Wee little windows cannily look From under the old roof into a brook, Frolicking down from a rocky nook.

"Welcome, darling," they seem to say. To the musical streamlet tripping away, Gleefully down through the meadow hay Or, wistfully, sometimes, "Prithee stay?" But never the laughing waves delay, Tho' ever so softly echoing—"ay!"

To the lean-to roof gray lichens cling; Over it great elm branches fling Drowsy shadows, and lazily swing!

Singing and swinging, to and fro, In the od'rous air, their tassels flow, Tenderly, over the cet below.

And the sills are velveted o'er with moss, Soft as a lady's silken floss— Thresholds a fairly queen might cross.

Hither and thither the robins flit, Or saucily under the roses sit-Asking liberty-never a bit!

Happy as ever the birds are we! Happy as never the birds can be -For the birds can't love as I love thee!

Under the roses we sit and dream, Till sorrows only like rose-leaves seem-Floating away on the rippling stream!

"BOBBITTS."

The boys in Dutchman's gulch usually alluded to him as "The Kid of the Camp," but he said his real name was Bobbitts. I have spoken of the miners o: Dutchman's gulch as "boys," Some of them were beards as thick as a hedge fence, and hair which floated on the breeze like sea weed streaming from a weather-beaten wharf. Leadville was the nearest supply to Dutchman's Guich, and at Leadville could Bobbitts usually be found.

The Kid of the Camp was about nine years old, with a thin, weazen face, a shrewd twinkle in his rat-like eyes, and a perverted taste for Monte and dog-leg tobacco. Bobbitts invariably "played in" what few nickels, dimes, and quarters he could earn or beg, but the older gamblers liked to have him lean over their shoulders when enjaged in bucking the tiger, regarding it as good luck, and Bobbitts as a Mascotte.

"My ma named me Bobbitts," he would explain, whenever interrogated regarding his early history; "and I reckin she knowd me."

Bobbitts had made his appearance in the far West at Cheyenne, where he had quietly dropped off from a Union Pacific freight train, with a boot-black apparatus slung over his shoulder, and a paid up capital of eighteen cents in his pocket. From Cheyenne, Bobbitts drifted

over to Leadville. "Where were you born?" inquired Joe Watrous, alias the "Count," one evening, after he had turned in a couple of hundred dollars' worth of dust to the Monte bank. With the Count this was

not an anusual experience; in fact, so monotonous had it become of late, that it was far from possessing any very great degree of fascination. "Dummed ef I know," answered Bobbitts, rubbing away industriously House. at the gambler's boots. "The fust

thing I knowd I was in Clinton, Iowa,

living with my ma. Me and her lived together." "Who was your father?" continued the Count, lazily removing a polished boot from the box, and substituting another heavily coated with yellow

"Dummed ef I kin tell yer. Guess he was no great shakes of a man, or ma would have told me suthin about him. But she didn't. Reckin he was a flyby-night, and no good."

Then you never saw him to know him?" said the Count. This conversation between Bobbits and the Count had attracted quite a

crowd of penniless or indifferent gambfest something of a listless interest in "Thank God!" broken, sketchy, biographical narrative of Bobbitts.

Bobbitts, pausing in his work, and again, with the shadow there of the sitting back on his heels. "I'll tell old-time twinkle. There was two men come to ma's house one night, about nine o'clock, ing jigger from Jigtown," he said. and they both talked with ma, an' ma, "No, no, darling!" answered the she talked back at 'em, as wild as a jack rabbit, an' I heard one of 'em say the other man hit him with a cheer, an' drawd a knife to stick him; but ma, she got between 'em, an' kep the man off his pardner, an' then they both quieted down an' went away together, an' ma cried, an' said one of 'em was my fade. Did I never knowd which, an newr did git the right on it. I was prety Joung then, you know.

Again Lobbitts applied himself vigorously to the mud-coated pedal of the

Count, and the crowd laughed at the curious idea of youth advanced by the precocious youth.

"Where is your ma now?" inquired one of the group of listeners. "She shook me, about a year ago," answered Bobbitts, rubbing away at the gambler's boots harder than ever. "Ran away, did she?"

