

The Farmer's Song.

The harvest fields are striped of grain;
The late-sown corn is shocked in dunn;
And huddled beneath a chilly sun;
The ragged stubble checks the plain.
The hills are desolate and cold,
The maples stand in grim array,
And through the forest's muffled gray
The winds of heaven strike the way.
Yet while the harvest splendors fail,
The grain is sold, the barter made,
And work, and care of crop, and trade
Are put aside with plow and flail.
The bins are filled, the barns are stored,
The orchards robbed of scanty fruit,
And in the garret cold and mute,
The thrifty squirrels share the hoard.
Although the drought was long and sore,
And scorched the field beside the road
Till half the crop was left unhoed,
For aftermath repair the mower:
Though half the eye was winter-killed,
And here the wheat was struck by blight,
Yet all is good in heaven's sight,
And still the waiting barns are filled.
And still, through every empty mood
Beyond the moment's harsh surprise,
At last a truer knowledge lies—
The sense of some essential good.
So, since the harvest moon has waxed,
By yonder shining crescent's edge,
Our hands are struck upon a pledge,
And much is lost—and more is gained!
The pilgrim seed has taken root,
Despite the land so hard and gray,
And, flowered to this Thanksgiving day,
Shall yet bring forth abundant fruit.
—Dora Reed Goodale.

IN THE HILLS.

That old Anstee Purcell loved her
name was not to be wondered at. She
had been born in it, and so had her
mother before her. She had remem-
berance of no other, and it was as much
a part of her existence as the sky and
air. It would have seemed no stranger
to her to be waked by a copping of blue
sky than it would to see four different
walls from these about her and to call
them home.

And, certainly, if beauty could give
one reason to love a spot, Anstee had
reason enough. For was not the long,
low stone house perched on a crag, so
that it looked like nothing but a liechen
on that crag? And did it not overlook
purple hills below and far away,
and em-fripped intervals, with silver
streams looping and doubling through
them? And was not old Greyhead
towering above her, with all his
woods and precipices and storm-scored
sides, and casting a shadow over her;
and Redcap, taking the sunset fires on
opposite upper heights; and greater
peaks, looming blue in the horizon?
And did she not know when the
weather was to be fine by the vapors
round great Monassest? And, when
tempests of rain or snow were in,
did she not feel that Monassest and Redcap
and Greyhead stood, like three power-
ful genii, and shut her in and kept
watch and ward over her and her
grandchildren, in their sad fortunes,
as they had kept it over her ancestors
for generations?

For her only son had been smitten
with a strange unrest among these
mountains—an unrest new to the Pur-
cells (and he twice a Purcell, since
Anstee had married her cousin)—and,
spurred by the fear of poverty, per-
haps, and his children's fortune in the
future, should Greta give him chil-
dren, he had gone away to sea, ten
years ago, as if only boundless hori-
zons, after these imprisoning hills,
could fill his yearning for space. He
had left Margaret, his young wife, with
his mother; for, although the Purcell
acres had shrunk with every genera-
tion, there was yet a pittance which
would support the household till he
could send back or bring back the
riches that he meant to have. But the
moment when she saw his bright black
eyes flashing through her tears, as he
ran down the rocky path to cross field
and wood, and take the coach, and
turned a moment to wave his hand
joyously, was the last in which Anstee
had ever seen him. The bark Abro-
toss, the owners after a time wrote
her, had gone down, with all on board.
For a season, then, it did not seem
to old Anstee that she lived. The
world was blotted out, the crags and
hills, Greyhead and Redcap and the
rest were not, and she saw only the
gray waste of waters for days and
weeks and months, till she was awak-
ened from her apathy by the sound of a
child's voice in the night, the quick,
anxious cry of a new-born baby. Of
one? Of two of them! She rose ter-
rifically to her feet, looked about her
in a half-bewildered, then hurriedly
dressed herself, as she had not done for
so long, and went out into another
room. "Greta," she said, "you have
given me back my boy." And Greta
used to think in after days that An-
stee really felt as if the babies were
her own, and she herself was only a
well-meaning nurse. But she never
grudged the care of her boys to their
grandmother, great as the comfort of
that care was to herself. She knew
that her love of their mother must
needs be; and she used to tell them
that it was because of them, stung to
madness by the thought of their com-
ing to live the life of poverty and care
that he saw stretching out to old age,
that her own son had gone away to
come back no more. A woman, this
sweet Greta, who shut her sorrow
up in her own heart, and never
whispered it except to her babies,
when she would say to them how
beautiful, how bright, how brave a
man their father was; how she loved
her and she loved him and she must
needs be strong and good enough
to take care of their little grand-
mother, and let her herself away to
her husband. The only trouble that
ever came between her and Anstee

