A strong evidence of Western pros perity is shown in the fact that the West is furnishing her own money to move her crops this season.

Sagasta says that the United States and Spain are simply in a state of "suspension." The theory is true in the case of his country. She is holding herself up by her shoe straps.

The United States is now furnishing one-third as much raw cotton to Japan as is furnished by British India. Last year's export of raw cotton from America to Japan was worth nearly \$8,000,000.

Perhans the Czar of Russia is inst as eager for universal peace as he pretends to be, but he will probably continue to build warships and enlarge his battalions as rapidly as ever. The dream of peace will in no way retard the preparations for war.

The latest figures obtainable show that the Philippine Islands import \$9,174,093 worth of goods and export \$19,702,819 worth, leaving, in round numbers, a balance in their favor of of \$10,500,000. These figures are for 1897, and it is stated that the average value of the trade of those islands is far in excess of the sums given. Business has been much disturbed by the insurrection.

The practice among nations of exacting money from a conquered foe is, in its present form, somewhat modern. In ancient times the victor despoiled the enemy he had overcome, sacked cities, and took whatever of value he could carry away. Now he respects private property, but he usually makes the conquered nation pay the whole cost of the war. In either case the practice is analogous to that of civil courts, which assess costs upon the defeated party.

The Japanese, it appears, have not a little poetry in their souls, as they give their warships such pretty names as "Daybreak," "Darkening Clouds," "Evening Mist," and "Will o' the Wisp." This is rather more sensible than the English custom of naming their small vessels after insects, while they bestow upon their huge ironclads alarmist names that may be supposed to strike terror into the hearts of their foes. It is a pity that Americans are not more partial to the fine old Indian names that abound in different parts of the country.

According to the Post-Express o Rochester, N. Y., that city is felicitating itself over a remarkable decrease in mortality during the last few years, especially among children, and is pluming itself over being the healthiest city in the state. The official figures show a decrease for the month of July in the mortality of children under five years from 175 in 1887 out of a population of 120,000 to 58 in 1898 out of a population of 180,000. The Post-Express attributes this gratifying exhibit to the liberal appropriations made by the city to maintain the standard quality of milk, and the efforts of the physicians to arrest the havoes of tuberculosis.

John E. Kehl, United States consul at Stettin, tells why the German farmer is prosperous despite the fact that he has poorer land and less land than his American brother, and no labor-saving machinery worth the mention. Cooperation is the secret of his success. He has co-operative credit banks cooperative dairies, co-operative steam plows, and co-operation in drainage and irrigation, in both of which he is farmer, and gets out of the ground pretty much everything which it is capable. Farm laborers get thirtyfive cents a day, with a small house to live in and a half-acre of land to cultivate for their own use. In harvest seasons they get fifty cents a day.

In an article written for the Lumberman by B. F. Seymour attention is called to the almost unlimited variety of uses of which the red cypress is susceptible, principally for house work, inside and outside. For natural beauty of appearance, the red cypress of Louisiana is especially notable, and is extensively used by manufacturers for all descriptions of cisterns, tanks, tubs, for brewery, creamery, and similar applications, and for durability and strength, caunot be equalled in the case of large railroad tanks. Car builders and railroad companies have long been partial to this material for siding and roofing on box freight cars. It possesses the advantage of taking and holding paint in a degree equal to white pine, being also free from pitch or gum. When used for outside work, including bevel siding, porch floors and columns, step planks, gutters, etc., it is more durable than any other wood in use.

English writers seldom find the demand for new books so heavy as to prevent their coming to this country to lecture.

The dependence of the fighting nations of the world on the United States for their food supply is a guarantee of peaceful relations with us more efficient than a standing army.

Massachusetts has the best opinion of its own credit, and takes up its bond issues with readiest promptitude. Of \$3,000,000 just issued Boston bankers took the lot at a handsome premium.

One of the critical writers on personal deportment says that "perfumes are the essence of vulgarity." This is especially important in view of the fact that most persons have hitherto supposed that perfumes were the essence of flowers.

