By it I sat, alone. And thought how unlike childhood's dream

were time and place, and all the seeming
That to my life belong;
And how in vain the happy schem. Of years so quickly gonel

I thought of other homes, where nightly, The firelight shines as warm and bgightly On others-not alone-Who dream of coming years as lightly, As of a joy well-known.

For Youth and Hope, in all the ages-Read only rhymes upon the pages That tell of coming years; No tragedy upon the stages Of Fancy's play, appears.

And it is well; for Time is truthful And soon enough brings to the youthful, Whate'er it has in store, The Future-whether harsh or ruthful-'Tis well none can explore.

For lives well-lived-however lowly-Like voyages safe tho' made but slowly,
Will bring us home at last,— Where all is peaceful, pure, and holand wreck and fear are past!

THE BOGUS PROFESSOR.

"But that's nonsense, you know, brisk walk will do me more good than love with her. anything else, and I'm going to take

hem; Dr. Finne notwithstanding." "Gray, don't be rash!" exclaimed Gray's handsome mother, genuine terfor and alarm in her voice. "If you nust go out, then order our carriage."

which his mother knew from long experience it was useless to combat, "It's oo warm to be shut up in that uncomlortable coupe, and to take an airing in the phaeton will only make me more azy than ever."

"Here are the goggles, then," said Mrs. Clement, with a little sigh of resignation.

"You know how bad sunshine is for your eyes in their weak state." "I am nothing but a big baby in your estimation, it seems," laughed Gray, as he adjusted the huge, green things be-lore the glass. "The more hideous you nake me appear, the happier you seem lo feel."

"You could never look otherwise han a gentleman, Gray," said Mrs. Clement with maternal pride. "But if you had not over-taxed your brain and yes so much at Heidelberg last year, all this care and worry could be dispen-

led with." "Never mind that now, mother dear," said Gray, feeling a slight twinge of renorse as he looked at her fair anxious "I'm almost all right now, you tnow, and what's done can't be un-

lone. Then kissing her good-bye and promsing not to go far, he strode down the zreat stone steps, gaily whistling "Rob-

It was a lovely August day, and Gray ound the air so pure and bracing that be walked much further than he inended to.

He had walked several miles ont of the city before he realized that he was becoming very tired.

The sunshine was so warm, too, that ais brain began to reel. He decided to ask for a drink of water at the very next house, and rest

there before returning home. The next house proved to be an elegant picturesque villa in the Queen Anna style of architecture, with spacious gardens and orchards. Every-

thing was in the most refined exquisite taste. A young girl was bending over a rosebush, clipping the great blushing

flowers and arranging them in a bou-Gray thought he had never seen such

a fair vision in all his life. Her hair

She was clad in the most bewitching of German peasant costumes which barely reached the trim ankles,

If Gray had been less exhausted with goggles had not obscured his sight, he would certainly have noticed that the gown was of too rich a fabric for a peasant's wear, and that it was more of a modern aesthetic costume than anything else.

'Pardon me," he said, raising his hat with his old inimitable grace; "may I trouble you for a drink of water? The heat has made me decidedly thirsty." He spoke in German, without makng any serious grammatical blunders,

banks to his Heidelberg training. The girl quickly looked up at the sound of his voice, evidently not catching the meaning of his words, the surorised look on her face was quickly sucseeded by one of pleasure and delight,

exclaimed, holding out both her hands, which you may be sure Gray was not long in taking. She spoke in German, too, but by no ly.

means with the fluency of a native. "I'm ever so glad you decided to was doing." come at last, even if it was at the eleventh hour. Oh, why didn't you come emotion he spoke in English, and thus perfore? We have been waiting for you added to Celia's bewilderment.

7011 See. 1 "But here I'm chattering away, with-out introducing myself. I'm Celia. have done you a grievous wrong, but it Mamma has been sounding your praises was through excess of love for you, so much-ever since she came from Germany -pardon me for saying so-

that I knew you right away. "Grandma and auntie will be so glad low and contemptible enough to sall to see you! You must stay with us till under such false colors?" "I could not mamma comes from New York, which bear the thought of losing you, Ce—will be a fortnight. I think.

