia Martigny) "La Filomela," and told me if I could but hear her sing, I should never again mention such second rate voices as those of the prime donne of London, Paris and Vienna, whose organs I had hitherto satisfactory.

My sister was very fond of Signorina anything else I cared not at all. Giulia, but told me she would like to know something of her history before permitting the intimacy for which the girls were eager.

"Does the lady encourage them?" asked J.

to establish more friendly relations; power to penetrate the veil of mystery and all I know of her is that she was with which she enveloped herself: in trained for a public singer, and has for vain. At the end of a month I found some reasons entirely relinquished the myself more fondly attached to and career, and will only teach or perform at | more hopelessly apart from her than I private concerts, and even then she is could have believed possible. I had capricious in her choice of houses to which she will go."
"In what way?" I inquired.

"She has never sung for any of the Americans here, but for French, Eng- a smile or look of recognition. lish, or foreigners of any other nationality she will always appear; and her voice and style are really quite out of the common. She would have succeeded well in public, I am certain." "Strange!" I said. "What belongings

has she?" "That I really do not know," replied "No," was the answer; my sister. "I have heard her mention Giulia was vexed with me." her father, but I do not feel sure that he lives with her. She never goes anywhere before nine in the evening, or the histories of the girls' teachers so out giving the matter two thoughts."

quickly." I queried, as my sister

"She is probably very poor," suggested I, "and does not wish to display her want of means to all be-

holders "I think not," was the reply. "I should judge her to be comfortably

circumstanced as far as money goes." expected, as he was summoned away, velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in. and on opening the door of my sister's Her manner was stiff, but she thanked 'flat," I heard some one singing with a me for the trouble I was taking to and full, that I stood transfixed. The she apologized. Her father lives with opening words of Braga's serenata, "O her, I feel sure, and he is old and inquali mi risvegliano," filled the vestibule with wistful, longing tones, and a soft accompaniment on piano and violin | said I, "with such powers of observation harmonized to perfection. It was only and deduction." for a few bars, however, for Lucy's little voice took up the strain, and the accustomed patrol in front of Giulia's spell was broken. I went to the morn- house, I noticed a man, tail and dark, heard; a needless question, for I knew | He looked continually at the first-floor

being conducted so much more by precept than example, and yet entirely successful.

"But," she added, "I have taken tickets for a concert in aid of some charity which is to be held at the house of the Duchess de L'Agan next week, and as 'La Filomela' is to sing two songs, you had better go with us and

"Willingly," I replied. "It would greatly please me to see the possessor of such a voice."

My nieces were delighted that I had heard their nightingale, and told me she had seated herself at the instrument to show Lucy it was possible to play the song and sing it too, and had let Mary take the violin accompaniment.

The night of the concert arrived, and then I saw "La Filomela." How shall I describe my impressions? We all know how difficult it usually is to recolect the idea we formed of those with whom we are now intimate when our acquaintance with them was only beginning, and yet the memory of the picture this girl made on my mind is clear enough to me now. A crowded room, a fashionable audience, a popular tenor, a tremendous pianist-heat, light, perfumes, flowers-all that had made up the scene faded as the folds of the heavy curtain at the side of the platform were parted, and a slight, girlish tigure appeared, dressed simply in creamy satin and with a string of pearls around her throat and a bunch of crimson rosebuds for sole ornament. She walked gracefully and was entirely self-possessed; when she stood before London had so completely exhausted the audience she raised her lovely gray eyes and gravely, quietly scanned the ago, I was obliged to seek rest and faces of her listeners. Her manner change. Having great faith in variety struck me greatly; there was no of work as a tonic and restorative, I trace of excitement, scarcely a sign of him?" interest in what she had to do, yet the look she threw along the rows of seats made me feel that it was a matter of consequence to her who filled them.

