OVER THE RANGE.

Down the zigzag road came the lumbering old stage, the horses' heels clattering along the rocky way, and the driver, a direct opposite of Hanck Monk tendencies, drawling out "G'lang thar' every few minutes in an odd, lazy way, all his own.

Inside the vehicle were four passengers bound for Burnaby, a few miles further on; it was getting dusk, and the drizzling rain setting in rendered the prospect for the remainder of the journey anything but pleasant.

The foot hills were very uninviting in the murkiness, the old coach was horribly "stuffy" and her fellow travelers—a lady and two gentlemen—were unaccountably silent enough; so Belle Norton sighed a little, and again rubbing the dust off the one little window, in order to get a clearer view of the misty landscape.

She peered out with a very dissatisfied air and rebellious mutterings; had she but known that it was such an uncomfortable transit, why, she never would have undertaken it and the children over the range at Burnaby might have gone without a teacher.

But she was in for it now, without a shadow of alternative, and almost there, she wondered vaguely if Burnaby Glen was as desolate as the route thereto; if it was, why, she should die of pure homesickness or grow hysterical and resign at the end of the first month.

The old stage bolted uncomfortably, the man in the corner snored ominously, and the drivers monotonous "G'lang thar" merged into a troublesome dream, as she journeyed on toward her destination.

Presently the quick report of a revolver cut the dull monotony, and Belle started up to find the light of a dark lantern streaming into the coach and a masked figure blocking up the doorway. She with difficulty suppressed a scream, but the woman opposite shrieked "Robbers!" and went off in a dead faint.

"That's the style we prefer," said the masked visitor in a soft, musical tone Belle could scarcely feel willing to connect with the profession of a brigand, even in her fright. Then he reached over and relieved the unconscious lady of her watch and chain, and with the "click" of a derringer he presented the weapon in the faces of the horrified gentlemen in quick succession, and said, savagely: "Come down, now, without further ironbie," which they did handsomely.

It was Belle's fortune to be robbed last. "Your watch, please," said the musical voice, as the derringer disappeared in magic gallantry.

"No," said Belle, "it is a present, and I don't want to give it up," and she made no move toward giving it to him. "Sorry," answered the musical voice, "but I will be obliged to take it then."

She made frantic efforts to seize the watch that the robber deftly detached from its guard; he laughed a little musical ripple of amused merriment as she clutched his wrist for a moment in fruitless endeavor to regain her property, then with a quick dextrous movement he freed himself from the plucky Belle and withdrew from the stage, leaving the crestfallen intimates in blank darkness.

Outside they could hear two voices chuckling over the mailbags and intimidating the driver alternatively; in a moment or two more of terrible suspense it was all over, and the highwaymen took their departure, and they were suffered to go on their way.

"Oh dear!" wailed Belle, clasping her hands in desperation, "my watch that Uncle Nathan gave me! Oh, dear, dear!" the nervous fingers laced themselves in restless sympathy with the two big tears on her cheek—but what was that in her lap? Something that felt like money. She drew off her glove and took the object between her thumb and finger; it wasn't money—that was evident, for one side was rough and corrugated The silvery voiced robber must have dropped it; she would keep it, and examine it at her leisure, if she lived to reach Burnaby and see the blessed light once more, which two things seemed a long way off just now, certainly.

Rattle, clatter, grind, jog; now a brisk trot, and "whoa" and the hapless quartette had arrived at Burnaby Glen.

Belle was helped out, and amid the ejaculations of the odd innkeeper and the recital of the evening's adventure by the drawling coachman was hustled into the waiting room of the long, low structure known as the Burnaby house, together with her long-faced companions.

The experience had to be gone over again at the late repast, and the lady who fainted away in the stage thought better of it now, and only wept interestingly. Belle sat bolt upright and made no sign of the grief which had taken away her appetite for the savory meal before her: they left the table finally after every gentleman present had given a similar personal adventure, and our young friend was shown to her room.

"An' so you are to teach our skule?" repeated the voluble landlady again, as she put the tallow dip in its tin case on the wall, and placed a basin of water on the drygoods box that served for a washstand.