was that she would not give either of
the boys the father's name. "No,"
she said, "it is like parting his rain-
ment from them. Call them what you will, but
not John." And so Anstee called the
one Benoni, the son of my sorrow, and
the other Asher, because of her hap-
piness that had been restored to her
with him. And little Ash and Ben,
as they presently were known, grew
and thrived, and ruled the household
with rods of iron. What pretty little
darlings they were, rolling round
the floor in their dimpled play,
their curly yellow heads in the
sun, their dark-fringed
eyes, their father's eyes, dancing with
mirth and mischief; their rosy faces so
velvety soft and sweet. Anstee would
catch one to her heart, and drop him
for the other, and go back to the first,
and hardly let them alone at all, in the
swelling ecstasy of her love, but for
the kicking and struggling and loud-
voiced protestations that they set up;
and Margaret would only pause in her
work, and follow them, with wistful
eyes, wondering if this was the way
that their father looked at their age,
and silently thanking Heaven, that, if
the father had been taken, it had, at
any rate given them each other.

They needed each other, the little fel-
lows, as they increased their days. They
had nobody else. It was long since
Anstee had kept a servant, and, al-
though the old furnishing remained in
other rooms, the small family lived
chiefly in the narrow quarters of two
opening into one another. Neighbors
were scarce in that hill-country. Child-
ren did not exist at all. The only per-
son within reach was the man round
the side of the mountain, who managed
Anstee's little farm for her. There
was no school, of course (the nearest
was down in the valley, ten miles
away); no church any nearer; way-
farers did not fare that way; no
soldiers marching through bannered
streets with music; no streets; no
other torchlight procession than that
of the eternal stars; nothing to break
the calm monotony but the mail-coach,
that once a day could be seen, a mere
speck, winding down the distant high-
way. But it all made no odds to the
children. The day was not long enough
for their pleasure. They knew nothing
of any world outside of their kites and
balls and gardens and birds' nests in the
lovely, swift summers; their snow
forts and snowshoes and sleds in the
long winters. If it had not been for
their perpetual longing and yearning
for what was not Greta and Anstee,
might have felt something like a re-
flection of their happiness in looking
at them.

"Do other little boys have fathers?"
asked Ash, one day.
"Only when they don't have
brothers," answered Ben.
"But fathers are nice to have,"
reasoned Ash. "Don't you remember
the aunt minister over at Baraback
brought us? And he said his little
boy had one."
"Yes. It had raisins in it. Raisins
are so good!"
"But I think I'd rather have a
brother," urged Ash. "The brother's
next day to play and the raisins
isn't."