She sang some music by a young amateur which had been written for her, and the composer was her accompanist. The words were sad ones, and each verse ended with a refrain of that the singer could taste love again, fame, ambition, but that remorse prevented any hope of peace; and the earnestness with which the Signorina gave "But peace, oh! nevermore," was almost terrible. When the song ceased the audience remained perfectly still her mode of bringing them up, for for some seconds, and then a whirlwind they were thoroughly well informed of applanse literally shook the room. and accomplished, and yet seemed to No encores were permitted, owing to be without any consciousness that their | the length of the programme, so "La Filomela" was not seen again till her next turn came in its course, and then she sang an elaborate scena, which distheir instructors. They laughed at their played the excellence of her training German master in an amiable way; im- and the beauty of her voice, but to me itated the flery Italian, whose patriotism | it was meaningless. In the first piece was the motif for most eloquent dis- was the soul of the singer, in the second only the power of the songstress. could not persuade herself their accent After she left the room it became dark was sufficiently pure. Their love and to me, and promising to return in time admiration was reserved for their sing- to escort my sister to her carriage, I ing mistress, for whom they had nothing | went out into the starlit streets, thankbut praise so unqualified that I saw the ful to be alone, for I realized at once girls were victims to one of those pas- what had befallen me. I, Paul Messent, wrapped up heart and soul in a proly, desperately in love with this girl and as she had been one of her earliest. and for me the world was changed.

my plans made. I would seek this girl, and if possible win her. Why should been accustomed to consider entirely I not! I felt certain that no fault of not far distant, though I apprehended her own caused her isolation, and for

A week after the concert my sister Martigny. She was sweet and gracious, and one evening's companiouship seemed almost to make us friends. I "By no means," was the answer; went to every house I could at which "she discourages the slightest attempt | she sang, and used every means in my never passed her threshold, but I haunted the street in which she lived, just for the sake of seeing her enter or descend from her carriage, and gaining

I was becoming desperate, and meditating an avowal of my passion to her, when one afternoon my sister said: "Paul, I have been to 'La Filomela's'

"Indeed!" said I; "have you made any startling discoveries?" "No," was the answer; "but I think

"Why did you go?" asked L "I had a note from her this morning, asking if she might postpone to-morstays after eleven. She has a little row's lessen till Thursday," was the brougham, and at night a young maid-servant is always in it. She seems to Versailles on that day, you recollect. I have no acquaintances, and not to wish forgot to write to her before going out, for any. I confess the slight mystery and as I was passing the door this afterpiques me a little, as we usually learn noon I sought admittance, really with-

"The door was opened by a very old servant, who looked at me with surlong time. There is no lack of comfort The conversation ended, and as I had | notice that there was a large armchair voice so pure, so melodious, so round arrange the change of day, for which

"You ought to be a detective, Laura,"

That evening as I was making my ing-room in search of my sister, and with a pointed beard, who also walked asked if it were "La Filomela" I had up and down before the same residence. it could be no one else, and was filled windows of No. 17, where were "La ful, and he took some of Mr. Walton's with a desire to hear her notes again. Filomela's" apartments. He was Laura told me that most likely she dressed as a gentleman, and looked years' education in Rome, which would ries is now a little over \$15,000,000 the zontal endwheels, provided with devices would not sing any more, as she very strong, but I observed he had a slight enable me to sing in public. He hoped Minister of Pablic Instruction refuses

watching my darling's home, and if he were connected with the strangeness of her behavior.

On going into my sister's drawingroom a week after she had called at No.

"Here is Paul," she said, "we had better tell him, Signorina, he will help

"My father is very ill," she said, looking up at me with her eyes full of tears. "He will see no doctor. I don't know what to do"

"Tell me his symptoms," said I. She described his sufferings, from her careful account of which I easily gathered the nature of his malady. "Have you tried such and such remedies?" I asked. For answer she showed me three or four prescriptions, which told me his case was a bad one, and of long standing; the only other help of revenged." which I knew I could not order without seeing the patient.

"I believe I know a palliative," I said, "but I dare not prescribe it with-

out seeing your father.' "He will let no one come to us," she said sadly, and I could see she clasped her hands tightly, and maintained her composure with an effort. "He wishes to be quite unknown in Paris, and fears seeing any stranger lest it should lead to his being recognized."

"But, Signorina," I said, "his condition is serious; to a doctor his patient is only a 'case.' Explain this to him; let me call this afternoon. You cannot witness his suffering without feeling it is imperative he should have help.

"I will try," she said. "Will you come at four on the chance of seeing

"Assuredly," I replied. My heart ached at having to let her go with such a weight of care on her sweet face.