Miss Warner, he said, miserably. will be a fortnight, I think.

"But you are ill Herr Van Thiell "Can't you understand?" How thoughtless of me! Of course the have driven out for you myself."

really intended to announce who he was.

really intended to announce who he was.

"Your wishes shall be obeyed, Miss "Your wishes shall be obeyed, Miss eyes look him for Professor Max Van Thiel. Warner." he said proudly, his eyes fishin

whoever he might be. But he felt so burning fiercely with resentment and faint and ill that the thought slipped bitter anguish of mind. from his dizzy brain before it was half

The next moment he found himself in the Warner's parlor, undergoing an introduction to Grandma Warner, a charming old lady of sixty, who immediately become sympathetic at the sight of his pale, handsome face, and who de- in a paroxyism of grief, and was sobclared, in a queer mixture of German and English which would have sounded very funny to Gray on any other occa-

sion, that he must retire at once to his own room and rest. During the night he was tempted to take French leave, and would have done so but for his weakness. He promised himself to fully explain the mistake in the morning, little realizing how hard it would be to do so, now that he had got-

ten so deeply into the matter. Gray felt decidedly better the next morning, and for the first time he realized the awkwardness of his situation. What could he say ordo because of his unwarrantable intrusion? That was a question Gray Clement could not an-

swer to his own satisfaction. With his old self-possession and nonchalance, however, he took breakfast up. Mr. Gray-though you are not at all with the Warners as Professor Van Thiel, talking volubly and entertainingly in German about his travels, which alone were no myth.

He learned several things that morning-that Professor Van Thiel was a mother," said Gray Clement, impatient- German gentleman who had just come "about my staying in the house, and to this country; that Mrs. Warner had ly, "about my staying in the house, and to this course the year before; that all that sort of thing. Because that I met him in Europe the year before; that have been sick is not an infallible sign | Celia Warner was a charming girl, and that I am ill yet. I think fresh air and that he had fallen heels over head in

The piquancy of the situation won upon his fancy, and then and there he conceived the wild idea of personating the professor.

The plan was as foolish as it was hazardous, but "all's fair in love," you "I shall walk," said Gray, in a tone know, and Gray could not think of forever losing Celia Warner's presence. Directly after breakfast he repaired

to the nearest telegraph station, and sent the following telegraph dispatch to his mother, who, he knew, must be feeling anxious concerning his safety. "Have comfortable and elegant quar-

ters in the country, where I shall stay for some time. Don't be anxious on my account, as I am feeling better than I ever did since my illness. Will write in a few days. Yours with love. G." "Don't you think I am becoming intensely German, Professor?" said Ce-

lia, laughing, as she encountered him in the garden one morning. She had on the same costume she wore when he first saw her.

"I really am of German descent you must know, and it is all mamma's fault -about my dressing this way, I mean, Her enthusiasm over Germany ever since she came home has been infect-I wore this costume at Mrs. Bartlett's masquerade last week, and now grandma wants me to wear it every day. She is pleased to say it is very becoming.

"Do not discard it I pray you," said Gray quickly. "It is like a glimpse of the dear old Fatherland to see you." As Professor Van Thiel, Gray was supposed not to know how to speak English, and had been on the point of committing himself more than once. However, thanks to his quick wit, he had saved himself just in time.

Celia and the Professor were thrown almost constantly together. Now it was a watk, now a ride over the cool, breezy country roads, now a ramble in the grass-grown meadows, the Professor meanwhile expounding learned facts(?) the pretty bows and arrows and birch about the flora and strata around them, of which he was as happily ignorant as

Celia herself."
Celia had conceived the idea that the Professor was a middle-aged gentleman, the disfiguring goggles confirming her belief.

Nevertheless, that did not hinder her from thinking him very charming and entertaining.

Tous the days passed by, all too quickly for Gray, when he thought of the denouncement that must come. They were reading Goethe together

hung in two shining braids down to her almost a month after Gray's uncerimowaist, and was tied with rose colored nious arrival, when a servant brought in a letter for Miss Warner.

