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AS LYDIA GROWS.

When Lydia was six months old She was so dear, so fair a treasure. We called her "honey," "beauty," "sweet, And "angel," without stint or measure.

But nowadays all that is changed, For Lydia is three years wiser; We dare not call her sweet or fair. We may not tell her how we prize her.

For little girls are sometimes spoiled By loving praise too of repeated, and, all unlike the dear pet names, Grow sour-tempered and conceited.

But often when our hearts o'erflow And fond words to our lips are welling-The words that we may use no more. We try to find relief in spelling.

For little Lydia runs no risk Of growing vain and highty-tighty from hearing "h-o-n-e-y," And "b-e-a-u, beau, t-y, ty."

We say: "You a-n-g-e-l," "You little f-a-i-r-y, ry," And Lydia beams up at u With looks of innocent inquiry

But oh, sometimes we're sorrowful That we may never be endearing, Nor use the tender, loving names

Which once we used in Lydia's hearing And there is still a sadder thought-A cloud that there is no dispelling— Twill only be a little while Till Lydia understands our spelling!
-Wilfred E. Knolles, in Youth's Compan-

DEREMBERHER BERBERBERBERBER A Night in Devil's Gully

By Owen Hall

TO DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

T WAS the edge of the forest at last. I had wandered for hours since I nissed my companions in the endless mazes of that gray Tasmanian forest, till I had almost made up my mind that should have to spend the night there. The idea had been far from cheerful, and it was with a start of pleased surprise that I found myself, almost without any warning, in the open space once more. It was just sunset; the western sky was still one blaze of crimson glory, and the long shadows from the opposite range were flung darkly across the lower ground before me. Not a breath of wind was stirring

It was so quiet, indeed, that after the first minute or two I could hear the rush and murmur of the little stream which appeared to run through the bottom of the valley, though ht was invisible from the spot on which I stood. The sound reminded me that I was thirsty, and I made my way with hasty strides down the slope to where the rivulet-for in this summer weather it was no more-found its way through a MUNIGUMERY WARD & CO., till-320 Mich. Ave., Cor. Madison St., CHICAGO.

Originators of Matlorder thistness 29:131. channel almost hidden by a luxuriant stones and took a long draught of the deliciously cool water.

When I got up and looked around the first thing I noticed was the strange way in which a great rock hung beetling over the bed of the stream, almost like a tower that had somehow got tilted to one side. It was but a few yards higher up the stream than where I stood, and my eye caught sight of a path ascending the bank which looked as if it had been used quite lately. I felt my spirits rise at once. After all, my luck was not so bad as I had begun to fancy. This was a good deal better, at any rate, than being lost in the bush. The path looked as if it had been a good deal used, and even if nobody came along it that night I had only to wait for daylight to see the track for myself and find my way back again to my friends at Gartmere.

I paused to think what I should do in the meantime. As far as I could see there was no particular reason why I should not make a bed among the clumps of fern that covered the ground near the banks of the stream; and yet somehow I didn't like the idea. There might be snakes about, and even water rats would be disagreeable companions. The great bowlder looked as if it had a flat top, and if I could only climb it I should certainly be out of harm's way during the night.

A dozen steps brought me to the foot of the rock, and as I looked up I saw that it was even higher than I had supposed. It seemed to rise almost perpendicularly on two sides, while on a third it overhung the bed of the stream; but on the side nearest me it sloped more gradually. I was still looking at it doubtfully when a distant sound from the forest, like the moise caused by the breaking of a breach, decided me to it. I grasped my gun and scramedifficult to climb as I had fancied, and two or three minutes I had reached the top.

"Not such a bad place, either," I said to myself as I looked around. The top was nearly flat, or, if anything, slightly bollowed out, and there were tufts of grass and beds of moss upon it that promised to make something of a bed. I was satisfied that it would answer my purpose, and at any rate I wasn't likely to be disturbed by anything there. I was tired with my long tramp, but as yet I didn't feel sleepy, so I took a seat on the edge of the rock, with my legs hanging over, and prepared to enjoy

It was very quiet. As I listened couldn't hear a sound except the low musical gurgle of the stream below me. Then I suddenly remembered the sound that had seemed to come from the forest as I stood hesitating at the foot of the rock. What could it have been? It was not loud; but for the silence around I should perhaps hardly have beard it at all. But it certainly sounded like the noise of a breaking stick, on which something had put a heavy foot. There had been no wind at all, so it must surely have been some living animal. I was just in the state of mind in which one is inclined to speculate lazily on passing things of little importance. It might have been cattle in the forest, of course, but I had been told that cattle in Tasmania were kept within fences.

myself that I heard something move on the hillside. I strained my eyes in the attempt to see what it was, but the night was too dark to make out anything even a few yards off. At last I cries, and, above all, its temper of ingave it up. What did it matter, after all? It was most likely only my fancy; but even if there were anything there I was well out of its way on the top of my rock. I don't know how long I sat there, smoking and dreaming, but at last I began to grow sleepy, and before I mustered up energy enough to and a place to lie down I must have dozed off where I sat.

