ARBUTUS.

If spring has maids of honor—
And why should not the spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If spring has maids of honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer
The spring would seek in vain.

For sweet and subtle fragrance,
For pink, and pink and white,
For utmost grace and motion,
Of vines and vines' delight.

For joy of love and lovers,
For joy of young and old,
No blossom like arbutus
In all that Spring times hold.

The noble maids of honor,
Who earthly queens obey,
And courtly service render,
By weary night and day.

Among their royal duties,
Bouquets of blossoms bring
Each evening to the banquet,
And hand them to the king.

If the spring has maids of honor,
And a king that is not seen,
His choicest springtime favor
Is arbutus from his queen.

POOR SNOWDROP,

"Never did I know anything so ridiculous in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Spence, angrily. "The idea of asking a little chit like Nella to a ball because Lord Wilton happened to meet her in a train."

"Nella was eighteen last Monday, so I suppose she is old enough," said Elizabeth, the eldest daughter; "but I really think she must have behaved very improperly, or Lord Wilton never would have spoken to her."

"Of course she must, but as the countess makes such a point of it, I am afraid we must let her go."

"I can tell you what, mamma, will be the best plan," and Clara looked up eagerly. "Dress her as if she were a child in the school-room, and then nobody will notice her at all. A few yards of white tulle over a muslin skirt won't cost very much, and it needn't have any trimming, except a little on the body."

This was agreed to, and soon after luncheon Mrs Spence and her daughters started for Canterbury, to inspect the two ball dresses which had been ordered long ago from the best dressmaker, and to purchase the simple materials for the one that was to be made at home.

Eleanor Lestrange was an orphan niece, who had been received into the household much against the will of her two cousins. She had two hundred a year of her own, and a lovely face, so she might be considered a dangerous rival by the girls. But there was no thought of rivalry in her gentle breast as she strolled down the shrubbery and across the paddock into the cool woods of Wilton Hall. Her eyes were full of tears, for her cousins had been very rude to her about that little episode in the train a month ago, when Lord Wilton, the eldest son of the Earl and countess of Canterbury, had come to her assistance, and saved her from the impertinence of a fellow traveler.

She sat down at the foot of a gnarled oak, from which there was a lovely view through the branches of the trees, and resting her head on her hand, fell into the saddest thoughts possible for youth. No one wanted her in her new home. Mrs. Spence did not understand her; the girls were jealous of her. Even a proper dress for the countess's ball had been denied her, and she would go to it looking like a country dowdy.

Oh, if her own idolized father, Col. Lestrange, were only alive, or she lay at rest at his side in the quiet churchyard at Beverly!

"Miss Lestrange!" The soft, rich voice startled her from her melancholy dreams, and she looked up to see Lord Wilton standing before her with his fishing rod in his hand. "How glad I am I came this way!" throwing down his encumbrance and seating himself on the grass at her feet, "Do you know that I have done nothing but think of you from morning till night," looking up into her fair face with his bold, blue eyes.

"Then you have waisted your time shockingly," trying to appear at her ease.

"Don't you deserve it more than the dogs or horses?"

"No, I'm not half so useful."

"Nor half so nice," I presume. But what is the matter? You've been crying?"

"It was nothing," growing crimson, "only—"

"Only what?" creeping up closer to her side. "Have they been bullying you?" a fierce light in his eyes, as if he would have liked to bully them.

"No."

"What then?" They are not going to prevent you from coming to our dance?"

"No, I'm coming; but—" her lips trembling.

"But what?" his eyes looking straight into hers and compelling her to answer.

"I am going to have such a horrible dress."

"Come in the one you've got on," looking down at her pink cambric, and you'll cut out all the rest. Mind, the first dance is for me."

"I shall look such a fright that I shall hide in a corner," her heart fluttering at something in his eyes.

"Then I shall come and drag you out. But what's the matter with the dress? It isn't green, is it?"

"No, white; but oh, so terribly simple! Just like a child's."