"Hear the darlings," said Anstee.
"They will be father and brother both
to each other. Oh! and they will have
need of it."
For poor Anstee's age was even
more troubled than her youth had
been. Then she had seen, piece by
piece, the substance of the old estate
depart—farm by farm, field by field.
For two generations, except to sow
and reap the few acres left the home-
place, her people had done nothing but
to sell their patrimony, till, at length,
it had reached a point where all the
fertile globe was gone and there was
nothing left to sell. The Porter place
had kept them alive so many years,
the Green property so many more.
When her father went to college
the sale of the Rye farm paid the
bills—big bills too. When he was
buried the great funeral cost the
barley fields. The long acres down in
the valley had furnished her and John
with food and clothes, after her own
husband's death from the mountain
fever. And then there was no reman-
ent of it all, but the home place, that
any one would take so much as a
mortgage on; and it was when she
mortgaged that John, in desperation,
went away to sea.
Anstee had depended on the rent of
two or three little outlying spots to pay
the interest on the mortgage; and
now, this cruel year, they had been
deserted by their tenants, who left the
sterile fields of stone and moss for the
rich Western lands, and there was no
other tenants to take them. She had
no money; and, come the last part of
November, the mortgage would be
foreclosed, and she and Greta
and the boys would be
turned loose upon the world,
without a dollar. Greta could work,
maybe; but she herself and the lit-
tles—there was not even the poor-
house before them. Up in that hill
country the abject poor were so few
that they were farmed out and boarded
from place to place. And that was the
end of all the Purcell wealth and Pur-
cell hope. Death would have been a
kind thing to old Anstee in com-
parison.
She used to lie awake in the nights,
thinking over the possibilities. The
horror of them grew upon her. She
would start up and pace the floor, and
fling something on would run out,
as if to get help from all outdoors—the
stars, the wind, the sky—and end by
wondering, as she leaned over the para-
pet of the old stone wall, if it would
not be best to put an end to themselves
at once upon the precipice below her.

"When I think of it," she said,
as Greta came once to fetch her
in—when I think that as far
as the eye could see an object
and tell what it was, so far the land
was the land of my family, yielding

revenue, and now a bare two days and
their children will not own a foot of
their inheritance or have a roof over
their heads, I doubt Providence and it
drives me wild!"
"No, mother, dear," said Greta's
gentle voice, as, with her arms round
Anstee, she led her back to the house—
"no, mother, dear, if we doubt Provi-
dence, then all is gone, indeed."
"To think of it!" cried Anstee,
again. "You! old Parson Milredge's
daughter and my son's wife, adrift
on the world, to earn your bread or
starve! And the little lads—the last
of the Purcells—with no future before
them, no clothes to their backs! Think
of the Thanksgiving dinners all this
country over, and not a tart will
my boys have. Other boys—"
"But, indeed, mother, so long as they
have bread and milk and ask for no more,
we need not fret at that. Such happy
little rogues—"
"Happy they'll be in the state alms-
house!"

"It will never come to that! I have
a pair of hands."
"Much you can do with your hands,
you as fragile as a reed!"
"I can work for you and the chil-
dren in their. Don't fear."
"If you can get work!"
"I shall see. We will go down to
one of the great mill towns; and it
will go hard but—"
"Go down to a mill town!
Down in a dark, stilling alley
of a town! Away from the light
and freedom here—the hills, the
glory of them, the strength of them!
Oh! I will die first, I had rather die
than go into a mill town, and see."
"But we can't die, you see. And if
we doubt Providence, that is worse
than death." "Oh! we are tried,"
half-sobbed Greta. "We are being
tried! But somehow I seem to feel—
I know! I know!—that help is on the
way to us, just as much as though I
heard a voice from heaven saying so."
And she went to bed and took the
shivering little mother in her arms,
and the nervous storm throbed itself
off into sleep for the weary old Anstee;
and then Greta took her turn to see
the stars slide by the window, passing
to look solemnly in, while she thought
that, somewhere in the wide world,
where her husband slept. Once or
twice she rose, after Anstee had
been soothed to slumber, and
moved about the room. When a
great meteor went slipping by, in a
swift blaze of glory, her eyes were
plunged; and it seemed to her as if
the stars themselves had sent her mes-
sages of comfort, and she slept.