An influential movement is on foot in London to seize the opportunity offered by the renewal of the churchvard behind St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, made necessary by the recent disastrous fire, to add this spot to the list of city gardens. This churchyard is from its situation more restful and peaceful than the majority of the old graveyards, which have of late years been utilized for the benefit of the living, and it is felt that this spot would be an ideal one for the erection of a statue or other memorial of Milton, who lived in the parish, and whose body rests in the grand old church which has now twice escaped the ravages of fire. Many of the parishioners of St. Giles's are actively interesting themselves in the project, and there can be no doubt that the necessary money for a Milton memorial would be at once forthcoming.

One of the first permanent memorials of the Spanish-American war erected in this country was placed in the chapel of the Naval academy at Annapolis, Md., in memory of Lieut. William Jenkins, who perished in the Maine disaster. The memorial, which takes the form of a mural tablet, was subscribed for by the classmates of the officer, and has been cast in bronze from the design of Charles Rollinson Lamb. A faithful model in high relief of the ill-fated vessel is shown above the inscription, which reads as follows: "In memory of Friend William Jenkins, lieutenant, United States Naval Academy, who perished in the explosion of the United States steamship Maine on the night of February 15, 1898, in the Harbor of Havana, Cuba. 'He spoke evil of no man.' Erected by his classmates."

Poor Columbus, dead and turned to clay these 400 years, is really to blame, it seems, for the succession of disasters that have befallen Spain in the Western Hemisphere, muses the New York Commercial Advertiser. Madrid newspapers assert that "Co lumbus in discovering the New World was not Spain's benefactor but her evil genius." Why these newspapers do not include in the same category Ferdinand and Isabella, whose bounty sent the Genoese navigator on his evil errand, and the Pope who ceded to Spain the larger part of America, does not appear. Probably it is an oversight. One Madrid journal goes so far as to oppose the transfer of the remains of Columbus from Havana to Spain. To this there will be no objection in the United States. Columbus had the elements of a good American, and as Havana may one day be an American city his ashes will be more at peace in that city than in a country upon which he deliberately brought so much humiliation and

The French are delightful. could be more humorous than their lack of humor, says the New York Sun. For instance, there was a terrible wreck on the Western railroad the other day. At the wholesale funeral of the victims of gross negligence, M. Foulon, the agent of the line, placed all the blame on the forces of nature. He assailed "matter" thus: "Being conquered by science it keeps quiet for weeks, months, and sometimes years. It is under the yoke a seemingly docile servant, then it revolts and furiously sets at defiance the most careful calculations, the most farsighted precautions. Rebellious matter bursts out in firedamp in collieries. in stupendous shipwrecks like the one now fresh in every memory, in factory disasters, in railway catastrophes. Hence the rending of hearts and wrenching of souls, and the public mournings like the one in which we all unite today." Could Pascal have done better? How philosopical! How correctly fatalistic! Can we wonder that this nation should desire to honor sailors who escape from a shipwreck, leaving the women behind to perish.

A JUVENILE OPTIMIST.

My gran'dad says these modern days
Of steam an' lectric light
Beat anything that ever was;
An' gran'dad's mostly right.
But I can't help some doubtfulness
When into bed I climb
An' dream about those good old days
Of Once Upon a Time.

I've got to hustle on the farm
When I get big enough.
I wish I knew some fairy spell
To do the work that's rough.
I'd like to make the brownies toll
By saving some queer rhyne. By saying some queer rhyme he same as them there wizards did In Once Upon a Time. I wish that polishin' our lamp
A genie would arouse
Co's I could say, "Go, slave, an' feed
Them pigs an' milk the cows."
I'd make him wear the overalls
An' face the mud an grime,
But this ol' earth ain't what it was
In Once Upon a Time.

Yet history repeats itself,
My gran dad says, an' so
I keep on hopin' as I watch
The seasons come an go
That I may live to see 'em back—
The brownies in their prime,
The wizards an them other folks
Of once Upon a Time.

"THE BLUE RAT."

· A Klondike Episode.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Even in the Klondike life is not al- the rope and threw him. He came to together simple or always free from guile. Were proof of that nature needed it might be found in the history of our experience with the Blue Rat.

We came to know him through our we came to know him through our need of a pony. We had two service-able pack horses, but we needed a lit-tle pony to run along behind and carry the tent and a few little traps like that.

A citizen of Quesnelle possessed such a steed. This citizen was a German and had a hairlip and a most seductive gentleness of voice. His name was Dippy, and I gladly make him historical. He sold me the Blue Rat and gave me a chance to study a new

type of horse.