"And so much the better," with a look of relief. "You will look like a sweet little snowdrop among them all.

He bent over her, and clasping her hand in his, raised it to his tawny mustache. She snatched it from him, and sprang to her feet like a startled fawn, a vivid crimson dying her cheeks with a sudden glow.

"Nella?" he cried, jumping up as quickly as his long legs would let him; but she was gone, and only a distant flutter of pink could be seen through the trees.

"Here's a basket for you Eleanor," said her aunt coming out of the drawing room with a flushed face, as she went down stairs. "It has just been brought over from Wilton by one of Lord Canterbury's grooms. I am sure there's some mistake about it, but you must open it, as it is addressed to you."

With eager fingers Nella undid the fastenings, raised the lid, and removed layers of cotton wool and silver paper. Then a cry of delight burst from her lips. An exquisite bouquet of white flowers lay inside, with a lovely wreath, to be pinned on the shoulder and hang down to the skirt. Lord Wilton's card, "with his compliments," was pinned on to the first.

"Oh, aunt, isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Nella, ecstatically, but Mrs, Spence walked out of the room with a thunder-cloud on her brow.

At dinner it seemed as if a storm was brewing, but Nella had great difficulty in keeping still, for her innocent young heart was brimming over with joy. He had thought of her among all his fine friends, and remembered her simple dress without trimming.

"Eleanor, I want to speak to you," said her aunt sharply, as dessert was over; "come into the drawing-room."

Nella followed in a fright. Mrs. Spence had not been particularly kind to her, but she could not be so wicked as to prevent her going to the ball. Her heart nearly stopped beating at the thought.

"I have been thinking the matter over," said Mrs. Spence gravely, as she seated herself on the sofa, that it will be better for you not to wear those flowers to-night."

"No; we consider that you must have behaved in a forward and unladylike manner to induce Lord Wilton to take such a liberty as to send them! We do not blame him, but we blame you, because, of course, a man will always do that sort of thing if a girl encourages him."

"I never encouraged him," stamping her foot.

"Yes, my dear Eleanor, you did. He has known Elizabeth and Clara ever since he was a boy, but he has never taken such a liberty with them. Now don't cry, you will spoil your appearance."

"I don't care, I wont go to the ball at all."

"Nonsense, child, you must. Go up stairs to your room and compose yourself, and I'll send out into the garden for a rose."

Nella went up stairs, but there her obedience ended, for she threw herself on her bed and burst into a passion of tears. There she was still when Clara knocked at her door and asked if she might have the bouquet, as it would go so well with her dress.

"Good gracious, Nell, the carriage will be round in half an hour," she cried in dismay, as she went out of the room with the flowers in her hand.

As soon as she was gone, Nella got up and bathed her eyes with eau-de-Cologne, arranged her sunny hair with the utmost care, and scrambled into her dress with the housemaid's help. Then she tossed aside the red rose which her aunt had sent her, and detaching a lovely white bud and spray of lilies from the wreath, pinned them on her shoulder,

Mrs, Spence noticed the change when she came down stairs, but thought it best to make no remark, lest another burst of tears might be the consequence.

The two sisters looked gorgeous, but nothing could make them look pretty; while Nella, in her simple dress cut them out completely.

Her heart beat very fast as they were marshaled through the spacious hall into the brilliantly lighted room where Lady Canterbury was standing to receive her guests.

The countess gave her a pleasant smile and a hearty shake of the hand, then Nellie slipped behind her cousins, casting a shy glance around. She had never been in such a splendid scene before, and the flash of jewels on every side seemed to dazzle her.

Mr. Uppleton, a tall curate, came up and talked to Elizabeth. Mr, Medway, a young barrister, asked Clara after her brother, but no one noticed Nella.

Presently there was a movement in the throng, and a pair of broad shoulders crowned by a handsome face, came in sight. As Lord Wilton shook hands with the Spences, the band struck up Buccalossi's lovely waltz, '*Mon Amour*,' and, with a certain bright smile, he bowed low to a certain little form in the background, and said with a smile:

"This is our dance, Miss Lestrange,"

The curate started; Mr. Midway put up his eye-glass, while the sisters grew pale with jealousy.