"Yes; left one day when I was down town selling some papers, an' when I went to our house her trunk was gone, and a letter was on a cheer fer me. I knowd it was fer me, an' I took it over to a neighbor what had been kind to me, an' got him to read it."

The last boot was finished now, and

the yellow splotches of mud.
"What did the letter say?" inquired a low, hoarse voice from the edge of the Bobbitts peered between the forms of two men, and then, after nav-ing carefully looked the stranger over, addressed himself to the crowd gener

"It said, 'Dear Bobbitts,' an' the letter was wet and dirty, as if ma had cried over it a good deal, 'I am going away for a time, but I will came back beeween us. He followed us to Clinto you within a year. Be a good boy, an' I will pray fer yer." I hain't been the best kind of a Sunday school kid, pure a woman as ever breathed the air but I'll bet high ma has prayed for me.

on the edge of the crowd. Several other persons, including Bobbitts, now regarded the stranger more attentively. He was a tall, sallow complexioned man, well dressed, in a style approaching the extreme of fashion. His age might have been anywhere between thirty-eight and forty-five. Bobbitts now exhibited evident signs of uneasi-

"Yes," continued Bobbitts, turning his back on the stranger, yet apparently addressing him through the medium of the crowd; "she allus prayed for me an' fader every night. But I don't

want to talk to you any more." Instantly the attention of the crowd was divided between Bobbitts and the stranger. Intuition is one of the keenest senses of the gambler, and, gambler like, the crowd, by different individual mental processes, began to connect, in an indefinable manner, the personalities of Bobbits and the stranger. The Count now addressed the former:

"Do you know that man?" "What man?" said Bobbitts, sullenly. "The man who just spoke to you," "No, nor I don't want to know him !

"Why?" ", Pears to me he is one of the blokes what come to ma's house an' raised a ruction, that night I was tellin' about. I don't say as t'was him, but only that it 'pears like it.

"Yes, you little devil, you're right!" exclaimed the dark complexioned stranger, pushing his way through the crowd, and viciously kicking the little boot-black, who fell with a low moan to the floor.

In another instant the man lay stretched on the sanded, grimy floor square from the shoulder of another tranger, a brawny hercules in a shaggy Petersham coat, and who tenderly raised Bobbitts on his knee and called for a glass of water. Bobbitts was insensible.

'Shame! shame!" rolled savagely from the throats of a dozen indignant men, and the well-dressed stranger had barely risen to his elbows, trying in a dazed manner to comprehend the situation, before he was seized by the shoulders, dragged to the door, and thrown doctor out into the hall. In a moment bedily on to the sidewalk.

Another instant, and a ball from the outside crashed through the saloon window. The Count sank to the floor, a dark purple stream trickling from his mouth. Intended for another man, the bullet had reached his heart.

"That might have been any one of us!" shouted "Peg" Moffit, Deputy Sheriff, and followed by half the crowd as a valiant posse, he bolted out into

the night after the stranger. A physician, hastily summoned, let fall the hand of the Count and turned to Bobbitts, who still rested upon the friendly knee of his protector.

The Count had "coppered" his last bet, and passed over to the great majority, in the silent, unhappy country of the dead. "Has this boy a home?" inquired the

"He will go to the hotel with me," answered the stranger.

"And your name "Is John Morley, I am his father. His mother is with me, at the Crandall

"That is good," said the physician; for I am afraid the little fellow's spine is injured, and that he may become a cripple for life. What internal injuries he may have sustained I cannot now

determine. John Morley bent down and kissed the thin, white lips of Bobbitts. "Call a hack." he said huskily.

The little elfish features of Bobbitts ooked up from a tackground of snowy pillows scarcely whiter than his face. Over those pillows tenderly bent a handsome woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, John Morley and the doctor. The tears which dimmed the eyes of the lady but heightened her beauty-a beauty softened by past care and patient waiting and watching.

lers who had been lounging about the "He will live," said the doctor, and saloon, and they commenced to mani- the mother of Bobbitts murmured,

"But will always use a crutch." Bobbitts clesed his eyes wearily when "Well I dunno, exactly," replied he heard this, and then opened them "An' the kids will all call me a limp-

mother, burying her sweet face in the pillows beside his own; "you shall know as how ma was a bad woman, an' then no more of this world's rudeness, its wickedness, ite poverty, its woe." The doctor drew his chair before the cheerful grate fire. John Morley sat down beside him, according to promise, told the story of his life.

