

IF I WERE FAIR.

"Then she looked into her mirror."
If I were fair!
If I had little hands and slender feet,
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word, and faded at a frown;
If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown;
If I had graceful eyes aglow with smiles—
And dreamy limbs and pretty girlish wiles—
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside;
Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide,
If I were fair!
If I were fair,
Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold.
Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone,
It seems to me, for aught might well atone.
But Beauty's charm is strong and Love obey
The mystic witchery of her shy ways.
If I were fair, my years would seem so few;
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view
If I were fair!

If I were fair,
Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy,
And hide its dimples in my shining hair,
Bewildered by the maze of glory there!
But now—oh! shadow of a young girl's face;
Uncolored lips that Pain's cold fingers trace,
You will not blame the child whose wee hands close,
Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose
So rich and fair.

If I were fair,
Oh! just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one should my presence, or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss,
'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his bliss,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded sense,
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!
—[Edith Rutter, in The Spectator.

A BROKEN COMPACT.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.

"I said I wouldn't be fooled by a woman the second time, and I mean to stand by my resolution," Eric Fleming said, with emphasis.
He was scrutinizing a young woman's photograph closely, by the lamp-light, which filtered softly through a pink globe, filling the room with a dreamy mellow radiance, that inclined a man to sentiment, in spite of himself.
"She's not exactly pretty," he repeated musingly, "but she's what is infinitely more dangerous to a man's peace, she's magnetic. It's these women magnets who play the deuce with us. Mere beauty of feature doesn't count for much in the long run. She looks high principled. Pshaw! Didn't I think Maude had principle, and didn't I prove her to be the veriest double-faced creature who ever wheeled a man into believing in her?"

Eric had known Clara Raymond for six months or more. He had paid her a good deal of attention in the non-committal fashion which men are apt to flatter themselves compromises no one. "Let us be good comrades," he had said to her, and she had given him her hand frankly, and consented.
The face in the picture, as seen in the mellow light, was rather striking and pleasing, while it held the unreadable quality in a large degree. There was the low, broad forehead with wavy hair combed back from it, the rather strong nose, and the mouth which puzzled you by its mixture of strength and tenderness. You were sure it could be kind, you were not sure but it could be cruel in its strength. The laughing eyes were reassuring, but the next moment attention was drawn back to the mouth, and strong, rounded chin. Here, you felt, was the keynote of the character.

It was plain that the face was an interesting one to Eric Fleming. It did not need a very shrewd observer of human nature to see that he had already passed the boundaries of good comradeship in his relations with this woman friend. The exclamation which begins this story was an assumption of bravado. He had begun to feel the ground under him shaky. The bitterness of his experience with Maude was still rankling, and he felt the need of bracing himself against the insidious approaches of another passion.

Eric was one of those large, good-hearted fellows, who usually begin life idealizing women, who are apt to cut their wisdom teeth rather painfully, while learning discrimination in regard to the inconsistent sex. He was clear-headed on most matters, but he was obtuse in spiritual perception, in common with a greater number of men than is commonly suspected. He was, therefore, incapable of understanding the fine shadings and gradations of feminine character.

Eric was making a big blunder at present. To use a homely saying he was putting Maude and Clara in the same peck measure. Maude had been one of those pretty, bewitching, frivolous creatures, who take a man's heart by storm, and marry him if they will to do so.

Clara Raymond, on the contrary, was a strong, womanly character, with many reserves in store to surprise the man who should be fortunate enough to win a place in her regard. Eric was attracted by her strongly, yet she seemed sometimes to repel him. Lately there had been a falling off in her frank friendliness. He advanced in proportion as she seemed to recede. And yet she had no intention of feigning indifference in order to lead him a chase. She was merely following the instinct of self-preservation. She was guarding herself from crossing a safe boundary. Danger was not likely to result to either from over-precipitation.