"Where are my flowers?" said Lord Wilton, as he led his partner into the ball-room.

"Here!" looking down at her shoulder.

"Only those! But where are the rest? Why did you give them away?"

"I didn't."

"Do you mean to say they took them?" the fierce fire returning to his eyes. She did not answer, but her lip trembled.

"Never mind," he said, more gently, "they can't take you from me.'

Then he put his arm around her waist and they floated together around the room, the lights reflected in countless mirrors, the sweetest music in their ears and a delicious happiness stealing from heart to heart. To Nella it was like a delightful dream, from which she would be sure to wake in another minute.

When the happy dance was over, Lord Wilton introduced her to his cousin, the Duke of Portsmouth, a very grand young man with a diamond solitaire as big as a sixpence.

Toward the end of the evening, Clara came up to her mother and asked her if she wouldnt tell Eleanor that it was time to go home.

"Certainly, my dear. But do you know where she is?"

"With Lord Wilton again," lowering her voice. Isn't it atrocious?"

Mrs. Spence shook her head and sighed.

'You cried before you came to-night,' said Lord Wilton, softly, as they sat together under the drooping branches of a yellow rose in the conservatory. "Don't deny it, I saw it in your eyes. Was it because they took away my flowers?"

"Partly," her lashes drooping on her blushing cheeks.

"Why did they take them?"

"Aunt said I oughtn't to have allowed you to send them," her bosom heaving as she thought of her wrongs.

"But I never asked you."

"No; but—she thought—I—" hesitating and crimson. "She didn't blame you."

"I see, she thought you had been flirting," his eyes twinkling. "Did you tell her that it didn't matter one brass farthing if you had?"

"No."

"Nella; do you love me?" No answer. "Do you know that I can't get along without my little snowdrop. Do you know that I shall shoot myself if you won't be my little wife? Nella, look at me!"

One shy fluttering glance, when the fluttering heart seemed to shine out of the g owing eyes, and then her head dropped on his shoulder and his mustache swept her cheek.

"Eleanor!"

The roses were swept aside by a hasty hand, and Clara Spence stood transfixed by the sight before her. Instead of being in the least abashed, Lord Wilton raised his head with a sunny smile.

"Ah, Miss Spence, you have just come in time. Let me introduce you to my future wife!"

Coffins of Many Colors.

While riding with a friend through a town in Lincoln county, Maine, not long ago we came upon a small shop curiously decorated with waves of paint of different colors. The front looked as though the occupant of the shop, whenever he wished to test a newly mixed color, dipped his brush in it and then wiped the brush on the outside of the building. In this way or some other he had produced a crude rainbow, the hues dissolving into each other where one brushful of paint had encroached upon the margin of its predecessor.

"That is an undertaker's shop," said my friend, "and those are the colors in which he paints his coffins. He splashes those samples on the outside of the building in order that he may see how they look himself, and also that the friends of the departed may pick out the color they want."

"What?"

"Yes. Nearly all the people in this little town who have died during the past ten years have been buried in colored coffins. Light blue is the favorite tint here for children and orange the prevailing shade for old people. You see this is one of the most retired villages in the State, and he is the only undertaker anywhere near here. The people have got used to his notions, and now they rather like the painted coffins. One old fellow got disgusted and took a solemn oath that this undertaker should never make a coffin for him. So he drove to Augusta while he was yet in this land of the living and had himself measured for a nice coffin. The coffin was made and he carted it home. He tried his best to induce his wife to have her coffin made, too. She said it was ridiculous—the idea of having your coffin made before you were dead!—and plumply refused to be measured. This made the old man so mad that he threatened to sue for a divorce, and he and the old lady had many a jar after that, although they had previously lived in peace and content. The old man put his coffin in the barn, and used it to keep his yellow-eyed beans in. In the course of time he died and was prepared for the grave. The yellow-eyed beans were turned out of the coffin and an endeavor was made to put the old gentleman into it. They found that his body after all was so large that it could not be squeezed into the coffin. They had to patronize that undertaker in spite of the enmity existing between him and the late lamented. They tried to get him to swap one of his coffins for the old gentleman's Augusta purchase, but this the undertaker positively refused to do, and insisted on being paid cash down for the coffin.