"Yes," answered Belle, "but I heartily wish I had never accepted the situation. To-night's experience has cost me more than my summer's school will come to, to begin with."

"I dare say," agreed the old lady, folding her arms and sighing in unison with her guest; "it's too bad, but they say 'a bad beginning makes a good ending,' you know."

"Small comfort in that," ejaculated Belle, taking off her boots with an impatient jerk.

"She's all out o' gear," muttered the old lady to the motley array of kettles and pans an hour later; "she's all out o' gear, but no body can blame her as I know o'; mighty nice gal thou, only jest a little too highfalutin' for the Glen, I'm a thinking!"

The next morning dawned lovely enough to hint of paradise, and Belle's spirits arose on fancy's mounting wing; she straightway promised herself a happy summer at the Glen, leaning just a little on the maxim of the previous evening, in spite of herself.

Belle Norton had come over the range to spend the season in teaching at Burnaby, as a sort of break in the usual routine of music roll and dullards in sharps and flats. She found that she was expected to board at the Burnaby house and pay the bill out of the amount received for instructing the juveniles of the little village in "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic."

Setting herself to circumstances, she went to work among chalk and books with a will; and in due time the citizens talked it over down at the store, and concluded that they had a fine teacher, notwithstanding her stylish dresses and "banged" hair.

"My son's coming home to spend his vacation," said her hostess one morning as they walked in the garden, before the school hours; "he's coming to-day, Miss Norton, so you will get to see him; an' he's as fine a young man as breathes the valley air, if 'tis his old mother that says so."

"Coming!" said Belle; "I shall be glad to see him."

Good old Mother Burnaby was highly pleased at Belle's interest in her son's coming, and smiled benignly on the young teacher.

"This is my boy, Tom Burnaby, Miss Norton; Tom, this is Belle Norton, the new teacher from over the range;" said the mother with a flourish of Western pride, as the trio met at the table. Belle acknowledged the introduction, while a crimson feeling crept over her she could not explain, while a deadly pallor overspread the handsome face of the son.

"Why, whatever ails the child?" exclaimed his mother, as Tom Burnaby left the table, after having made a failure of entertaining or being entertained; but Belle made no reply, for she was too busy revolving a question of her own: where had she heard that sweet, musical voice before? Surely somewhere, for it seemed so familiar; yet she was certain of never having met him anywhere previously, and she gave it up willingly.

In a short time she and Tom became great friends; no wonder his mother loved him so, Belle thought—he was so kind and intellectual; he was so everything one would wish for in a friend, that she was afraid she would love him herself; there was a strange, sweet fascination in that musical voice of his for her, that Belle was yielding her heart to its power. And Tom, he haunted her steps; if she went into the garden he came presently on some pretext; if she choose to read her book in the parlor he was there, but not obtrusively. "If I hold half the fascination for him that his splendid voice does for me, he can't help it," she thought.

But, after all, there was something mysterious about handsome Tom Burnaby; often when she looked up from her book she found him looking at her in such an earnest sorrowful way that instinctively she pitied him, but for what she could not have told; sometimes his eyes held such a curious questioning that she felt uncomfortable.

* * * * * *

School was out at last, and she would return home the next day; they were on the long piazza together, Belle and Tom, watching the raindrops beat on the roses running over the lattice work.

"I have never shown you my box of specimens, have I?" he questioned with a great effort in changing the subject abruptly for a purpose."

"No."

"Then I will bring them," and he went in—Belle followed.

"Let us go into the parlor; there is no one there to interrupt," and she followed on into the room where they had spent their last happy evening together; she became intensely interested in the fine collection, and the color came back to his handsome face. Belle was looking in the box; down under a piece of quartz something was gleaming brightly. "What is this," she asked, making a dive, and securing the shining object by the time she finished her question.

"Oh, an old sleeve button of mine," answered Tom, but Bell scarcely heard him; a cold sensation went over her. "Yours," she gasped; "where is the other one?"

"I have lost it," he said, busy trying to arrange some specimens, and not noticing the look of pain and horror creeping into her face.