As time wore on, Eric began to find that his attachment was of an altogether different nature from that he had felt for Maude. A singular soothing influence seemed to float out from Clara when he was with her, and enfold him like a garment. Alone and apart from her he tried to analyze his feelings. He put an embargo upon himself. His experience

had developed in him a stern self-repression.
One evening after an hour's solitary reflection on the situation, he sat down and wrote:

"Resolved.—That I will not speak of love to Clara Raymond until three years from my first meeting with her have elapsed. If at that period we are still good comrades, I will ask her to marry me."

He enclosed the paper in an envelope, sealed it, and wrote across the back: "Compact with myself, to be kept until Oct. 16, 1890."

Two years had passed. Clara Raymond had just returned from a short season abroad, on one of the staunch and safe Cunarders.

One bright crisp morning she paid a visit to the Art Museum in Copley Square. She wanted to inspect some copies of Grecian statuettes and groups, the originals of which she had seen in the British Museum.

A few visitors were coming and going through the doors of the museum, but Clara did not see any of her own acquaintance. She was looking well, but there was a pensive expression in her brown eyes. Eric had called to see her the evening before. His manner had puzzled her. He had no longer the free, hearty friendliness of their earlier acquaintance. He had greeted her with manifest pleasure shining in his eyes, and afterwards made his adieux in a cold, constrained manner. She wondered if the publishing firm in which he was a junior partner, was embarrassed. He had talked of his short trip to the Pacific coast in disjointed sentences.

He had acted his part bunglingly. It is not easy for a big heart to stay its genial currents.

There was a troubled undercurrent in Clara's thought, as she passed through the rooms slowly. She lingered some time in the Egyptian room, amid the mummies, scarabs, fragments of sculpture, hieroglyphics, and all the sacred relics of past civilization, torn by profane hands from their resting-places. She wondered what was the history of the princess whose face and form were pictured in the glass case. She fancied the spirits of these mummified bodies wandering back at last to be re-united with them, only to find that the sacred tombs had been despoiled of their silent inmates.

Clara found her way into one of the Greek rooms. As she stood studying a statuette of Hercules with the golden apples in his hand, she heard familiar voices. They were the voices of women. She turned to see them, but they were hidden from her view behind some tall marble figures.

"I have known him for years," one voice was saying. "He isn't the kind of man to love a second time. That Maude Blanchard was a little idiot. She threw Eric over for a handsome dissipated creature. She has probably begun already to harvest her regrets."

Clara would scorn to be a listener, yet the name of Eric seemed to root her to the spot.
"No doubt of that," returned the other. "What do you think of his attentions to Miss Raymond?"

"I think he is acting wrongly. A man has no right to win a girl's love unless he can return it. I have seen them together, and I know that she has become never so strongly attached to him. But he will never get beyond friendship, and he will keep other men away. He doesn't know that he is selfish. He doesn't realize that he is wronging anybody."

Clara's face had by this time grown white as the statues around her. She managed to move softly beyond the reach of their voices. One she did not recognize, the other was that of Mrs. Mansfield, one of her friends, though by no means an intimate.

Clara was conscious that a sting had been planted in her breast. One sentence seemed to separate from the others, and pained loudly upon her ear-drum. "I have seen them together, and I know she has become strongly attached to him." Her pride was in arms. She had been giving love for an ordinary friendship, and all her world was talking about it! She was receiving ridicule and pity—not sympathy, but the intolerable pity which was an insult to her womanhood.

She had known of Maude Blanchard, but the knowledge had made little impression upon her. She had not thought of love in the first place. It had stolen upon her insidiously. In fact she had only just been revealed to herself, and the revelation had been a shock. He had said "comradeship," and she had accepted the compact. He had been fair enough. But she—she had failed to guard herself against giving an unsought love, and was now face to face with confusion. Yes; now she understood his peculiar manner towards her. He had detected her liking and was trying to prevent its growth.

With a tempest in her breast, Clara moved around mechanically among the white figures which still seemed instinct with the grand passion of long ago. The strong lines around her mouth were hardening. She got out of the building as quickly as possible. She did not want to encounter Mrs. Mansfield.