I woke with a start and rubbed my eyes, uncertain for the moment where was or what had happened. It was fight; only a gray, uncertain light, inleed, but enough to enable me to see the shadowy outline of the wooded range in front, and after the first few seconds to distinguish vaguely more than one of the great bowlders that stood up here and there along the bottom of the little valley, looking like ghostly sentinels in the dim light. The moon herself had not yet risen above game like this. the forest range behind me, but the whole of the eastern sky had already | grown white with her coming. I was when I was startled by a sound that seemed to come from the shadows in front. It was not a sound I had ever heard before, but by an instinct I felt sure that it came from some living creature. It was not loud enough to be called a roar; it wasn't sharp enough for a bark, nor shrill enough for a scream, nor dull enough to be mistaken for a grunt; yet in some strange way it seemed to have something in common with each of these. I turned with a quick start, and instinctively my hand reached out for my gun. I peered eagery into the gray shadows for a glimpse of something which might explain the sound, but all was vague and misty. The edge of the forest on the higher ground loomed out darkly in the reflected light from the sky, but the tree course of the stream were blurred and indistinct in the ghostly mist, and I could no longer catch even a glimpse of the water that gushed and gurgled below me in the darkness. I glanced upward at the brightening sky and waited.

The light increased little by little. With each minute the dark forest lines took more and more the shape of individual trees. Then the gray mist that hung over the low ground began to grow thin and the heads of the taller tree ferns and bushes began to show above it, like treetops on a river flat in flood time. Again! And this time nearer. It was the same strange composite sound, and now it made my nerves creep and my blood run cold. What could it be? I gripped my gun tightly with my hand and laid it across my knees. Whatever it was, I would at east be ready.

It came like magic. Suddenly the broad face of the moon showed above the forest ridge. It was four or five days past the full, indeed, but still its silvery disk, clear and bright, threw a flood of light across the valley. I bent forward eagerly and searched the still sign of the thing that had startled me. bank on the opposite side of the stream something was moving. Its movements were leisurely, almost slow. It was not so very large not larger than a fairly large wild pig, though it was certainly not a pig. It looked strange and weird and unnatural. What was the reason? The chief thing seemed to be its color. It was black-so densely, absolutely, intensely black that it seemed to me at the moment as if I had never seen anything really black before. What could it be? I had lived all my life on the neighboring continent of Australia. and I had seen and hunted most of the wild animals there. I had chased kangaroos on horseback and stalked them on foot. I had shot wallabies and bandicoots by the score, and more than once, when I couldn't help it, I had killed an iguana. I had shot native bears, and once in northern Queensland I had killed a large python. But what was this? I had never seen or even fancied a creature like it. What could

Whatever it was, it didn't hurry itself. Slowly and deliberately it came down the bank to the stream, and I could see it dimly in the shadow-a blacker spot in the darkness-stoop and drink. It seemed to be a long time about it, but it moved at last. It was coming across. watched it as it waded slowly and deliberately through the water and climbed the bank on my side of the stream. Then it stood still, and it seemed to stare up at me as I sat in the moonlight. By this time the moonshine was falling full upon me, and I felt certain he was looking at me with a strange, questioning gaze. Suddenly he raised his head and repeated the cry had heard before. Now that I saw him, I felt that it was exactly the cry I should have expected from him-so

strange, so weird, so savage. It was by an impulse rather than the result of thought that I did it. A curious feeling of repulsion and antagonism which I could not have reason ably explained prompted the act. Something in his appearance, something in that savage cry, may have led to it, but at least I felt that I was in the presence of an enemy. I raised the gun to my shoulder; I covered him deliberately; I fired. Even in the very act I fancied his eyes fixed me with a fierce stare of hatred. I could have sworn he was looking me in the face at the moment. 1 fired, and for several seconds I lost sight of him in the smoke, but I knew I hadn't missed my aim. A cry, wilder, stranger, more savage than before, followed the report of the gun. And-yes, it was answered. Not one only. but half a dozen cries, each like an echo of the first, rang out a weird re-

same kind till I had almost persuaded | utterly forgotten the Tasmanian devil. I had supposed the creature to be ex-tinct, indeed, but I might have remembered the tales I had often heard as a boy of its demon blackness, its strange satiable revenge.