"The man who shot Joe Watrous,

had willed fifty thousand dollars. Thomas and my wife were only children, tions he turned me from an honest, hard-working man, to a dissipated, liquor-inflamed wretch, with the manhood almost burnel out of my soul, praised the and then—then he plunged the knife the turkey. deeper into my heart and turned it 'round. He attacked the reputation of my wife. He worked upon a naturally too jealous disposition, and tried, in New York, to cause an estrangement pure a woman as ever breathed the air old and ill-tempered wife, but extreme of purest Heaven. Daily he fed the ly rich. He used to say, "Whenever 1

fidelity; we went home, openly up braided her, and when he wenr too far, I struck him with a chair, even as I struck him last night; and he-he feigned forgiveness, and again we went forth from my home together, he to plot and scheme and rob, and I to believe and become his willing dupe. Thomas Darkle then went East, West. He saw his uncle, and by friendship, lies, and gross misrepresentations speedily convinced him of my wife's alleged unworthiness, and stooped to blight the honest parentage of Bobbitts. The will was revoked, a codicil was added, and when Robert Darkle died his will was read, and Thomas Darkle was sole heir to all his wealth.

John Morley paused in his narrative, while his face flushed with the fires of a righteous indignation which had not yet burned out. "How did you regain your wife?"

vuietly asked the dyctor. "One year ago she left Clinton, and Bobbitts to the care of strangers. Much parties living at a great distanceone in Texas and one in Georgia. To each of them my wife journeyed, and obtained irrefutable proof that Tom Darkle was a liar. As L said, I came West. I worked mines. I bought and sold, and made money; and then, when I began to think that life was not worth living, especially a wrecked and broken life like mine, my wife came to me in Denver, came with all the proof that mother was living, but her father had loyal love could bring, and we were again most happily united. One sorrow only shadowed us. Where was Bobbitts? Together, hand in hand, my the hall had now a heavy mortgage of the saloon, stricken down by a blow wife and I began the search for our upon it. So Alene was not an heiress, son. Tom Darkle, too, was on his nor even a young lady with rich relatrail. The thought of wills being set tives. trail. aside by courts, on proof of undue influence, frightened him, He too, a "cultivated gentleman." Again she tracked Bobbitts here, as I now believe, natural for a man to hate his rival, and ed to go home. This announcement hate his successor in office. Doctor, you know the rest.

A bell boy, with a white face, came to the door of the room, and called the he returned, and said:

an inquest. I am the Coroner of this County. "Some accident?" asked Mrs, Morley, coming forward from the bed where

lay her crippled son. "No, it was not an accident," replied the doctor. "By the way, did I understand that by the death of Tom Darkle intestate, his property descended to Bobbitts?"

Thefface of John Morley blanched, as he replied: "By the terms of his uncle's will, the

money cannot be willed by him." "Then Bobbitts is again an heir. The Vigilants have just hung Tom Darkle to a telegraph pole."

Dutch Signboards.

The signs are an interesting feature of Dutch streets. It was some time before I understood what it meant was "en route" to the Old World. when I read "fire and water for sale." It seems the poorer people make no ires, but buy boiling water and red-hot turf, with which to prepare their tea and coffee. If a baby is born, a small placard of red satin and white lace is hung upon the door, if one is sick his syptoms are daily recorded on a little bulletin board affixed to the house, thus saving those interested the trouble of making and replying to the inquiries. A drugshop is known by a big painted Moor's head, and the arrival of fresh herrings is announced by the hanging out of a large gilded crown decorated with box leaves.

The country houses, too are decorated with legends. The retired gentleman seems anxious that all the world should know of his content. So he a great sigh. It was dated May 14th, paints in huge letters on the front of his the day before Raymond Ogere bade house such sentiments as these: "Without Care," "Big Enough," "My satisfaction," "My pleasure and Life," "Sociability and Friendship Within," etc. Every possible occasion for eating and drinking is embraced, such as the celebration of the factor of bration of betrothals, births and the ed tight in her little fist. many national feasts. Just why, I don't know, but the drink with which the lower class celebrate an engagement is known as "bridal tears." These tears make everybody very gloriously

How the Thanksgiving Turkey Originated.