"Oh!" she answered in a voice calm enough, but she felt as if she must be dying. It all came to her now, and she knew why his musical voice impressed her as familiar and the sleeve button rough, corrugated, as the other, as the lost one, which was at that moment in her pocket; Tom and the robber were one! The room whirled around and grew dark; a sharp pain was at her heart, and she threw up her hands with an agonized cry. "Oh! Tom Burnaby!"

"My God! Miss Norton, what is the matter!" exclaimed the terrified man. "Oh! Belle, are you ill—dear?" he whispered with his fine voice all a trouble, but she did not reply.

He took the dazed girl in his arms and kissed her white face. "Oh! to be thus ever near!"

"Don't," she said in a strange, sad way, "you have killed me, I believe."

"Why, Belle—Miss Norton, I would not harm you for worlds—God knows I love you better than my life," the musical tones rang with a passionate tenderness, and he opened his arms saying: "Come, please?"

"Too late!" she moaned, "too late, Tom Burnaby; here," and she put the lost sleeve button in his hand. A perplexed, pained look swept over his fine features, and he asked in a puzzled way:

"Where did you find it, Miss Norton?"

"In the coach that night," she answered, hoarsely, covering her face with icy hands.

Tom Burnaby staggered to his feet.

"Oh! my God!" he moaned in agony of soul, "it's all over with me now;" he reeled to a corner and cowered down like a hunted animal.

Belle went over to him presently, and laid her hand on his arm; he was trembling violently.

"Tom!" she said, trying to be calm, "I'll never tell any one."

"God bless you, I knew you would not; but what is imprisonment and death to losing you, Belle that night's work stands between my happiness and heaven; and yours, too, for you said I had killed you, love."

He took her hand, and she felt his tears on her palm, and his words of an hour before recurred to her.

"My punishment is terrible," he continued; "you will soon go away, never to return—and how will you remember me, Belle?"

"With pitying love," she said; "my idol is shattered."

In a moment more he was gone. She heard him go up stairs with a heavy uncertain step. "Poor Tom!" she said, "how he suffers!"

It was time to go, her trunk had been carried out and Belle stood bidding good-by to good old Mrs. Burnaby. "I'm sorry you couldn't love Tom," said his mother, breaking down.

"Oh, Mrs Burnaby! I do love him, and it's killing me, too; you don't know—no, you will never know!" and Belle fled from the house in sheer desperation.

At the gate a boy gave her a package. "Tom Burnaby said I was to give you this 'ere," said the urchin, and she took it mechanically.

Rattle, clatter, jolt, and the lumbering stage was on the road. "Good-by, Burnaby," sobbed the one desolate passenger; "it didn't end well, either." Then it occurred to her to see what was in the package.

She drew it forth and drew off the wrapper, disclosing an elegant watch case. With trembling fingers she opened the case, when lo! there was her long lost watch, ticking merrily on as if nothing had happened since she last looked on its bright face. Under the watch was a note from Tom, which said:

"BELLE DEAR—I have made all reparation in my power, and I promise herein to steadfastly lead an honorable life hereafter, because you loved me once. With pitying love, remember me. TOM BURNABY."

Five years have passed since that summer at Burnaby, but Belle never looks at her watch nor sees the lumbering old stage come down over the range but what she thinks, "with pitying love," of poor broken-hearted Tom Burnaby.

BURDETTE LEFT HIM IN THE COLD

The Adventure of a Gentleman Who Would Not Sleep With His Brother.

R. J. Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

One night I reached Erie just as the clocks in the lord mayor's castle struck 21. It was bitter, biting, stinging cold, and there was no ambulance at the station, but there was a good hotel there. I went in and registered, and a man of commanding presence, tailor-built clothes and a brown beard of most refined culture immediately followed me. I stood a little in awe of this majestic being—about as little as I usually stand—and when in a deep, bass, commanding voice he ordered a room, I had a great mind—something that I always carry with me when I travel—to go out and get him one.

The gentlemanly and urbane night clerk, who also seemed to be deeply impressed—as is the habit of the night clerk—with the gentleman's responsible-to-any-amount toot on sawmbel, said he was sorry, but he had but one vacant room and it contained but one bed.