It was three months later. Eric was again sitting in his room, studying Clara's face in the pink radiance.

He was trying to fathom the subtle change which had overtaken her. While continuing the easy conditions of friendship, she had managed to put an infinite distance between them. She did not seem lovable, as once. A certain hardness in speech and manner frequently jarred upon him. But his hardness melted into gentleness, he could see, when she talked with Henry Nash or Fred Roberts. With them and others she was smiling, radiant.

He could not know her struggle. She was stamping out her love slowly but surely, with all the strength of her proud nature, and at the same time striving to save herself from growing bitter. In time she should be able to treat Eric more kindly—when she had conquered herself.

"He might almost sympathize with me," she thought, "since he has been through the same experience."

"I suppose she is heartless as Maude if the truth was known," Eric thought bitterly, as he put down the picture and began to walk off his disturbance.

There was a rap at the door. He opened it.

There stood Henry Nash.
"Good evening,"
"Ah, good evening. Come in; have a chair."
"In the doldrums?" asked Nash, as he sat down, with a glance at Eric's moody countenance.

"Why, no," said Eric slowly, resuming his seat, and slipping Clara's picture under a pile of papers, a movement which did not escape the eye of his caller.

"I've seen you with a happier phiz," remarked Nash, as he took up a volume of Shelley's poems and began to turn the leaves idly.

The two young men had been friends from boyhood. It was a union of dissimilar temperaments. "Well, I have felt happier in my life-time," asserted Eric.

"May I ask what is this document?" said Nash, as he came upon Eric's resolution between the leaves of Shelley.

He took up the envelope and read, "Compact with myself, to be kept until Oct. 16, 1890."

"O, that's a private matter between myself and me," returned Eric, reaching out his hand for the missive.

Nash said that he changed color.

"I'll wager it's a compact that is better broken than kept, come now," declared Nash.

"I don't know about that," Eric rejoined quickly.

"Does it relate to a woman?"

"Yes."

Nash's eyes shone keen enough to see through a milestone.

"Excuse me. Whose picture have you got there under the papers?"

"Photograph? O, that's of Clara Raymond," said Eric carelessly enough, as he drew it from the hiding place.

"What did you put it out of sight for?"

"Out of sight? It was a purely mechanical movement on my part."

"You are in love with Clara Raymond," declared Nash, bluntly.

"Who says I am?" asked Eric, to gain time.

"I say so. I've been watching the game from the first."

"Then I wish you'd tell me exactly how the case stands on her side," remarked Eric.

"You would know yourself, if you weren't blinder than a bat. She has been fond of you, but she's weaning herself now as fast as possible."

Eric stared at him helplessly.

"How long do you expect a self-respecting woman to stand with her heart in her hand waiting for you to ask for it?" demanded Nash.

Eric still stared blankly. Then his eye fell upon the sealed compact. He took it up dubiously.

"Break it open!" exclaimed Nash.

Eric obeyed. Nash had the whip hand of him. He drew out the sheet of paper and handed it to the other.

"I shall read it," said Nash.

"Yes, if you want to."

Nash's brows puckered over the resolution.

"This is a pretty piece of tomfoolery," he declared. "But keep the compact by all means. To be kept until October 16, 1890, nine months ahead. By that time Clara will be as far beyond your reach as the moon. She'll reject you, as you deserve, and you'll see at last what a one-sided, selfish specimen you really are."

Eric was kindling now. He caught the "document," and tore it in strips deliberately.

"Good," said Nash. "Now, if you want to win Clara Raymond, don't let grass grow under your feet."

"But, Clara, I have loved you from the first. My profession of mere comradeship was a mask. I have lived only in your presence. But I have been deceived once. I feared to trust myself, or you. I meant to be true and wait."

"You meant to treat me as a child, to keep me on probation," she interrupted.