Daniel Webster.

Here is a new anecdote of Daniel Webster, as told by the late Col. Munford, who was at one time secretary of the Virginia commonwealth, and it has never been published.

Col. Munford was in his office at the State House one day when a distinguished-looking man, accompanied by a young lady, came in, and asked if they could see the legislative chambers. Col. Munford at once recognized, from portraits that he had seen, the face of Webster, and wishing to see as much of the great stetesman as possible, offered to accompany him through the State House. The young lady seemed to be a relative of Webster, and was very bright and piquant in her conversation, There was a constant fire of clever repartee between the two, and when the party reached the Senate chamber the young lady, turning to him, exclaimed:

"Now, everybody says you are a great man, and can make a speech without any preparation. I want you to prove it." As she said this she moved to the rostrum and took possession of the president's chair.

"The House will please come to order. The gentleman from Massachusetts has the floor."

"Webster," said Colonel Munford, relating the incident, "took, as if by instinct, the most favorable position in the room, so that his voice could best be heard, and for ten or fifteen minutes he spoke with an eloquence that I have never heard equaled. He referred to Virginia's present, and, alluding especially to her distinguished sons, he pointed out their portraits that hung on the walls, and described their traits in the most beautiful language imaginable." Col. Munford frequently told his friends that it was the best speech he ever listened to.

The man who saves five cents by walking gives ten to the shoemaker.

A curious physiological effect produced by the action of turning eggs during the incubation has been noted by M. Dareste. From experiments made with artificial incubators, he has found that eggs not turned two or three times a day all invariably perish. He explains the effect of this act on the embryo, and accounts for the action of the sitting bird on purely physiological grounds.

Druggist's Mistakes.

"Are druggists' mistakes of frequent occurrence?" a physician was asked by a reporter.

"No; they are not nearly so frequent as one not in the profession would suppose."

"Are there no means by which they could be made preventable?"

"I don't know what could be done more than has been. You see, it is human to err. Take the most careful man in existence, I care not what business he is in, and he will slip up some time. How often do men who are thoroughly conversant with their trade or profession make mistakes? A man gets proficient in his business, and this very proficiency makes him ofttimes go about it mechanically, and the first thing he knows he makes a mistake. If it is a small one or is detected in time to prevent serious injury or loss the man grits his teeth, gives himself a mental kicking, and is more careful for awhile, but soon he is back in the old mechanical rut."

"What means do druggists employ to prevent these errors?"

"Every first-class drug store is arranged like clock work. The different poisons are either placed in separate compartments, put in a peculiar style of bottle, or the bottles which contain them have an odd label, something which will attract the eye of the clerk the moment he uses it. Then, again, the clerk who puts up an order for a medicine of that character is under special instructions to register it in a book kept for the purpose. What other means can be gotten up to prevent a mistake creeping in I don't know."

"Do not many errors arise from the miserable chirography of physicians?"

"No, for the simple reason that if a druggist can't make out what a physician means he will quietly send word to the writer of the prescription for instructions, telling the customer it will take twenty or thirty minutes to put it up."

"As a rule, what is the general character of physicians' handwriting?"

"My brethren in the profession will bear me out in saying that it is the most miserable that can be imagined. Such scrawls as are sometimes sent out would tax the ingenuity of an expert to decipher. Many a solemn conclave have I witnessed in drug stores over the prescriptions written by one of the most eminent physicians of this city. He will start a word all right, but if it is over four letters long the conclusion will run off into unintelligible hen tracks; and it is true of many others. Bad writing is as much of a characteristic of physicians as the proverbial slowness of tailors and shoemakers."