In 1621 the Pilgrim Fathers had been eleven months planting their little colony in the wilderness of the New the 'Count,' is my wife's cousin, World, subduing the forest and the Thomas Darkle. His father, James Indians, and enjoying their civil and World, subduing the forest and the Darkle, died when Thomas was a boy, religious liberty. Esteeming their proand he, an only son, was taken home by gress to be a success, they resolved to an uncle, Robert Darkle, an eccentric set apart a day for public praise and bachelor, and by him reared and educa- thanksgiving to the God who had proted. My wife's father was lost at sea, tected and delivered them from the soon after we were married in New perils that beset their first work in free-York, where Robert 'Bebbitts' was dom. Having made a treaty with the born. Robert Darkle was very wealthy, Indians, they decided to invite the chief, he informed us that he had made a will, Massasoit, and his associates to partake leaving the bulk of his property, a half + with them a public Thanksgiving Dinmillion, to our little Robert, the annual | ner. Just here they found themselves interest thereof to be paid to my wife, embarrassed in properly supplying their quarterly, until the maturity of his table with edibles suitable for the occanamesake, Robert, when the whole sion. Corn, potatees, turnips and pump-should be his. To Thomas Darkle he kins of their summer production were decidedly inadequate for the entertain-"From that moment Thomas Darkle commenced to plot for a reversion of the will, and he succeeded. Both the forest to procure some game. In due time they returned with a supply of Bobbitts carefully rolled down the orphaned at an early age. His first wild turkeys, which probably made the muring some very mellow sentiment. Court's pant leg, and brushed from it onslaught was against the will, was most enjoyable dinner that has been Fifteen minutes later, in his chan more, that turkey dinner has been imi- to make an entry, when something fell tated now 262 years, and will be for years to come. And while the Pilgrims praised their God, the Indians blessed ple blossoms, Yet he sat, forgetful of

> RUBBER COOKIES, -Two cups molasses, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon-ful soda, one large tablespoonful of vinegar, one egg. Mix soft and bake quickly.

A Younges brother had esponsed an the same."

'What makes you think so?" inwed the man with the hoarse voice were the strongest proofs of her ining her marriage settlement." quired the man with the hoarse voice were the strongest proofs of her in- ing her marriage settlen

They Meet Again.

Decked in the sheeniest of white robes, Alene floated down the lawn of Ellerby Hall. Nestling in her goldbrown hair were rose-tipped apple blossoms, and clustering over her dress were the same sweet-scented blooms. Not more fairy-like were they, nor more beautifully tinted than Alene Ellerby herself. So at least thought Raymond Ogere.

But he sighed as he gazed upon the pretty vision before him, who had promised herself to another only the day before. Promised to marry Robert Willis, a man for whom Raymond felt some contempt as being superficial and weak.

"I have come to bid you good-by," he said. "Business requires me again in the city."

"Good-by," was the reply, in a low, formal voice, as she laid her slim, cool fingers in his. He held them as he looked at her, and of the testimony against her, as given then he said, in a wistful tone, a strange by Thomas Darkle, involved the names expression growing in his eyes: "I wish you would give me a bunch of those flowers you wear."

She loosened some and laid them in his hand. When he left her he smiled a bitter, grim smile. "I had quite forgotten

the significance of apple blossoms. 'Preference!, What a mockery.' So Alene stayed on for a while with her aunt in Ellerby Hall. Alene's long been dead, and left them but a scant income. Her aunt, Mrs, Ellerby, was also in moderate circumstances, for

Her aunt had called Raymond Ozere had called Bob Willis "a foolish fop." to kill him. He knows, mereover, that Two days after Ogere's departure Alene he is next of kin, and somehow it is astounded her aunt by saying she wishset Aunt Ellerby to pondering. Bob Willis had been there only that afternoon, and she had seen him going down the gravelled walk with a remarkably crestfallen air.