"You compromised me in the eyes of the world. I was pitted as a woman who had given her heart to a man who cared nothing for her. Eric I may have loved you once, but I love you no longer. I have outgrown my weakness. But we can be friends still."

Without a word he turned and left her. And so these kindred spirits, misguided, the one by suspicion the other by pride, went separate ways.

Went separate ways, but not for a lifetime. Two years later they met in a scene of death and disaster. They had been a frightful railway accident. Passenger cars were heaped up at the foot of a steep embankment. The engine's red, angry eye glared through the starlit gloom upon the men and women struggling amid the wreck, and crying helplessly over their dead.

Clara was among the uninjured. She had not been even stunned, and now felt marvellously clear-headed as she walked around trying to infuse courage into the panic-stricken. Suddenly she came upon Eric Fleming. His face showed white and death-like by the light of that pitiless red eye. He was pinned down in the wreck so that he could not move a muscle.

"We are both here, it seems," he said with a weak smile, as she stopped before him.

"And one of us is a prisoner," she rejoined in a cheerful tone, though her heart was heavy. "Can you not move at all?"

"No. I think my arm is broken, and I cannot breathe easy in this position. Still, I am much better off than many others. If they would only throw these things off, I could—"

"I am pretty strong," she interrupted.

"Perhaps I can help you—"

She stopped suddenly with a strange look in her eyes. A fire had kindled from the engine. The flames were already leaping toward her.

Clara wonders to this day at the strength which came upon her. She moved the wrecked sections of the car around him, sufficiently to extricate and drag him to the brookside beyond the reach of danger. By that time he had fainted from the pain of his shattered arm. She bathed his face with water and he revived presently to see her standing over him. He could feel that strong, soothing influence outflowing from her toward him, as in the long ago. It was bracing. It gave him strength to rise above his pain.

"You have saved my life," he said.

"My arm will be all right after a while."

"But you will suffer a great deal of pain, first," she suggested.

"Yes, but if I might hope that the well is broken down between us—" he began, wistfully.
"You may hope," she said softly. And then they heard the ambulance coming.—[Yankee Blade.

Monster Prehistoric Tides.

At present the moon is 240,000 miles away from our globe; but there was a time when it was only one-sixth part of that distance away, or, say about 40,000 miles away. That time must of necessity have corresponded to some great terrestrial geological epoch; probably it was at the time when the cozoon lived.

The object of this "note," however, is not to speculate on the remoteness of the time, but on the powerful effects on "silver sister world" must have had on this earth, its waters and its atmosphere.

At the present time the average height of the tides the world over is only about three feet; in the far away time alluded to (when the moon was only 42,000 miles away) they were 216 times as high as at present, or 618 feet in height. Such a tide as that would wash St. Louis to the face of the earth, throw a flood of sea water sixty-one feet high on the Chicago waterworks tower and drown out almost every place of importance in the United States. Three-quarter tide would leave but a few of the tallest chimneys and spires in St. Louis above water and a full tide would run well up into the pinnacles of Canada. But this would only last for a few hours at a time; it less than five hours the whole of this vast flood would have retreated. Not only would it leave Missouri and all of the remainder of the United States high and dry, but would probably drain the Gulf of Mexico and leave a gravel and shell paved path from the mouth of the Mississippi to Cuba and Jamaica. A few "dry" hours would pass and then the whole land would be inundated, only to soon be abandoned.

These mighty tides are the gifts which modern astronomers have made to the working machinery of the modern geologist. Who can doubt that they constituted a terrific power while aiding in the work of stratification?—[St. Louis Republic.

Cheapest Light in the World.

It is said by those who have experimented with them that the light given by the tapers of Cuba is the "cheapest" in the world, produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy; and that a successful imitation of it would prove to be a most profitable substitute for gas and electricity. The insects are beetles two inches long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound.

