

JUDGMENT.

The Bible strictly bids you
Beware of criticism
The sins and faults of others
As seen by mortal eyes,
You know not what temptations
Were in the sinner's way—
What wiles and lures of Satan
Had caused his feet to stray.

Before you pass stern judgment
Upon a fellow man,
Would be more wise and proper
Your inner self to scan,
And see if there deep hidden
Enough you cannot find
Of evil inclinations
To occupy your mind.

But should you find it needful
To note a neighbor's sin,
Don't flaunt it to the nation
But keep it still within.
And judge him just as kindly
As you in mercy can,
And as you'd have him sentence you
Judge thou thy fellow-man.

So friend of caustic language,
Just pause a moment now;
Lay by your stern demeanor,
Smooth out your ruffled brow;
And, ere you pass your judgment,
Please first review the case,
And see how you'd have acted
Had you been in his place.

A FIRST LOVE LETTER.

It was a warm day in the bush. There was a wind; and the atmosphere was in successive layers, superposed, shimmering with the heat. The canvas-covered carts of the detachment were clumped together in a circle. On three sides, the level, grey-green plain, broken in its sandy sameness only by an occasional clump of sage-brush or of prickly pear, stretched as far as one could see. On the fourth side was a low, apparently insignificant, but wholly impenetrable African thicket of indeterminate extent. Trackless, tangled, arid, it was fit only to be the lurking place of tigers and snakes, or Zulus. How much of a lurking place it might be for the latter was at present an interesting question. Most of the company in the little camp were thinking of it. Captain Philip Haughton, in his particular tent had ceased thinking of it. There were many rapid transitions in modern life—changes of scene and decor—but probably even Americans know few extremes more startling than Pica-dilly and Zululand. As much as the captain's somewhat inactive mind was occupied with anything, it was busied with this reflection. It did not particularly surprise, much less excite him, this change. The young stoic of Belgravia probably takes—the certainly affects to take—about the same interest in such changes that he does in those of scenery in a theatre; they are sometimes amusing, but more likely to be bore. However, there was uncommonly little affection in Captain Phil's. He had no reason whatever to regret leaving Piccadilly. It was after the season; and he did not think that St. James' street, and its desert hardly more frequented, and infinitely less amusing, than South Africa. The only people you saw at the clubs were men you would avoid, even in South Africa. The regular round of country visits had begun; but as there was one person whom Haughton particularly desired to meet and she was, at the same time, one whom it was very important he should not meet—in brief, he did not much regret the loss of his various weeks for the shires. As for shooting, the partridges were mostly drowned, and black game scarce, he was told. And the Zulus were perhaps a more exciting and better preserved black game than either. "By Jove, I should think so," he thought, "I was in the plains of his own epigram. "Zatties are nothing to it." The captain was always ready to laugh at little or nothing, as he reflected more precisely upon the position in which he found himself.

He was sitting upon a shawl, which he had doubled upon the sand. The shawl was in front of a tent; and the tent was in a sort of arena, surrounded by a circle of white-covered carts, their rear and open ends facing inside some of them still filled with stores, others serving as a temporary shelter. Close outside, and around them all, was a rampart of wattled underbrush. Between each two was thrust a rifle; beside each rifle rested the owner, in the enjoyment of a short clay pipe. Outside, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was a cordon of sentries, who marched as if they were trying to pretend it was an unusually warm day in the park, knowing their commanding officer liked style, in South Africa or elsewhere. They were fond of their commanding officer.

Inside a tent, at the shady end of the arena (while there was a shady end) a number of long, gaunt, gaunt cattle were picketed; near them, a few remaining horses of the command.

Behind the captain, in the interior of the tent, stood the captain's servant, engaged in polishing the tops of the captain's boots. This he did with much attention and solicitude. He knew, with all the rest of the little command—with the corporals, the lieutenants and buglers, and almost the poor, jaded horses themselves—that the captain and his company were in a nasty mess. And in company with the rest of them, he sometimes took the liberty of wondering how they were to get out of it, it is, supposing they were to get out of it.