Herr Dippy (Dutch Dippy) was not a Washington Irving sort of Dutchman; he conformed rather to the modern New York tradesman. He was small, candid and smooth, very smooth

small, candid and smooth, very smooth of speech. He said: "Yes, the pony is gentle. He can be rode or packed, but you better lead him for a day or two till he gets quiet."

I did not see the pony till the morning we "hit the long trail" on the west side of the Fraser river, but my side partner had reported him to be a "nice little pony, round and fat and 'nice little pony, round and fat and gentle." On that I rested. In the meantime Mr. Dippy joined

In the meantime Mr. Dippy joined us at the ferry. He held a horse by the rope and waited around to finish the trade. I presumed he intended to cross and deliver the pony, which was in a corral on the west side, but he lieved out a hurried excuse. "The ferry is not coming back today and

Well, I paid him the money on the strength of my side partner's report; besides it was Hobson's choice.

Mr. Dippy took the \$25 eagerly and vanished into obscurity. We passed to the wild side of the Fraser and enered upon a long and intimate study of the Blue Rat.

He shucked out of the log stable a smooth, round, lithe-bodied little cay-

smooth, round, lithe-bodied little cayuse of a blue-gray color. He looked
like a child's toy, but seemed sturdy
and of good condition.

His foretop was "banged," and he
had the air of a mischievous, resolute
boy. His eyes were big and black,
and he studied us with tranquil but
inquiring gaze as we put the pack
saddle on him. He was very small.

"He's not large, but he's a gentle
little chap," said I to ease my partner
of his dismay over the pony's surpris-

of his dismay over the pony's surprising smallness.

maliness.
believe he shrunk during the
t" replied my partner. "He

"I believe he shrunk during the night," replied my partner. "He seemed two sizes bigger yesterday."

We packed him with a hundred pounds of our food. We put a small bag of oats on top and lashed it all on with rope, while the pony dozed peacefully. Once or twice I thought I saw his ears cross; one laid back, the other set forward—bad signs—but it peacethly. Once or twice I thought I saw his ears cross; one laid back, the other set forward—bad signs—but it was done so quickly I could not be

We packed the other horses whist the blue pony stood resting one hind leg, his eyes dreaming.

I flung the canvas cover over the bay pack horse * * * some-thing took place. I heard a bang, a clatter, a rattling of hoofs. I peered around the bay and saw the blue pony performing some of the most finished, ever been given me to witness. He all but threw somersets. He stood on his ears. He humped up his back till he looked like a lean cat on a graveyard fence. He stood on his tark till he looked like a lean cat on a graveyard fence. yard fence. He stood on his toe calks and spun like a weather vane on a livery stable, and when the pack exploded and the saddle slipped under him he kicked it to pieces by using both hind hoofs as gently as a man would stroke his beard.

After calming the other horses I

faced my partner solemnly.
"O, by the way, partner, where did
you get that nice, quiet little blue pony of yours?

Partner smiled sheepishly. "The little imp. Buffalo Bill ought to have that pony." that pony.

"Well, now," said I, restraining my laughter, "the thing to do is to put that pack on so it will stay. That pony will try the same thing again, sure."

We packed him again with great care. His big innocent black eyes shining under his bang were a little more alert, but they showed neither fear nor rage. We roped him in every conceivable way, and at last we dared him to do his prettiest.

He did it. All that had gone before was merely preparatory, a blood-

He did it. All that had gone before was merely preparatory, a bloodwarming, so to say; the real thing now took place. He stood up on his hind legs and shot into the air, alighting on his four feet as if to pierce the earth. He whirled like a howling derrich granting services are transfer as the same of th vish, grunting, snorting, unseeing and almost unseen in a nimbus of dust,

earth with a thud, his legs whirling uselessly in the air. He resembled a beetle in molasses. We sat upon his head and discussed

we sat upon his head and discussed him.
"He is a wonder," said my partner.
"He is a fiend," I panted.
We packed him again with infinite pains, and when he began bucking we threw him again and tried to kill We were getting irritated. threw him hard and drew his hind

legs up to his head until be grunted. When he was permitted to rise he looked meek and small and tired, and we were both a little remorseful. We rearranged the pack-it was some encouragement to know he had not bucked it entirely off—and by blind-folding him we got him started on the trail behind the train.