As the smoke cleared away I saw him again. He was rolling on the ground, trying to tear himself savagely with fierce white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. Then he gave another of those flendish cries, and again there came the answering echoes. He struggled to his feet, and his eyes seemed to look for me with savage, cunning glances. I watched him as if I had been fascinated, and saw him suddenly stumble along the bank towards my rock. He came slowly and painfully, but he reached the foot of the great bowlder at last. I put my hand hastily to my belt and drew out a cartridge-it was one of less than a dozen that were left -and rose slowly to my knees. As I did so I remembered that my cartridges had been intended only for shooting birds, and were certainly not meant for

He gave another cry, and again the echoes came from far and near. He had reared himself up and put his feet on looking at the sky over my shoulder, the sloping face of the rock, while all the time his eyes seemed to be fixed on mine with looks of fiendish malignity. Suddenly there was a cry close behind him, and, as if encouraged by the sound, he made what appeared to be a desperate effort, and the next moment he was scrambling, rolling or climbing up the face of the rock with a motion that was quite indescribable in its clumsy eagerness. As he did so another black figure appeared at the bottom, and I heard a splash as a third began to wade the stream. It was growing serious indeed. I waited until he had got within a few feet of me, and then I fired. He gave a snarling howl and rolled to the

When the smoke cleared I could see him on the ground, but the other had begun to climb in his place. Slowly, ferns and low shrubs that marked the carefully, doggedly he came on, as if his one object in existence was to reach me. I walted till he got near the top and then fired. He rolled half way down, and then he seemed to cling to the rock and stop. Then he began to crawl up again, gnashing his teeth and snapping fiercely at the places where the shot had wounded him. I had to fire again, this time almost into his face. before he rolled down again. And so it went on, with a sameness that grew more and more horrible, with a persistency which seemed to me nothing less than diabolical. One by one they came in answer to the cries of the wounded; one by one they attempted to storm the rock, with the same slow, desperate, untiring energy. I used up my cartridges, and yet they came. I clubbed my gun and felled them one by one. It was like the most horrible of nightmare dreams. No sooner did one disappear than another took his place. Battered, bleeding, hardly able to crawl, still they crept up, one by

I seemed to myself to have stood there for hours. My head had grown dizzy, my arms had become weak and numbed. I could scarcely raise the gun to strike, misty hollow with my eyes for the first and everything seemed to sway and quiver before my eyes. The attacks had there it was at last. Along the gradually become more rare, but I think the strain of watching for them was more terrible than ever. A burning thirst, too, had begun to creep over me, and a sense of horror which I could hardly resist. It seemed long since I had struck the last blow, but I didn't dare for a single moment to relax my watchfulness. Sudden'y-it appeared to be within a yard of my foot-there was a black face, with flendish eyes that gleamed and great white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. With a sudden, desperate effort I heaved up the gun and struck at it. I thought the creature answered the blow with a diabolical laugh; and that was the last thought of which I was conscious.

Something cool fell on my cheeks and I opened my eyes. It was Tom Boyd's anxious face that was bending over me; it was his hand that was sprinkling water on me.

"Tom," I gasped-"Tom, where are they?"

Tom laughed. "The devils, you mean? Oh, they're all about among the scrub. I fancy you've cleared Devil's Gully for good and all."

Note.-The animal known in Aus tralasia as the Tasmanian devil is one of the only two survivors of what must at one time have been a widely distributed class of animals, to judge from the fossil remains already found in many parts of Australia. Like nearly every mammalian quadruped of the continent, the devil is a marsupial; but, with the solitary exception of the so called Tasmanian wolf, he is the only surviving marsupial animal that is carniv orous, and may be regarded as a beast of prey. The devil is now very scarce and will soon be extinct; but in the early convict days of the island-when Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's land, was the penal settlement for the worst class of British convicts-they were plentiful, and many ghastly stories were afloat of their attacks upon escaped convicts who had taken to the bush. It is believed that the name of devil was bestowed on the animal by the convicts, who had learned to look upon them with almost superstitious fear, partly in consequence of their appearance, but still more owing to their untiring perseverance in following up an enemy to the last with what looked like undying hatred. No specimen has ever been found on the continent of Australia.-Lippincott's Magazine.