Laura told me that Gulia had been obliged to tell her the seclusion in which they lived was caused by the dread of their being discovered by an enemy who ruthlessly pursued them "Ma pace mai, mai!" The idea was with some motive for revenge. She had been forced to give up the career for which she had been educated, because it made hiding impossible; and she further confided to my sister that this enemy would give up his wish to injure her father if she would consent to marry him, but that she could not

The next few hours passed slowly for me, and yet my spirits rose. Surely this chance would bring me nearer my darling. I could undertake her father's case with confidence, for his disease was one I specially studdied, and success with which had been the chief cause of my gaining with somewhat unusual rapidity a large practice. At four o'clock I was admitted to the patient, whom 1 found suffering under a distressing paroxysm of his malady, and I was thankful to be of use to him. At length he fel! asleep, and I persuaded Giulia to leave him to the care of their old servant, and to take some rest. She was engaged to sing that evening at the where I had first seen her; she fession which devours the minds and told me the duchess was to have a large bodies of its votaries, had fallen blind- party, and counted on her presence. whom I had seen once and heard twice, and was alwas one of her kindest friends, she was anxious to keep her I passed a wakeful night, but by the appointment. I could assure her I morning my resolution was taken and thought her father would suffer no more for the present, but hid from her that his case was desperate and the end no immediate danger. She consented to allow me to sit with him during her absence at the concert, and I promised gave a musical party, and then I had a to go to the Rue Bel Perpino, where chance of speaking with La Signorina the duchess lived, to meet her as she left, and convey the latest news of the

My watch by the old man's side soon

passed; he was dreadfully weak, but talked to meapparently with confidence, He said that with his death Giulia's life would change, and that he believed it would be a happy thing for his darling when he was taken. "She will not think so," he added in his feeble voice, "we love each other so dearly." Before eleven I took my way down the Avenue Friedland to the Rue Bel Perpino; the duchess' house was near the corner, and as I was early I did not enter the street but walked up and down. It was April, and the soft spring night was delicious. There had been a shower, and the pavements gleamed in \$5000, or upwards of \$2 a pound. the lamplight; carriages were roiling to and fro, but of pedestrians there were few. I saw Giulia's brougham waiting near the turning to the street; the driver's face was toward me, so I quickly recognized him; he was conversing with a man who leaned against the lamp post close by, and whose head was raised so that the light fell strongly on him for a moment. I saw a blackpointed beard, and needed not that he should move away with a slight limp to enable me to recognize the stranger who had been watching "La Filomela's" dwelling. I felt that I must tell Giulia of him, so I begged for a seat in her carriage that I might go home with her. She seemed surprised when I accompanied her into the house and asked her to give me a few minutes' conversaprise, but ushered me into the prettiest | tion. She went to look at her father, little sitting-room 1 have seen for a who was sleeping peacefully, and then came back to me. I plunged at once in her surroundings. I had time to into the subject, and told her that I thought she ought to be warned about not seen the lady, the matter faded from my mind. One day I came back from a visit to a confrere earlier than I the limp with which he walked, she sank into a chair and became so white I feared she would faint. Her dilated eyes had such a look of terror and anguish in them that I could not forbear taking one of her cold hands in

> secret; I implore you to let me try and help you." she said, "I can "I will I must!" she said, "I can bear it no longer alone. This man whom you have seen is Seth Walton, our log for five and a half and seven cents enemy; my father wronged him; he was agent in New York for him; his own business was grievously unsuccessmoney. It was to give me the three

mine and saying earnestly—
"Signorina, trust me! tell me your

Walton discovered it and came to us in Vienna; it was the night of my first concert; how well I remember it! I had made a success, and when we reached our home this man was waiting 17 Rue du Colisee, I found her and for us; and I heard what father had Giulia in earnest conversation. Giulia done, Since then we have wandered was crying and my sister seemed agita- about. We are Americans, and our name is really Martin-mine Judith. We have tried to hide, and have been in many cities, and I have shunned my country-people everywhere, but still he has always found us. He threatens to have my father arrested—unless I marry him. Ah!" she said, with a broken sob, "I cannot do that-death would be preferable-we must go away again."

"Will he not take the money and relinquish his revenge?" I asked. "No," she said; "of course we have offered him that-nay, thrice the sumand the amount is lying at his banker's in New York; but he holds proofs of the deed, and seems to care only to be

This was indeed terrible, and I could only implore her to let me see this man if he should attempt to invade their home. I left her, promising to come early on the morrow.