Captain Haughton, however, had got away beyond that question. It was an idle habit of his to give up problems too difficult for immediate solution. Besides, his orders left him positively no option. He was to repair to a certain position, and hold it until the main body came up, keeping the Zulus in check. It had been supposed that the Zulus to be kept in check numbered only a thousand or so; but the orders applied equally as well to the checking of any amount of them.

An his servant gave the last careful rub to the upper rim of his boots, the captain was in fact thinking not at all of the Zulus, but of the last ball he had gone to in London. He remembered particularly the heart of the conservatory. The very scents and dead sweetness of the place seemed to be still in his nostrils. He could see it now; the

black coats and white shoulders; the gleam of diamonds against the shiny background of green leaves.
"Like the eyes of snakes in a Zulu thicket," thought the captain, "only not so frank in their malice," he added, gloomily. Haughton was a heavy, straightforward fellow by nature; and perhaps his attempts at cynicism were climax.

It was hotter than ever, and there was a drowsy noise of insects in the air. The captain's servant came forward, just then, with the captain's boots. He hesitated a moment, and looked at his master, the boots in one hand. He was uneasy; he had rarely seen Captain Philip so quiet.
"Any orders, sir?" touching his hat.
"Fo—o—r, stop—yes," said the captain. "Ask private Fairlie to come to me."

Saying which, the captain leaned back as if overcome with the exertion of speaking, drew an embroidered tobacco-pouch from his pocket and rolled a cigarette. As he looked at the tobacco-pouch, he became conscious of a tingling sensation in the bridge of his nose, which, having been very much sunburned, had begun to peel. This tobacco-pouch bore the initials A. M.—P. H., and was a favorite trinket of his. Out of it, it had been his custom (being always a lazy man) to tease his fair friends into rolling cigarettes with their own white fingers.

"I am a fool," he remarked, with more emphasis than the occasion seemed to require. It was perfectly natural that his sunburned nose should tingle. Lighting his cigarette, he puffed a moment vigorously; but it was badly made, and the tobacco soon escaped from a seam at the side. Before he had time to roll another, a stout blue-eyed countryman in the garb of a soldier stood before him; and the captain became aware that private Fairlie had saluted him, and was looking at him with an expression of unmistakable affection in his simple countenance.

"Private Fairlie?"
"Yes, your honor," said Fairlie, with another salute.
"You are the man whose horse was shot under him, and who rode behind me into camp from the skirmish yesterday?"

"Oh, your honor—" began Fairlie, with yet another salute; but his attempt at military discipline did not conceal a most undoubted blubber.
"There, there!" said the captain, "enough of that. You were nearly senseless when I picked you up, and you said something about Kate. If I mistake not, that name, which I take to be feminine, was several times repeated during our ride. Now will you overlook my curiosity, but I should really like very much to know: 'Who is Kate?'"

"Kate, your honor? Why, Kate—Kate? I don't mind telling your honor—she—your honor knows, she lives near father's farm—farm—and she said as how she'd—leastwise, she wouldn't then, your honor—but she said as how she'd have me if so be as I comes back from the wars alive; and you see, your honor, when I got under that there horse, sir, it came kind of natural-like to think of her, and—"

"Private Fairlie, you're a fool."
"Yes, your honor."

The conversation ended, as it had begun, with a salute. The captain rubbed his nose with his handkerchief, which caused the upper part of that organ to tingle as before. Fairlie, having no handkerchief, scraped the sand with the inner edge of his right boot. The heat was really terrific, and both men were dazzled with the glare of the white tent. There was a smell of dust and horses; the camp was so still that the cattle could be heard striking the earth at the opposite end of the arena. The captain rose and looked thro' the end of his tent between two of the carts. There was a double row of sentries on duty, and they were intently watching the low edge of bush that rimmed the plain. There was nothing to show that the bush was occupied. He returned to Fairlie.

