

The wealth of the colored population of Alabama is estimated at \$20,000,000.

Out of the fifty-one descendants of the King and Queen of Denmark, but one, the Duke of Clarence, is dead.

According to the San Francisco Chronicle the steady influx of Japanese into the United States is not viewed with pleasure by the working classes.

At the beginning of the present century there were in the United States five millionaires. Now there are more than 7000. How many will there be fifty years hence?

British farmers are asking their Government to take steps to protect them from the field-mice, which are invading the country, particularly Scotland, in great numbers, and devastating the crops.

The San Francisco Chronicle avers that "had any prophet twenty years ago predicted that German beer would take the place of French wine as the popular drink of Paris, no would have been regarded as a candidate for an insane asylum; yet this change has come to pass."

An element in the Southern industrial situation not to be lost sight of, is the Washington Star remarks, is the failure of railroad management to pay. Eleven companies with a mileage of over a thousand miles of completed road have in less than two years gone into the receivers' hands.

The Atlanta Journal admits that the rising generation in the Indian Territory have reached the front rank in the march of civilization, and are keeping right up with the procession. The young ladies of the female seminary at Talequal, the Cherokee capital, have arranged to give a leap year ball, and the young men of Eufula, in the Creek Nation, are organizing a cornet band.

I. C. Libby, of Burnham, Me., who has large cattle interests in Montana, says that if the farmers of Maine would live in shacks, as they do in Montana, with no furniture to speak of and the coarsest of food, no Sundays, no boiled shirts, no top carriages, no pianos or other articles of luxury, they could make money just as fast as it is made in the West. Mr. Libby thinks that a year in Montana would cure a Maine farmer of grumbling at his native State.

The males are in the majority in the United States. The Census Bureau has recently completed its classification of the population by sex and nativity, and finds that in 1890 there were in the United States 32,967,889 males and 30,554,379 females. In the decade the increase of males was 25.66 per cent., while that of females was 24.02 per cent. Of the 62,522,269 inhabitants enumerated 53,372,703 were born in the United States. The colored people, including in that category Chinese, Japanese, and civilized Indians, numbered 7,638,390.

In endeavoring to find causes for the present deplorable condition of affairs existing in that portion of Russia commonly known as "the famine district," one almost inevitably concludes, after even a slight examination, writes W. C. Edgar in the Forum, that other and more weighty ones than that usually given (the unfavorable weather of last year) are at the bottom of it. The longer the investigation is continued, the firmer grows the impression that fundamentally the system of communal ownership of land is responsible for the situation. The "mir" or community has simply exhausted itself, and the thirty years which have elapsed since the emancipation of the serfs have been more than sufficient to demonstrate that the entire foundation upon which Russian agriculture is based is radically weak, and that the practical result of holding land in common, at least in Russia, is a complete and utter failure.

The climate of the United States is much the same now that it was a hundred years ago, though perhaps a little milder, for astronomers tell us that the North Pole is actually moving south—which is good news for the explorers of the future—and yet the aborigines of America lived to a good old age before "sanitary woollens" were invented, or overcoats had come in style. In fact, if we are to believe the historians, they wore leggings, moccasins and hunting shirt of deer skin with the hairy side turned toward the body, and caps made of the fur of animals, and that was all they did wear. When those garments were wet through, for you know moccasins and umbrellas are the products of an "effete civilization," they were about as comfortable as none at all, and when frozen stiff, as they often were on a winter's morning, "let's" might as well have donned sheet-iron stove pipes instead of their primitive trousers and been equally comfortable.

LOVE'S FLITTING.

When Love is coming, coming, Meet him with songs and joy, Bid him alight and enter, Flatter and feast the boy; Crown him with garlands and roses, Charm him with winning wiles, Bind him with lovely garlands, And kisses, and smiles, When Love is going, going, Leaving you all alone, Craving, the fickle tyrant, Some newer slave and throne, Hinder him not, but quickly, Even though your heart may bleed, Saddle a horse for his journey, And bid him God-speed! —Elizabeth Akers, in the Century.

