

THE LAND OF SILENCE.

Twist the shining steps of joyance
And the death-clear lull of ruth
A low land lies—a wonderful land—
That knows not age nor youth.

Roses! roses! roses! afar, afar, they blow,
All rarely pale, all richly red,
All white as the driven snow.

Red blooms for the lips of loving,
And pale for the lips that sigh,
And shining white for the honest lips
Unstained with a coward lie.

For they blow in the land of silence
That lies by the lake of ruth,
And the soul that pincks shall walk unweary
In the fair green meads of truth.

—[Harper's Weekly.]

GRACE DESMOND'S PERIL.

BY HARRY O'CONNOR.

"Did you hear that, boys?" said Pierce Ryan to a group of which he formed a part, sitting around the cheery turf fire of an inn, in a small fishing hamlet on the western coast of Ireland.

Every voice in the company ceased speaking at once. The roar of the neighboring surf and the wild tumult of the tempest, as it whistled and shrieked, without, broke distinctly on the hearing, but for more than a minute, during which all listened intently, nothing else was heard.

"It was merely fancy, Pierce," said one of the group. "You ought to—"
The speaker stopped short, for, at that instant, the deep boom of a cannon, out at sea, sounded distinctly and fearfully across the night.

"There is a ship on the coast," said Pierce. "Mark! a third gun, and it sounds nearer than the last." "And the wind is right on the shore and blowing a hurricane," said another. "Lord be merciful to them," ejaculated Pierce, "but let us hurry to the coast and see if we can help them in any way."

With one consent the party moved toward the door, first, however, calling to the landlord to bring lanterns and ropes in case the latter might be needed. As the door was opened a gust of wind eddied into the room, flaring the candles in their sconces, and whistling keenly around the corners of the apartments. When the adventurers stepped outside they were almost borne down for a moment by the intensity of the gale, which, sweeping unchecked across the plain that lay betwixt the inn and the beach, burst on the house with almost incredible fury. It was snowing violently, and the flakes, hissing and spinning in the hurricane, almost blinded the eyes of the adventurers; but drawing their frieze topcoats around them, the warm-hearted travelers bent their heads against the wind and hurried to the coast.

The shore to which they turned their steps was a high, bold, rocky coast, against which the surf was now beating with a violence that shook the cliffs to their base and flung the spray in showers over their edge 100 feet above the raging deep below. The party had stood some time, however, on the summit of the rocks before they could distinguish anything through the storm.

At length a light, shadowy object gradually assumed the outlines of a ship flying before the tempest and started out of the misty distance. For one moment she was seen driving up toward the spectators. That moment, seeming to them an age, was spent in breathless horror. Each one involuntarily clenched his hands tighter together and gazed with straining eyes on the powerless craft that was sweeping onward with such mad velocity to the cliffs at his feet. On, on she came, driving amid the white foam. A moment more and there was a crash, followed by a shriek that rose even above the storm, and froze the very hearts of the listeners. It ceased and the hurricane alone was heard.

"It is all over," said one of the listeners. "May the good heaven give rest to the souls of those who have gone to their last account this blessed night."
"Amen," said another, and again a breathing silence followed. At length Pierce Ryan spoke.

"Did you hear that cry?"
"I did. It sounds like the wail of a child."
"It is just beneath the cliff," said Pierce. "Listen! there it is again—it is a woman's voice."

There was no doubt any longer that a living being was crying for succor from the foot of the cliffs, and a dozen lanterns were immediately lowered over the edge. For an instant, and an instant only, by the light of a lantern lowered further down the precipice, but almost immediately shattered to pieces, the face of a female had been seen, cast upward in earnest supplication. But what could be done for her? The frenzy of the gale forbade any attempt to rescue her by descending the cliff, and it was certain that she could not live until morning, exposed to the driving snow, the intense cold, the washing of the surf and the fierce eddies of the gale around the precipice. The spectators looked at each other in dismay, and when, in a lull of the hurricane, the cry of agony came again to their ears, a shiver ran through their frames. Meanwhile the cliffs were becoming crowded with people, who, apprised of the wreck by the signal gun, she had fired, poured forth from their cabins to render what assistance was possible to the sufferers.