"Ben," said little Asher, in the
morning, sitting up in bed, with the
sunshine breaking in new luster on
his pretty golden head and the color
flushing freshly up his face, "did you
ever see an angel?"
"Once, I did. Yes. I saw an angel
last night, Ben."
"I guess so."
"I did. Really and truly, I did,"
said Ash. "I saw two of them, Ben.
I woke up in the night when it was
dark and the fire was out, and one was
standing by the hearth, and the stars
shone all over it. And I saw it all in
white; and it went away. And it
looked just like the angels mother
reads to us in the Bible."
"I guess it was mother," said Ben.
"The other wasn't mother." "The other
was a real angel, any way. It went
sailing by the window with great wings
like fire, and it left a path shining
behind it. And I know it was the Angel
of the Lord."
"Do you really suppose it was, Ash?"
"I know it was. And, of course, it
came for something, you know, Ben.
I shouldn't wonder if we were going to
have Thanksgiving to-day, after all."
"I hope there'll be raisins in it, then,"
said Ben. "I like raisins so."
"Just hear the darlings," whispered
Anstee, after her custom, to Greta.
"I'd give my hand to get him raisins
for the day. Going to have Thank-
sgiving after all! Thanksgiving for
being cast adrift upon the world!"
And she began to cry bitterly.

"Come, boys," called Greta, who
had been gently moving about
till the fires were bright in the
two rooms, for of wood they had
still plenty. "One should be ste-
ring early on Thanksgiving morn-
ing. Porridge is ready when you have
said your prayers." And she sat down
where the rose and purple of the sun-
rise fell over her like an aureole, as the
two little chaps came pattering out
from the snapping fire, in their long white
nightgowns, and, kneeling before her,
hid their faces in her lap while she said
the prayer.

One would have thought it little
enough that Greta Purcell had to give
thanks for that day—husbandless,
homeless, portionless, and with three
helpless souls hanging on her for help.
But to one hearing the simple words
that she offered in her morning sacri-
fice it would have seemed as though
princes had no more to be grateful
for—as she gave her thanks for
life, for health, for hearts not
yet broken altogether, for the
bright morning, the lovely earth,
for hope of heaven, for each other.

"Amen!" said a voice at the door.
"One thought of fastening any door in
that unvisited country."
The children lifted their faces as they
kneeled, and Greta turned her
head, to see a tall man standing in the
doorway, with a loose cloak wrapped
about him.
"Perhaps it is the angel," whispered
Ben, still a little under the spell of his
mother's prayer.

"John! John!" came a cry from
the inner room. "Oh! John!" cried
old Anstee. "My son! my son!"
And she would have fallen before
she reached the bearded, black-
eyed stranger, with a sort of wild
beauty on his dark, sweet face, had he
not caught her on one arm while the
other already folded Greta, who sat like
a white stone.
"I knew him! I knew him first!"
cried Anstee, presently, to Greta. "Oh!
trush a mother's instinct. He's my
flesh and blood!"
"And do you suppose I did not know
him?" flashed back Greta, not yet quite
herself. "He is my very self! And I
always knew he was alive. I always
felt it. I was sure half of me was not
dead!"
"But half of you came mighty near
it twice," said John, from where he
was sitting then, with an abashed and
undraped urchin on either knee and
his cloak about them both. "I shall
never be any nearer death, after last
night, than I was on the day the Al-
batross went down. I have thought,
all these ten cruel years, that I had
better have been dead; for I was
picked up by a craft that carried me
into Formosa port, and
"I have been a slave," he said.
"I have been a slave, with slavery
made more terrible by thought of
what had become of my mother, my
wife, my child. I did not know that I
had two of them!" said John with
half a sob.

"Oh! John! Dear John!"
"To think of us," cried Anstee, lift-
ing her voice, "when you were suf-
fering so yourself, my boy!"
"Not exactly," he laughed—and he
was fumbling in his breast for a
little goatskin bag as he spoke
—"although heaven knows what
might have been if last night,
just as I was going over Whitehorse
ledge, a large meteor had not suddenly
blazed out and showed me the chain
into which the next step would lead.
Not exactly; for, when I escaped,
months ago, and found my way to the
Cape South Africa, you know—I went
to the diamond fields while I waited
for a ship. Great Heaven! How good
it was to go where I would! Do you
see this, Greta? Do you see this,
mother? These little crystals are
worthless-looking things, are they
not?" And he poured them out in his
palm. "They are diamonds, and of
my own finding. I have sold enough
already for emergencies."
"And I need not leave my home,
my father's home, this spot of heaven
to me, and all of earth, full of the Pur-
cell's life and death!" cried Anstee,
sharply, springing forward, to look in
her son's face again.