"He is a prodigious numbskull, "I am obliged, by the duties of my his father is worth a mint;" Aunt Eloffice, to leave you now, and conduct lerby had said to herself. She said to Alene the next morning at breakfast: "You see, dear, I am thinking of she did not love, as Og selling the hall (I have a fair offer for supposing all this while. it), and going to live with Bess." Bess was her daughter, married, and living

> in Paris. you may go along if your mother can glish banker. pay the expenses of your voyage. After that, between us, your mother and I will manage to keep you there a season at least."

So within six weeks Alene and her aunt were well off on the sea, and al-most the first person they encountered on board was Bob Willis. Whatever "set down" Miss Alene had once given him she was civil to him now, and his esteem for the young lady seemed in no wise lessened from the fact that she

Alene, treading the passage shortly here she was perusing:

Dear Bob: You have surprised me, yet | it to a smoothness that pleases me." I confess I am not wholly displeased at your proposal. Please call this evening. Yours evermore.

ALENE ELLERBY. This was written again and again, all over the sheet, each copy growing nearer to a likeness to her own hand. She dropped the paper and thought. Then she looked again at the date and drew

her good-bye. Alene neither fainted away nor did

That night Alene astonished the worthy relative who accompanied her if she knew Mr. Raymond Ogere's address. "No, my dear," was the reply, and with the words her last hope of ever again meeting Ogere vanished. For she was speeding away over the Atlantic, every minute bearing her further

and further from the manshe loved, and

with ne means at her command by

which to communicate to him, and what there three weeks; by his side to-night brighten his voyage thilher and his so- mind until it is covered with characters. journ in Paris. This was the Countess | Then turn your mind over and write on Brittole, who had been visiting friends among the Americans. The countess was poor, and owned nothing but an

owl-haunted chateau, where she never She was a widow, and quite his own age, to be sure, but what did such things matter, so long as people agreed and were happy? And then her posttion gave her such rare opportunities to benefit an ambitious man. And unconsciously Raymond found himself listening to this wooing, and when, at parting for the night, the countess laid in his hand a tea rose she had worn in her hair, he actually caught himself mur-

saw only a dried, crinkied bunch of apple blossoms. Yet he sat, forgetful of everything else, gazing upon it, until at last two tears fell upon the little dead petals. Whatever he had thought of

A jar, a crash, a shudder felt from

another steamer and their own ship was

slowly sinking. At length it was discovered that the other vessel was comparatively uninjured, and boats were put out and the throng of terrifled passengers were conveyed as rapidly as possible to the other

One gentleman—a finely-shaped fellow of about 30—stopped short as the flickering light of the cabin fell on the face of the young girl he held. She had not fainted, but she was weeping hysterically, and heeded nothing about her. Her gold-brown hair fell in masses over

her white wrapper and tangled hair. He staggered against the partition for an instant, then, controlling himself, he was about to pass on, when some one darted past him. He seemed to realize the situation. "Ah! Mr. Willis, here is your—wife."

Bob Willis turned. "My what?" he asked, looking around.

"Your wife." "Oh!-oh!-you are mistaken, sir. Ab, I see, old friend Ogere! How d'ye do?" and the next instant he was gone. Alene was now staring into the face above her own with rational eyes. She knew that voice, and all fear was gone. She had heard what Ogere had said, and remembered the note. "His wife? Neverl" she cried fiercely. "Did you think I would marry such a creature as that?"

Then, the comical side of the situation striking her, she burst into hysterical laughter, in which Ogere

Yes; Mr. Bob had done all this in order to rid himself of a formidable rival, and he had succeeded; but his vanity had overleaped itself, and he had found the poor but beautiful Miss Ellerby not so much in love with himself or his money-bags as with her memory of the absent.

"They must have broken it off," thought Ogere, as he finished his prom-

enade with Alene. "Will you be my wife?" he whispered, as they sat down. And for answer Alene turned her poor foolish, tear-stained face and hid it on his sleeve.

Not until they were on shore, and Mr. Willis well away from them, does Alene enter into the explanation her lover craves.