"HEN HAWK'S" ROMANCE.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

HEN HAWK was in great spirits. He had been fairly bubbling over with good humor for two weeks, and every day added to his cheerfulness. Only ten days before "the States,"

We, of the "L bar," who had known him for two years, almost, were at a loss to account for this sudden rise in Hen's mental temperature, and probably showed it. Indeed, there were several of the boys who hinted that an explanation from him would be gratefully received by his curiosity-beset co-laborers; but Hen would merely grin a broad, broad grin, and say nothing. But just ten days before Thanksgiving he let the secret out.

"Boys," said he, in a muffled voice, caused by the presence of a knife-load of potatoes in his mouth, "I'm goin' back t' the States!"

Open-eyed astonishment all around the breakfast table.

"That's what, boys, I'm goin' right after Thanksgiving, tew."

"The dooce, ye say! Must've lost a rich 'lation 'r b'en doin' a little rustlin' on th' side. Now I think of 't, they was some talk 'bout that bein' some inside 'sistance 't th' Baldy Stites gang 'w'en they honored this hyar vicinity w' th' tentions last year," volunteered "Red" Posey.

Hen, having joined liberally in the smiles that followed this remark, went on:

"I cast th' insinuations back intuth th' teeth o' th' red-nosed gent w' th' fragrant name. No, sir, Taint neither one n'r t'other. Mebbe 'fore I go I'll tell ye an' mebbe ye 'll."

—Mr. Hawkins again smiled, knowing that the boys would suffer immeasurably until they knew whence came the "stake" on which he was going home.

Next day, immediately after breakfast, Hen rode off in the direction of Brownsville, the nearest town on the west, about thirty miles away, and we saw nothing of him until Friday, when he returned, whistling cheerfully. The boys were very keen to know what his errand had been, for they were sure he had not gone merely to get a few things from the grocer's and harnessmaker's, but Hen did not enlighten them.

That night, however, in the boss's room, he told the story to a select audience, consisting of the boss and the scribe.

"I b'en kinder holdin' off, ye see, 'cause a feller no ways cert'n 'bout savin' is milt' t'ill he gets the pail out f'm under the caow; but now, bein' I've got it O. K., I may's well tell ye, on'y I don't want the boys to know."

"Ye see, 'twas this way: 'Bout five year ago, back in Maine, I 'nclosed t' come out hyar an' grow up w' th' Kenry t'war 'cause I wanted t' see 't. I dew it, but ye see, I sort o' hed tub."

"Ah, yes," observed the boss, dryly, "I believe the late Mr. Stites began his brilliant career in somewhat the same way. Was your difficulty about a horse, too?"

Hen's laugh over, he proceeded, somewhat blushing.

"No, 'twan't that, hardly. But they wan't no chance that for a poor cuss, an' so I pulled out. Ye see, me'n Molly Hopkins hed bout made up aour min's t' git spliced, an' ev'rythin' was goin' on smooth's smooth, w'en in steps of George Hopkins an' takes a han' hisself. Oh! Hop was a high-toned o' duck, an' put on heaps o' airs, cause he was th' best fixed man in town an' hed be'n 'Sect-man an' member of th' Legislature, w' th' I was on'y a carpenter an' had'n't any red. Th' o' egot might've saw how things was goin' on—I reckon he did—but he never let on 't'll one night he come home f'm town an' heered me'n Molly talkin' in th' settin' room."

"Th' hen jes' waded in brash. Goah! how he did go fer me! Went on t' give me th' dinkens fer my 'dacity in persoonin' t' th' han' o' his, George Hopkins', darter. 'Th' idee! I want ye t' understan', young man,' says he, 'th't I hev better plans fer her th'n lettin' 'er marry a penniless carpenter!' 'N he went on an' tore aroun' fer awhile that style, but I stood my groun', t'ill finally he says: 'Young man, when you c'n show a bank 'count o' ten thousand' dollars, she's your'n, an' not b'fore.' Then he grins a hull bot, thinkin' how I'd hev t' hustle a considerable spell 'fore I got it."

