BY MARY E. BLAKE. O the marching of the Grass! O the joy that comes to pass When the mighty silent army with green banners overblown

Drags the Winter from his throne! Conquers all his shining valleys, climbs the rampart of the hill, Steals by homely wayside hedges, fords the

river broad and still. Undermines the fortress forest, overtops the castle wall.

Swift invading wins the cities, and the hamlet brown and small, Till the whole wide world is captured, And the soul of man enraptured, Thrills with passion of delight

Sunny morn and dewy night; And the joyous rythmic pulsing marketh time in lad and lass To the marching Marching

Marching Of the Grass. O the marching of the Grass!

Fairer things may come to pass In the golden days of summer: roses drunk with wine of June: Flitting wild birds all atune With the odorous breathed dawning: wondrous

tapestry of flowers; Balm of incense; rest of shadow; tangled veilof jeweled showers;

Hymning choirs of happy music backward from earth to sky. The full beauty of completeness in rich chorus

lifted high! But what means its regal splendor To the love beat shy and tender With which Hope, the Blest, doth chime;

In man's pulses marking time To the haunting spell of gladness that doth come-and go, alas!

With the marching, Marching. Marching Of the Grass. -{Independent.

CRONIN'S DAUGHTER.

It was a still. clear, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her-head and shoulders as she and tyrannized over her. closed the door softly and stepped out Into the night. She was very tired, for the day's work had been hard, and care than usual.

The dishes had been washed and had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her horse wagons which carried the ore mother's gruel had been made, her down from the mountain to the bed smoothed up, and Mary had sung works, to being a "top-man." one tune after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep very responsible nature. came to the sufferer.

the works. Through the windows load of ore and limestone. The top- night's work been in vain? and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of flery gleam shone from the red-hot the chimney. Over this the car restsion, with a superb play of fire-works itated the mass of ore and

around the mouth of the furnace. The violet, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's at- the elevator, the bolt pushed back, a tention. It was an old story to her, bell rung, the man below started the and her heart was too heavy for her machinery and the elevator began its eyes to see any beauty in it. She downward journey, ooked above the casting room up the high brick chimney to the "top-house," which was perched on an im-

the chimney. Her father was there-for it was his night on-and he had been drinking when he came bome to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been spared cruel anxiety Mary's heart stood still as her father kiss or the "Good-night, Molly! take good care of your mother," which never did this unless he had been

drinking heavily. for liquor and his weak will had grace, and possibly death to himself caused him to drift from one work- and others. shop to another, from city to city, with him his wife and only child.
The factory quarters of St. Louis, red bridge, and the stars were far away and cold. She avoided the front for four of being seen by some and from state to state, carrying and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary-the little girl-would have believed the whole world paved through the thick smoke, up the hill, crossed with clothes-lines.

Her mother came from the Catskill Mountains region, and her nature revolted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny old brick farm-house, built in the Dutch way, the fertile fields and crowded

A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. "To be respect- Mary had no time for thought. St would not drink!

There came a day to the child when pit. The heat grew more and more she began to see her way clear. A intense. Could she guide the car and think I went to meet you, if she is There came a day to the child when letter arrived frem a man with whom dump it? Before she knew it, it was awake.' her father had worked before his marriage, in a Penobscot logging-camp. He wrote of an opening for a elevator had gone down and the bare happened?"

Mary do you know what might bave happened?" camp. He wrote of an opening for a elevator had gone do family at the Katahdin Iron Works, in floor had been replaced. Maine-fair wages and a comfortable

home were ready.

When John Cronin read the letter all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the coid steel of the gun-barrel and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which earried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the works.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried:

"O father! father! Wake up! I can't stay here all night! If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone."

The man slept on. It was impossible to rouse him. Mary had feared one weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. Bangor, and from there to the works, sixty miles north.

Six months had gone, every day until morning and hoped that by that brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the that they might go home without would she listen to his step, in the brought new beauties to Katahdin. time her father could be roused and Now and then the child left the that they might go home without works, with its black, unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal houses. heaps of purple-tinted slag, the refuse of the iron and acres of dead trees of the iron and acres of dead trees from the sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant river, leaping from one flat could do it again.