It is right that he should know that she had never sold herself to the man she did not love, as Ogere had been And alas for the Countess Brittole,

with her faint proposals, what would have been her feeling could she have "Why, Aunt Nan, I thought you seen Ogere's face at this moment? A few years later Mr. and Mrs. Ogere met ber. Still a very attractive woman she ageing me, so I think I shall go. And had succeeded in capturing a rich En-

Carefully Written.

desk and addressing the editor, "the great thouse with American writers is hurry. We dash off a thing which "A rival of the parret, is the mino, One day Mr. Bob unconsciously drop- up journalism as the profession to which throat being covered with a velvety ped from one of his pockets some papers. my life should be devoted, I resolved crimson plumage remarkably rich and terward, picked them up. One of the Some of our greatest writers have work- bird is a parrot in miniature and its papers was flattened and dustworn. ed for days upon sentences which after- green plumage is its only recommenda-Certainly Miss Alene knew better than | ward proved to be simple. Now, I tion. It sells for about \$4. Mexican to read what did not belong to her, yet have been at work for some time on a troopicals are singing birds worth about

man's desk, took up a sheet of paper and read the following:

"See the advertisement of a cook wanted in another column." "This is certainly a fine sentence," said the editor. The young man was pleased.

could not conceal his satisfaction. "Yes," continued the editor, "this is a remarkably fine sentence. it over and over, time and again, didn't

"Yes sir, but at last I got it to suit

"Uh, huh, 'Advertisement of a cook wanted in another column.' Certainly very fine, but say, we don't want a cock umns have cooks in them." "Oh, no, of course not," replied the

young man. "But by the way you have expressed this column-the one in which the notice appears-has a cook and that another cook is wanted in another column. the other side. After you have completed the work, sit down on a rock and wait until I call you. Good morning, sir. Yes the sun is shining beautiful to-day. Good morning.

Single Women.

There is no more interesting character, whether in fiction or real life, than the spinister who has, for some good reasen, refused a lover's proposal, and being now past the hour of old maid. The ordeal through which she has just passed seems to have refined her feelngs, and of itself insensibly drawn to her the regards of all who know her history. Such a one is eminently loveable and sympathetic, forward in all good works, the warm friend of married men and women, the confidante of many a tender passion Age does not wither the beauty of her disposition. She never alanders, never retails ill-natured gossip; but on the other hand, the countess, she was now forgotten, and in her place he saw a fresh, slim girl in white, with pluk cheeks and pink flowers peeping out from behind them. Within twenty-four hours he had engaged a stateroom on a steamer bound for New York.

A loss a cresh a shudder felt from the counter hand, though prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her word on a crisis, does not deem it her within the people around her right. She makes an admirable aunt, and is very necessary to a large circle of cousins. Many a young fellow on the other hand, though prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her within the people around her right. She makes an admirable aunt, and is very necessary to a large circle of cousins. Many a young fellow on the other hand, though prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her with the people around her right. She makes an admirable aunt, and is very necessary to a large circle of cousins. remembrance of her for the good nature stem to stern, and Alene was wide awake in a trice. People were rushing on deck. They had collided with

Birds of all Colors.

"Do you find ready sale for them as a veneral rule?" asked a reporter of a

bird dealer in New York. "Oh no, they are a very slow com-modity to dispose of. The stock must be varied to suit the different tastes of those who buy them. One person almost adores a bird that another would refuse to buy at any price."

"What bird seems to be the greatest favorite generally with people just

'Of course, the canary will always hold its own because of its being pretty to look at and as a rule a good songster. The goldfinch, which comes from the British Isles, is becoming very popular on account of its rich and little twittering notes, which are very pleasing to the ear. The little indigo, or blue bird, has numerous patrons for the very same reasons. But just at this time it would be difficult to find one, as in the middle of summer they are nearly all shipped to European ports, particularly Paris, where they meet with ready purchase as the climate of France is well adapted to them. Those that have remained in our city just now resemble the common sparrow more than any other bird. They have lost all their blue plumage for a rusty-looking gray, but in about another month they will be as blue as ever again."

"What do you call this bird?" asked the reporter, pointing to one shaped very much like a mocking bird, but its colors were richer and more numerous, the most prominent being rose and brown.