"Wal, me'n Molly talked it over a lot, 'n finally concluded th't I'd hev t' go summers else, of I ever got fore-handed; so, one day, we says good-bye, down in the meidder lot, an' I pulled out for California."

day, Peters he sold out two a Boston company fer twenty-five thousan'—an' my half's what I went t' Braonsville fer. That's all."

Hen filled his pipe, said "Good night," and went out, whistling softly.

"By Jove!" said the boss, "to hear him tell it, in that easy way of his, with the cowboe lingo and the occasional Yankee twang, you'd think it a very common-place affair. I don't know what you think of it, but I think it decidedly romantic, and I'm glad it's turning out so well. Hen's an hoast chap, and deserves all the luck in the world. The girl must be a plucky one, too. Hum! hum!" And the boss looked at the ceiling and blew smoke rings in a pensive way he sometimes had.

There wasn't a man on the ranch who didn't hate to see Hen go, and who wasn't honestly glad at his good fortune. Even the misanthropic Posey evinced not a little regret as he said good-bye to him, when the morning after Thanksgiving, Hen sat on his bronco all ready to start for Jersey, the railroad town to the east of us.

It was a beautiful morning, almost like spring, and Hen couldn't have wished for a better day to start on. The last good-bye said, he straightened up, sniffed the cool breeze, looked to see that everything was all right, and with an "Adios, boys," was off, waving his hand in acknowledgment of the rousing cheer we gave him as he reached the top of the hill across the creek.

Jersey was only twenty odd miles away, and Hen expected to arrive there at noon, in time to get his dinner, dispose of his bronco and make the 2 o'clock train East. There was plenty of time, so he let his horse take its own gait, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

Going home! Home! How sweet the word sounded! Five years—only five, but they seemed twice as many. He wondered how he had ever managed to live through them. The first two had not been so hard. He had been full of hope and vigor and had told himself it was only a little while—only a little while. Then when the reward for all his toil seemed to be no less distant than at first, it was hard. Sometimes he had thought he would give it up and go home to confer with himself, then the picture of the little brown eyed girl who had cried so hard that day in the meadow lot—the little girl who, through her tears, had told him to be brave and patient and all would be well—would come before him and he would set his teeth hard and "pitch" in again. Maybe it had soured him a bit. He wondered if sometimes he had not been rather unsober, and rather poor company for his companions, and concluded he had.

His thoughts turned again to Molly. How pretty and sad she had looked with the tears on her pink cheeks that day (for somehow he couldn't for the life of him think of her except as she looked when he saw her last). He remembered how conscious he had been that she was watching him as he went down the road, and how he dared not look back for fear his courage would give out. And just to think! Only a few days more, and—

"Hullo! Wa-al, I'll be teetotally dog-goned!"

The wind had shifted around into the north; dull gray clouds hid the blue and gold that had made the early day so fair; two or three flakes of snow were visible now and then. It was one of those striking Hen on the cheek that caused him to rein up his horse so suddenly and make the above inelegant remark.

Not a living creature was in sight on all the broad plain. Hen and his horse were as much alone as if they had been in the open sea. Human habitation, between the "L bar" and Jersey, there were none. Hen dismounted and laid his ear to the ground, and listened intently for a few seconds. Yes—there it was—that dull, whispering, indistinct rattle, which the plainman knows and fears—the voice of the coming blizzard. The horse heard it, or felt it, and turned his head toward his master, whinnying softly.

"Yes, o' boy, it's comin' all right 'nough," said Hen, as he rose from the ground, "an' me'n you's got t' hustle a hull bot, Mister Pokey. Lot 'er slide, o' chap! I reckon we c'a make it."