They softly opened the door and found the mother still sleeping. Mary opened the dampers of the "Star of stone to another and getting in the star of the stone to another and getting in the star of th

THE MARCHING OF THE GRASS. Saddleback Mountain upon its pol- went quickly, for she dreaded the recubs in their cages at the hotel told overpowering desire to sleep. what the woods contained.

with her—the remainder of better days, and Mary helped arrange them in the bare living room. The curtains of the windows were coarse but tains of the windows were coarse but tains of the windows were shone regled to the next dumping, and then day. "He and his daughter are day. "He and his daughter are

name an extra polish, for it seems to

unselfish and the whole settlement to leave them all and go back to the learned to love "Cronin's Daughter." old wandering, disreputable life?

ening with open eyes and dirty mouth | them, and the old frayed shawl anworks on Boston Common. To Mary Brownsville doctor said, had this illcountry was one thing to be desired; but the Katahdin children, tired of balsam air of the mountains for many monotony and loneliness of a life in a long day, and all the comforts that the woods, could never hear enough her father's good wages could buy. of the crowds and noise.

So "Cronin's Daughter" became the story-teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children and crowded around | air. her in the summer twilight and list-

ened to her story.
"Seems a different place, somehow, since 'Cronin's Daughter' came," said many of the people. "The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks, them

Before her mother was taken ill. Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted

In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn her invalid mother had needed more had passed happily with Mary. Her father had kept sober, and no one suspected his past shame. the table reset for breakfast, the pail Cronin was a good workman and soon rose from being a driver of the four-

The duties of the top-man were of a The girl stood motionless on the door-stone and looked eagerly at all groaning up to the top house with its times an hour the elevator, built beiron running through the molds. ed while the top-man pulled a chain Now and then came a sharp explo- which opened the bottom and precipdown the chimney and into the furnace below. The car was returned to

All this required methodical care and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful mense staging just at the mouth of night, two winters before, when, owing to the neglect of the night topman, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's heart stood still Mary's heart stood still as her father with fright when her father reeled took his lunch can, without his usual through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house made her happy every night. He asleep. She had watched the furnace had stumbled over the rag mat, and and knew by the shower of sparks to make sure that he had not fallen uttered a curse under his breath. He that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly; but at any moment sleep might overtake him-Poer John Cronin! His appetite sleep that means dismissal and dis-

The road was white and lonely. of the night force in the casting room, and cut into narrow, dirty streets, over the bridge and up the ladder the with a streak of sooty sky above, child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and desperation.

Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her. Now she stops for little woman as the breath on the landing, waiting for life," said another. welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father

and the child hurried up the ladder. Mary had no time for thought. She able and stay in one place" was what drew the bolt and secured the elevator. she lived for. If only her father Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the flery know?"

Then Mary crouched beside the She could not speak.

came conscious of her inner strength. | bad dream. Best of all, the burden She knew that she would stay here

The elevator was coming again, and again she must nerve herself to roll through the slums of a city.

ished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two flerce bear on, the child became conscious of an

The dreadful sense of responsibil-Under Mrs. Cronin's touch the plain wooden cottage grew into a left her. She even began to forget home. There were a few pretty pict-her desire to save her father. All has recovered her health and gaiety to the control of the contr ures and ornaments she had brought emotion was swallowed up by the sea in Katahdin Woods, rejoice in their with her—the remainder of better of sleep, which surged around her, new house, which exceeds Mary's

splendent with its silver plated orna- opened the door of the warm-house, mentation and lettering. | which was inclosed on three sides, "The Star of the East, Bangor, the fourth side opening on the chimwhich was inclosed on three sides, Maine," Mary read on the oven door ney. She closed it behind her, in many times a day. many times a day.
"Mother," she said, holding her the cruel cold, and sat on the icy stove-rag in her hand as she knelt be- platform and looked down, down on fore the range, "I always give the the shapeless works beneath her.