"Still," he said, as became a man who was bound to stand for his house if it hadn't a bed in it, "it was a very wide bed, very wide and quite long. Two gentlemen could sleep in it quite comfortably, and if—" But the commanding being at my side said that was quite altogether out of the question entirely. Quite. He was sorry for the—here he looked at me, hesitated, but finally said—gentleman, but He couldn't share His room with him. He was sorry for the—gentleman, and hoped he might find comfortable lodgings, but He couldn't permit him to occupy even a portion of His bed.

Then the clerk begged pardon, and was sorry and all that, but this other gentleman had registered first, and it was for him to say what disposition should be made of this lonely room and solitary bed. I hastened to assure the majestic being that it was all right; he was welcome to two-thirds of the room, all the looking-glass and one-half of the bed.

"No," he said very abruptly, "I will sit here by the stove and sleep in a chair. I thank you, sir, but I would not sleep with my own brother. I prefer a room to myself."

I meekly told him that I didn't know what kind of a man his brother was, but no doubt he did, and, therefore, I must conclude that he wasn't a fit man to sleep with. But his brother was out of the question, and if he wanted part of my couch he might have it and welcome, and I would agree not to think of his brother. "No, sir," said he "I will sleep in no man's bed." I said I wouldn't either, if I wasn't sleepy, but when I was sleepy I didn't care; I'd sleep with the king of England or the president and wouldn't care a cent who knew it.

Well, I went to bed. I curled up under the warm, soft blankets and heard the wind shriek and wail and whistle and yell—how like all creation the wind can blow in Erie—and as the night grew colder and colder every minute I fell asleep and dreamed that heaven was just forty-eight miles west of Dunkirk. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock there came a thundering rap at the door, and with a vague, half waking impression in my dream that somebody from the other place was trying to get in I said:

"What is it?"

"It is I," answered a splendid voice, which I recognized at once. "I am the gentleman who came on the train with you."

"Yes," I said; "and what is the matter?"

The splendid voice was a trifle humble as it replied:

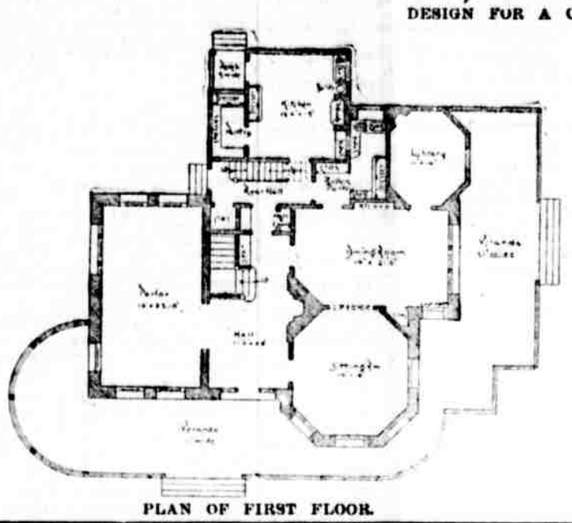
"I have changed my mind about sleeping with another man."

"So have I!" I howled, so joyously that the very winds laughed in merry echo. "So have I! I wouldn't get out of this warm bed to open that door for my own brother!"

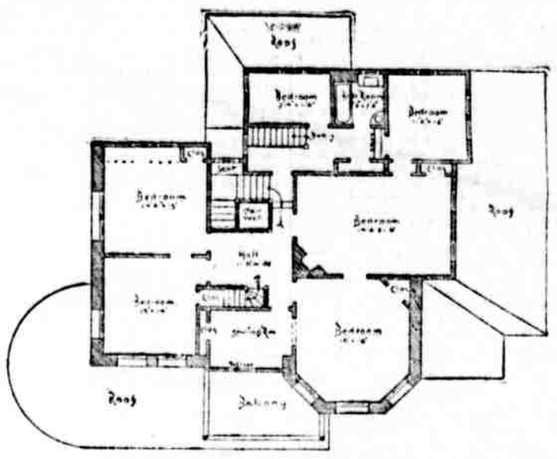
I will close this story here. If I should write the language that went down that dire, cold hall outside my door you wouldn't print it. And when next morning I went skipping down stairs as fresh as a rose, and saw that majestic being knotted up in a hard arm chair looking 100 years old, I said:

"Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king who knoweth not how to be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas, also, he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." This also is vanity.

DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

COURTSHIP OF THE BIRDS.

Some Pretty Thoughts by One Who Has Given the Subject Attention.

L. N. J. in Country Gentleman.

We rarely realize how the play of life is enacted by the birds, which in the spring-time swarm in the woodlands and hover over the prairies. Perhaps in nothing is this better seen than in the means by which the feathered gallants strive to win the affections of the gentler sex among the birds. The history of the "Middle Ages" is full of tales of conflicts in which men engaged for love of some fair lady, and even in our own time many a field could tell sad tales of blood shed in settlement of rivalries, but never fiercer fight was waged than we may see among our feathered friends.

Let us for a moment fancy ourselves transported far away to the home of the "Ruff," one of the most pugnacious of birds. Peering through the reeds and grasses, as I push them to one side, do you see before you that space of turf trodden bare? In the centre are two birds fighting. They dash at each other, seizing each other with their bills and striking like game cocks. Around the neck of each is extended a huge ruff of feathers, which has given the bird its name. This serves as a partial protection to the body. At one side stand the members of the other sex, watching the contest with interest. For a short time we watch their struggles till an unlucky movement disturbs some of the on-lookers and in a moment all are gone.

But the "Ruff" is not alone in his willingness to prove his bravery in battle. Scores of our own birds show the same spirit. Even the small humming birds will fight with the greatest fury to drive off some intrusive rival. Indeed it would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that the majority of the birds will challenge a rival to combat.

Again, we find among birds as among men some whose greatest charm is their voice; and sweet indeed are the songs they sing. The males of one of the Australian birds assemble in companies and engage in trials of skill with the voice. Their notes are said to be exceedingly agreeable. But we need not go to distant lands to hear these love songs of the birds. Have you ever stood in the fields on a beautiful morning in June, while from a tree before you poured a perfect flood of liquid melody, answered perhaps by some sweet-voiced rival from the distant thicket? And have you not searched in vain for the mysterious songster till from out the branches, with a parting burst of song, down to the meadow below dropped a small sparrow? I fancy if you could have looked among the grasses you would have found there his admiring mate, and perhaps a dainty nest.

We find in bird life, too, the fellow who thinks he can dance; and never more awkward dancer was seen than some of these. Yet their curious antics seem to charm the onlookers of the other sex. Some of our North American grouse get together in companies of a score or more and run around in a circle, performing the most curious antics. Perhaps the most wonderful example, however, is the Black Cock, one of the European grouse. These birds have regular dancing places. During the performance the bird utters the strangest noises. Spreading all his feathers, he takes a few jumps in various directions, sometimes in a circle, pressing the underside of the bill on the ground, and meanwhile beating his wings and turning around and around. As he grows more excited, faster and faster he moves till he seems almost frantic. After he has finished showing what he can do in the way of dancing he is ready for war, and the entertainment usually closes with a free fight. Oftentimes the same bird will visit several meeting places in one day in order to prove his strength and valor to all rivals. Year after year in the springtime the birds meet in these assembling places, and the hunters take advantage of the fact to shoot them.

Deep in the forests of Guiana lives a bird rarely seen by travelers, but one of the most beautiful of its kind. It is the Rupicola, or Cock of the Rock. Right royally is he clad in a suit of orange with a splendid fan-shaped crest. The female has to content herself with plainer and less gorgeous apparel. Few are the explorers who have watched this beautiful bird, but one has brought us marvelous tales of its home life, and none more curious than those of its balls. We will let him describe it in his own words:

"A troop of these beautiful birds was celebrating its dances on the smooth surface of a rock; about a score of them were seated on the branches as spectators, while one of the male birds, with proud self-confidence, and spreading tail and wings, was dancing on the rock. He scratched the ground or leaped vertically into the air, continuing these saltatory movements until he was tired, when another male took his place. The females meanwhile looked on attentively and applauded the performance with laudatory cries." The Indians lie in wait with their blowpipes near the places where they are known to dance, and when the ball has begun, easily shoot several of the spectators with the poisoned arrows before the rest take the alarm.