A fire was soon kindled on the verge of the precipice. As the fire flung its light across the countenances of the group, there might be traced in every face an expression of the most anxious concern, while each spectator gazed out toward the ocean, striving to catch through the fleecy storm a sight of the wreck, or peering down over the cliff to discover the exact position of the sufferer below.

During all this time persons had been arriving at the scene of the disaster, bringing ropes, tackle, and other appliances by which aid might be rendered to the crew and passengers of the dismantled ship. At length, the fire, flinging its ruddy blaze far and wide around, enabled the spectators to catch momentary gleams of the wreck. She appeared to be a ship of heavy tonnage, and had run so high up on the rocks

that she stuck there as if impaled, her stern falling off seaward, while her bows overhung the boiling vortex on the land side of the sharp rock on which she lay. The racking of the sea had by this time broken her hull in two, and the forward part, crowded with living beings, fell away into the gulf below, just as the ruddy blaze of the flames enabled the spectators to catch their first glimpse of the wreck. One wild shriek rose over all the uproar of the gale, and then a silence, if silence there could be amid that hurricane, fell on the scene.

"There is not a soul left alive. I fear the sufferer below is the sole survivor," said Pierce.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" asked some of the spectators. Many shook their heads, and several turned away as if longer delay was useless. But, when silence reigned for some time, Pierce Ryan stepped out and said:

"The only hope is in descending to her side, and with Heaven's Help I will make the trial. Give me a rope."
"It's madness," said one. "Don't attempt it, Pierce, if you value your life," said another. "You'll be killed before you're half way down."
"No matter," replied Pierce, "I'll risk my life to save a fellow creature, and if I am killed, I'll die in a holy cause."
"Nobly spoken, Pierce Ryan," said Father O'Brien, the village pastor, "and may your Heavenly Father be with you in your attempt. He who guided the children of Israel through the desert, will not desert you in this extremity."

The words of the venerable priest, had an invigorating effect on the listeners, and infused new hope into their bosoms. The tackle was speedily rigged, the fire was replenished, and then the adventurer stood on the edge of the cliff awaiting a lull in the gale. The attempt now to be made was one of the most perilous nature, and death would be sure to overtake the adventurer if his nerve should fail him.

The side of the precipice was nearly perpendicular, it shelved in perhaps a few yards in its descent, while its surface was broken everywhere with fissures and jutting crags. The only possible means by which the foot of the precipice could be reached would be by the aid of a pole, used with a quick eye and steady nerve, to fend off the adventurer from the side of the cliff. Added to all this peril, however, was that of the darkness. How could a person descending the face of the cliff on such a night, guard himself with any certainty against the numerous jutting fragments of the rock? Or, how could he, even if he could effect his own descent, ascend again to the edge of the cliff above with another person? At length it was arranged that Pierce should descend at once by means of a rope, girt around his body, and made fast above, while another rope should accompany him down. Then if he reached the foot of the precipice in safety, cloaks and blankets should be lowered to him in order that the sufferer might be protected against the chilling blasts. Everything having been arranged, the daring adventurer seized a favorable opportunity during the lull of the gale and commenced his descent. The light of the fire, as it shivered on the dark face of the precipice, and the wild whirlpool of foam below, gave an ominous character to all around him; but his heart was a stranger to fear, and skillfully avoiding the jutting angles of the rock, he reached at length the foot of the cliff, and with a light bound springing over an intermediate chasm, stood by the side of the fugitive from the wreck.

We shall not attempt to describe her emotions during the dizzy descent of young Pierce Ryan, nor the glad cry of joy with which she saw him land on the rock to which she clung. She would have thrown herself at his feet but he would not permit it. Raising her up, he said:

"Our thanks are due to God alone, let us pray to Him that we may escape the peril which yet surrounds us, for I scarcely know how we can reach the top of the cliff. But do not droop, for I have come to save you or die with you."