"Private Fairlie, do you suppose Kate would care if you lost your precious skin?" The captain spoke gruffly.
Fairlie stared at him stupidly. At first he seemed disposed to tears again. Finally he grinned.
"Private Fairlie," said the captain, more quietly, "I wish you to carry some dispatched back to Colonel Haddon at the general headquarters. You will take my horse, and start at dusk. He will carry you over the sixty miles before dawn. Of course, you must escape unseen. There is no moon, and you must be within call of the sentries at headquarters before daybreak. You will deliver the dispatches to Colonel Haddon himself. It is a chance if you get there with the dispatches; but if you do, there will be among them a letter asking for a furlough for yourself. When you have got it, you will return to England, and take a letter I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed. Mind, you must insist on putting it into her own hands."
Fairlie saluted.

"When you have done this, you will go back to Derbyshire, and I strongly advise you to stay there. I will give you money to purchase your discharge. You understand?"
Private Fairlie was a stupid man, but after some moments' hesitation, he replied, huskily:
"Yes, your honor."
"Good, my man. You can go."
Fairlie touched his hat mechanically, and turned away. He had hardly got beyond the door of the tent when he turned, rushed back, grasped the captain's hand, and then, with a "Beg pardon, sir," strode off to his mess.

Meantime the captain, it being an hour before sunset, closed the curtain of his tent and wrote two letters. The first was brief, and had been printed in army reports and in the newspapers as the last authentic report from his command.

"Camp DERBYSHIRE, May 20, 1879. Sir: I have the honor to report a large force of Zulus in front, estimated at over 4,000. It will be impossible for us to sustain a general attack. It therefore seems advisable that we should be re-enforced at the earliest possible date, or the position that we now hold reconquered with much greater force. I

have the honor to be, Your most obedient servant,
PHILIP HAUGHTON, Captain.
Lieutenant COLONEL HADDON, C. B."
The second was longer and has never been printed.

"To Miss Alice Manners, Aze-edge Moor, Derbyshire, Eng. 'I love you Alice, and have always loved you. I have sometimes thought you knew it. If you did not know it, I write to tell you; if you did, to forgive you."

"O my darling! you will pardon my telling you this now, will you not? You have given me no right to send you a love letter, dearest; but this is one, yet, do not be angry until you have read it all. Let me think now that perhaps you love me now, and now only; and that I would kiss you if you were here. My love—darling, do not throw the letter down. I wanted to tell you that I loved you—how much you will never know; but you might have learned from others that I loved you, and I wanted to tell you myself before I died.

"I am here at an outpost in Africa, with half a company. The orders are to hold our camp at all hazards, and we shall certainly be attacked before dawn. If I thought there was any hope of our escaping I should not write to you thus; but you will pardon me, dear, for we cannot retreat, and there is no chance of defense or reinforcement. Indeed there is not."
"My men all know it, too; but they are very quiet. They are all brave fellows, and I think they like me. Perhaps it is wrong in me to send one of them away to carry this letter to you; but he is a Derbyshire man, and was crying to-day over his sweetheart, and I could not help it. I wanted him to get home to her; and one less to be killed here makes little difference. I should like you to help him when he gets to England."

"I hope that you are very happy. You must forgive me for telling you. You will not think it wrong for me so—now?"

PHILIP HAUGHTON.
It was some months after the date of this letter that the guests at Cary-bridge Hall, in Derbyshire, were awaiting dinner. It is a nuisance, waiting for dinner; particularly when you are standing before the fire, as was Major Brandyball, supporting a portly person in patent leather pumps a trifle small. Dinner was a formal affair at Cary-bridge. There were many guests for the pheasant shooting and Sir John was entering largely in honor of his young wife. But a man had come just before dinner, and had insisted on seeing Lady Cary personally; and she had now been gone nearly half an hour.

"I wonder who it can be?" said the Countess Dowager to Brandyball. The Countess liked to know everything; that is, everything about her friends.
"The servant said the man seemed to be a soldier."
"I think," said the Major, "I think Lady Cary used to have some friends in the army—when she was Miss Manners."

Further conversation was checked by Lady Cary's return. She was a beautiful woman, Sir John's wife, and she never looked better than on that night. The Major noticed that she held a letter crumpled in one hand; and her haste had given her a heightened color. She must have been gone over half an hour.
"Forgive me for keeping you all so long," she said, with her sweet smile.
"Lord Arthur, will you take the Countess Dowager in to dinner."