Only twelve miles or so, and yet Hen knew that the blizzard might overtake him before he had traveled four. He urged his horse faster, knowing the faithful animal could easily stand the work.

It was growing rapidly colder, and a few flakes of snow were being followed by countless thousands. The wind was increasing in velocity, and Hen, bending low over his horse's neck, could hear the vicious "swish-swish" of the snow as it was hurled through the grass and along the ground. Very soon it was impossible to see more than a hundred yards or so ahead, but Hen knew the general direction, and for safety's sake was heading for the stage road leading into Jersey from the southwest.

On and on they went, Pokey, alive to the situation, pounding along at his top traveling speed, steady as a clock. On and on came the storm, covering horse and rider with snow as fast as it flew, until they looked like ghosts. Hen, leaning back to get his overcoat, lost the direction, but he had full faith in Pokey, and knew that the little animal would do better without any piloting.

How cold it was! Hen's hands and feet had heavy lumps of ice—worse, they had hardly any feeling left in them. His ear and cheek on the side exposed to the storm, were getting stipped. Well, he would soon strike the stage road, and then, if he had not miscalculated, there would be only five or six miles—

"Pokey Scott!"

For Pokey had given a sudden high leap and stood still, panting. Almost under his feet lay a snow-covered o' jet, with a strange look about it. Hen leaned down from the saddle and turned it over. It was a dead mouse, holding tight in its stiff right hand, a whip which its owner was using.

"Stage-driver, 'sader'n Tom Jefferson, Drunk, likely, an' fell off, poor cuss!" But there was no time to stop

and investigate. In another second Pokey was turned to the left and pounding along up the stage road.

A dark object loomed up suddenly as they shot past, and a sudden chill sent the sluggish blood coursing through Hen's veins. He halted, and turned Pokey's unwilling head on the back course.

Sure enough, it was the stage; but there were no horses attached. Hen felt around and reached the door-handle. A cry—a child's cry—came from within. Hen tied Pokey firmly to a wheel, fount the door again, and entered.

"Thank God!"

It was a woman's voice, and Hen almost faintly to think that his own should be in such a terrible predicament. "Oh, sir, have you come to take us away! The driver fell off, I think, and the horses broke loose, somehow, and we're almost frozen."

Hen could see her now. It was a young, good-looking woman, and she held, tight clasped to her breast, a child about three years old. Neither was clad for such awful weather.

Hen's heart stood still for a moment. If that woman and child remained here it was almost certain death. It might be days before help could reach him, and even if aid could come to them to-morrow, they would have frozen, meanwhile. On the other hand—

"Can you ride, missis?"

"Wal, come, then, quick!"

In another minute—

"Ride straddle—so. Now, hold th' kid 'n let th' hoss take 'is own road. Min, now!"

"But what are you going to—"

Hen was fastening the driver's robes about her.

"I'm all right. Now, hang on an' keep hold o' th' kid. Go on Pokey! Good-by, missus!"

He was alone on the prairie in a deserted stage coach, with the storm howling about him, and his thoughts were of other things for a long time before he remembered that all his money was in his saddle-bags.

"Wal, chances is purty nigh my ev'ner needin' it," he muttered, in his quaint way. "Faint like I hed a stove an' a hull lot o' grub. She'll save it fer me, likely, anyhow."

It was two days later that the stage, coming down from Jersey with several Samaritans aboard, found him. It was two weeks and more before he came to himself in the hotel where he had had every possible attention. He was, as he himself remarked, "Glad to be alive, an' fin' I hedn't los' no han's n'r feet."

But the woman and child had gone—they had left Jersey the very day that Hen's half dead form was brought in by the relief party—and with them went Hen's money; for the saddlebags had been taken to the woman's room by the hostler, and no one else had had possession of them, besides which, much to the landlady's surprise, she had paid her bill with a \$100 greenback when she left. Hen's money had been mostly in bills of that denomination.