I told Laura the sad history, and we agreed that she had better accompany me to the Rue du Colisee in the morning, and that we should try to keep watch all day. At 10 o'clock we were there, and I found, to my sorrow, that a change had taken place in Mr. Martin's condition. He was sinking rapidly, and a few honrs might see the end. I was obliged to tell Judith as gently as 1 could, and she bore the news

It was as I had surmised; by the evening Robert Martin's sins and sorrows were over, and I gazed at the calm features almost with thankfulness. His face looked much younger than it had done in life, but there was a weak expression on it, even in death. Judith's grief was sad to witness, but she was patient exceedingly and permitted me to arrange for her all details, as if I were an old and trusted friend.

I went to her house on some business the afternoon after the death, and hearing that she was sleeping, I asked that I might go into the sitting room to write a note. The old servant was out, but Judith's little maid showed me in and gave me what I needed.

I was busy writing when there was a loud ring at the outer door, a rough voice said: "I shall enter; let me pass, girl." The door was flung open, and Seth Walton came rudely in. He paused a moment in surprise at seeing me, but began coarsely-

"I know that Robert Martin here; I insist on seeing him!" I stood up and gazed at this man; a

grim idea came to me. "You shall see nim!" I replied, and opened the door of the room where all that remained of the poor old man was lying; his white bed decked with flowers. Turning down the covering, I showed to Seth Walton the features of him who had injured him.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, as he fell back against the wall. Almost immediately he recovered, however, and without more words left the room the house.

Little remains to tell. I won my darling, and Seth Walton with his threats and terrors has vanished from our lives. He accepted the money of which he had been defrauded, calculating to the last penny the interest thereon, and he is prosperous in his native land; while in all London cannot be found a happier couple than "La Filomela" and her hardly-worked hus-

Costly Woods,

The finest and most costly of the veneer woods, is French walnut-a wood that does not come from France but from Persia and Asia Minor. The tree is crooked and dwarfed, and is solely valuable for the burls that can be obtained from it. These are large tough excrescences growing upon the trunk. In this the grain is twisted into the most singular and complicated figures. The intricacy of these figures combined with their symmetry is one of the elements that determine the value of the burl. Color and soundness are other elements of value, which varies very widely. Burls worth from \$500 to \$1000 each are not rare, and at the Paris Exposition for 1878 one burl weighing 2200 pounds was sold for

In buying buris much care is necessary to guard against fraud. Often decay and malformation result in leaving hollows in the very centre, which, of course, greatly lessens the value. These hollow places are sometimes filled by fraudulent dealers with substances resembling the wood, and the whole is sold at a very much higher price than it is worth. Compressed manure is one of the materials used for this purpose. An even worse fraud than this is that of placing stones in the hollows to increase the weight, and thereby enhance the value of the burl. This not only cheats the buyer but is liable to ruin the valuable knives used in cutting the veneers. There are rosewood and mahogany burls, but unlike those of the French walnut, they are of but little or no value. In those woods it is the trunk

of the tree that is prized; the knots are discarded. Next to the French walnut, ebony is probably the most valuable of the cabinet woods. Occasionally a fine piece is found that brings even a better price than the French walnut. For a particularly large piece, even five dollars a pound might be paid. In ebony the main thing is size. It is difficult to get large pieces that can be used without cutting. Rosewood and mahogany are always in demand. The best mahogany is that of San Domingo. Next come the mahoganies of Cuba, Honduras, Mexico and Africa. There is much less difference in value between different specimens of ebony and French walnut, Fair rosewood will sell in the

per pound. Teachers in the public schools of France are very seldom paid more than suspended buckets so fixed as to clear \$5 a week, and as the expense for sala- the sheaves, passes around large hori-

Alcutian Islands

Lieut. Schwatka, U. S. A., recently said as you may have heard, I have resigned my commission in the army. My leave expires on January 31, 1885, and after that I shall be no longer in the United States services." "What are your plans for the fu-

"I am going, if I can, to raise the capital for a cattle raising company. My original intention was to go to England for the purpose, but from present indications I have hopes of getting all I need in America, which will suit me much better."

"Do you intend to take an active part in the superintendence?"