"I suppose that simple-hearted Dutchman is looking at us from across

the river," said I to partner, "but no matter; we are victorious."

This singular thing I noticed in the Blue Rat. His eye did not roll nor his ears fall back. He was neither scared nor angry. He still looked like a roguish, determined boy. He was alert, watchful, but not vicious. He seemed not to take our stern measures in head your. He regarded it as a Blue Rat. He seemed not to take our stern measures in bad part. He regarded it as a fair contract, apparently, and considered that we had won. True, he had lost both hair and skin by getting tangled in the rope, but he laid up nothing against us, and as he followed meekly along behind, my partner dared to say: say:

"He's all right now. I presume he has been running out all winter and is a little wild. He's satisfied now. We'll have no more trouble with him."

Every time I looked back at the poor, humbled little chap, my heart tingled with pity and remorse. "We were too rough," I said. "We must be more gentle."

"Yes, he's nervous and scary. We must be careful not to give him a sudden start."

An hour later, as we were going down a steep and slippery hill, the Bat saw his chance. He passed into another spasm, opening and shutting like a self-acting jack-knie. He bounded into the midst of the peaceful pack-horses, scattering them to right and left in terror.

He turned and came up the hill to get another start. Partner took a turn on a stump, and all unmindful of it the Rat whirled and made a mighty spring. He reached the end of the rope and his handspring became a vaulting somersault. He lay, unable to rise, spatting the wind, breathing heavily. Such annoying energy I have never seen. We were now mad, with the state of the reaches and the state of the reaches and the reaches are the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are the reaches are the reaches and the reaches are muddy and very resolute. We him down till he lay quite still.

Any well-considered, properly bred animal would have been ground to bonedust by such wondrous acrobatic movements. He was skinned in one or two places, his hair was scraped from his nose, his tongue bled, but all We packed the other horses whilst these were mere scratches. When we blue pony stood resting one hind repacked him he walked off comparatively unhurt.

The two days following he went along like a faithful dog. Every time I looked behind I could see the sturdy little chap trotting along. His head little chap trotting along. His head hung low and his actions were meek and loyal. For a week he continued al. For a week he continued Partner became attached to

greasy inclines and we were forced to lay in camp two days. The Blue Rat stuffed himself on pea-vine and bunch grass, and on the third day "pitched" with undiminished vigor. This settled

his fate.

I made up my mind to sell him.
Once I had determined upon his motives I could not afford to bother with him any more. He delayed this morning antics, and made He delayed us amusement of the outfits which overtook and passed us by reason of our interesting sessions with the Blue Rat.

He must go and I selected my purchaser. He was a Missourian from Butte. He knew all there was to be known about trails, horses, gold, politics, and a few other things. He con tics, and a few other things. He considered all the other men on the trail merely tenderfeet out for a picnic. Each time he passed us he had some drawling remark indicating his sur-prise that we should be still able to move. Him I selected to become the owner of the Rat.

I laid for him. When he had eaten his supper one night I sauntered carelessly over to his tent. I "edged around" by talking of the weather, the trail, and so on, and at last I said:

"We'd leave you tonight if it weren't for the blue colt. He delays us."

'How so?'

strap ends and pine needles.

His whirling undid him. We seized the rope and just as the pack again slid under his feet we set shoulder to if I had him. "

"How so?"

"O, he pitches."

"Pitches, does he?" He smiled.

"I'd mighty soon take that out of him if I had him."

"I suppose an experienced man like you could do it, but we are unused to these wild horses. I'd like to sell him to some man who knows about such animals. He's a fine pony, strong as a lion, but he's a terrible bucker. I never saw his equal."

He smiled again indulgently. "Let's take a look at him.

He smiled again indulgently. "Let's take a look at him.

The pony had filled his hay basket and looked as innocent as a worsted kitten.

"Nice little feller, shore thing,"

said the Missourian, as he patted the Rat. "He's young and coltish. What'll you take for him?"

What'll you take for him?"
"Now, see here, stranger. I am a
fair man. I don't want to deceive any
one. That pony is a wonder. He
can outbuck any horse west of Selkirk range."