Lafayette in America.

France has shown its good will to the United States on several occasions, the Bartholdi statue being but a trifling episode thereof; but it is a curious fact of some interest, and not generally known—a fact I have only lately and accidentally come across myself—that Americans in Paris, especially several New Yorkers in Paris many years ago, showed their appreciation of France's friendship by getting up in short metre a subscription fund, which, and which alone, enabled General Lafayette to pay his celebrated second visit to this country and this city, where he was received with such honors.

In brief, General Lafayette was so poor in his old age that if it hadn't been for the generosity of New Yorkers he wouldn't have been able to visit America at all. This is contrary to the generally received idea that the old man was well fixed, which idea owes its origin to the fact that the old Frenchman owned some lands in Louisiana. This is true, but it is also true that these lands had only a prospective and not a real and present value. They proved of some advantage to Lafayette's heirs, but were almost worthless to him, or cost fully as much to hold as they were worth.

When he was liberated from his long political imprisonment at Olmutz, he hadn't a dollar in the world, and owned nothing but a good record and those Louisiana lands. On the strength of his good record, his friend Baring, the banker, lent him about $25,000, to be repaid at his convenience. A few years later Lafayette had spent the money, but offered to pay it by transferring some of the Louisiana land to his benefactor. Baring being a business man accepted the offer, but being also a friend of Lafayette, he took these lands at a fancy price, taking them at about eleven dollars an acre, or about three times what they were then worth, or anybody would have given.

Lafayette at once accepted Baring's proposition, and wiped out the amount of his pecuniary obligation to Baring by transferring to him less than one fourth of the land. It can't be that Lafayette was aware of what a purely friendly and generous spirit had actuated Baring in this transaction, or he wouldn't have taken the advantage of it he did. For pretty soon an Englishman named Coghill met Lafayette in Paris and opened negotiations to buy some of his remaining Louisiana lands. Lafayette immediately told him what Baring had paid for his share of the lands, and proposed to let Coghill have what land he wanted on precisely the same terms. Coghill, not knowing of Baring's special friendship, thought, of course, that he was perfectly safe in paying for lands exactly what such a smart business man as Baring had paid for them, and accordingly at once made out his check for a large sum of money on that basis.

Lafayette got the check cashed and spent the money, and then Coghill found out that he had paid Lafayette just three times too much for the Louisiana lands. Then there was a circus. Coghill fumed and wrote to Lafayette, and fumed and wrote to Baring. And then Baring was obliged to explain to both Coghill and Lafayette how he had received the Louisiana lands merely as a friendly transaction. This explanation showed that Baring hadn't been fooled, but it didn't help Coghill much, and Lafayette could not return the money, because he had already spent it. But the Coghill affair worried the old General a good deal, and he tried to make it up by offering Coghill more land.

But Coghill didn't want any more of the land at any price. Then Lafayette tried to get the balance of the money due in honor to Coghill from Baring, by selling Baring some more of the lands. But Baring by this time had got enough of the lands himself, and shut down. Finally Lafayette tied up the lands by making them over to his heirs, they are not to be sold till a certain time, when they would probably be worth something to somebody.

Well, Lafayette was thus high and dry financially when the United States Congress sent him an invitation to come over to America. The gratitude and honor pleased Lafayette immensely. He was crazy to accept the invitation and come over, but he had no ready money to take with him and besides the old fellow was heavily in debt in Paris and he was bound in honor to pay his debts before he left. Here was rather an odd fix. A great nation was waiting to welcome a great man, who wanted greatly to be welcomed, but the great man couldn't get over to the great nation for the lack of a small sum of money. At this junctur of his affairs, Lafayette sent for an adopted citizen of the United States, named Vincent Nolte, a New Yorker then in Paris, a particular friend of his, and laid the case before him.