The fugitive raised her grateful eyes, and then Pierce saw for the first time that she was a young girl apparently seventeen, and of unusual loveliness. Pierce felt that he could dare the same danger a thousand times to win another such grateful glance from the eyes of the lovely stranger. But the exposed situation of the rock on which they stood—for every wave dashed the cold spray over them—soon recalled him to the necessity of providing a place of shelter for his companion until means should be found to raise her to the summit of the cliff.

With great difficulty, and aided by the rope from above, he succeeded in elevating her to a narrow shelf of the rock, some ten feet higher up the face of the cliff. "I can never sufficiently thank you," said the grateful girl, "but God will bless you."

"I see that they are lowering down cloaks in which to wrap yourself and keep out this pitiless storm," said Pierce.

The bundle was by this time swinging overhead, and, watching a chance, young Pierce soon succeeded in catching and disentangling it from the rope.

Happily he had provided himself ere he began his descent with restoratives, and these he now applied freely to the sinking girl. He besought her to walk to and fro, on the narrow ledge of rock on which they stood. By these efforts he succeeded in partially reviving her, and at the end of half an hour, he saw with joy unspeakable, that the tempest had begun to lull. Pierce now gave the signal to those above, and soon a chair was descending. How he trembled with eagerness during the minutes that elapsed ere it reached the rock. At length the chair swung on the ledge where they stood.

Not a moment was to be lost. Exhorting his companion to rally her energies for this last effort, he lashed her firmly in her seat, and seizing the rope by which the ascent of the chair was to be guided, gave the signal. The attempt was perilous to the last degree, but they knew that it was the only chance for life left. With fearful eyes his companion took leave of him, but Pierce, assuming a cheerfulness he scarcely felt, bid her retain her presence of mind and all would go well. "Oh," said the girl, "it is only for you I fear now. How can you reach the summit, when there will be no one below to guide you ascent?"

"The God who preserved me once will preserve me again, if He sees fit," said Pierce. "Before ten minutes I shall be safe at your side." With a beating heart the young man gazed at the dizzy course of the chair. Once or twice he trembled violently as he saw it despite all he could do, swinging in dangerous proximity to a jutting rock. At length he saw it grasped by two or three strong arms. It was drawn inward and then he knew that his late companion was safe.

In a few minutes the rope again descended and Pierce Ryan, by incredible exertions, reached the summit of the cliff without injury. The moment his feet touched the cliff the first thing his eyes sought was the rescued girl, who, deaf to every entreaty, had watched from the top of the cliff until she saw her preserver safe.

The rescued girl, whose name was Grace Desmond, proved to be the daughter of a wealthy merchant in a neighboring town. She was returning from her education in Rome with her governess, Pierce Ryan, her preserver, was the son of a well-to-do farmer.

The grateful father deemed it the happiest day in his life when he placed his daughter's hand in that of her preserver, and gave her away at the altar to one who by risking his life for her when she was a stranger to him, had proved that he would be a protector to her in after life when she was known and loved. —[New York News.]

Oratory Against Horse Racing.

Jerry Simpson is the man that he is represented to be by some of the daily prints. He dresses neatly and has the appearance of a keen-eyed business man. He is called "Socks" Jerry, but he declares that since reaching man's estate he has never worn shoes without socks. He is stationed at the head of the table with him is that he does not know when to stop. At the Alabama State Fair he was invited to stand on a platform with Senator Peffer and deliver a speech. As this platform was in the grandstand and directly opposite the judges' grandstand, Mr. Simpson was advised to cut it short, so that the racing programme could be finished before dark.

Senator Peffer spoke briefly, keeping his eyes on his watch and then Mr. Simpson began to unwind himself. He tickled the Alabama farmers and took no note of time. At 2.30 o'clock the horses were on the track and ready to score. David Bonner, presiding judge, did not like to be discourteous, but as Mr. Simpson would not stop, there was no help for it. The bell was sharply rung, and it drowned for a space of one minute the voice of Mr. Simpson. The orator proceeded with his speech. The horses scored and finally got the word. The orator kept at it until the quarter pole was passed, and then, as his hearers rose to their feet and grew excited over the shifting of positions of the contestants, Mr. Simpson rounded a period and stopped. He watched the finish of the heat with some interest, and then was lost in the throng.