A Blunder in giving Dinners.

The same generous impulse that creates the dinner-giver often causes him to blunder in the manner of his dinner-giving. Expense, of course, is something that must be expected and can't be avoided; yet, where this is unnecessarily lavished upon an over-profusion of dishes, the policy is not to be commended; and this is true whether the party be a large or a small one. It is all very proper for the host to have a well-marked sufficiency, for to have less would be to broadly insult those whom he has invited to his table. But to follow up course after course, each one more attractive than its predecessors, and all too tempting to be resisted, is not the plan to be adopted if he desires to reach the reputation of a successful dinner-giver. And the reason is plain. A guest may owe his presence not to any particular friendship the host may have for him, but to a certain qualification he may possess—wit, perhaps, or general conversational powers, or other attribute fitting him for such an occasion. Now these may be entirely upset by over-indulgence either in eating or drinking, or, at least, they may be so clogged and smothered under the load as to show nothing deserving the invitation they had caused their possessor to obtain.

It may be said that diners should know when to stop, unless they are beasts and not men. There may be force in this proposition, yet one may be lured beyond the bounds of prudence by a multiplicity of dishes so tempting in their excellence as to be irresistible, and yet a man not be a beast either. A skillful cook can make a man hungry and keep him so until he has swallowed his last mouthful, and then tantalize him with delicacies which he will long for with earnestness, and yet have no further capacity to accommodate. The dinner-giver, if he be a wise one, will look to this, especially if brilliancy in his guests be an object with him. The cooking process answers well enough in preserving the life and sparkle of wine, but it is death to the exuberance of wit.

Fish Diet.

Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent English physician, declares that there is no foundation whatever for the common notion that a fish diet tends especially to feed the brain. Nevertheless, he recommends fish for brain-workers, because it contains in smaller proportions than meat those materials which, taken abundantly, demand much physical labor for their complete consumption, and which, without this, produce an unhealthy body and a sluggish brain. That is, fish is particularly suitable for persons who are unable to take much exercise.

Cheap Living of Club Men.

A veteran club man in New York says: "Members of fashionable clubs are often poor as church mice, and about as irresponsible. They are either younger sons of good families or else have been introduced by good men as excellent fellows with plenty of money. Of course the committee on admissions cannot say to such a man: 'You may be a good fellow, my boy, and all that, but how much is your bank account, and, by the way, do you pay your bills? The committee must to a certain extent take things for granted. If a man appears like a gentleman and conducts himself like one while in the club rooms that is all that can be expected of him. Many of these men became members when they were in good circumstances. Some little change in business or family matters may have touched them and away goes their money like a puff of smoke. They are to be pitied. Then there is a class that the English term 'cheap swells,' who have little or no certain income, but who live on the reputation of their clubs. A man may go to a storekeeper and buy a lot of things and say: Send them to me at the Union Club.' The shopkeeper does so and afterward sends in his bill, which is gratefully deposited in the waste basket. Of course such men are few. Their presence in any club no doubt injures its reputation, but they cannot well be detected in their crooked little practices. Men can unquestionably live cheaply in the large clubs. The charges for food are not so high as in first-class restaurants. Kimball said that from \$1,800 to \$2,500 a year was a reasonable income. A great many club men live on even less than this, and always look well. One reason is that a club man has a large circle of acquaintances. He dines out very often. When invited to dinner on account of his ability to entertain or because there is a vacant place he makes a clear saving. Yes, I should say that an honest club man with a large circle of friends could live decently and enjoy himself on \$1,800 a year. But the temptations to run up accounts with tradesmen and others is steadily the constant danger of getting into the newspapers. I know one club man, popular among his fellows, who is clothed by his tailor for nothing in order to get his friends to give their custom. Thus you see he is simply a perambulating advertisement."

Rabies now in Style.

"The fashion in jewelry about once a year undergoes a decided change," said a jeweler in Broadway to a reporter. "These changes first take place in Paris, and after a few months reach America."