The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomenon of life, and chemists and physicians have sought in vain to explain its origin. On each side of the animal's thorax is a luminous membranous spot, and these flash at intervals as the insects in a case together, and so obtain a continuous illumination bright enough to read by. This light is accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of energy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights can be imagined when it is stated that it candlelight, lamp-light or gaslight the waste is more than 99 per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw anything away, they would give nearly one hundred times the illumination which they do afford. Ever the electric light is mostly wasted.

Average Life of Ships.

The Maritime Register publishes a statement recently made by Robert Thompson, president of the Northeast Coast Engineers and Shipbuilders' Association (English), which says that the average life of an American-built ship is eighteen years. The life of an Italian built vessel is placed at twenty-seven years. This comparison, the journal says, will startle many shipping people and some may dispute its correctness. It is shown that the conditions upon which the comparison between the two was made have greatly changed and the table has little value now.

In the new merchant marine which is being built up in this country steel and iron largely take the place of wood, and as Americans rank high as expert shipbuilders, it is quite likely that the new vessels will be found to be equal in all respects to those built in foreign yards.

The average life of the ships of other nations is given in the table. Those of France are placed at twenty years, the Dutch twenty-two, German twenty-five, and British twenty-six.

How Hindoos Bathe.

An interesting sight at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, is the bathing ghats. For miles along the left bank of the river are from fifty to a hundred steps or terraces that lead from the Hindoo palaces and temples down into the water. Here every morning at sunrise, summer and winter, are thousands upon thousands of bathers and worshippers. They reach the water's edge facing the rising sun, disrobe, pray, bathe, go through many strange, cabalistic contractions and give many curious signs of worshipping their great gods. All is done with the utmost decorum, modesty and sincerity. Here they wash their clothing, oil their hair and their bodies with coconut or flaxseed or palm oil, put on dry clothing and go away with a pot of the sacred water on their heads as happy and contented as possible.

As we ride by boat in the early morning up and down the miles of bathing ghats we wonder whence came this curious custom. But when we remember that the Egyptians and Assyrians did the same thing over 3,000 years ago; that the old Persians and Peruvians and even the modern Mexicans did the same, that the Mohammedans do the same, that the Jews immersed in the sacred Jordan, and that our Christian believers use water either by immersion or sprinkling with the holiest rites, we can but wonder if the world adopted its religious ceremonies with water from one of the oldest people on earth, the good people of Benares.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

Their Manufacture and the Ships from Which They Are Laid.

The manufacture of submarine cables has until quite lately never reached a large scale in any country except England. Some years ago Messrs. Pirelli established factories at Spezia and Milan, Italy, for the purpose of engaging in the manufacture of submarine cables, and with the assistance of the Italian Government they have laid a few short cables in the Mediterranean, but they have never had an opportunity of carrying out any really important cable-laying work.

When, in 1889, the French Government insisted on assuming control of the telephone and bought out the Paris Telephone Company, the latter, which had already begun to dabble in submarine telegraph enterprises, decided to invest its capital in a submarine cable factory. Work on this was begun in 1890, and last summer a full fledged submarine cable factory was inaugurated at Calais. The company has orders for a considerable amount of cable, and expects in future to do all the work that the French Government may require. In America, although submarine cables of great excellence have been made for many years by such firms as the Bishop Gutta Percha Company and A. G. Day, these have only been in comparatively short lengths, for river and harbor crossings. To the Bishop Gutta Percha Company, I believe, belongs the honor of being the only American manufacturer that has ever shipped a submarine cable abroad.

A word or two is now in place about the ships from which cables are laid and repaired. In 1865 the Great Eastern was the only vessel afloat that could ship the entire Atlantic cable. She took it all on board with ease, and could have managed another had it been necessary. The capacity of the Great Eastern, which magnificent failure, by the way, was lately disposed of for old metal, was 20,000 tons. To-day there are three or four completely equipped telegraph steamers of about one-quarter the tonnage of the disintegrated leviathan which are easily capable of laying an Atlantic cable in a single voyage.