That evening, at the dinner table, Mr. Bonner apologized for his seeming rudeness, but Mr. Simpson good-naturedly stopped him. "No explanation is necessary. My time was up and I knew it. I simply wanted to see how long I could hold an Alabama audience against the race bell. I have frequently made the experiment in other States, and now I am satisfied there is nothing more moving than a horse trot." As Mr. Simpson spent his younger days in Cleveland and Chicago, he learned a good deal about the light-harness horse before settling down in Kansas. —[Turf, Field and Farm.]

Bismarck Made Him Rich.
There was buried in the little town of Bismarck, Germany, a few days ago, a man who played a part in the life of Bismarck. It was Gustav Bannwitz. On May 7, 1866, Bannwitz, who was then serving his first years in the army, was stationed at the Russian embassy in Berlin, when Bismarck fired a revolver at the ex-ambassador. The bullet hit the prince, but failed to do him injury on account of the mail coat which he wore under his uniform. One of the comic papers in Berlin asked, sentimentally, at the time: "Herr von Bismarck, who is the blacksmith who sews your shirts?" Bannwitz succeeded in capturing the criminal and Bismarck never forgot the service. The prince became a good customer of the little book-binder which Bannwitz owned and his patronage made it popular. During the Franco-Prussian war he had him attached to the royal headquarters, where he was almost always at his side. After the war Bismarck did not lose sight of the man, who therefore died a rich man, owning several palatial mansions in Berlin and a large country estate. He also received through the intercessions of the prince fourteen decorations. —[New Orleans Picayune.]

Olive Trees 2,000 Years Old.
It is almost inexplicable that the venerable olive trees should have survived the ravages of so many centuries of warfare and desolation. Many of them are known to be from 1,500 to 2,000 years old, and their gnarled black trunks are nearly hollow, while the fresh branches grow and the crops succeed each other above. To those who think of Athens as she was and as she is to-day a feeling of despondency and melancholy is inevitable, but, considering that during the last few years the Greeks have done much to develop their manufactures and to introduce modern methods into their employments, that feeling may well give way to hope for a prosperous future for the industries of modern Greece. —[New York Press.]

A reform which removes one of the most shocking practices of the Dark Ages has just been brought about through a circular sent to all the Governors in Finland, declaring the auction of paupers and lunatics to be illegal. Up till now parishes have not had asylums and workhouses for the sick and aged; but everyone who has from one reason or other had to live on the parish has once in every year been sold at auction, and given to the bidder who has offered the lowest tender.

CATS AND DOGS.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT MAN-KIND'S FAVORITE PETS.

Dogs Descend Viciously From Coyotes, Wolves and Jackals—Cats Domesticated by the Ancient Egyptians.

"Cats and dogs have a varied ancestry," said a naturalist to a Star writer. People commonly imagine that in speaking of dogs they are referring to a single species which has many varieties. But in reality the name is merely a conventional one, under which are grouped in popular parlance all of the domesticated canids. The North American coyote is in fact much nearer to the greyhound, zoologically speaking, than the pug is. It is simply a wild dog. So is the wolf likewise. From just such wild types man's faithful four-footed friends are descended.

"When Columbus discovered America he found that the Indians possessed dogs. They were direct descendants of the wild coyotes of the plains. You can find a beautifully mounted group of coyotes in a glass case at the National Museum—a male, female and young one. Their resemblance to certain domesticated dogs is very striking. On the other hand, the Eskimo dog is derived from the wolf. Doubtless the first dogs which were trained to serve mankind were the jackals of Asia, which are to this day very intelligent and docile when tamed. There was a kind of dog kept by the ancient Egyptians which was evidently obtained by breeding from a slenderly built species that is wild in Africa at the present time.