"From mamma," was Celia's brief explanation, as she quickly cut the envelope open. "You will pardon me, Professor, if I read it now, as I am very his walk, less dizzy, and if the hideous anxious to find out when she is coming

"Which I am not!" said Gray, sotto voice, as he bowed acquiescence. He had grown very pale at mention of Mrs. Warner; and he could feel his

frame tremble as he saw a look of absolute bewilderment slowly creeping over Celia's lovely face. "I-I do not understand it," she said, looking at Gray with wide eyes. "Mamina says she has come across Professor Van Thiel at last at Mrs. Moyle's

musicale, and that she has prevailed upon him to accompany her and papa home. What does she mean? Are there two Professor Van Thiel's?" Gray's face was deadly pale, and rising to his feet, he took an involunta-

"You are Professor Van Thiel!" she ry step forward, his hands appealingly outstretched. "For God's sake, Celia, do not judge me too harshly!" he exclaimed, hoarse-

"I loved you-I loved you-and did not think of the menstreus wrong I In the intensity of his shame and

"I am not Professor Van Thiel at gone to New York. I'm so sorry, but all," he went on, not sparing himself in she didn't expect you to come at all, the least, rifts of red and white crossing his face, "but a mean, weak, cow-

> "Do not come near me!" she exclaim- it be?" ed, with flashing eyes, "How dare you you talk to me of love-you, who are so

"No; I confess such knowledge is belong walk from the station has been yound my feeble comprehension," she said with cutting sarcasm. "I cannot know when you were coming, I should see how you have gained anything by have driven out for you myself." your insolent deception. You will To do Gray Clement justice, he had oblige me by leaving the house immedi-

upon him during their days in Greece together, was of insincerity and sel-

ABOUT STATE DINNERS.

minutes later, for the last time as he

She had thrown herself upon a sofa

"You do love me after all!" Gray

feeble resistance. "I was almost sure

of it! Oh, my darling, do not let your

bed and her admission came reluctantly,

as if against her better judgment.

"And oh! it nearly broke my heart

"What's in a name?" he retorted.

"Am I not the same if my name is Gray

Thiel? Will you not try to forgive me

I suppose I must, for I cannot give you

"But I will try so hard to improve,

will become a perfect paragon before

The real Professor Max Van Thiel

proved to be fat, jolly and forty, an ac-

complished musician, who knew even

name, his amusement was unbounded.

ly appearance and unquestionable con-

who are not in the secret of the roman-

MAINE'S VANISHING RED MEN.

Tarratines-The State Annuity.

The handful or andians who repre-

ernor of the colony on Old Town Island.

twelve miles above Bangor. Governor

tribe is left without a head until a new

and are pretty well civilized, but for all

faint attempt at farming, and by the

manufacture of canoes, snow shoes, fancy

a canoe like the Penobscot Indian;

birch so gracefully. Their snow shoes

are so good that recently an order for

100 pairs was received from the far west.

The fancy baskets go everywhere, as do

bark bric-a-brac-the like of which is

not made anywhere else. The old men and squaws and the children make these

wares and the sales now amount to

The state government pays the Tar-

ratines an annuity of about \$8,000 a

year, and this, with the basket money

and what the young men earn river

driving and hunting, supports the 390 survivors of this once powerful tribe.

Their money is expended largely for

pork, molasses, tobacco, and rum, the

latter commodity being obtained in

Bongor, on the streets of which city

may be frequently seen a red man "over

the bay." There are several elderly

squaws, principal among whom is one

called "Betsy Francis," who are familiar

sights here, coming down in the morn-

ing with their burden of baskets and

going back at night drunk. But the

Tarratines are a great deal better people

than they once were, and this is because

of the watchful care and guidance of the

A Strange Story of Lord Byron.

Young, "I remember meeting a gen-

tleman who had been a personal friend

story. He was in Greece with Byron,

horseback, and of course very wet,

room until their clothes became dry.

Byron lay down upon the bed, put his

"Do you believe in witches and war-

days in Aberdeen, and when I was a

"'No," said Byron, shaking his head

and talking in his slow, hisping way.