Hen "keeps a stiff upper lip" and said little, when he got back to the ranch, which he did in a short time much to our surprise.

"'Twas all on 'count o' them blame saddlebags," said he. "Et I'd let sew, 'n giedged notions alone, an' carried th' stuff an' other things in my clo'es, I'd ben all right."—San Francisco Examiner.

Expensive Chessmen. The New York Home Journal describes a remarkable set of chessmen that have just been finished by a down East mechanic. The pieces are made of silver and bronze, and the period of costume and equipment is A. D. 1194, all the characters being historical and contemporary, and strictly accurate in every detail of heraldic blazonry and costume. The knights are in chain mail armor, with shield, ax, sword and dagger. Their fur coats have each the individual blazon of the wearer. The queens wear royal robes and carry scepters. The bishops are in church vestments and carry cross and crozier. The pawns are arm-at-arms in a kneeling posture, with spear, billhook and knife. The white men are English, the black French. The English King and Queen are Richard I. and his Berengaria. The bishops are Herbert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William Longchamps, Bishop of Ely; and the knights are the Earl of Salisbury and the Baron of Worcester. The castle is Anglo-Norman, and is a perfectly accurate representation of a feudal architecture. The French King and Queen are Philip and Ingeborg, his Danish spouse, the bishops being De Dreux and De Sully, of Beauvais and Paris. The knights are also well-known men of the twelfth century, and the castle is Franco-Norman. The set has taken upwards of six years to make.

How He Handed Rattlesnakes. Dr. Wing, the Chinese cura doctor, is purchasing all the live rattlesnakes he can obtain, which he uses to make medicines. An Indian brought him one last Saturday in a tightly sealed can. The doctor had a forked stick and as soon as his snakeship was released he was held in such a manner with the stick that he could not bite; then Wing took him in his left hand holding him firmly about an inch back of the head and then proceeded to see the snake's mouth up. He then placed it in a bottle containing alcohol and expressed himself thusly: "Heap good! all same two free day Kleeche cure!"—Albany (Cal.) Herald.

Curious Chinese Medicines. The Chinese medical writers recommend such remedies as tiger bones, bear's gall, ground blood, frog lungs, fossil crabs, foxes' gazards, elephant blood, "essence of nine fluids," dew falling in the dark of the moon, cow hair, ground bones of cow's knee, Job's tears, snake skins, ground rhinoceros horns, hedgehog skin and claws, dried silk worms, and many other remedies equally as absurd and foolish.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are only two works in Austria making cast or rolled-plate glass.

It is proposed attempting to stamp out tuberculosis in cattle in Denmark by vaccination.

A gas engine has been made in England that runs at the rate of 540 revolutions a minute.

The results obtained from using sulphate of copper dressing to prevent the growth of the fungus on potatoes are decidedly satisfactory.

The more rapidly an animal is fattened the less quantity of food is necessary to sustain its vitality, so that liberal or abundant feeding is the most economical.

The oil fuel used in a copper-smelting works at Koshabe in the Caucasus is pumped to an elevation of 323 feet through fifteen miles of four-inch steel pipe.

Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet, snakes in the Philippine Islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot of length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.

In order to keep sea porgies through the summer, the fishermen of Rhode Island have nets so arranged that the passing schools are led up into salt-water ponds and the channels connecting with the ocean are closed.

In one of the Comstock mines a new water-wheel is to be placed which is to run 1150 revolutions a minute, and have a speed at its periphery of 10,805 feet per minute. A greater head of water than has ever before been applied to a wheel will be used.

Plans are being examined for the construction of a railroad across the main chain of the Caucasus Mountains. The line will have a length of 100 miles, and will present great engineering difficulties. There are to be two tunnels, one four and a third and the other six and three-quarters miles long.

Pear growers are complaining of the depredations of a small aerial insect, somewhat resembling in size and in its transparent, steep-sloping wings the typical plant louse, but it is readily distinguished from that in its being a jumping insect, whence it has received the name Psylla, meaning in Greek a flea.