We have spoken of the songs of birds but some of them are no mean performers in the matter of instrumental music at least so far as volume is concerned. Did you ever hear in the woods in spring a sound like the distant roll of a drum? If you have, I fancy you have been puzzled to account for it. Had you tried to go in search of the mysterious noise you might have grown weary ere finding its source as it can be heard for a long distance. In case of success you would have found a partridge strutting about, as with ruff and tail spread he shows off his finery to his admiring friends, meanwhile producing the heavy drumming by striking the wings together above the back. We should hardly consider this music.

In some of the birds certain feathers are especially modified so that by their vibration their bearers are enabled to make these curious sounds, which in our ears are often far from pleasant, but which seem to aid the bird in his wooing.

We find that a taste for the beautiful is not wanting among the birds, and to gratify this the Bower birds of Australia rear those structures for which they have become noted, and which may perhaps be best called their ballrooms. The bower is open at the ends and is built of grasses and reeds interwoven. It is sometimes raised on a little platform of sticks and is at most only three or four feet long. The several species differ in the mode of ornamentation, but all show remarkable taste. Bright stones and feathers, bleached bones, blue and red berries, and like things, are made use of in the adornment, the females not scorning to aid in the work. Some of their structures are really beautiful in our eyes. Here both sexes meet and perform their curious dances, and here, too, one may see those exhibitions of coquetry which are not entirely known in human assemblies.

Even the fop of society has his parallel among the birds. Many are the birds which seem to rely on the exhibition of their gorgeous clothing to win the favor of those of the other sex. It is said, for instance, that the mail birds of paradise assemble in some convenient tree to hold a dancing party, as it is called by the natives; and here they fly about, raising their wings, and elevating their exquisite plumes, and making them vibrate till the whole tree seems filled with the waving plumes.

The peacock is a familiar example. He seems the very incarnation of vanity, yet even he is surpassed, in the pains taken to exhibit his beauty, by the Argus pheasant. In this bird the secondary wing feathers are enormously developed, and each is marked with a long row of ocelli, or eye spots, beautifully shaded, while the feathers are also adorned with oblique stripes and rows of spots of a dark color. These ornaments are concealed, except when he wishes to show off his beauty before the admiring females. Then the tail feathers are erected and the wings expanded into a great circular fan or shield, which stands above and in front of the body. The head and neck are turned to one side, or if he wishes to see what effect such an amazing display is making on his fair friends, he thrusts his head between two of the wing feathers, thus presenting a most ludicrous appearance.

And so I might tell you of the various ways in which our common birds show off their finery during their courtship—how one swells out his little throat to show the brilliant patches; how another turns quickly from side to side, thus bringing into view his brightly tinted wings. But time would fail me to tell of all. If enough has been said to lead any to watch more closely our feathered visitors, as they again brighten the fields in the spring time, my purpose will be accomplished.

About Noses.

The Paris *Temps* gives a resume of a study from the pen of Major Sophus Schack, an officer in the Danish army, on the subject of physiognomical indications, to which his position as inspector of recruits has led him to devote a considerable share of attention. Major Schack agrees with Aristotle in putting his faith in noses. He can make a good guess at a man's constitution from the size and build of his nose; a large nose, for instance, almost invariably indicating superior chest capacity and power of lungs. It is a still more accurate index to mental qualities, for, belonging as it does at once to the most and least mobile portions of the face, it faithfully reflects the most fugitive movements of the mind. In the child the nose is the most insignificant and least developed portion of the physiognomy. It is not till the intellectual faculties come into play that the nasal organ acquires its characteristics. Major Schack's observations lead him to conclude that a small and *retrousse* nose betokens cunning and finesse; a straight and thin nose taste and delicacy; an aquiline nose judgment, reason and egotism; while a shapeless and clumsy nasal protuberance almost always indicates intellectual dullness and want of *savoir Faire*.

MOMENTS.