'Don't you disbelieve the witches and

"I remember asking this gentleman to give me his views of Lord Byron as

derived from his own intercourse with him. He said that Byron had an af-

feeted, drawling, almost lisping volse, and the general impression he made

"He died in ten days.

arms under his head and said:

"Why?" asked his friend.

locks?'

ried.

wariocks."

Catholic priest and the island nuns.

about \$12,000 a year.

These Tarratines are intermixed with

election can be had.

now loud in their lamentations over the add to the brilliancy of the glitter from

calls her husband "The Professor."

what my fancy painted you."

"You do not deserve," she said, "but

when you told me that you weren't

"Yes, I do love you, Max," she sob-

bing as if her heart would break.

pride separate us now.

Professor Van Thiel."

dear?" pleadingly.

thought, he could not resist a sudden

Social Event at Wash-As he passed through the hall ten The Highest ington.

A state dinner at the White House is the highest social event of Washington, and only the most noted men and women are among the guests. Dinners are given in honor of the cabinet, the Arthur dined nearly every public man cried, a triumphant ring in his voice, as he gathered her to his heart despite her

House. This is a great oblong room, of about 30, with a dark complexion, as large as the ground floor of a house bright black eyes and a luxuriant black and a ceiling running as high as the he has catered to the President's tastes Clement, instead of Professor Max Van It adjoins the red parlor, on the east, state dinner, when he is present, he apand is entered from the grand promen- pears like the waiters in a full dress traits of all the Presidents look down over every thing very carefully, and upon you as you walk into it with your lady upon your arm. At the west end | have a waiter drop a dish. of it a window looks into the White he said earnestly; then he added artfully: midwinter with blooming flowers and sists of two large rooms, hung with "With you as my example, darling, I tropical plants, under nearly an acre of copper cooking utensils of every charglass, and at the back you may see acter and color. Two great ranges set the distance. The room is rather poor- before and during a great dinner. A less than Gray about theology and botany, When he heard how Gray masqueraded for a whole month under his with the figures of a camel's hair shawl, lieutenants working away at their cuhangs upon the walls, and a light yellow Even Mrs. Warner, scandalized as she felt, was won over through Celia's marble mantles which are upheld by Many of Mrs. Gray Clement's friends, tic way in which she had been wooed faces of the marble women are fairly his body, and a great white cap of linen, and won, wonder why she sometimes A Handful Left of the Once Powerful large circular mirrors of French plate, reflect the light of the colored candles sent all that is left of the once powerful Tarratine tribe, who were the foes and in the front, and golden candelabra, superiors in war of the Mohawks, are with cherubs sporting about their bases,

death of Sockbesin Swasson, the Gov- their places upon the table. The floral decoration for such a dinner is wonderful, and the flowers used Swasson dropped dead recently, and the | if bought outside of the White House would cost from \$500 to \$600. At such a time the whole house is fragrant, and flowers are in every parlor. The manthe French-Canadians to a great extent, tels of all the rooms are beds of blossoms, and in the dining room summer that they are rapidly dying out, as are reigns in all her beauty. A long lake the Passamaquoddys, and the day is with a mirror for the surface runs not far distant when it will be possible nearly the length of the dining room to count Maine's red men on the fingers. | table. It has a rim of gold about three ciety has taken measures for the pre- ner is framed in the choicest of flowers tines or Penobscots, as they are commonly called, live by river driving, a temple of justice, as, for instance, when entirely of flowers, A book of laws baskets, etc. No white man can make may lie in the center of it, and to make it will take about 2,000 flowers. A neither can any other Indian fashion the thousand roses are used at each state dinner, and about the same number of carnation pinks. Last winter the state dinners consumed 6,000 sprays of the lilies of the valley, 400 strings of smilax and thousands of other flowers, such as heliotropes, camelias, calla lillies and so on. At times you will see canoes of flowers in full sail upon the table, at other times bridges and now and then a design such as the hanging garden of Semiramis. Boutonnieres lie at each gentleman's plate, and elaborate corsage bouquets beside the plate of