"Wherever the canids have been found by man the most docile of them have been transformed into domesticated dogs. Young ones were reared and bred from the best tempered and most intelligent specimens being preserved from generation to generation, until finally the beasts became gentle and affectionate servants. Spreading over Europe from Asia the human race brought with it the tamed progeny of the jackal, and from this original source are presumably derived most of the European breeds that are best known to-day. By artificial selection mankind has actually been able to create races of useful brutes.

"With cats the case is in some respects the same. The first people known to have domesticated them were the ancient Egyptians, on whose monuments representations of these animals are found as early as 1600 B. C. It is on a tomb erected about 1300 B. C. that pass first appears unmistakably as a domesticated creature, being shown seated beneath a chair. In ancient Egypt the cat was an object of religious worship and was even an inmate of the temples. There was actually a cat goddess named Bubastis, who was always depicted as having a cat's head. Behind the temple dedicated to her at Beni Hasan great pits have been found containing multitudes of cat mummies. The cat was also regarded as an emblem of the sun, its being supposed to vary in color with the progress of that luminary through the heavens. Likewise its eyes were believed to undergo a change each lunar month, for which reason the beast was also sacred to the moon.

"Herodotus said that when a cat died a natural death in an Egyptian house the occupants of the dwelling went into mourning and shaved off their eyebrows. When a fire occurred they were more anxious to save the cat than to extinguish the conflagration. Nevertheless, in some parts of the same country cats were regarded as unclean animals, for a creature which was considered sacred in one town was often viewed with horror as impure in a neighboring city. That was the case with the crocodile in Egypt, which in some parts was ruthlessly hunted and destroyed, while in others it was made a pet of, laden with gold ornaments and waited upon by priests.

"The ancient Egyptian cat was the progeny of a species that is wild in that country to-day, being known as the *felis maniculata*. This latter may be regarded as the ancestor of nearly all existing pussies of domesticated varieties. Its descendants were brought from Egypt to Greece and Rome, whence they spread over Europe. When the Romans invaded Britain they found plenty of wild cats in the woods, but the people owned no tame ones. The *felis maniculata* is of a yellowish color, darker on the back and whitish underneath, with obscure stripes on the body and a tail ringed toward the end.

"Cats are so common nowadays that people do not realize their value, although they would soon do so if they had to get along without them for a while and suffer from the plague of vermin which would arrive through unrestricted multiplying of the pests which the pussies destroy and drive away. So late as the middle ages cats were comparatively scarce in Europe and were so highly prized that any person who killed one was obliged to pay a fine. This penalty sometimes required to be paid in the shape of a pile of wheat big enough to cover the slain animal when it was held vertically by the tip of its tail, the nose touching the ground.

"Conditions other than those of mere breeding seem to have much influence on the development of physical character in cats. In one authenticated case a tabby which had lost her tail by having that appendage run over gave birth in her next litter to three stump-tailed kittens out of seven. The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In the Crimea is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one half the usual length and very often it is tied by nature in a sort of knot which cannot be straightened out. It is said that in China there is a cat that has drooping ears, though I am not able to vouch for the truth as to that point. The Mombasa cat of the west coast of Africa is covered with stiff, bristly hair. A Pargany cat is only one-quarter as big as the ordinary cat of this part of the world. It has a long body and short shiny hair. In South America there is a race of cats which do not know how to miaow."

Near Caspar, Wyoming, a valuable vein of coal has been found just beneath the grass roots.

HEROISM REWARDED.

Female Convicts Bravely Rescued Drowning Citizens.

On November 2 last there passed over the Andaman Islands, the East Indian penal settlement, a cyclone which caused immense damage to property and great loss of life. One of the places which suffered extensively from the gale was Port Blair, the principal port of the islands. Lying off this port on that day was the steamer Enterprise, belonging to the East Indian marine and used principally for conveying prisoners and provisions and supplies to the islands.

The Enterprise was caught by the cyclone with her anchors down and a total wreck. She had a crew of eighty-three officers and men, and one by one they were swept by the rushing seas from the places they had sought for safety and found their death in the wild waters about them.