The two had several talks together, and the more they talked the less practical result seemed likely to result from the talking. Finally Nolte made up his mind there was only one thing to do, he also made up his mind that he wouldn't say a word about it to Lafayette till it was done. He must get up a subscription fund for Lafayette among the New Yorkers and other Americans then in Paris, and he did so. James Brown, Jacob Gerhard Knock, J. F. Girod, and other New Yorkers in Paris took hold of Nolte's idea vigorously, and quite a sum of money was raised in less than a week, which was handed over to Lafayette, who received it as but an additional token of the esteem in which he was held by Americans, and looked upon it as but one more of the numerous ties that bound him to the great American public. Lafayette, before leaving France, invited the gentlemen who had subscribed to the fund for him to his house, where he treated them finely, and introduced them to two English ladie to whom he had taken a great friendship, Fanny Wright and her sister, who did the honors.

Then, two weeks later, Lafayette, his son and his secretary sailed from Havre in the Cadmus to New York.

Sergeant Mollie Pitcher.

The bas relief for the monument celebrating the famous battle of Monmouth has been cast in Justice Powers' foundry. The most noted of the four reliefs is that of Sergeant Molly Pitcher. She was the wife of a cannonier in Gen. Wagner's command. When the American forces retreated from Fort Clinton and the enemy was scaling the ramparts her husband dropped his match and fled. Molly caught it up, fired the piece, and also fled.

At the battle of Monmouth, on July 28, 1778, she brought water to her husband and his companions from a spring near by. A shot killed her husband, and the officer in charge having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Mollie heard the order as she was coming from the spring, dropped her bucket, seized the rammer and worked the cannon till the fight ended.

On the following morning, General Green presented her, still covered with dirt and blood, to Washington, who at once gave her a commission as Sergeant. She was placed for life upon the list of half pay officers, and soon after the battle left the army. She died near Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, Lossing adds, 'told me she had often seen Captain Molly. She was a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed by her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines, with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.' Molly was 25 at the time of the battle. A painting by Colonel Custis, Washington's stepson, gives a spirited representation of the scene.

The relief represents Sergeant Molly Pitcher as a beautiful young woman. She stands barefooted and bareheaded in front of a cannon, ramming a charge home. Her dead husband lies at her feet. The ponderous wheels of the gun, with old-fashioned iron bands holding the joints of the felloes, are well brought out. A bare-headed gunner stands close by, ball in hand. Opposite another gunner thumbs the vent, holding the flint-lock in his hand. The sponge bucket stands in place. An enemy's ball ploughs the grassy field. A battery flag sticks in the sod, with the old Freehold meeting house in the background. Artillery-men approach beneath its steeple. In the foreground General Knox rides away, flourishing his sword.

Ladies' Club.

A ladies' club, patterned upon the Union, is soon to be organized in New York city. Its membership will be composed of the most prominent women in society of the metropolis. The names of Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Adrian Iselin have already been suggested for president, and the Misses Hewett and Miss Maybury will almost certainly be among the governesses. It goes without saying that no men are to be admitted to the club; either as members or visitors. The servants are all to be women, and the stewardess will be a person of long experience as a housekeeper. As might be expected, many of the husbands of present and prospective members do not favor the new club. Several who do not happen to be club members in particular frown severely upon it, and say they do not see why their wives should join a club when their husbands have not done so. One bright woman is said to have given as her excuse for not joining: "I have married a husband and therefore I can not come."

Parade Day in Mexico.

The celebration of the anniversary of the repulse of the French, at the storming of Puebla in 1872, by Gen. Lorences, occurred not long ago. Two reviews took place, one on the plain of San Lazaro, outside of the city, and another in the city. At the shooting school there was a sort of tribune erected on the roof, from which the president's wife, the ministers' families, etc., had a good look at the review. As it occupied little over an hour, many who went a long distance to see it were disappointed and the booths for refreshments made a scanty harvest.