The ices for a state dinner come on in forms as widely different as the flowers, and fishes, fruits and temples are among the designs gotten up by Mme. Demonet, the old French woman who has supplied the presidents with their ice cream since the days of Buchanan, Today you have a lobster in its natural color, next week the ice will come upon the table in the shape of a flery bombshell or asparagus with sauce, and at the next state dinner there may be cantelopes, fruit and vegetables in natural colors and of natural size, which on being cut, turn out to be the most delicious of

The table runs the full length of the room, and is so arranged that it may be made into different shapes in accordance with the number of guests. Its "Speaking of men who have known great men," said Mr. James Russell full capacity is fifty, though at the cabinet dinner only thirty sat down to it, and its shape was unchanged from its usual oblong form with round corners. of Lord Byron. He told me a curious The forms are used for different dinners and they are printed upon white cards and they were traveling together to with a bevelled edge of gold. Each Missolonghi, A heavy rainstorm came guest at a state dinner is furnished with on and they had to ford a river, and one of these cards with the numbers of they came to a little Greek inn, riding the seats for himself and lady marked upon it. He is notified beforehand as Byron and his triend went to their to who he shall take out to dinner, and his plate is also marked with a gilt edged card containing his name under a cut of the White House coat of arms in gold. This coat of arms is stamped upon the elegant paper used for invitations, and these invitations by the way "You know,' replied Byron, 'I am are engraved upon white cards about the size of a cabinet photograph and almost a Scotchman. I spent my early read as follows: "The president requests child a gypsy read my fortune. She the honor of the company of the secretold me that very important events tary of the treasury and Mrs. Manning, (for instance) at dinner on Thursday would happen in my life at 10, 28 and evening, Jan. 14, at 7:30 o'clock,' 36. At 10 I was a lord, by the death of my grand-uncle. At 28 I was mar-Such an invitation supersedes all other invitations, even though having been accepted beforehand, and the request of And now,' continued Byron, 'the third event comes, What will a President like that of a monarch, is it. considered here equivalent to a com-"My friend said to Byron: 'O, that's

> Imagine if you can a state dinner at the White House. The lights are blaz-ing and the guests in full dress, the gentlemen in swallowtails, and many of the the vernacular, ladies in low cut silks, satins or velvets from Worth's sit around the long table Nearly a dozen colored waiters in white neckties, white roses and dress suits with white gloves upon their hands, move noiselessly about the room carry-

itself is a wonder of flowers, ornaments | Hard Life of the Railroad Brakeme sculptured in what appears to be marble, and dishes of various sorts made up into the most wonderful forms. During time to realize how many of them are Arthur's time no dish was served flat, crippled. A man with ten sound finand the food was all raised up into some shape or other. A vase of rice upheld meats or birds, and it took days to procure the dishes for the table.

The steward of the White House has diplomatic corps, the supreme judges, the sole charge of the state dinners, and ther use, he must leave the service unand in some cases to Congress. President as such he is one of the most important less a place can be found for him as men of the present administration. He in Washington during his last year, and | gets \$1,800 a year, and has full charge | larly in the winter season, are numerhis dinners cost him the greater part of of the eating arrangements of the his salary. President Cleveland will White House. President Arthur's not undertake to do this, and his state steward was a colored man, who had dinners will be comparatively limited. been Roscoe Conkling's valet. Presi-The President's dinners are given in | dent Cleveland has a white man for a the state dining room of the White steward. He is a bright young fellow thirty feet wide and forty feet deep, mustache. His name is St. Clair, and base of the windows of the second story. both at Albany and at Buffalo. At a ade corridor, in which full length por- suit with a white vest. He watches