The intense coldness revived her mean so much to us. This is our first and seemed to freeze the sleep out. real home. Nobody under us and no- The December moon shone steadily, body over us, and such heaps of room and the wind, now rising, blew the charcoal smoke away from her. From Mary's intense delight in all she this great height the settlement saw, and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, house stood out from its pure white made every one anxious to give her surroundings, and Mary thought of pleasure. She was thoughtful and the friend in each. What would it be

Was a child unruly? The mother Her eyes traversed over the road would call Mary in to help her, and till they rested on her own home—her Her eyes traversed over the road soon the unhappy little one was list- first home! Then something blurred expanding into a smile, to her account swered other purpose. Her patient of some St. Patrick's day parade, or a mother was there—her mother who Fourth of July exhibition of fire- would have died in the city, the versed in city lore and sights, the ness overtaken her there; her mother, who would reed the fresh, bracing,

For her mother's sake and for her father's sake she must go on. "O God, keep me awake!" was the fervent prayer that went up in the frosty

A shout from below, a rattle of chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with new enthusiasm. Between trips, she sat outside and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive joy, after the deadly numbness she Yenesei, Asia, 3,580; had fought within.

The worst hours-from one to three were past. The moon set and the stars began to pale. A faint pink light spread through the east. Lights in South America, Platte and Rio Madeira in South America Volga in Russia. appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the "day force" were being roused and the women were preparing the morning meal. One more load was dumped. It

must be half-past five. Mary thought, but she was not sure. She might have lost count once or twice. she had, for there was the bell clanging below her.

a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. "Father, do you hear?" Would he move or had her awful veyed in the estimate of Prof. C. C.

fell upon him. The liquor drank in the woods the afternoon before; his return to his home to supper; his difficulty going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours which he fought the stupor that was coming on; this he remembered, but what had followed?

Hush, father, don't speak a word. Jim Brennan is coming up the lad-der. The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear."

John Cronin was on his feet in an instant sobered for life. He took Mary's hand, grimy for her work.
"Open the door," he said, huskily,
"or I'll choke."

Jim Brennan's face appeared above the platform. "Well, mate, how goes it? Hello, Mary! blessed if you didn't scare me. 'Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house, but I guess the boss won't mind as long as there's a sick mother in the case. Had a hard night of it, did you, young 'un? You look all beat out. There, go 'long, John, put the child to bed; I'll tend to this load, though it ain't mine.

"Thank you, Jim," said Cronin.
"Come, Mary, you must be tired."
Not a word was spoken between
the pair as they went down the ladder and hurried down the hill. The furnace men were lounging on the floor of the furnace-room. Blessed if here ain't Cronin and

his gal. Hope the missus ain't no worse," said one. "She's probably been up all night with her. Never seen such a plucky

Back over the red bridge Mary barn-yard, grandmother's flower gar-den across the road, the mountains deep word, send her home for the little squeeze once, when she felt a little squeeze once, when she felt a

> When they had passed the group of houses that clustered near the bridge, and the woods were before them, her father said: "Mary, does mother

Mary nodded her head vigorously.

would she listen to his step, in the fear that it might be uncertain, or walk with tired feet seeking him spread around the puncture thus made.

after Mary had gone to bed, but he did not tell her then at what a fearful cost of suffering to their child it had been bought.

studying chemistry together, and he has some first-rate notions about roasting the sulphur out of the ore. I shouldn't be surprised if we had a rare find in him.'

"The girl is a pretty and lady-like one, too," said another. "The whole settlement seems to be fond of her." John Cronin, passing on the other side of the red bridge, himself unseen, heard the words and smiled and thought: "Where would Cronin be to-day if it were not for 'Cronin's Daughter'?"—Annie S. Packard, in New England Magazine.

OLLA PODRIDA.

There are said to be 163,000 families in London living in single rooms.

Elections in France are always held on Sundays, in order to suit the convenience of the workingmen and peasants.

The great battles of the civil war were Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg. Manassas, Shiloh, Stone River and Petersburg. Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war; Antietam the bloodiest. The largest army was as-"O sembled by the Confederates at the seven days' fight; by the Union at the Wilderness.