"That is the rose tanager. It sings like the mocking bird whose shape it so closely resembles. This is the blue tanager, in which you see that blue is the predominating color. They come from South America, principally Brazil, and sell here for about \$6. Here are some starlings which are, after a manner, taught to talk. To effect this their tongues are slit. Here is a relative of theirs from East India. It a good imitator of whistling and generally sells for \$10. The German blue jay, not distantly related to the same family, articulates a little and this makes his value about \$15."

A very tame red macaw which followed the owner of the store to any part of the room and asked to be put on his perch was, he said, valued at \$50. When his request to be replaced on his perch was unheeded, he pecked at the proprietor's boots and repeated his desire more emphatically.

"Mexican bullfinches, whose colors are not nearly so beautiful as those of their European brethren are sold for \$10. They learn difficult snatches of music with remarkable precision, but between these they keep up a continuous cluck, cluck, which is both monotonous and tiresome. The price of an Irish thrush is \$10. Its notes are too powerful for a "Colonel," said the new "local" of a room, and are heard to best advantage small daily paper, looking up from his at a distance of nearly half a mile, in a

should receive hours of study. It is a which talks after the same manner, comparatively easy matter to talk well, generally learning at first to say "Mino, for our heavers do not expect us to de | pretty Mino." It costs from \$15 to \$25. liver polished sentences; but in writing Golden cardinals sell for \$4. They it is different. When I decided to iace are pretty to look at, the head and never to turn off a bad piece of writing, | brilliant. The South American love sentence here, and have at last reduced \$5 each. Moon paroquets sell for \$8 per pair and checkered-neck paroquets The editor approached the young for \$10 per pair. Mocking-birds bring \$5. Java sparrows \$2.50, cow-birds \$3, and purple finches \$4 each.

"A bird which is the property of an Englishman here," concluded the bird fancier, "is perhaps the only one of its kind in the city. It is a cross between a canary and a nightingale. During the the forenoon and afternoon its notes are those of the canary, but toward dusk or Wrote of a moonlight night it might easily be mistaken for an English nightingale, The owner is reasonably proud of it and would not part with it for \$100.

The Niger.

The country lying between the Niger and its great tributary, the Chadda or in another column. None of of our col- Benouch, which European enterprise is now endeavoring to open up, has already figured conspicuously in African history as the seat of the first self-organized negro federation which West Africa has yourself, people are led to infer that yet seen. In the earlier part of the present century the Yorubas and other local tribes attempted to protect themselves against the terrible slave hunters I am sorry to see that in this, your of Dahomey by establishing a colony first attempt as a journalist, you have fallen into the pernicious habit of writing the colony of Dahomey by establishing a colony fallen into the pernicious habit of writing the colony of Dahomey by establishing a colony fallen into the pernicious habit of writing the colony of Dahomey by establishing a colony of D A few days before Alene sailed for ting too rapidly. You must not dash the Old World, Ogere sat upon the balcony of a hotel in Paris. He had been your future success. Go away on the your future success. Go away on the (foundation stone). Here they formed hill side somewhere and think. Write a federation under a constitution which, sat a lady, who had done much to the sentence on the broad page of your though simple, might be copied with advantage by more civilized nations: "We will all be freemen, all brothers and all Christians," The new capital repulsed, with the loss of several thousand men, the invading armies of Dahomey, and elected as its first bishop a Yoruba convert named Adjai, better known as "Samuel Crowther." This curious settlement still exists, and may not improbably play an important part in the projected development of the Niger valley.

Hewgag.

The kazoo is to have a rival in the field. This is the hewgag. The hewgag is bigger than the kazoo and costs more, but it is said that it will scatter the crowd quicker. A man's sanity lasts only ten minutes if he is compelled to listen to a healthy hewgag. It is fashioned somewhat on the principle of a hurdy gurdy, if you know what that is. A string of catgut passes over a revolving cylinder and a few keys enable the player to shorten the string and lengthen the beartrending squawk of the instrum The sweetest notes have all the delightful melody of a blunt saw trying to cut through a rusty nail. The hewgag is destined to have a powerful influence on the politics

"You are a regular muff, sir," said a tarveller to another, in a great passion, whilst disputing in a London coffee house, "Thank you," cool reply; "if I'm a muff, I've done my duty—I've