would rather have a hand cut off than The kitchen of the White House is House conservatory, which is filled in directly under the dining room. It conthrough the great windows looking out | into the walls, and one in each room are upon the White House lawn the Poto- continually burning, and mammoth mac beyond and Arlington away in kettles and boilers smoke upon them ly furnished for the dining hall of a big z nc table stands in the center, and National palace. A modest carpet, at this you may see the cook and his covers the floor, dark cream paper rious shaped dishes, with as much care as a painter upon a picture or a sculpfresco hides the plaster of the ceiling. tor at a statue. President Cleveland's pleadings and Gray's refined, gentleman- At the two ends of the room great flat | cook is a round faced German with blue mirrors, in frames of gold hang over eyes and a little blonde moustache. In the kitchen he is covered from head to pillars in the form of a woman's bust, foot with the whitest of white aprons. fastened to a post-like base. The A white coat covers the upper part of well cut, and the kind-hearted sculptor | with a tall puffed-out top, stands high has put a pillow on the head of each, that | upon his head. He is one of the most the marble mantel may not rest too hea- noted cooks in the country, and the vily upon it. From the ceiling hang two president brought him here from the immense chandeliers, with hundreds of Gilsey House of New York. I don't pendants of prismatic glass, which glit- know what President Cleveland pays ter like diamonds under the light of a him, but Arthur's cook got \$1,800 a passenger trains are looked upon as state dinner. Great bronze sconces, with year, and he had served dinners for John Jacob Astor and Jay Gould before he came to Washington. The cost of state dinners is a big

item to the President and it has made most of the presidents of the past leave the White House with nothing laid up for a rainy day. Arthur's state dinners cost at least \$10 a plate, and he spent \$5,000 and more on the nine dinners which he gave in 1883. Grant's hospitality left him nothing from his eight year's salary, and Andrew Jackson had to sell his cotton crop to keep up his White House table. President Clevehave been done by all of the presidents oriole's notes may be recognized, no two except President Hayes. Garfield died too soon to give a state dinner, but the In view of this the Maine Historical So- inches high, and this during a state din- average cost of the wine at Arthur s dinners was about one-third of the servation of Indian relics-village sites, and greens. All kinds of designs are whole cost of his dinners, and his wine mounds, shell heaps, etc. The Tarra- made up in flowers and stand upon the was noted for its choice quality and the

Why Major Went to Church.

I once visited a pleasant countryhouse, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swing rope became entangled around the neck of a little girl, Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions, Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said:

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat,—did you?"

The dog looked hard at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt, and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service be gan at the village church, into my friend's pew vaulted Major.

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer; then he sprang upon the seat, stood on his hind-legs, placed his fore-paw upon the front of the pew behind, and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked very much confused, and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and tittered. Major's master at once took the dog home. But the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently he felt mortifled and conscience-stricken.

Where do the Patterns Come From.

Can anybody guess in what undiscovered country the persons who draw embroidery patterns find the flowers which they portray? With them, a fern looks like a skeleton leaf; a daisy has petals pointed at each end; and golden rod grows in racemes. The colors which they mark to be used in working the patterns are, if anything, worse than their drawing, and if their directions were exactly followed, the result would be nothing if not wonderful,

Fortunately, there are few women who do rely upon them implicitly, but their complacency when faults are pointed out to them is amszing. "Dear me, madam," said one the other day when a customer ventured to say that the newest growth was usually at the end of a stem and that the colors used should indicate it. "Dear me, we don't follow Nature! It is not fashionable." If one be intent upon producing artistic work, one must be content to pay for an artistic pattern and not go to cheap places. That way madness lies, madness in the sense of

Duke of Connaught.

meckties, white roses and dress suits with white gloves upon their hands, move noiselessly about the room carrying steaming dishes and helping a morsel to each of the guests. The president sits in the center of the table and opposite him Miss Cleveland. The table Duke and Duchess of Connaught will go to India for two years, leaving their children in England under the Queen's personal care. On their return home it is likely they will live at claremont, the former home of the late balance. The wood, which was very hard, had assumed a blue color. The boat was so heavy that two bullocks could not draw it. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught

One has to be among brakemen for a gers is almost an exception. Their hands and taces are like the limbs of the little Jellybys, perfect catanders of distress. Of course, if a man loses a leg or an arm, so that he is of no furflagman or caller. Accidents, particuous. If it is a mere loss of a thumb or a crushed foot the chances are that it is not heard of outside of the company's offices, but all such accidents of a serious nature that occur in this State must be reported to the Rullroad Commissioners. It has been calculated from figures thus obtained that 70 per cent. of train hands employed on a road for five years become crippled. A railroad manual estimates that 1100 employes are injured every year in the United States while in the discharge of their duty. In ten years this amounts to quite an army of cripples. Whether or not a brakeman gets any remuneration for lost time by accidents met with in coupling trains depends on the chance of his proving that he was using his coupling stick at the time, or rather the probability of the company's proving that he was not using it. If the man was not using the coupling stick it is considered a violation of rules, and he must live as best he can until he gets well again. If it is otherwise, he gets half pay until he is able to resume work, on consideration that he accepts it as a quit claim of possible damages against the company. Sometimes, if the case is very destitute, he gets a wooden leg.

On the Pennsylvania Railroad the brakemen get \$1.80 for day work and \$1.90 for night work. Local freight is usually so brisk on this road that the men are not compelled to lay off much, and they can average about \$42 a month. But the general conditions of the service are about the same. Almost every brakeman has a hope of promotion until years of hard service have crushed it out of him. Berths upon sober, conscientious, hard-working men, fully awake to the responsibilities of their positions and not anxious to shirk them. But many of them are called upon to stand more than nature can bear, and to a man in the business it is a wonder that accidents growing out of the carelessness of "gangs" of halfasleep, overworked and underpaid employes are not more frequent.

The Oriole's Song.

The bird's song consists of four notes, and it is curious that there is a peculiar land uses wine at his state dinners, as rich, flute-like quality by which the sing alike. Robins, song sparrows, and perhaps all other birds sing differently from each other, so far as I have observed, but none differ so greatly-in my opinion-as orioles. The four that I have been able to study carefully enough to reduce this song to the musical scale, though all having the same compass, arranged the notes differently in every case. The oriole is, of course, not lim ited in expression to his song. I have spoken of his cry of distress or of war, which was two tones slurred together. The ordinary call, as he goes about a tree, especially a fruit-tree in bloom, seeking insects over and under each leaf or blossom, is a single note, loud and clear. If a pair are on the tree together, it is the same, but much oftener.

An oriole that I watched in the Catskill Mountains regularly fed his mate while she was sitting, and as he left the nest after giving her a morsel he uttered two notes which sounded exactly like "A-dieu," adding after a pause, two more which irresistably said, "Dear-y." There was a peculiar mournfulness in this bird's strain, as if he implied, "It's a sad world; a world of cats and crows and inquisitive people, and we may never meet again." Perhaps it was prophetic, for disaster did overtake the little family; a high wind rocked the cradle-which also was on a small maple tree-so violently as to throw out the youngsters before they could fly. The accident was remedied as far as possible by returning them to the nest, but whether they were injured by the fall I never learned.

Scolding is quite ready to an oriole's tongue, and even squawks like a robin's are not unknown. The female has similar utterances, but in those I have listened to her song was weaker, lacked the clear-cut perfection of her mate's and sounded like the first efforts of a young bird. In the case of those now under consideration, the female repreduced exactly her partner's notes, only in this inferior style, which seemed rather unusual. The sweetest sound the oriole utters is a very low one, to his mate when near her er flying away with her, or to his nestlings before theyleave the home. It is a tender, yearning call that makes one feel like an intruder and as if he should heg pardon and retire. It is impossible to describe or reduce it to the scale, but it is well worth waiting and listening for.

Some Indian arrow heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie, Paris, which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their deadly power. Small animals scratched with them died in half ar hour.

To brighten tarnished brass and copper, clean the brass by warming it, and divping in water charged with washing soda, then into clear water to remove the grease. Next dip it in a bath of 1 part by measure of sulphuric acid, 1 part sal ammontac, 2 parts mitrie acid and 4 parts water. Dip for a moment, then dip in clear water and dry in hot

A remnant of the great forests which once covered the south of Sweden was recently dug out of a bog at Kiuneved, consisting of a boat six feet in diameter hollowed out of a log. The tree from which the boat was formed must have