"Never, mother. And we will
make it what it used to be;
for, worthless as they look, in
that handful lies a whole universe
of happy possibilities for us. Oh!
Greta, formerly of Rochester, in re-
turning, my mother blessed, my
children educated, and you without a
care. There lie all the Purcell fortunes
and all the Purcell acres once again
our own."
"It was the angel, you see,"
whispered Ash.
"And raisins, father?" asked Ben.
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

One's First Earthquake.
A private letter recently received
from Miss Fanny Snow, containing an
interesting account of the earthquake
in Mexico, is so full of interest that
we have been permitted to make the
following extract. It is known to
some of Miss Snow's friends that she
went to the City of Mexico last Octo-
ber to be associated with Miss M. L.
Carr, formerly of Rochester, in or-
ganizing a mission school for girls, un-
der the Presbyterian board of foreign
missions: "This has been a day to be
remembered. This morning we invited
the Q—s to come up to tea to-
night. After school we walked forth
to buy clams for a clam-chowder, cake
and various things. We were
walking briskly along San Francisco
street, in the hot sun when I felt my
self suddenly whirling—could not see.
I called out, frightened, 'Why, Miss
Carr! Is this the way to the school?'
She responded, and then I think for a
moment I lost my senses, for I had
a wild idea that I must get some-
where under shelter. As I saw peo-
ple all around dropping on their knees,
I did not want to be the one conspicu-
ous personage on the street who
could not kneel to the archbishop or
the holy sacrament. Whatever I
thought I staggered into a shoe store,
and just as I got inside it struck me
that an earthquake was in session.
They were repairing something or
other in the store, and I vaguely felt
through my dizziness that I must get
out from under the scaffolding, and I
somehow found myself in the
street, standing on the corner
and clinging to a building. By
that time I had recovered my senses,
and could philosophize on the subject.
It was very interesting to watch the
people. They poured out of the stores
into the streets, and very generally
knelt. I took in the height of the
buildings around, and concluded that
should they fall into the narrow streets
one might as well be in one spot as
in another, so stayed in the shade. It
was very quiet, not a word spoken
anywhere. I don't suppose it lasted
three minutes, but it was the queerest
sensation imaginable. For the moment
that I did not know what it was
I was dreadfully frightened, but the
moment it occurred to me it was only
an earthquake, I was as composed as
if I had taken a walk for a daily
exercise all my life. I was quite sen-
sible, and I think, and never was
sick as I was. I am actually so dizzy
now, at 10 o'clock, that I can hardly
rite."—*Rochester Democrat.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A very durable artificial ivory has
recently been prepared by dissolving
shellac in ammonia, mixing the solu-
tion with oxide of zinc, driving off
the ammonia by heating, powdering
and strongly compressing in molds.

Professor Burns, of Tubingen, has
made some experiments on dogs which
he regards as proving that bone-mar-
row, completely separated from the
skin of the same animal at a remote
part of the body with the result of
giving rise to the formation of new
bone and cartilage.
The law that bodies evaporate the
moisture they contain the faster the
more surface they have will remain
true in regard to earth, and it will fol-
low that the finer the soil is pulverized
the faster it will become dry under
given circumstances; but evaporation,
to be rapid, requires dry air to receive
the vapor. And to give soil the most
benefit from dew, it must be made por-
ous so that the moist air can touch the
greatest surface.

Vaccination is henceforth to be com-
pulsory in China. One cause for popu-
lar opposition to it is that it is the
practice there to vaccinate children on
the tip of the ear, and it will follow
that the finer the soil is pulverized
the faster it will become dry under
given circumstances; but evaporation,
to be rapid, requires dry air to receive
the vapor. And to give soil the most
benefit from dew, it must be made por-
ous so that the moist air can touch the
greatest surface.