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years
When for an instant that which long has lain
Beyond our reach, is on a sudden found
In things of smallest compass, and we hold
The unbounded shut in one small minute's space,
And worlds within the hollow of our hand;
A world of music in one word of love,
A world of love in one quick wordless look.
A world of thought in one translucent phrase,
A world of memory in one mournful chord,
A world of sorrow in one little song.
Such moments are man's holiest; the divine
And first-sown seeds of love's eternity.

—*From the Hebrew Journal.*

A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Design for a Suburban Residence, With Ground Plans and Description.

Here is presented the second of a series of designs for dwellings taken from "Shoppell's Modern Houses." Following is the description:

SIZE OF STRUCTURE: Front, 46 feet; extreme width, 74 feet. Side, 61 feet, including front veranda.

HEIGHT OF STORIES: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 10 feet, 6 inches; second story, 9 feet, 6 inches; attic story, 8 feet, 6 inches.

MATERIALS: Foundation, stone; first story, front portion, stone; rear extension, clapboards; second story, front portion, stone; rear extension, shingles; gables, shingles; roof, shingles.

COST: Complete, except mantels, range and heating apparatus, $6,000 to $7,000, according to locality, proximity to stone quarry, &c.

SPECIAL FEATURES: The main or front part of house is built of quarry-faced stone, up to the attic floor beams. The arches and jambs of windows and doors are pressed brick. If the stone used is light colored, Milwaukee or buff brick to be used; if dark colored, red brick to be used.

In summer an awning can be stretched over the front balcony, for which purpose two ornamental iron standards are provided.

Three bed rooms and a store room in the attic, also a large balcony. Cellar under the whole house.

Full working plans, drawings of the details, bill of quantities, color sheet and blank contract for this design, which is No. 416, are furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan association, 191 Broadway, New York, for $100.

A Story of Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks.

There is a good story they are now telling at the expense of Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston. Here is the way it runs: The genial autocrat was fishing one day in the yacht of a well-known character of East Gloucester named Captain Cook, who follows the sea for a livelihood. In conversation Captain Cook informed Dr. Holmes that the last fisherman who had hired his boat was Dr. Brooks. "He was very pleasant company," Captain Cook was kind enough to say, "but he swore a good deal for a clergyman."

"He did what?" inquired Dr. Holmes, aghast.

"He swore," stoutly reiterated Captain Cook.

"Oh, nonsense, I don't believe it," said the doctor.

"Well, what do you call this?" inquired the old fisherman. "He got a haddock on his hook and he had a great deal of trouble to get it near the boat. At last he landed him, and I said, said I, 'Well, for a haddock, that fish pulled d——n hard.' 'Yes, he did,' said Dr. Brooks. Now, what's that but swearing?"

The only trouble about the story is that it is simply an adaptation, a revival. The original yarn upon which it was built celebrated its centennial the year that Ananias and Sapphira dissolved partnership. It has maintained its vitality ever since at the expense of several scores of clergymen, and is likely to run until the crack of doom unless the supply of doctors of divinity runs out.

Matrimony a Science.

From the Toronto Week.

We had heard of the English *Matrimonial News*, but we never before happened to see it. When seen, it beggars all description and defies caricature. Here are twenty-two long and closely set columns full of advertisements for husbands or wives. The advertisers state precisely what they want, and at the same time accurately appraise themselves. "Bachelor, age 36, good looking, good appearance, very affectionate, steady, salary about £150 a year, wishes to marry a lady, medium height, rather short than otherwise, small hands and feet, loving nature, good temper, good looking or with well formed features, domesticated, with means, age from 18 to 30." "A man wants a woman for his wife who has or will have her first or given name only as Jane, and has good health, with all her natural and sound teeth included." The ladies are equally precise. "An attractive, handsome, young looking widow lady would like to meet with an honorable, gentlemanly man of high social position seeking a wife with refined, pleasing manners, religious principles and unusually cultivated mind. Cara is musical, fond of intellectual pursuits, fully capable of being mistress of a good establishment, etc." The fortunes of some of the advertisers are surprising, if the statements are genuine. One has £4,000, another has £8,000 a year. One lady has £250,000. Imagination fails to paint the hideousness or disagreeableness, of whatever kind it may be, which compels a lady with £250,000 to advertise in the newspaper for a husband. One lady of large property want a nobleman, and she need not altogether despair of getting him. There is no reason that we can see why marriages made in this business-like way should not be happy. They cannot be so happy as genuine love marriages, but they may be happier than marriages of mere impulse.