The fleet of cable ships to-day numbers about forty vessels, ranging in size from a few hundred tons to five thousand. The majority of these electro-mechanical crafts are repairing ships belonging to the various telegraph companies and government administrations which own submarine cables. These repairing ships are stationed at points of vantage along the great lines of cable communication, ready to steam off at a moment's notice to the locality of any fault or break that may occur. The construction companies own between them some ten or twelve ships, most of them large vessels of several thousand tons burden with one or two smaller and more nimble steamers that do useful service in surveying, as consorts for their more bulky sister ships, and for laying short cables.

The two largest ships, the Silvertown and the Faraday, were both designed for cable-laying purposes. The first named vessel is provided with most enormous tanks, measuring fifty-three feet in diameter by thirty feet deep. She has a larger carrying capacity than any other telegraph steamer afloat. On one expedition she sailed from the Thames with nearly 2,400 miles of cable, weighing 4,800 tons, and a considerable quantity of coal, of which very necessary commodity she has accommodation for upward of 2,300 tons. The large tanks of the Silvertown enable her to pay out cable at a very high rate of speed, such huge coils unwinding very readily. The Faraday was designed by the late Sir William Siemens especially for submarine cable laying. She was built the same fore and aft, and is provided with a rudder at the stem as well as at the stern; it was thought that this arrangement would greatly facilitate maneuvering the ship when engaged in some of the more delicate operations incident to cable laying that require very careful handling of the vessel, but as a matter of fact the peculiar build of the Faraday has not been found of any particular benefit in this respect.—[Electricity.

Origin of Camp-Meetings.

In the latter part of 1759 two brothers, John and William Magee, the former a Methodist preacher and the latter a Presbyterian, started on a missionary tour in Kentucky. Their first labors were in a Presbyterian church on Red River, where remarkable results attended their efforts and created intense religious excitement and interest. Their next meeting was on Muddy River, where many families from a distance came in wagons and camped in the woods. Another meeting was held on what was called the Ridge, which was also attended by great crowds who came from miles around. These services were continued and extended, with similar results, the Presbyterians and Methodists directing and conducting them. At one of these meetings in Kentucky it is stated there were present 20,000 people. The Presbyterians gradually retired from the field, while the Methodists carried the meetings to all parts of the country. Since then other denominations have adopted them.—[Detroit Free Press.

Ninety Million Tons of Rock Salt.

A mass of 90,000,000 tons of pure, compact rock salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh on the route from Brash ar to New Iberia, La., is one of the natural wonders of the world. How this island ever came into existence in such a locality is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, the scenery being beautiful and varied. In the center of the island, which is the only solid spot in the vast expanse of sea marsh, which extends for miles in all directions, rises Salt Peak, the largest body of exposed rock salt in the world. Having never been surveyed, its exact extent is, as yet, unknown; however, those who have visited the locality say that there is not less than 90,000,000 tons of pure crystal salt in sight. It is needless to add that the dazzling clearness of Salt Peak is in striking contrast to the somber lagoons, bayous, and salt marshes which surround it on all sides.

AN ANIMAL HOSPITAL.

Full-Fledged Retreat for Horses, Dogs, Cows and Cats.

Instead of the marble busts of the fathers of medicine which ordinarily adorn the corridors of medical colleges and hospitals, a row of the skulls of beasts, some of which are rarely seen, greets the visitor who enters the Brooklyn Veterinary Hospital.

This hospital is indeed one of the most interesting places in Brooklyn. It has been located in Nevins street, near Fulton, for eighteen years, or since it was organized. The building is not a pretentious structure, but it is fitted up to meet any demands that may be made upon it. The hospital is public and a poor man's animal will receive as much attention there as will that of a rich man. The treatment is free, except in rare cases. Every kind of living creature outside the pale of humanity will be received and treated within its doors.

A passage leads into the main room, large, light and airy, where most of the work is done. Stalls line each side. Slings, blocks and tackle and all sorts of mechanical appliances are placed in different parts of the room for handling horses and large animals.