"What is the popular style in jewelry now?"
"Rabbits are the most fashionable of all gems, and are worn, not in great profusion, but in moderate display. At evening parties the ladies who follow the fashion generally wear a small diamond and ruby set together. The effect of the two brilliants blending is beautiful. Of course, after the ruby, comes the diamond in favor. It will never grow less in popularity. Immense sized diamonds are considered vulgar to wear, and the small ones have the run. Pearls, sapphires and emeralds are worn more than usual. In the flush times, immediately after the war, none but diamonds were fashionable, but the taste has changed of late years, and other gems are considered beautiful and stylish. Some of the lace pins for ladies are of exquisite design, and have imbedded in them diamonds, pearls and gems. The most popular designs are those of birds, flowers, crescents and spiders. In bracelets those made of links and joints set with various kinds of stones have superseded the old style of bands."

"The chateaine, once so universally used, has given place to a short chain, with a ball, and frequently a vinaigrette, as a pendant. The pendants are very stylish and exquisitely wrought."
"The bangle bracelets that slip over the hand have not entirely ceased to be fashionable, but they are no longer the rage, as they were some years ago. The engagement bracelet, with a lock attached, is still sold for that purpose. They are gradually going out, and the plain wedding ring is taking its old place again. The sudden changes of style in jewelry frequently cause a loss to the jeweler by having an unsalable stock on hand."

Coloring Pipes.

"Fine pipes are going out of fashion." The speaker was an elderly German, in whose countenance cheer and benevolence were equally blended. The place was a room in a tenement house that reeked with tobacco. "Years ago I had more business than I could attend to. Nowadays I have to call from store to store to get enough jobs to keep me alive. I color about twenty articles a week, such as cigars, cigar holders, and fancy goods. The last named are chiefly small carved articles, such as scarf pins, sleeve buttons, and the like. They are made from meerschaum, clay, ivory, bone, and celluloid. They all take color, more or less, and, if you know how, you can produce very handsome effects. Here is a horse's head, for instance. It comes from Vienna, and is cut from meerschaum. When I got it was white; now the head is almost brown-black, and the mane is a rich chestnut. How is it done? By tobacco smoke, but almost any other smoke would do as well. Most people think pipes are colored by the oil. But they are not in the least. It is the smoke that does all the work. Just look at the fingers of a cigarette-smoker. They are sometimes completely bronzed."

"When I got an article to be colored I first clean it carefully, and then polish it with chamois or fine flannel. I then suspend it by a wire or thread in a box that's full of tobacco smoke. If you put it near the burning tobacco it's apt to become gray or grayish brown. I hang it from two to five inches over the bowl. That's a good smoke-box there. It's only a large cigar-box with a small hole in the top and in the side.

I put a large pipe inside, with the stem running through the side. I then hang from the little hooks on the inside the things to be colored, fill the pipe, light it, and draw on it with the rubber-tube which I put on the stem. In half a minute the box is full of smoke. It goes out of the hole very slowly and deposits its coloring matter as it moves. Four or five whiffs will make enough smoke for half an hour. The best tobacco for the work are the cheap, wet ones. Navy plug and niggerhead are my favorites, as they make a thick wet smoke which colors rapidly. What's the charge? Anywhere from 25 cents up, according to the size of an article. I've received as high as \$25 for a large pipe.

Tricks of Tramps.