There were no life-saving appliances at Port Blair, and though the wreck was seen by the officials and a number of the convicts, it was seemingly impossible for any effort to be made to save the unfortunates from the wreck. Among those who were watching were a number of female convicts, who had huddled under the lee of their prison walls to escape the fury of the gale, which was blowing with such violence that it was impossible for a human being to stand against it.

While the men stood silently by watching the struggles of the drowning men one of the women proposed to some of her fellow convicts that they try to rescue some of the drowning seamen. Her proposition was that some of the convicts should get to the shore and there form a human life line from the beach out into the sea. The impouring seas were thundering upon the rocky shore with a violence that seemed to shake the very earth. Nothing daunted, the female convicts, once they reached the shore, linked hands, and their leader, followed by her equally brave sisters, plunged into the sea to save a man who could be seen struggling helplessly in the water. The women were dashed from their feet at their first attempt and hurled violently upon the shore. Again they clasped each other's hands and again they sprang undauntedly into the raging waters. This time they were more successful and the leader grasped the drowning man. Then they turned and the almost dead sailor was carried safely to the shore. In this way they rescued six men. The remainder of the crew perished.

The officials at Fort Blair made a report of the affair to the Indian government, and as a result it was announced that the leader of the gallant band would be released from imprisonment, and that the terms for which the others had been sentenced would be very materially shortened. —[New York Herald.]

Lapps at Home.
We visited a Lapp encampment at Tromso. The schoolboy whose composition on the noble red man said "The Indian washes only once a year; I wish I was an Indian," should alter his wish and petition to be a Lapp, for there is no external evidence that the latter washes more than once a lifetime, and that at his birth when he is entirely defenceless. In the summer a camp of the wandering Lapps drive several hundred of their reindeer to a valley only a few miles from Tromso, and it was there that we saw them. They are huddled in dome-shaped huts of stone, turf and birch bark, full of smoke from a fire in the center of the hut, which finds an exit only through a hole in the top of the structure and through the door when it is opened. They have the yellowish complexion, high cheek bones and low forehead of the Mongolian race. They are short in stature, dirty, vermin-breeding and wretched. The reindeer is their support and treasure. The animal supplies them with milk, meat, clothes and transportation. Nearly everything that they need is made from some part of this useful animal. These particular Lapps earn something by the sale to summer tourists of the skin and articles made from the horns of the reindeer. The nomadic Lapps and Finns of northern Norway and Sweden are comparatively few in number, miserable, semi-barbarous. But the Finns in Russian Finland, whom we saw afterward on our way from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, are a very different sort of people, settled traders and fishermen, with well-built cities of considerable size, like Helsingfors. —[Washington Star.]

She Knew Mr. Simpson.
Two refined-looking ladies sat in the members' gallery of the House of Representatives picking out the various statesmen on the floor with the aid of the chart in the Congressional Directory. A rather loudly attired young lady sauntered in and took a seat beside them.

"Do tell me where Jerry Simpson is," exclaimed the newcomer; "I have heard so much about him."
One of the ladies pointed out the Alliance Kansan in the arena beneath.

"Oh no, that isn't Jerry Simpson," protested the loud young lady confidentially. "I would know him because I have seen his pictures."
"And I have known Mr. Simpson for some time myself," replied the lady.

"Well, he does not seem to be such a bad-looking man after all," the vociferous young lady commented after a careful scrutiny. "I wonder if he brought his wife with him."
"I believe she is in the city," the quiet lady asserted.

"I would like to see her, too. They do say she isn't so very awful. How do you suppose she likes all the things the papers say about him?" And the fashionable maiden rattled away several conjectures in regards to Mrs. Simpson.

"She doesn't mind it," responded the elder lady.

"Do you know Mrs. Simpson, too?" inquired the young sightseer.

"Very well," remarked the other serenely. "I am Mrs. Simpson."

The following proceedings were bereft of interest for the one in modish array, who did not stand on the order of her departure. —[Washington Post.]

BUMBLE BEES.