The mysterious subject of hypnotic influence has been agitating society in Calcutta, India. A young Government clerk made several attempts recently to get married to the girl of his choice, but each time he was mysteriously overcome at the altar and thrown into a trance of stupor. He has made no less than six attempts, failing each time.

Paper manufacture is one of the leading industries of Corea. Besides its use for writing paper, it is employed in a great diversity of ways, such as string, and in the making of lanterns, hats, shoe soles, coats and boxes. It is made from the bark of the mulberry order, which is indigenous, growing in many parts of the island, but thriving best in the moist, warm climate of the South.

In walking to the Central Park, New York City, one day a Boston naturalist was surprised by some of the trees, shrubs and flowers he saw there. He says he found even sugar maples, Norway maples and swamp maples. He found moss pinks, Asiatic magnolias, lilacs, the forsythia, the cornelian cherry, and other charming things that are familiar to New Yorkers who stroll through the park.

Who would think that science could devise an apparatus or instrument for counting the number of dust motes that dance in a bar of sunlight? No one would imagine that such an unheard-of feat could be carried out with any degree of accuracy, but, if we are to believe official reports, that and much more has recently been accomplished by the microscope. At the Ben Nevis Observatory, Scotland, an attempt has been made to determine the relative purity of the atmosphere.

Animal Wisdom. We are all familiar enough with examples of intelligence in cats and dogs, but of these stories we do not easily tire. Here are some facts from a correspondent.

In moving to a new place of residence we found on the premises a large cat which had been left there by a former occupant. She was not of the real domestic kind, but lived principally in the barn, occasionally venturing into the house to obtain her food. On one occasion, much to the surprise of my wife, she came up to her and me toward several times, turning each time toward the door leading to the barn. This she repeated until Mrs. N. was induced by curiosity to follow her, when she led the way to a barrel half full of straw, out of which she climbed, all the time meowing and looking at my wife, and there were five kittens, cold and dead.

Mrs. N. remarked: "They are cold and dead, pussy," and the cat went away satisfied.

She would sometimes scratch the children, and we were fearful she would seriously injure them, and one day I said in her presence that "I would shoot her." She was missing for about six weeks, and of course I had then "got out of the notion."—Forest and Stream.

Their Beloved Quill Pens. Although the English steel pens are as good as any in the world, the use of the quill pen is still extensive throughout the British Islands. Everywhere in the hotels you will see quill pens lying on the tables in the public rooms, and a plentiful supply of quills from which others may be made whenever there is a demand for them. A quill pen is so troublesome to make, and generally so unsatisfactory when it is made, that it is impossible to understand why the English should prefer them to the admirable steel pens which are sent from Great Britain all over the world.—New York Journal.

A Strange Fel. Mrs. King, daughter of C. H. Jackson, who recently came from her home in Cooper County, says the Clinton (Mo.) Democrat, brought with her a young otter about seven weeks old. The floater washed it out of its nest on the bank of the Laminee River. It is about a foot and a half long, and promises to become a great pet. Mr. Jackson's little son, Arch, had it on exhibition on the street this morning, and attracted almost as much attention as an Italian with a monkey and a hand organ.

AN ENGLISH SWANNERY.

THE SWAN PARADISE IN THE LAZON AT ABBOTSBUARY.

An Ancient Haunt for Thousands of the Gracelot Birds—Fierceness of Nesting Swans.

LONDON paper (the Spectator) calls the Fleet, the straight lagoon which runs for nine miles from the Isle of Portland to Abbotsbury, behind the barrier of Chesil Beach, "the swan paradise," and adds:

The nine straight miles of water below is only the playground of the birds; but in spring this is forsaken, except by a few pairs that nest on the inner side of Chesil Beach; and the richer and sheltered mead which fringes Abbotsbury Brook is white with the graceful forms of a thousand nesting swans. In this their ancient haunt, so ancient that although the hills behind are crowned with the ruins of votive chapels and ancient monasteries, the swans may claim for their established home an equal if not greater antiquity—all the favorite sites were last week already occupied by the jealous and watchful birds, each keenly resentful of intrusion on its territory, yet in such close proximity to its neighbors that a space of ten or twelve feet at most divided it from ground in "separate and hostile occupation."