During his recent researches Mr.
Brown-Squard has proved the possi-
bility of introducing a tube into the
larynx of the higher animals without
causing any pain or any subsequent
bad result, although the experiment
was performed repeatedly, in at least
one case, on a single subject. The
local insensibility to pain was caused
by directing a rapid current of car-
bonic acid upon the upper part of the
larynx through an incision, for from
fifteen seconds to two or three minutes.
After the operation was completed the
anesthetic effect lasted from two to
eight minutes.

A Bank Clerk's Sacrifice.
A good many years ago a cashier
took a little lad from a neighboring
poorhouse and when the boy had be-
come a youth he was given a respon-
sible position in the bank of which his
patron was practically the head. Later
the cashier stole more than \$5,000
from the bank. Exposure was threat-
ened every day, and the guilty other,
in a period of depression, confessed to
the youth that he proposed to kill him-
self. Young Ray, the protege, was
smitten with horror as he thought of
the terrible turn in affairs, but having
weighed the matter, the next day he
threw himself into the breach. He
suggested, and the cashier eagerly ac-
cepted the suggestion, that he should
fasten the guilt upon himself and ab-
scond, thus leaving his patron honest
in the world's eyes, though blackened
in his own. What the public heard
of the Westport robbery was that a
bank clerk named Ray had stolen
\$5,000.
Detectives found several clues, but
not until years afterward was the
secret disclosed. One of the detectives
who had been employed in the case
came up with Ray under still more
romantic circumstances. The detec-
tive, according to his reminiscences
published in a San Francisco paper,
was called recently to a Western city
to ferret out the person who had
robbed a private house of 200 gold
eagles. The only man under arrest
was one, Henry Martin. As soon as
the detective saw Martin the former
said: "You are Dallas Ray, who
robbed the Westport bank." Ray then
told the true story of the robbery, and
the story has been verified since. Ray
claimed that he was innocent of the
gold eagle burglary and asked the de-
tective to take a note to his sweet-
heart, a Miss Morse, when the latter
heard her lover's predicament she
threw her whole soul into obtaining
proof of his innocence. She went to
the house where the robbery had been
committed. Having asked if the bur-
glar had left anything in his sight, she
was given a handkerchief that had
been dropped by the intruder. She
put the handkerchief to her nose and
exclaimed: "Find the thief who uses
this perfume (naming the peculiar
brand) and you will find your eagles."
It was found that only one drug store
in the city sold that kind of perfume,
and that only one bottle had been
bought within the preceding month.
Need it be added that the purchaser
was traced, the eagles regained and
the lovers married!

HEALTH HINTS.
A handful of flour bound on a cut
will immediately stop the bleeding.
When suffering from sour stomach,
Dr. Foote, in his *Health Monthly*, ad-
vises the sufferer to try swallowing
saliva.
A good wash to prevent the hair
from falling out is made with one
ounce powdered borax, half an ounce
of powdered camphor, one quart of
boiling water. When cool pour into a
bottle for use, and clean the head with
it, applying with a flannel or sponge
once a week.
For dyspepsia, pour one quart of
cold water, two or three tablespoons of
unsalted lime; let stand a few mi-
nutes, bottle and cork, and when clear
it is ready for use; put three table-
spoonsful in a cup of milk, and drink
any time, usually before meals.

A Chicago policeman shot eleven
times at a burglar and each time
missed. He made the serious mistake
of aiming at the fellow.
There are in the German empire 17,
501 physicians and 4,457 apothecaries.

THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

Some of the Wonderful Things Discovered
at the Bottom of the Atlantic.
At a meeting of the National Acad-
emy of Sciences in New York Profes-
sor A. E. Verrill, of Yale college,
described the physical and geological
character of the sea bottom off our
east, especially that which lies be-
neath the Gulf stream. He has made
1,500 observations this summer for the
United States fish commissioner. He
has cruised from Labrador to Ches-
apeake bay and about 200 miles out to
sea. About sixty miles outside of
Nantucket is a streak of very cold
water, and animals dredged up are
like those caught in the waters of
Greenland, Spitzbergen or Siberia.
The water is fifty fathoms deep, and
the bed of the ocean is of clay.
Boulders weighing 800 or 1,000 pounds
are dredged up. Professor Verrill be-
lieves they are brought down by ice-
bergs from the Arctic regions and
dropped when the ice melts. The
boulders are found as far south as Long
Island. Further out to sea, seventy to
120 miles south from the southeastern
coast of New England, the bottom of
the sea, which has inclined very grad-
ually eastward, forming a tableland,
takes a sudden dip downward, so that
whereas the water on the edge of the
bluff is 100 fathoms deep, at the bot-
tom of the basin it is 1,000 fathoms
deep. The slope is as high and as
steep as Mount Washington, and on
its summit, which is level,
a diver could go to so low a depth,
could not put out his hand without
touching a living creature. The bot-
tom of the sea is covered just there
with a fauna which has never been
before found outside of the Gulf of
California, the Gulf of Mexico, the
Indies, or other tropical regions. The
number of species of fish dredged up is
800, and over half of them have never
before been seen by naturalists. Sev-
enty kinds of fish, ninety of crustacea,
and 270 mollusks have been added to
our fauna. The age of many of the
specimens shows that they must be
permanent in that region. The trawl
let down from the ships by a mile of
rope brings up a ton of living and
dead crabs, scabbard, star fish, and
as the trawl simply scrapes over a
small surface, the ocean bed is plainly
carpeted with creatures.
Sharks are seen by thousands in this
region, and countless dolphins, but it
seems strange that not a fish bone is
ever dredged up. A piece of wood
may be dredged up once a year, but it
is honeycombed by the boring shell fish
and falls to pieces at the touch of the
hand. This shows what destruction is
constantly going on in those depths.
If a ship sinks at sea with all on board,
it would be eaten up by fish with the
exception of the metal, and that would
corrode and disappear. Not a bone of
a human body would remain after a
few days. It is a constant display of the
law of the survival of the fittest.
Nothing made by the hand of man
was dredged up after cruising for
months in the track of ocean vessels,
excepting coal cinders shaved over
board from steamships. Here Profes-
sor Verrill corrected himself. Twenty-
five miles from land he dredged up an
India rubber doll. That, he said, was
one thing the fish could not eat.

Here the Gulf stream is forty miles
farther west than any map shows,
Professor Verrill continued; and this
stream of warm water from the south
nourishes the tropical life near Massa-
chusetts. The temperature further in
shore is thirty-five degrees in August,
on the edge of the submarine mount
Washington fifty-two degrees, and
toward the bottom of the basin thirty-
nine degrees, while further out to sea
the temperature of the water grows
colder. On the surface the jelly fish,
nautilus and the Portuguese man-of-
war, with other tropical fish, are found.
In this belt the tide fish, about which
so much was said a year ago, were
found in immense quantities, but this
summer, although expeditions have
been made for the express purpose of
catching some, not one could be taken.
Undoubtedly they had been killed, to a
fish, by a storm which carried the cold
water into the Gulf stream; indeed, it is
known that a cold current of water
resting on the ocean's bed may contain
Arctic fish, and a current of warm
water floating over it on the surface
may be alive with tropical fish.
As to the quantity of light at the
bottom of the sea there has been much
dispute. Animals dredged from below
700 fathoms either have no eyes, or faint
indications of them, or else their eyes
are very large and protruding. Crabs' eyes
are four or five times as large as those of
a crab from surface water, which
shows that that light is feeble, and
that eyes to be of any use must be
very large and sensitive. Another
strange thing is that where the crea-
tures in those lower depths have any
color, it is of orange or red, or reddish
orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimp
and crabs have this brilliant color.
Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and
in many specimens it inclines toward
purple. Not a green or blue fish is
found. The orange red is the fish's
protection, for the bluish green light
in the bottom of the ocean makes the
orange or red fish appear of a neutral
tint and hides it from enemies. Many
animals are black, others neutral in
color. Some fishes are provided with
homing falls, so that they can burrow
in the mud. Finally, the surface of the
submarine mountains is covered with
shells, like an ordinary sea beach, show-
ing that it is the eating-house of vast
schools of carnivorous animals. A
codfish takes a whole oyster into its
mouth, cracks the shells, digests the
meat and spits out the rest. Crabs
crack the shells and suck out the meat.
In that way come whole mounds of
shells that are dredged up.