There is an interesting cabinet at the end of the room which it is claimed contains the finest collection of intestinal calculi to be found in America. These stones, which have been taken from various kinds of animals, weigh from a few grains to several pounds. They are of all shapes, and some are as symmetrical as a billiard ball.

All the surgical operations are performed on the main floor. Broken legs are set and other surgical work is carried on as in any large hospital. If a horse is too weak to stand alone and it is necessary to keep him up, a sling of wide bands is passed around him. All pulmonary diseases are kept on this floor, but no infectious diseases are treated in the hospital.

The lower floor is reached by an incline. Stalls are on this floor also, and there is a large number of kennels for dogs and cages for cats and smaller animals. An incline passes from this floor down to another, which resembles it.

Emergency cases are treated as in other hospitals. The Bergh Society has two ambulances, a large and a small one. Both are painted a bright vermilion and have the seal of the society reproduced on the sides, with the words, "Ambulance for Disabled Animals."

The larger ambulance is for horses and cows. It is built very near the ground and resembles a huge box. It is provided with a windlass and tackle by which animals are easily put into it. The smaller ambulance resembles the delivery-wagon of some large dry-goods houses. It is used for small animals, like cats and dogs.

If a horse is injured in the street, or any other animal needs medical or surgical assistance, the Society will, if notified, send an ambulance immediately and the injured animal will be taken to the place designated by its owner, or to the Veterinary Hospital. There it will be received and cared for just as a person would be treated at any hospital.

From 400 to 600 horses and from 200 to 300 dogs are looked after at this institution in a month. No accurate account of the number of cats and smaller animals is kept. Hundreds of them are taken there every year to be humanely killed.

Freaks of the Canaries.

"I think one of the most interesting groups of islands in the world is the Canaries," said Arthur P. Dixon, who was entertaining some friends at the Southern Hotel, and who has recently completed a voyage around the world, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "They are about fifty to 100 miles from the African coast, and possess a delightful climate. They are supposed to be the Fortunate Islands of the ancients. Tenerife, the largest of the group, is sixty miles long and thirty broad. In the middle of the broadest part rises the well known peak. The natives call it Picote Teyede. It has a double top, the highest being more than 12,000 and the lowest nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

"Snow remains on the peaks for about four months in the year. Very near the top of the highest peak is a great cavern where snow is preserved throughout the year. In the summer a very curious spectacle may be witnessed in the Canaries. The northeast wind, which blows from ten A. M. to five P. M., produces a dense stratum of sea cloud, whose lower surface is about 4,000 feet above the sea. Below this is another distinct stratum, perhaps 500 feet thick, the lower surface being from 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Between these strata is a gap of 1,500 to 2,000 feet, through which people approaching or leaving the islands may obtain a glimpse of the mountains."

Nests of Humming-birds.

The nests of humming-birds are among the most beautiful examples of avian architecture. They are usually made very compact, most of them cup-shaped or turban-shaped, the materials composing them being chiefly plant-down, interwoven with and strengthened by spiders' webs, and often ornamented by an external mosaic of small lichens. Ordinarily the nest is saddled upon a twig, to which it is firmly bound by spiders' webs. The hermits, however, fasten their little houses to the ends of long leaves at the extremities of tree-branches, so that the monkeys cannot get at them. Other species make nests resembling tiny hammocks, which are most ingeniously attached to the face of cliffs or rocks with spiders' webs. Some humming-birds, which live just below the snow-line of the Andes, hang their nests from tendrils, and, when one side of the small dwelling proves heavier than the other, a stone or piece of earth is adjusted as a weight to establish a balance. These winged pygmies exhibit a high degree of intelligence in concealing their nests, by making them of such forms or materials as will resemble natural excrescences of a branch, such as a knot or a pine-cone. The eggs laid are always two in number and immaculately white.—[Boston Transcript.