In each review marched about 15,000 men. The uniforms are simple, of dark blue cloth, relieved in the line regiments with gilt buttons and scarlet stripes on sleeves and trousers. A cloth "kepi" is covered with white cotton stuff, from which hangs a "navelock" of the same when in "fatigue dress." The police also wear the "havelock." The cavalry have silver buttons and galloon, and black braided jackets are added for the artillery. Their appearance was good, and many of the regiments marched well.

The corps of cadets made a brilliant show, and they do credit to the military school of Chapultepec. But the most brilliant of all were the "rurales," the policemen of the rural districts, as their name indicates. It is a treat to the eyes to see them galloping along in their high and richly embroidered Mexican saddles, on their fiery horses. The jacket and breeches are of buff leather, and the hat a wide-brimmed light felt "sombrero," with silver braid on rim and silver cord and tassels; the boots are also of buff leather, like the saddle and stirrups; a crimson sash is worn around the waist and the long crimson scrape hang in tight and narrow folds behind on each side of the saddle. The officers hats and jackets are the same, but covered with embroidery of solid silver. Their black eyes, ruddy, dark complexions and jetty beards form a striking contrast to this picturesque and brilliant dress. Their rifles hang at the right side, and in all respects the display was a fine one.

Knocking out Burglars.

"Any of your detectives got on to that new mob of burglars yet?" he asked, as he entered the office of the Chief of Police of Detroit.

"Well, no arrests have yet been made."

"And there won't be. The chaps have got enough, I reckon, and if they haven't left town by this time I'm a sinner."

"What do you know about burglars?"

"See that?" he queried, as he held out a hand with every knuckle skinned. "I don't wait for burglars to come up and burgle me; I try to get in the first blow. Last night I took a little walk around and met a burglar."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I asked his name and business, and he told me to go to Sheol. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him get up and fly! In less'n half an hour I met another."

"How did you identify him?"

"I took him by the collar and told him that his jig was up, and his confusion gave him away. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him take the grass! The third one I met at about 11 o'clock."

"What! Another?"

"You bet! He was walking along as softly as you please, and I dodges in on him and says I:

"Spotted, old fellow, and you're my meat!"

"He yells for the police, but I'm up to all these dodges. With that I popped him, and I left him crawling around on the grass. Say, I want to be a detective."

He was told that the matter would be considered; and within the next hour three eminent citizens, having an eminent black eye, called at the office and each story began with

"As I was about to enter my gate last night a desperate scoundrel rushed upon me and dealt me a stunning blow."

Mexican Feather Work.

While in Mexico I tried hard to find out how they made the lovely birds on cards which they offered for sale on the streets. A freind took me to the house of one of these artists. It was a little hovel, where he sat on the mud floor and toiled. But when he heard us coming he put away all his work and would not let us see it. He was an Indian, with brown skin and black, straight hair. He wore ragged clothes and had an old blanket to keep him warm at night. Poor as he was, no money would tempt him to show us the secret process he had learned from his father, which had been kept in the family for hundreds of years. Great skill is required to produce a perfect picture. First, the Indian traces on the card the outlines of the body of the bird in wax, just enough for the feathers to stick to. Then he begins at the lower part and places them on, one at a time, one row lapping over the other as a slater lays slates. He works very slowly and patiently. Perhaps this is the secret of his perfect work, and the reason that no other people have been able to equal him. The result is a bird that looks as though it might sing or fly. The eyes are made with small glass beads, and the bill and feet are painted so nicely that they appear to be part of the bird. Then he paints a twig or branch for it to rest on, or makes one from a feather, and his work is done.

Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

It is a difficult point to decide when to leave off helping one who cannot help himself.

Don't forget to give all young animals a daily supply of oats as the mother's milk begins to fail. Remember also to increase the rations during next Winter.

A New York man went into a crowded car, and asked if he could have the seat which was then occupied by a hat, whose owner was sitting in the next seat. The man sagrily grasping his hat, answered: "Yes, take it, if you are a hog." "I am so near one that I guess I will take it," said the other.