Thanksgiving.
Through centuries the golden links have run
Our fathers' fathers, like their girls and
boys,
'Ere blessed the mellow Indian summer sun
That gave this crown of all its house-
hold joys.
It brought the dear and distant wanderer
back,
It placed the infant on the grandeur's
knee,
And wondrously it smoothed vexation's track,
New warmth rekindling for the time to be;
Oh, rich the garners by our fathers stored,
And glad and deep their dear Thank-
sgiving glow;
One own but echo round the festive board
The voices of a hundred years ago.
For now as then, Thanksgiving goeth up,
For every earnest impulse unto truth,
For blessings lingering in old age's eep,
And all the promise round the feet of
youth.
—George H. Coomer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear
conscience for solid comfort comes an
old shoe."
Marriage makes men thoughtful.
About half their time is spent in form-
ing excuses.
It is the rich oyster dealer who
knows how to shell out.—*New York
Commercial.*
Any good-looking lass is perfectly
happy when left to her own reflections.
—*New York News.*
The man who "couldn't stand it
any longer" has taken a seat and now
feels more comfortable.
The circus rider who was elected to
the Italian parliament is, we believe,
the only politician who can success-
fully ride two horses at once.—*Phila-
delphia News.*
A woman was offered \$1,000 if she
would remain silent for two hours.
At the end of fifteen minutes she
asked: "Isn't the time nearly up?"
and thus lost.

He was making a call and they were
talking of literature. "The Pilgrim's
Progress," she remarked, "always
seemed to me painful. Of course you
are familiar with Bunyan?" He said
he had one on each foot and they
bothered him a good deal.
Association of ideas: "That was a
powerful sermon the dominie preached
this morning," said old farmer Furrow
to his wife as they sat at the dinner
table yesterday. "Deed it was," re-
plied she; "but do you know, John,
every time the parson spoke of the
golden calf that them 'ere heathens
worshipped I couldn't help thinking of
you and the brindle heifer what you
won't sell for love or money?"—*New
York Commercial.*

BOTH DELUDED.
"Your girl was pretty," said Harry.
"May be as you call her, divine."
A girl any fellow would marry.
But wait, Charlie, till you've seen mine.
Ah! then, my old fellow, you'll see beauty
United to sweetness and grace.
With such a high notion of duty—
"Why, endorse is worn on her face."
"Indeed," replied Charlie, "each grace
Might well adorn her name or name;
'Tis seldom we look on such faces—"
"Pray tell me, old fellow, her name."
"Her name," replied Harry, "is Etti—"
The daughter of old Deacon Stone,
And I would be willing to bet a
Small sum the love me, alone."
"What, Etti?" cried Charlie, in passion.
"You can't mean that sweet little elf!"
She knows not of doing such divine."
"Was Etti I spoke of myself!"
"That so?" muttered Harry; "then surely
We've both been deluded!" she plain.
And ere she has looked one scenery
She's got to go fishing again."

For Young Folks Winter Nights.
The following may serve to while
away some long winter evenings: Can
you place a newspaper on the floor in
such a way that two persons can easily
stand upon it and not be able to touch
one another with their hands? Ans-
wer—Yes, by putting the paper in
the doorway, one-half inside and the
other half outside of the room, and
closing the door over it, two persons
can easily stand upon it and still be
eyond each other's reach. Can you put
one of your hands where the other can-
not touch it? Easily; by putting one
hand on the elbow of the other arm.
Can you place a pencil on the floor in
such a way that no one can jump over
it? Yes, if