The Purpose They Serve in the Order of Nature.

Considerable numbers of bumble bees have recently been imported from Europe into Australia and New Zealand. Hitherto growers of red clover in these countries have been obliged to obtain seed for planting each year from England, because this crop produced no seed, for lack of bumble bees to fertilize the blossoms. Bumble bees find in red clover their favorite diet, and without their aid in distributing pollen this plant would soon perish off the face of the earth. Finding it very expensive to import their red clover seed annually, the farmers of these countries decided to import bumble bees for themselves.

Accordingly a lot were taken while in the hibernating stage, during cold weather, packed in moss and carried over the ocean in the refrigerator compartment of a ship. They were set loose on arrival, and already they have multiplied so numerously in that part of the world that it is feared they will become a nuisance by consuming all the flower juices which the bees require for their own purposes. It seems to be the same way with every sort of animal introduced into Australia. Invariably the beast, bird or insect proceeds at once to flourish to such an extent as to upset the normal balance of creation.

Bumble bees are generally supposed to be of no particular use in the world. It is not their fault. They are active and industrious honey gatherers, but they are never enough of them in one colony to make a store worth taking. When winter comes the queen bumble bee seeks a place in the ground for hiding safely during the cold months. She finds such a spot beneath moss, or perhaps in a heap of leaves. There she hibernates comfortably, remaining fast asleep until spring arrives. The warm sun of approaching summer awakens her and she crawls out.

Immediately she looks about her for a nest suitable to breed in. An old nest vacated by field mice serves her purpose admirably. Having settled upon quarters, she begins collecting pollen from the flowers, storing it away in two pockets which she carries on her hind legs. Into the nest chosen she puts the pollen and goes for more, fetching load after load, until she has formed a ball of pollen perhaps as much as an inch in diameter. In the ball of pollen she lays her eggs, and after a few days they are hatched, bringing forth little worm-like larvae.

Up to nearly the end of the summer the queen lays only worker eggs—that is to say eggs which produce females which are undeveloped sexually. They are the honey-gathering and comb-building class. When autumn is coming on, however, she produces males—called drones. At the same period, also, she lays eggs which give birth to full developed females, all of which are destined to be queens the following year. These females mate with drones, and thus are rendered able to reproduce their series next season. From six to twelve of the future queens are turned out by each hive. When cold weather arrives they crawl into snug places, where they hibernate during the winter, gathering pollen in the spring, and laying their eggs in it. Thus is completed the cycle of their species. Only the queens survive, all the workers and drones dying.

One on the Noble Lord.
Lord Hartington, who succeeds to the Dukedom of Devonshire, visited this country during the war and made himself rather conspicuous here by his strong Southern sympathies. He even went so far as to appear at a ball in New York wearing the colors of the Confederacy in his buttonhole. This fact did not prevent his receiving a cordial reception at the White House, however. He was presented to President Lincoln with considerable ceremony, and the President grasping his Lordship by the hand said: "Glad to see you, Marquis of Hartington. I shall never forget your name because it rhymes with one of our own distinguished characters, Mrs. Partington." The Marquis didn't talk much any more. —[Boston Herald.]

An Important Difference.
To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.

Baby Boy
Covered with Salt Rheum—Perfectly Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

Mr. Frank L. Rickson, who holds a responsible position on the Boston & Albany Railroad at Chatham, N. Y., writes as follows:
"When my baby boy was two years old he was covered from head to feet with salt rheum. It began to come out on him when he was two weeks old, and increased in spite of all that could be done."

We were Discouraged
The doctors said it would disappear when he was seven years old. I happened to be taking Hood's Sarsaparilla myself and thought I would give it to the child. At that time he did not have a hair on his head, and it was covered with a crust. His sufferings were awful. In two weeks after giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla the scales began to fall off, and in six weeks he was restfully cured of the sores. He is now the healthiest child we have. I know of two other cases in which

Hood's Sarsaparilla
old the same as for my boy. It is a great medicine. F. L. Rickson, Pittsfield, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS cure habitual Constipation.