The old man's eyes were very aggravating. "He needs an old hand,
that's all. Why, I could shoulder the
little kid whilst he was a-pitchin' his
blamedest. What'll you take for him?"
"I'd throw off \$55. and you take the

blamedest. What'll you take for him?"
"I'd throw off \$5, and you take the rope; but, stranger, he's the worst—"
He refused to listen. He took the pony. As the Rat followed him off he looked so small, so sleepy, so round and gentle you would have said, "There goes a man with a pony for his little girls."

his little girls. We laid off a day at Tchincut lake. We needed rest anyway, and it was safer to let the man from Butte go on. I had made every provision against complaint on the Missourian's part, but at the same time one can't be too

careful. There are no returning footsteps on There are no returning tootsteps on the long trail, but a few days later I overtook the man from Indiana, who had been see-sawing back and forth on the trail, now ahead, now behind. He had laid off a half day. He approached me with a curious look on his face.

look on his face.
"Stranger, what kind of a beast did
you put off on that feller from
Butte?"

"A mighty strong, capable little horse. Why?"
"Well, say, I was just a-passing his camp yesterday morning, when the thing took place. I always was lucky about such." "What happened?" queried I.

"I don't wish any man's barn to burn, strangers, nor his horse to take a fall outen him, but when anything does go on I like to see it. You see, the had just drawed the last knot on the pack and as I came up he said: 'How's this for a \$10 pony?' I said, 'Pretty this for a \$10 pony? I said, 'Pretty good. Who'd you get him off of?'
"'A couple of tenderfeet,' he says,

A couple of tenderfeet, he says, who couldn't handle him. Why, he's gentle as a dog; then he slaps the pony on the side. The little fiend lit out both hind feet and took the old man on both knees and knocked him down overa pack-saddle into the mud.
Then he turned loose, that pony did,
stranger. I have saw horses buck a
plenty, Mexican bronks, wild cayuses
in Montana, and all kinds o' beasts in California, but I never seen the beats of that blue pony. He shore was a bucker from Battle Creek. The Butte man lay there a groanin', his two knees in his fists, whilst a trail of flour an' beans an' sacks an' rubber boots led up the hill, an' at the far end of that trail 'bout thirty yards up the blamed cayuse was a-feedin' like a April lamb."

"What happened to him?" "Who?"

"The pony."

"Old Butte, as soon as he could crawl a little, he says: 'Gimme my gun, I've been a-packin' on the trails of the Rocky mountains for forty years and I never was done up before. and I never was done up before. Gimme that gun.' He sighted her, stranger, most vicious, and pulled trigger. The pony gave one big jump and went a-rollin' and a-crashin' into the gulch. e gulch. "You'll never kick again," ys the feller from Butte." Poor little Blue Rat. He had gone "You'll never kick again,

to the mystic meadows where no pack-saddle could follow him. — Detroit Free Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen mer.

In Costa Rica canary birds, bullfinches and paroquets are special table dainties.

It is said that an organized system of charity prevailed among the Egyp tians 2500 years B. C.

Pet dogs in London, England, wear chamois shoes when in the house, to protect polished floors from scratches.

Over a hundred persons disappear in London, England, every year with-out leaving the slightest trace behind.

The paper church at Bergen, Normade waterproof by a coating quicklime, curdled milk and white of egg.

in the hand of the dead is still sionally followed in the rural districts of France.

At the beginning of a recent thun derstorm, electrified drops were ob served that cracked fainty on reaching

the ground and emitted sparks. While the wedding service is pro-ceeding in Japan the bride kindles a

torch and the bridegroom lights a fire from it and burns the wife's playthings. A curious remedy for sleeplessness is used by the inhabitants of the Sa-moan islands. They confine a snake in a hollow bamboo and the hissing

sound emitted by the reptile is said to quickly induce slumber.

Wealth From Fish,

The development of the Irish mack erel fisher has proved a boon to the fisher folk of Cork and Kerry. Forty thousand barrels were cured last year, almost all of which came to America. This industry puts \$500,000 a year into circulation among the people of these two courties

ENVY.

Butterfly, he cry an' sigh,
As he met me'neaf de tree,
Whah de loafin' hours went by;
"Wisht I wus a honey bee.
He hab comfort in completeness;
Got a hive chock full o' sweetness
Luckier dan de likes o' me.
Wisht I wus a honey bee."