Of the rivers now known to geographers, 23 have a total length each of 1,000 miles. There are two over 4,000 miles long, the Mississippi being 4,100 miles, and the Amazon 4,029. others are more than 3,000 miles-the Kisng, in Asia, extending 3 900 miles; Nile, Africa. 3 240; and the Hoang-Ho. Asia, 3,040. Seven range between 2,000 and 3,000 in South America Volga in Russia, Amoor in Asia, and Niger in Africa. Those between 1,000 and 2,000 miles are -the Arkansas, Red, Ohio and St. Lawrence in North America; Rio Negro, Orinoco and Uruguay in South America; and Euphrates, Tigris and Ganges in As a. Most remarkable of all the great rivers i. the St. Lawrence. It is 1,450 miles long, and, with the great It lacked five minutes of being six, lakes and tributary rivers, its system and Jim Brennan the other day top covers an area of about 73,000 square man, would come in five minutes. miles, and contains at least 9,000 cubic "Father, get up!" Mary called, in miles of water. This is by far the

Girls Who Study Abroad.

Varina Anne Davis, the younges daughter of Jefferson Davis, in an article upon "The American Girl Who Studies Abroad," makes a strong plea for American training for American girls. She maintains that, to a woman instructed exclusively in European schools, the monarchical system is usually very dear; nurtured on the divine right of kings as an unanswerable hypothesis, and dazzled by glimpses of court splendor, she often learns to look upon a republican form of government as a crude expedient of a people in the transition state between barbarism and monarchy. Her brain is filled with the gorgeous pageents of great kings and superb conquerors, that defile in glittering procession through the history of older nations, but alas! she stumbles over the battle of New Orleans, and is not quite sure whether it was Washington or Gen. Grant who commanded. Here the resources of her own country are simply represented to her mind by a great pink or yellow spot on the map of North America, the whole continent being drawn in her atlas on no larger a scale than that devoted to some French arrondissement or Swiss canton. She may, if exceptionally well informed, be instructed that the Indians do not depredate the suburbs of New York, or the buffalo roam over the thoroughfares of Chicago; but she will, nevertheless, learn to look upon her countrymen and women through some such spectacles as Dickens wore when he wrote his "American Notes." She will expect bombast instead of ele-gance, and braggadocio for merit. little woman as that gal in all my of course, an intelligent girl will repair these deficiencies by subsequent study of men and books; but, study den across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, the cleanliness, the stability—Mary knew them all through her mother s words thinks.

cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she them all through her mother s words thinks.

cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she a smile on her tired, pale face, and a great content in her heart. Father, the myth of William Tell. The critical and content in her heart. mother, friends and reputation-all al faculty once awake feeds on the bones of dead ideals: the clear spirituality of a conflict of ideas will be as tasteless to her, full as she is of the personal interest which animates the war of older worlds, as cold spring water would be after wine.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

In whi ping cream, don't let the beater touch the oottom of the bowl.

Never leave a spoon in anything required to boil quickly. The spoon conducts the heat away from the liquid.

To keep lemons fresh put them in cold water. Salt, if applied immediatety, will surely prevent wine stains.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

The most elevated railroad in the stone to another, and gathering in the cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Chairback and She wandered old Chairback and She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Chairback and She wandered beside Silver Lake, which at Alpine Tunnel reaches an altitude of 11,596 feet above to another, and gathering in the Could do it again.

Again and again she had bent her the East," and soon a good breakfast was in preparation.

John Cronin told his wife of his reaches an altitude of 11,596 feet above the level of the sea.

THE LADIES.

AN OLD PASHION REVIVED. The lace bertha and the watteau bow have met with such success that their stuff has white lace about the neck, a popularity is endangered already. The hood frilled with lace and a girdle of limax of refined elegance in this mode has been reached in the bertha of old

ROSE HEART PINK.

A very levely tint of "rose-heart" pink appears among the list of new evening colors. It is a fascinating shade, even more exquisite than the pale Englishrose shade of last winter. Perhaps a blonde woman, or a brown-haired, browneyed one, with a fine complexion, never looks more beautiful than when she wears certain shades of rose color. A new evening toilet of this new particular tint of pink, brocaded with palest yellow rosebuds and foliage, is lightly draped just in front with primrose-yellow crepe de Chine. The half-low bodice is simply finished with a fichu of the crepe de Chine, which is softly folded over the carelessly from their gold clasp. chest with artistic grace, and tied at the side, falling in long ends .- [New York Post.

A WEDDING TRAINSEARER.