A tramp epidemic of a new order has broken out in the Western Addition, a region lately the scene of some audacious daylight burglaries. The fashion of those fellows is not the bullying method of the country, nor yet the whining, half-starved-to-death dodge, which is the plan of only the non-ingenuous beggar. Here is a sample: The bell rings, and the lady of the house is informed that a gentleman wishes to speak to her.
"Is he a peddler?"
"No, ma'am, he has not a sack. He is nicely dressed, and does not look like a beggar."
The lady has speech with the visitor in the hall. He is very polite, hopes he has not disturbed her, and is not taking up her valuable time, but the fact is (a half sob) his little child is lying dead, and the hard-hearted undertaker refuses to proceed with the funeral (sob) unless the money for the coffin is paid in advance. "Surely thinks the lady, this grief is genuine," and produces the necessary dollar. The stranger thanks her in a dumb, half-hearted sort of way—he is too cast down to be effectively grateful—and departs for the next well appearing house to levy a similar tax. This is the most successful dodge of the day, and the contribution demanded never exceeds a dollar. Another, is the dashing, audaciously, benevolent swindle, and is carried on thus: A merry, vivacious party asks for the master of the house. He does not preface the Mister. It is, "as Smith would do." The lady appeared, and the visitor rattled on in a bluff hearty way.
"Fact is, mam, I am out on a collecting tour for a poor fellow who was once a well-to-do book-keeper on our street, Front street. Your husband knows him well. Worked in a store adjoining my friend Smith's. Now here is the list: Jones, Williams, Jackson, \$2 and \$2.50. You would save me a long tramp if you would only act as your husband's almoner, and let me put Smith down for a couple of dollars."

There is no guile about this. Benevolence oozes from every pore of the philanthropist's body, and in eight cases out of ten the \$2 is handed out, and Smith's name duly entered on the list of beneficiaries. But the donor is also made an unconscious accomplice of the swindlers.
"Who lives in that handsome house across the way, mam? Thompson; ah yes. What is his business? Dry goods on Kearny street. Oh, I know him," and the collector trips nimbly across to Thompson. He knows all about Thompson now, he has just left Smith. Here is his name. Mrs. Smith gave him \$2 for that distressed family. Surely the wife of his old friend Thompson can do no less, but Mrs. Thompson not to be outdone by Mrs. Smith, sees her two dollars, and goes a dollar better. In this manner the rascal works the entire block, and the genuineness of the names on his list makes the swindle complete. It is only the first step that costs, because he insists upon each person writing their names upon his list.

Finding Buried Money.

Miguel del Monte, a Mexican nobleman under the reign of Emperor Maximilian, who fled for his life to Vermont at the time of the downfall of the Mexican Empire, has just been a rich man again through the gratitude of a Vermont hunter whom he befriended eighteen years ago. Del Monte was one of Maximilian's most ardent friends, and the Liberal Minister of War sent spies after him, when he fled from Mexico to escape Maximilian's fate. Del Monte arrived safely in Vermont, and discovering that his enemies were after him, secreted himself in the northern part of the Green Mountains; but he was tracked and followed, and would have been killed by the Mexican emissaries but for the cunning of George Dudley, a Vermont hunter, who kept Del Monte hidden in caves and hollow trees, changing the hiding-place as often as necessary and carrying the food to him every day for three months, until the Mexicans gave up the chase. Del Monte then disposed of his jewels, and from this and various other sources succeeded in raising \$7,000, which he left in Dudley's cabin as a gift. He went away before the hunter discovered how magnanimously his services had been rewarded. Del Monte and Dudley did not meet again until last Fall, when they revisited the scenes of the Mexican Vermont adventures at the same time. They were overjoyed at seeing each other, and since both were in abject poverty, they were still more happy at finding a large sum of gold buried in one of the caves where Del Monte had been hid. Though the discovery was Dudley's, he insisted that Del Monte should have half of the money. This money, which is probably a part of the treasure that is said to have been hidden in Vermont about a century ago, and the search for which has been for a long time abandoned was quietly removed from the cave and exchanged in England for modern coin, and the two men are now here negotiating for an extensive cattle ranch, in which they propose investing it.

Base natures joy to see hard hap happen to them they deem happy.

Lace edged collars are the latest fashion in these ornamental trifles. Valenciennes or Medicaire are the laces most used for this purpose.

Trading Bees.

After bees are once located in suitable hives, very little expense is required to keep them in good condition. Hives, if possible, should be placed on the south side of buildings, or a close board fence facing southeast or west. If they are situated so as to be under the shade of trees, and thus protected from the rays of the sun during the heat of the day, it will be best; the hives should be set three feet apart and made to stand perfectly level.
Beginners in bee raising should remember that bees always mark the location of their hives, and if the latter are removed in the working season, the result is, that all the bees that go forth are lost, therefore it is necessary to place the stocks early in the spring before they have marked the situation of the stands, and not change them after the bees have commenced their labors.