Training Otters. Chinese and Indian fishermen have an ingenious way of training the otter. They catch a small cub and put a collar round the throat. The little creature, finding itself unable for days together to swallow anything it catches ply. Then I knew what it was—a devil.

Strange as it appears to me now in brings to the bank all the fish it cap looking back, I had up to that moment tures,—Cincinnati Enquirer. A FEW CASES OF LOVE

Illustrations of Matrim Felicity Brought Out at a Sewing Society.

"Well. I don't see what men could ever see in that woman, and yet she's been married three times. And to nice

"Yes, but the first one died at Dwight and she was divorced from the sec-

"But she's living with the third like

modern edition of Loucis. It was at a sewing society and the talk had drifted from servants to husbands: thence to love and marrige.

"O, it's all very well for people to lay down hard and fast rules about what kind of marriages will be happy and what sort won't. After a long and varied experience with young people I've come to the conclusion that it's all luck." Thus spoke a screne-faced, gray-haired woman who had earned a right to a respectable hearing from the masterly manner in which she had just cut the 14 dozen flannel petticoats for females of all ages, and without a pattern, too.

"Look at John Fitzgerald-as particular and immaculate a man as ever lived. His wife is pretty, but she started to housekeeping with three dish towels and uses old black stockings for washeloths because they don't get grimy like white ones-and yet he's

happy. "That makes me think of a true story heard about why Jennie B-'s engagement was broken with that eastern man." said the girl with the new gold thimble. "He was one of these fasidious persons, but you know how dainty and pretty Jenny was. Well, he fell terribly in love with her at Newport and followed her out here. And they became engaged. He was anxious for a speedy marriage because he wanted to spend the autumn abroad. She hurried her preparations and he was most devoted. One day, such a hot Aujust day, she had been shopping all morning with her mother and met him for lunch. She always looked dainty and sweet and that day was no exception, but as they left the table she

"Well, the married a much better man," remarked the white-haired lady "The is not so good as the story Jack Frain told, is it, Elsie?" said the one idle girl. "You know he's gone to St Louis to be best man at his friend's wedding, and he told us a lot about the man. A year or so ago he became much interested in a girl-a St. Louis girland paid her a lot of attention. She was bright, and unexpected, and pret-

dropped her handkerchief. It was just

a little moist, grimy ball. He picked it

up, and, after gazing at it an instant,

returned it. He was called to New York

by telegram that night and sailed alone

for Scotland the next week."

ty. One night he took her to a concert. As she came into the parlor with her jacket on one of the buttone was hanging by a thread. He admired her and was observant of everything about her and he wished she had sewed it on. But she was bright and interesting and he forgot it, and before they reached home he had asked if he might walk wth her to church the next Sunday. When he saw her come into the parlor by the thread he didn't like it, and he was relieved when, after service, the jacket being fastened again, the button dropped quite off. She laughed about it and said she had meant to fix it before and now she must do so. He then asked her to go to the theater with him on Wednesday evening. When that occasion came there again was the jacket minus the button. He was disgusted. It was too bad that a pretty, sweet girl should be so careless. But before they reached home that evening from the theater she had promised to marry him. And he is going to marry

her to-night, too." "None of your stories are equal to one my grandfather used to tell," remarked another member of the circle. 'It was about a man who was deeply in love with a beautiful girl, but had been told she possessed a high temper. So he thought he would test her, and one day when she was wearing an especially dainty gown he tipped a glass of wine over it, ruining it. She said it was of no consequence, that he should not trouble himself about it for a moment, and went and changed it. When she came back he asked her to marry him. After they were married he told her about the test, and that he never had seen such amiability. 'O,' she answered, 'you didn't know that I went upstairs and bit a piece out of the marble mantel." "-Chicago Tribune.

One on Old Man.

He was the son of a worthy citizen and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sor row that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion. The old gentleman surveyed him critically, when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:

"Young man, you look like an idiot!" Just at that moment, and before the roung man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, halloa, Billy! Have you re turned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!" "So he has been telling me," replied

And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.—Chicago Journal.

Equally Sufferers.

"This makes the tenth morning. ma'am, that I have tried to collect this milk bill."

"J've tried more mornings than that, sir, to collect a little cream from your milk, and I have never had any better success than you're going to have this time. Don't step on the cat when you go out, please."—Chicago Tribune.

Advice to

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