The pretty custom of introducing a wee lad or lassie to play the part of tra n bearer has a ided to the charm of the nuptial pageant. The page is an are going up. Walking dresses must especial object for admiration. He is have either roll overcoat collars with especial object for admiration. He is generally attired in knee breeches with lace frills, a tiny coat of white satin, over which falls a cape lined with tinted silk, and a little three-cornered hat, caught up with pompons of silk. For less swell occasions the small boy's out- mand all forms of buckles and clasps. fit is not so elaborate. The pictured And Russian girdles are very much deyoungster is all ready to play the part sired. A good many of them look of page. He is attired in mulberry vel- theatrical and tinsel-like. Be wary of vet, garnished with rare old lace and these. A plain leather belt with a ribbons; pink silk stockings and velvet leather buckle co-ting a dollar and a shoes complete the hundsome costume. half is of far more style-good style--New Orleans Picayone.

EXHIBITION OF BONNETS. An exhibition of bonnets and flowers is the latest fal of the kin lat Brussels, Belgium. Not such flowers as kept blooming for months -in rare cases for wear with a round waist there are narrow years on the bonne's of the fair belts of velvet or braid with a glanmer wearers, but real natural flowers in their of gold in them. These are worn with a beauteous shapes and brilliant colors, plain bodice, as well as a plaited one. and filling the hall with their sweet odorous exhalations. The horticultural society has provided the floral exhibit, forming a charming sea of flowers in the center of the hall. The walls are corerel and hidden by a splendid display of green plants of all sorts. And the space between the two exhibits, forming a wide gallery around the floral center and itself surrounded by the green grove covering the walls, is filled with the newest fashions in ladies' bonnets. Every lady visitor paying her admission write the firm whose exhibit of bonne:s [Chicago Herald.

A PRETTY SACHET. A pretty and inexpensive sachet may be made of a soft, perfumed ball of wool, about the size of an orange, tied up in the crimped tissue paper so much used for making pretentious paper flowers. Lavender or violet is the pleasantest perfume for these little sachets, which should hang somewhere on the wall near the toilet-table, or even in the clothes closet. To make them, lower a little smaller than the upper. Place the little ball of perfumed wool in the centre and tie it up in the tissue paper with a long-looped bow of narrow satin ribbon. A pale pink sachet made with pink and white paper and tied with a long-looped bow of pink ribbon one inch in width is especially pretty in a pink room. A yellow tissue paper, finely crimped and tied up with a white or yellow ribbon, makes a suitable sachet for a yellow room or a white and gold room. These sachets are so simple, so inexpensive and unpretentious that they can be honestly recommended as in better taste than the huge orchids, poppies, roses and other paper flowers that are used to hang on the wall for this same purpose .- [Boston Cultivator.]

A POOR MOTHER. The pathos that necessarily attaches to the life of an infant monarch has been intensified, in the case of the baby King of Spain, by the news of a plot directed against his innocent life. Who, even among the children of the poor, need on Britain's native heath? envy this little crowsed baby, whose ltfe, from his very cradie, is shadowed by dangers from which less highly placed children are exempt, and whose future, even if he escapes the perils that menace him, must be one of constant anxiety. ceremony, responsibility and isolation? sympathy. Her intense devotion to the little Alfonso has endeared her to very fifteen years working in coal mines in many beyond the limits of her own coun- England. I have had to hew coal in try, and it will be learned with general seams I foot 10 inches to 2 feet thick,lyregret that to her constant solicitude for ling for hours on my side, all but naked, her son's health is added the keen auxiety | in some inches of water, and under a sort with which she must have been filled by of shower-bath from the roof, picking the news of the political danger by which and shoveling as best I could. That is his life has been threatened - New York | not the sort of place to sit down and take Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Mauve is reigning supreme. Dressing with an eye to one color is much more economical, as can easily be Beon.

Wide baby sashes of moire or fancy ribbon will be very much worn with

Watch the bell skirts worn in the street. Notice how black they are around the bottom and remember our Parisian sisters' would laugh us to scorn.

Breakfask jackets are made of

trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ribbons the exact shade of the pattern.