A swarm of bees contains one queen, thousands of workers, and, in the summer season, a limited number of drones. The queen is the only fully developed female in the swarm, and usually lives from four to six years. The queen has a sting, yet may be handled with impunity, for except in combat with a rival queen she will not use it.
The working bee is much smaller than the queen, and on it devolves all the labor of the swarm; it possesses an instinct, but little inferior to reason in the human family.

The drone is the male bee, and swarms should not be permitted to rear a large number of these non-producers, as it takes a great deal of honey to support them in idleness for several months. The natural increase of the honey bee is very imperfectly understood. The queen lays all the fertile eggs in the swarm. A high temperature will retard, while a low temperature will forward the maturing of the brood.
The controlling of swarming is not perfectly understood, and it is important that the bee-keeper should become acquainted with the best method. To receive the greatest amount of profit from bees they must be fed before nature furnishes them food. White sugar dissolved in water is the best article for the purpose. The sources from which bees collect honey are various. Almost every flower, tree, shrub and vine in field, forest or garden yields honey, and in the South, the home of the bee, a profusion of wild flowers afford a rich harvest. When we take into consideration the fact that bees will go seven miles or more to collect material, it is easy to understand that a certain number of swarms will succeed in almost any locality, and that bee-keeping can be made a very profitable and beautiful occupation for women, especially those who, to the injury of their health, are confined to the house, excluded from the air and sunshine a great portion of the time.

Owls.

The famed owl seen in Central Park, New York, has spent a pleasant winter. In opposition to the tufted species he hoots by day, never by night. During the past season he has wintered in the bottom lands of eastern Missouri and western Kentucky along the Mississippi. Here are large areas of land usually under water during the overflows. They are cut up chutes, so called by the natives because, as a result of the Mississippi, they create islands and bayous. All through these bottom lands are high ridges, made up of silt, or alluvial deposit, which run north and south. On these ridges and along the chutes, bayous, and sometimes the river's edge, comes grow in great profusion. These canes have long, slender leaves, like the willow, and are green all winter. The cane areas here and elsewhere are of vast extent and form great roosts for robins and about one hundred species of small birds which stop here on their migrations south. As the sun sets some winter afternoon any one who will take the trouble to row across the river from Cairo can see tens of thousands of robins and other species descending on the canes to roost.
All day the woods resound with the hoots of the barred owl sitting in some tree. Often have I stopped a Kentuckian on horseback, borrowed his revolver, and practised upon the big leaves and staring eyes among the dead heads of the cotton-woods and pecans. When disturbed the owl lazily flaps his wings and alights on the next tree. When the robins homeward fly he becomes an interested spectator. As they settle on the canes in flocks he continually helps himself until the sea of living creatures rises with a thunderous noise of wings and disperses to feed along the muddy and unfrozen banks of the bayous. Among these, no doubt, was our friend in Central Park. When the great army of immigrants began its progress northward in the Spring, he followed in the wake. In his journeys north and south his power of flight excels all the species of hawks and all the owls save the snowy owl. Here in the east our barred owl is something of a rarity. If an imaginary triangle is made up of lines intersecting at Dubuque, Chicago and New Orleans, this species will be found in the greatest abundance within it. To make sure of his flight with the migrants, he breeds in the winter, and his young learned to fly long before he started north.

When hunting deer in Michigan one wister I shot a barred owl which was nearly dead of consumption. His lungs were in a partial state of decomposition. His crum showed an entire absence of food, and further dissection exhibited signs of indigestion. Here were two possible conclusions; either birds are subject to diseases which afflict man, or else the climate of Michigan is bad for barred owls.

A Tedious Ride.

During a very tedious ride on a Southern railroad, the passengers, tired, dirty, and thirsty, all berated the Company with the exception of one single passenger. His fellow-passengers commented on this, and asked him why he didn't denounce the road too. "It would be hardly fair," he replied, "as I am traveling on a free pass; but if they don't do better pretty soon, blame me if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."