ONLY THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

The Remarkable Historical Essay Written by John H. Eby, of the Yeates Institute.

The following essay was written by John H. Eby, the thirteen-year old son of Simon P. Eby, esq. The lad is a student of Yeates Institute, and its production exhibits remarkable precocity.

I do not like the Romans. They were a cruel and barbarous nation. This is shown by their manners and customs, and their conduct in war, at home and abroad. Even their amusements were cruel. They had gladiatorial shows in which men fought and killed each other with the cestus or the sword. They had captives fight lions and wild elephants. These cruel shows were given to please the people, and to get their votes and were got up and paid for by those who wanted to be elected to office, which was really bribing the people to vote for them.

The Greeks had games which exercised the body and mind, but did not kill those engaged in them. They had quoit throwing, wrestling, boxing, running matches and chariot races. Their games were given by the people to encourage bodily health, strength and endurance, and not as a bribe to be elected to high offices.

In war the Romans were cowardly and treacherous, and won generally by underhanded means. When they were pressed hard or taken at a disadvantage they would run away or make a treaty which they broke as soon as they could take their enemy unawares. They did not keep their word; and even the famous tenth legion with the great Cæsar among them at one time skedaddled from the conference held with Ariovistus.

When they took cities they rased them to the ground and killed their inhabitants or sold them into slavery. Their boasted navies hugged the coasts and were driven by galley slaves chained to the benches.

Quite different from them were the Greeks. When they made war they never marked the course of their conquest by smouldering ruins or a deserted and ravaged country. As members of the Amphictyonic League they swore by the river Styx not to burn each others towns or cut off the running water from them. And they kept their oaths. They were far more brave and patriotic than the Romans. They seldom turned their backs to their enemies but died on the ground they stood on, as did Leonidas and his three hundred. They were never guilty of as mean a trick as M. Porcius Cato, who butchered the Spaniards after they had surrendered their arms on promise that he would not harm them but take them to a better place to live.

The common people of Rome were not educated. They were a hooting mob, always wanting to go to the games; or fighting about elections. They were only good for soldiers. They were corrupt, and voted into office the person who gave them the most bread at the circuses. They expected to be fed by the government or by the leaders whom they followed to war.

The common people of Greece were educated to love their country and to read and write. Where they had votes they cast them for what they thought best for their country.

In their punishments the Romans used the most cruel and barbarous modes. They crucified their criminals, pitched them over the Tarpeian rock, and Nero even tied some of the Christians to stakes and covered them with tar and lit them for torches in his garden. The Greeks decapitated, or gave them hemlock to drink.

The Greek poets and bards wrote and sang of the glory of their country for the love of country. Their oracles gave their answers which were given in verse. Their architecture and sculpture are models still for imitation.

Rome had no such law givers as Lycurgus, Solon or Clolsthenes. No philosophers like Socrates and Plato; and Athens was the acknowledged seat of learning.

The Aeneid of Virgil was written to flatter and gain the favor of Agustus Cæsar. And the commentaries of Julius Cæsar are all in praise of himself and full of lies.

About Whales.

Sir William Turner, professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, in a recent lecture on "Whales; their structure and habits," referred to a point which ought to be of considerable interest to the board of experts that reported upon the deficiency of horse-power of the dispatch boat Dolphin, namely, the horse-power exerted by the tail of a large whale. He had asked a well-known ship-builder to assist him in arriving at the power which must be exerted by a large whale in order to acquire a speed of twelve miles an hour. They measured a large whale which had recently stranded at Longniddry. It was eighty feet long, weighed about seventy-four tons, and had a tail of eighteen feet to twenty feet across the extreme edges of its flanges. With these data it was calculated that such a whale, in order to attain a speed of twelve miles an hour, would require to exercise a propelling force of 145 horse-power.

There once was an ichthyosaurus,
Who lived when the earth was all watery;
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name,
And departed a long time before us.

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