Dressing gowns are almost as pretty as tea gowns. One made of pink wool

white silk cord. Violets are worn as much for the shade point lace, ornamented with small dia- as for the blossom; everything tends to monds for evening wear.-[New York purple, heliotrope and lavender, Dresses are of this shade, stationary, and bonnets are trimmed with it.

> The newest shirts are made of French batiste, colored or whits, and have a broad turned-down collar reaching almost to the shoulder. Beneath this is tied a small edition of the "windsor" tie. A novel summer cloak to wear over a

> silk dress is made entirely of black lace, with large bish ip sleeves and a ruffle of lace at the neck. It falls in loose folds, has no lining, and reaches to the feet. It is a wonder women who wear the

> small watches suspended from the bodice of their gowns do not have them stolen. It must be quite a temp'ation to a thief to see the dainty things dangling so Jet and beaded jewelled garnitures will

be used as much as ever. The new patterns are wonderfully beautiful in effect. The cut jet is of the finest and the broche irridescent, and solid shadings of one rich color are very attractive. Whi e sleaves are coming down collars

revers and shir: fronts, or if they button up to the throat they must stand full an inch higher than in the winter. Furthermore, they must flare out slightly. The Russian blouse brings into de-

than cheap taudriness. Be'ts are a necessity with shirts. Some are made in Russian leather, others in suede, and have leather buckles. There is also a Swiss belt shape, which is laced in front. For young ladies to

The material called cotton Bedford cords, sold especially for shirt waists, is in reality mere'y our o'd friend pipue, and very satisfactory shirts it makes, too. The goods is wide enough to allow cutting so that the cord runs up and down instead of across. It is the season's caprice that no starch should be used in shirt waists, not even in the collars and cuffs.

"Eton" is to be the watchword of our styles. There are Eton jackets, Eton fee receives a voting blank, on which to collars, and Eton neckties. This title is bestowed on every coat, whether it be she likes best. The votes will be counted long or short, but the real Eton jacket is and the winner be awarded a prize. - one which does not extend below the waist. It may terminate an inch above it, but if it is a fraction of an inch below it is not an Et n jacket. One advantage of the Eton coat is that it looks nearly as well over a plain waist as it does over the silk blouses.

Lizards in Solid Chalk.

R. A. Edmondson, of Eden, Suffolk, Eng., writes as follows to one of the London papers: Yesterday I had the lay two squares of crimped, tinted tissue | good fortune to be present at the discovpaper together, one over the other, the ery of two lizards which were embedded in solid chalk fifty feet below the surface. So completely devoid of life did the creatures appear on first exposure to the air, that I actually believed them fossilized; judge then of my surprise when, on attempting to take them up, I perceived them move.

I immediately placed them in the sun. the heat of which soon restored them to animation. In this state I carried them home and immersed one in some tepid water, keeping the other in a dry place. On closer examination, I noticed that the mouths of each was closed with a kind of glu inous membrane. This obstruction seemed to cause the little saurians an immense amount of inconvenience. During the night one of them broke the membrane and is now fat and hearty,

but the other died from being unable to effect the same purpose. It is enough to make cold chills creep up one's back to ask and reflect on the question: How long were these tiny, livon Britain's native heath?

English Boy Miners.

" why are so many miners queer about their legs?" asked one of their number the other day. "It is because we have It is pitiful to think of the poor little been racked and strained with overwork fellow playing with his childish toys in when children," he answered. "Take blissful ignorance of his position and all my own case. I was set to work in the that it entails, while strong men are con- pit hauling trolleys when I was a lad of spiring against the infant life, merely ten, and for these thirty-five years I have because it stands as the symbol of a form spent my days underground. I have of gwernment to which they are op- worked under all kinds of conditions, but, posed. To Queen Christina the hearts heavy or light, at best the miner's life of all true women will turn with new is a hard one.

"There are nigh 50,000 lads under a lunch or dinner in, so we work on, except for having a sup of cold tea or a bit of bread and butter, till it is the to leave the pit. And I have been in other mines so full of gas that the trail in the safetylamp left a blue flame behind as you. moved the light. Coal-getting is not an easy job, sir." I readily admitted that it was not, and from my own limited observation of the miner's life in the pit I accepted the accuracy of this descrip-

Old Whale.

A whale recently captured in arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of flowered delaines and nainsook, and service nearly half a century.