Near the mouth of a small stream which enters the Fleet below a dense and extensive pool of reeds, now cut down and stored for the use of the birds when building, lies the ground most coveted by the swans. There, between two hundred and three hundred nests, or sites for nests, were occupied on a space of two acres at most. So anxious are the birds to secure a place on this favorite spot that they remain sitting constantly on the place when occupied, in order to maintain their rights against intruders, and there collect with their long necks every morsel of reed and grass within reach to form a platform for the eggs. At this time the swanherd visits them constantly, and scatters handfuls of dried reed from the stacks, which are eagerly gathered in by the swans and piled round and beneath them as they sit. These additions to the nest go on continually, and as the cock-swan takes his share, or even more than his share, of the duties of sitting upon the eggs, one of the pair is always at liberty to collect fresh material. This is mainly piled in a kind of wall round the nest, the interior being already finished, and often partly felted with a lining of swansdown from the birds' breasts.

To the visitor who, under the guidance of the swanherd, walks on the narrow grasspaths which wind amid the labyrinth of nests, the colony recalls visions of visits to the island haunts of the great petrels or giant albatrosses in distant oceans. Many of the swans have built their nests so that they even encroach upon the paths; and each of the great birds as he passes throws back its snake-like head, and with raised crest hisses fiercely and rattles the pinions of its wings, or even leaves the nest, and with every feather quivering with excitement, makes as though it would drive the intruder from the sanctuary. But the presence of the swanherd generally reassures the birds, though the hissing rises and falls as if from the throats of a thousand angry snakes. In view of the natural jealousy and fierceness of swans in the breeding season, the comparative gentleness of the Abbotsbury birds, is somewhat remarkable. On the rivers and broads of Norfolk each pair claim and secure a large stretch of water for their sole use, and constant and sometimes fatal fights take place if the reserved territory is invaded by another pair. There, also, the swans will occasionally attack not only strangers, but the swanherds themselves, who, owing to the extent of the stream and dykes along which the swans nest, are, of course, less well known to the birds than are the keepers at Abbotsbury. Mr. Stevenson was told by John Trett, a marshman of Surlingham, that he was "attacked by an old male swan as he was examining the eggs in a nest, to which, being a boggy place, he had crawled on his hands and knees. The swan, coming up behind him unperceived, struck him so violently on the back that he had difficulty in regaining his feet, and he had to be carried to his home, where he laid for more than a week." Another marshman was struck on the thigh in the same manner, and described the force of the blow and the pain occasioned by it as something incredible. The Abbotsbury swans, though not pinioned like the Norfolk birds, and leading a life of freedom on the verge of the sea, seem to know by instinct that the protection and safety which they obtain at Abbotsbury are more than enough to compensate them for the loss of the freedom and independence which an isolated nesting place might give; and with the exception of about twenty pairs, they congregate as has been described, abandoning not only their natural instinct for isolation, but also much of the combatsiveness with which this instinct is accompanied. Fights between the cock swans do occur. But the swanherd soon restores peace. One fine old bird which had quarrelled with both of its neighbors was made happy by a morsel of tamarisk boughs stuck in the earth around its nest, and so clearly defining its territory.