"Yes, certainly. I have had fifteen Alaska to Texas, and during that time have been in the very midst of cattle raisers. I have picked out grazing lands the subsequent experience of those who took them up has provided the correctness of my judgment,"

"Where do you propose to take up land for your new company?" "In a region hitherto unthought of for the purpose-the Aleutian Islands. These islands present advantages for stock raising which are phenomenal. The area of the group is about 8,000 square miles, of which at the lowest computation 3,000 are available for stock, Of this the whole is under the influence of the Kuro Siwo, or Japanese black current of the Pacific, which Atlantic. On this account the temperature is equal, if not superior, to that of the British Islands. The lowest recorded temperature at Bonalaska is 60 above zero. This is on the northern side, while the southern would probably be 10° to 20° warmer. According to the record fine weather predominates slightly over cloudy. The grass is luxuriant and of good quality, and the few herds at present on the islands are in such condition that their appearance first led my thoughts in this direction. Other advantages will occur to San Francisco, Victoria and Portland afford a ready market, from which could be supplied a population of 2,000,000 people. Fences would be unnecessary, and so would branding, the abolition of which would increase the value of the hides considerably. The annual round-up also would be dispensed with. Cattle thieves and prairie fires both would be conspicuous by their absence, besides which those pests of the inland herder, flies, buffalo gnats and mosquitoes, are unknown in the islands. I am afraid I am growing enthusiastic, but the matter is necessarily of interest to the general public, as well as those directly interested."

A Hunter and a Heron.

William Janeway, a hunter, had an

unexpected and exciting adventure

ecently, near the head waters of Ten Mile river, New York. He was hunting along the margin of the stream, on the loookout for woodcocks, and as he sat hidden behind an alder bush he saw a large blue heron alight at the edge of the water, a shotgun reach away. Janeway shot at the bird, and it fell to the ground, where it lay fluttering, evidently badly wounded. With the country (Germany) is given in a Westidea of securing it alive, the hunter phalian paper. laid down his gun and ran to the spot ands of these young men cross the where the heron was. The great bird frontier to work in foreign brick yards had struggled to its feet before Janeway and remain till the fall. This emigrareached it, and when it saw him tion has continued for hundreds of approaching it turned and tried to get years, as may be seen from an ordiaway, but was hurt so badly that it nance of the year 1680. As the modern could not, and fell again to the ground. post was unknown then, the brickmak-Janeway hurried on, and bending over the heron to seize it, he was taken by surprise to see it regain its feet and education and known as the "brick place itself in an attitude of defense, messenger." He found out work, made The hunter stepped forward to grasp | contracts, acted as postman and as the bird, when it sprang to meet him, and darting out its long neck struck Janeway a blow in the face with its beak that felled him to the ground half Imperial laws have now changed matstunned. He staggered to his feet and ters at home. There are master brickfound that blood was streaming from a makers who undertake to deliver the bad wound in his cheek made by the proprietors of the yards a certain beron's powerful blow. He had no quantity of bricks, and to look out for time to recover himself and determine their employer's interest in every way. what is best to do before the immense | The working seasons generally last bird, which stood more than four feet | from the beginning of April to the end high, flew at him again, throwing its of October-all depending on the body heavily against his breast, and at the same time striking him over the right eye with his beak. Janeway fell countries they are hailed as "messenagain, and the bird followed up its gers of spring," and are generally advantage and attacked him as he lay on the ground. The movements of the heron, although it was wounded, were so quick that it had given the hunter a third blow, this time full in the left eye, before he could make any defense whatever. Maddened with pain, Janeway its population bring back some three sprang to his feet, and, rushing upon his singular antagonist, caught it by makers always return with glad hearts. the neck with both hands. The bird's In winter they turn to other employstrength was so great that, strangled as | ments. it was by the hunter's desperate clutch, it required all of Janeway's strength to retain his hold until the bird was forced to succumb, and he choked it to that is saying a good deal. Do your death. The hunter was covered with work, as a general thing, before you blood, and he was unable to see out of play. Do rest when you are tired, if his left eye. He lost no time in reach- you possibly can. Do sleep at night ing the house of a lumberman who rather than in the day time. Do keep lived near. Janeway's cheek had been your feet dry and warm, and your head laid bare to the bone by the bird's first | cool. Do live cheerful and happy as blow, and there was a deep hole over his right eye, where the beak had you as much as in you lieth, and in been forced in by the second blow. order to do this keep healthy, busy and The left eye was entirely destroyed, active-soul and body. and it is feared that the hunter will lose his sight in the other one, The bird sewing at dusk by a dim light or flickermeasured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings. These birds are rare in that | sing or holloa when your throat is sore

A Tramway.

oldest and best.