Says de bee, says he to me,
"'Tain' no use foh me to try
To be frollickin' an' free.
Wisht I wus a butterfly.
'Nuffin' 'tail to do but dancin'
Whah de sunbeam comes a-glancin',
I must tola an' sleep an' die.
Wisht I wus a butterfly!"

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"How was your amateur opera per-formance?" "It was so poor that it was really rich."

Train up a servant girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she's gone.

"Obrian got mixed up with a mad bull yesterday." "How did it end?" "It was a toss up."

Gadding—Why don't you make your wife do the marketing? Gabway—The trouble is, she don't let me make her. "You remind me so much of my poor, dear, first husband!" "You remind me of him altogether too much,

my dear." By the time a man has a few dollars saved up for his old age he is told that his daughter has talents which should

be cultivated. "Why, Jim, what did you shoot that man for?" "To avoid trouble, I new we'd be a quarrelin' if we kep"

on, and I hate a row." The art of sailoring
Most women lack,
But she who's pretty may
Command a smack.

Jones-For awhile John was clean

out of his mind about that girl. Smith

—And now? Jones—Oh, now the
girl is clean out of her mind. "Oh, Alice! my new dress looks nice enough to eat." "Well, I wouldn't eat it if I were you. I don't believe it would set so well on the inside."

Manager—I hope your Cuban play has lots of local color in it. Dramatist—Oh, yes. In the last act the Spanish villain dies of yellow fever.

"Hans, if you are very good and get a high mark in school, I will give you a ham sandwich." "But, mamma, do you imagine I can be bribed?"

"I think I have pretty well your anguage the master of," said the for-eigner, "but tell me how, as I hear a man say, one can cut a lot of ice with his dough?" Governor of the Prison-What is

the cause of this unseemly delay? Jailer—That expert headsman you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the axe. Tourist—Can you tell me where Mr. Greencorn's cottage is? Small Native—I can for a nickel. Tourist—Here

is the nickel; now where is it? Small Judge-You robbed your benefactor

in a most shameful way. Do you feel no compunctions of conscience? Prisoner - Before answering, sir, I would like to consult my counsel.

What ever may be said of what
The Chinese actors do,
One fault at least they haven't got—
They never miss their queue.

Boggs-How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark? Noggs—It's the most natural thing in the world. Boggs—Indeed! Noggs—It's thirty years older.

The Dearest Girl-What makes you old bachelors say such horrid things? Married men do not talk that way. The Savage Bachelor—No, we only say what the married men think.

Mrs. Faddle—I thought you war-rauted that dog bought of you well bred? Dog Dealer—So it is, mum. Mrs. Faddle—Oh, no, it isn't; it bolts its food in the most vulgar manner! "The Binkses must buy everything

on the instalment plan." "What makes you think so?" "I heard Jimmy Binks ask his father whether their new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments." Landlady - That new boarder is either married or a widower. Daughter—Why, mamma; he says he is a bachelor. Landlady—Don't you believe he is. When he opens his pock-

An Acquired Habit.

ok to pay his boar turns his back to me

It is a matter of general knowledge that the mountain parrot of New Zealand, the kea, has acquired the very destructive habit of piercing the backs of sheep with its sharp beak in order to feed on the kidney fat of the very unfortunate animals attacked. It was at one time believed that the birds had learned this habit from procuring fatty particles from the skins of sheep particles from the skins of sheep which had been slaughtered; but now a more likely solution of the problem has been suggested by a correspond-ent of the Zoologist. This gentleman, ent of the Zoologist. This gentleman, who writes from Melbourne, tells us that in the hilly districts of the middle island of New Zealand there grows in great quantity a white lichen which bears a strong resemblance to Reneath this lichen are to found small white fatty substances, which some suppose to be the seeds which some suppose to be the seeds of the plant, and others describe as maggots which infest it; but whatever they be, they form a favorite food of the kea. It is suggested that the bird, misled by the resemblance of the sheep's wool, digs down into the flesh sheep's wool, digs down into the flesh in the hope of finding this white substance of which it is so fond, and that in this way the new habit has been originated. In the first place, probably the birds are misled by mistaking dead sheep for masses of the lichen under which they had been accustomed to find their favorite food.—Chambers's Journal.