Humor of the Day. If you cannot tick a man be lenient with his faults.—Texas Siftings. Handcuffs might appropriately be called sad-irons.—Lowell Courier. Stealing away from bad company is justifiable larceny.—Binghamton Leader. The man who wants to live in clover need only buy a lawn-mower.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "That's where the shoe hurts," as the bridegroom muttered, rubbing the back of his head.—Truth. It isn't so much by industry we thrive as by the favor of those who will pay for the fruits of it.—Truth. "How does your new errand-boy go, Johnson?" "The long way, apparently, every time."—New York Truth. It is the man who has to live on corn bread at home who finds the most fault with the pie when he travels.—Rau's Horn. He—"What, besides the date, do they usually put in engagement rings?" She (pointedly)—"Fingers."—Town Topics. Duck is to be a favorite wear this season, both for ladies and for gentlemen who are in the swim.—Lowell Courier. There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they do not wash their own windows.—Rau's Horn. There is nothing in the world more aggravating to a man with a secret than to meet people who have no curiosity.—Aitchison Globe. He—"Is it true that you are engaged to Mr. Bartow?" She—"I don't know; the society papers haven't announced it yet."—New York Herald. "What is a dark horse, papa?" asked Freddy Caswell. "Dark horses are nightmen gathered in by the swans and piled round and beneath them as they sit. These additions to the nest go on continually, and as the cock-swan takes his share, or even more than his share, of the duties of sitting upon the eggs, one of the pair is always at liberty to collect fresh material. This is mainly piled in a kind of wall round the nest, the interior being already finished, and often partly felted with a lining of swansdown from the birds' breasts." To the visitor who, under the guidance of the swanherd, walks on the narrow grasspaths which wind amid the labyrinth of nests, the colony recalls visions of visits to the island haunts of the great petrels or giant albatrosses in distant oceans. Many of the swans have built their nests so that they even encroach upon the paths; and each of the great birds as he passes throws back its snake-like head, and with raised crest hisses fiercely and rattles the pinions of its wings, or even leaves the nest, and with every feather quivering with excitement, makes as though it would drive the intruder from the sanctuary. But the presence of the swanherd generally reassures the birds, though the hissing rises and falls as if from the throats of a thousand angry snakes. In view of the natural jealousy and fierceness of swans in the breeding season, the comparative gentleness of the Abbotsbury birds, is somewhat remarkable. On the rivers and broads of Norfolk each pair claim and secure a large stretch of water for their sole use, and constant and sometimes fatal fights take place if the reserved territory is invaded by another pair. There, also, the swans will occasionally attack not only strangers, but the swanherds themselves, who, owing to the extent of the stream and dykes along which the swans nest, are, of course, less well known to the birds than are the keepers at Abbotsbury. Mr. Stevenson was told by John Trett, a marshman of Surlingham, that he was "attacked by an old male swan as he was examining the eggs in a nest, to which, being a boggy place, he had crawled on his hands and knees. The swan, coming up behind him unperceived, struck him so violently on the back that he had difficulty in regaining his feet, and he had to be carried to his home, where he laid for more than a week." Another marshman was struck on the thigh in the same manner, and described the force of the blow and the pain occasioned by it as something incredible. The Abbotsbury swans, though not pinioned like the Norfolk birds, and leading a life of freedom on the verge of the sea, seem to know by instinct that the protection and safety which they obtain at Abbotsbury are more than enough to compensate them for the loss of the freedom and independence which an isolated nesting place might give; and with the exception of about twenty pairs, they congregate as has been described, abandoning not only their natural instinct for isolation, but also much of the combatsiveness with which this instinct is accompanied. Fights between the cock swans do occur. But the swanherd soon restores peace. One fine old bird which had quarrelled with both of its neighbors was made happy by a morsel of tamarisk boughs stuck in the earth around its nest, and so clearly defining its territory.

Drawing-Room Inanities: She—"No, don't sit there, Mr. Splusher—to that my ugly side!" He (wishing to please)—"Well—really I don't see any difference!"—Punch. "Does time fly as fast as before you were married and were merely engaged?" "Does it! One grocery bill doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."—Indianaapolis Journal. There is no question of the value of advertising, but still it doesn't justify a young man carrying an umbrella in such a way as