The Helena, Montana, Company is constructing a tramway two and a half miles long, and to be the largest in the world. It consists of an endless wire rope, travelling over grooved wheels or would not sing any more, as she very strong, but I observed he had a slight enable me to sing in public. He hoped seldom did so, and that her method of teaching was one of her peculiarities, him, and began to wonder why he was settle accounts, but could not. Mr. taxation.

Minister of Public Instruction refuses for gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the from slipping and enables its speed to home a gripping the rope, which prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler. It grows in the first prevents it ful to the traveler.

The Town of Chent.

Ghent is a town which somewhat re-

embles its ceighbor, Bruges, although it is to me a sterner sort of place, as befits it with its long history of independence and revolution. It preserves much of its ancient appearance through virtue of its sturdy walls, its splendid cathedral and other churches, and its antique belfry, in which the great bell Roland still hangs, but it has not the musty, delightful flavor of Bruges. It possesses, however, a flavor of its own, of which, in truth, I cannot say anything in praise, for a worse smell than haunts its streets my unfortunate nose never encountered, nor could I in anywise escape it until I got aboard the train and left the town behind me. Gbent is also associated in my mind with the worst lunch I have ever yet years' experience on the frontier from encountered in Europe. It consisted of some strange meat, which I am convinced was kitten, and had been waiting for a customer quite as long as was good for it. which I was certain were valuable, and I tasted it once, but could not take the second mouthful, and the restaurant keeper was a severe looking person, who seemed of the sort to take offense if his dishes were refused. I did not wish to become involved in an explanation with a strange, fierce man, and in an unfamiliar language, and I could not eat the lunch for fear of dreadful internal consequences. Presently the restaurant keeper stepped out for a moment; I drew a newspaper from my pocket, rolled up the suspicious portion it, and stowed it away again; the proprietor came back and looked unsuspiciously at my empty plate, and I arose and paid him and went away; and I am corresponds to the Gulf stream of the sure I pity the dog or cat that found the package in the gutter into which I threw it as soon as I got around the corner. I have plenty of reason to feel no agreeable emotion at the thought of Ghent, but in truth my memory of it is exceedingly pleasant, and all on account of my visit to the cathedral, where I went to study Van Eyck's splendid picture of the "Adoration of the Mystical Lamb." I was the only visitor to the church that afternoon, and I had the services of the sacristan entirely to myself. He was a short, stout, little old man, very wheezy from living in the draughty old building all his life, and with a very calm, kind and thoughtful face. He spoke a better sort of French than most Belgians do, and although my own knowledge of that tongue is not profound, we got along very well together. He was very ready to talk of the treasures of art in the cathedral, and did so intelligently and to considerable length upon the subject of the early system of painting in Flanders, which he had studied, as he said, in all the galleries of the country. His ideas were his own, and very original and true; and it was good to hear him speak so eloquently upon the glories of the past, when the church was the mother of art and foremost in all its affairs. His tone changed, however, when he came to modern times. "The church has lost her power," he said, "and has too much to do to hold her own against the State, and the indifference of the people to religious things, to find time or means to encourage painters and sculptors as she once did. Beside, the painters, like the people, have lost the deep faith in religion which is necessary for the making of great paintings, and I fear we shall never see again such schools as we had in the past. Brickmakers.

A very interesting account of the habits of the brickmakers in the Lippe Every spring thousers used to select a confidential "go between"-generally a man of some "guide, philosopher and friend." The government finally appointed three of them and gave each a district. The looked on with favor. They not only travel throughout Germany, but also to 120,000 inhabitants, and this portion of million marks annually, The brick-

Do-Don't.

Do the best you can at all times, and possible, and make all those so about

Don't ruin your eyes by reading or ing candle, nor when very tired. Don't locality, and this struggle of Janeway's or you are hoarse. Don't drink nee with one has surprised the bear and water when you are very warm, and deer hunters, of whom he is one of the never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandal or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't sheaves secured to the cross-arms of forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them.

> A tree called the traveler's tree of Madagascar yields a copious supply of fresh water from its leaves, very grate-