HIR SIDE. Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of singing sweet and clear;
A break, a pause, and then just after,
Bursts of merry girlish lauguter—
Over that big board fence, Jim; just over
that ugly fence!

I can hear it all, but I cannot see. My neighbor is quite strange to me; But I'm sure as guns she's a charming With lips just saucy enough to kiss— And she's over a high board fence, Jim; over a blooming fence!

Drat these social laws that block the way

HER SIDE Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of a whistle, shrill and clear,
And a deep bass voice, with a doleful
tone,
Which sings the refrain, "I am all
alone!"—
Over that great board fence, dear; just over
that rough old fence!

can smell the smoke of a good eigar, And hear the twang of a sweet guitar.

I've had to guess at looks as I can—
But I know there's a bona-fide man—
Over that tall board fence, dear; just over
that horrid fence!

To think of our being dull in a place
When I'm just dead-sure there's a
With a nice young man so very near!

Over a blasted fence: Jim: just over a
measly fence!

Of course, 't would be an awful sin
For me to write and ask him in:
But think of our being dull, my dear,
With a nice young man so very near!

Over a dreadful fence, dear: 'way over a
mean old fence!

## \* The Infatuation of Grandpa.

Grandpa Porter had become a source of anxiety to his son and his son's wife, Mrs. John. They were fully pursuaded that he was in danger of being married for his money, and that by a young minx who might well be his granddaughter. That grandpa had taken a fancy to the girl they were sure; that he thought himself deeply in love with her they feared, for he was not his usual jolly, careless old self

He moped about in fits of melaacholy abstraction; he read romances, and he had hunted up his old cracked flute that he had not touched for fifty years, and stayed out on the porch evenings playing "Robin Adair" and other bygone ballads, with a wheezy

wail that was distressing.
"I can hardly stand it," Mrs. John said, pinching up her pillow in the vain effort to shut out the sound. "He acts like a love-sick boy. I tell you, John, we've got to get him away, up to Eben's, or somewhere out of her reach."

"Yes," assented John, drowsily, "I'll write to Eben if you'll persuade him

"Grandpa Porter, don't you think a change would do you good?" Mrs. John asked the next morning. "Eben'll come for you any time you want to go up there for a visit."

"I won't go to Eben's! I won't stir one step! I don't like Mrs. Eben; we always quarrel. If you want me to turn out I'll go over to Widow Smith's and board

And Widow Smith was the mother of the minx.

"Why, grandpa, nobody wants to turn you out," Mrs. John cried, hastening to appease him. "It was just that you seem out of sorts lately, and we thought a change would perk you up."

"I'm not out of sorts! I'm spry as anyhody!" he declared. "I suppose you think I'm getting old, and sort o' helpless, and haven't much life left. Look here!" and he turned down a chair and skipped over it. "And look here!" he pranced across the porch, jumped the steps, ran to the woodpile and brought in a big armful, saying as he threw it into the box, "I guess John couldn't beat that very much, could he, hey? I don't go down to the

gym for nothing." "Why grandpa Porter!" Mrs. John exclaimed, amazed at the exhibition.

A laughing face looked in at the side door and a blythe young voice said gayly. "Good for you, Mr. Porter! I told you the other day that you were younger than half the boys. You ought to see him on the turning bar, Mrs. John." She set a basket on the table, adding, "Here are some eggs Grandma Taylor was bringing to you. I thought them too heavy for her and came along to carry them for her. She loked tired. Take this rocker, grandma," in anxious solicitude.

The brisk, anything-but-tired-looking old lady who had followed her in. sat down stiffly and the girl rattled on,"No, Mrs. John, I can't stop a minute. Mr. Porter, it's about time for you to go to the gym, isn't it?"

Grandpa got his hat with alacrity, and they went away together, stopping first for the Minx to fasten a rose in

"Mr. Porter!" Mrs. John burst out sarcastically, as soon as they were gone. It used to be grandps, be fore he took this silly notion. She came on purpose to get him, she's done It before-the bold piece!"

"I didn't want any of her heln; she took the basket right out of my hands. As if I couldn't carry it across the street. One would think me to old and feeble to stand up alone, to hear her take on," Grandpa Taylor said, indignantly. "I'm two years younger than he is," she added, a red spot

on each cheek and a spark in her eyes. "I suppose you saw him making a speck of himself"—grandma nodded it's disgusting the way an old man will act when he takes a notion to a young girl. I wish his old flute was in the tove. I'd put it there if I dared, I get so tired of his sentimental toot ing. I know it disturbs your folks,

Grandma didn't say so, but to tell the truth, she kept her window open to hear it; the old-fashioned tunes apled to her heart, awakening memories of youth and love.

"If Grandpa Porter had got to be s lish, I don't see why he couldn't have taken a notion to grandma," Mrs. John mused, regretfully, as grandma ed briskly away, erect and trim. That girl will keep him off till noon

Which she did, and then hung on the gate at her own home and talked to him, till Mrs. John had to send one of the children to tell him to come to

Of course, 't would be an awful sin

## The child ran back with big eyes,

exclaiming: "You'd just ought to see grandpa!" "They all looked "with hig eyes" when he came in. He was shaved clean of all his beautiful, white beard, leaving only a mustache, and that was waxed till it shone; his hair was cut in the latest fashion and with his ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes he looked absurdly young, almost younger than his son.

"Well," he said, as they stared at him. "isn't it an improvement?" Words failed them.

"I'm prepared for anything now, Mrs. John confided to her husband, later. "It's plain that she put him up to it. aMybe if she knew about his will she wouldn't be so bent on marrying him."

She does know; I had a good chance and told her the other day."

"What did she say?" "Just laughed and said folks changed their wills sometimes.' She's got a long head, I can tell you; she knows that she can coax his money out of him, and she don't care what anybody thinks."

"Perhaps if you talked right out plain to him, showed him what a laughing stock it's making of him-" "It wouldn't do, Lucy," her husband interrupted. "He'd get mad and leave in a minute. You know how touchy

pa 1s. Mrs. John groaned. She remembered the threat to go and board at the Minx's home; like enough he'd be glad of an excuse to do so.

Sunday grandpa came out dressed for church in the extreme of style, twirling a dainty cane as airily as any callow "dude," and boldly marched away to where the Minx was waiting for him with a fresh rose for his buttonhole.

"You see," said Mrs. John to Grandma Taylor, as the two families walked along together.

"There's no fool like an old fool." quoted Mrs. Ray, grandma's daugh-

"Old Mr. Porter is no fool, though he does act like one," grandma remarked.

"No, more's the pity," said John, ball regretfully, "I'd interfere and stop it if there was a ghost of a chance that way. But he's too sharp at his business affairs to have anything the

matter with his mind." Oh, he knew well enough what he was about, grandma reflected, and he was a fine figure of a man and walked as supple as a boy. She looked at the girl beside him, in white, fluffy array, habiliments and decided that she would no longer dress for a funeral, although it was considered proper for

old ladies to robe themselves thus. "Mamma," Bessie complained a few days later, "the children at schoool laugh at me and say that Polly Smith s going to be my grandma."

"Well, wouldn't she be a sweet little grandma " grandpa asked with a cackle.

Mrs. John bit her lips to keep the hot words back. "I do believe it's catching," Mrs

Ray ran across to confide to Mrs. John, "Ma's been and got a lavender colored lawn, and white ties, and a jaunty bonnet with lavender ribbon and violets; she says she has smoth-

ered in black all she's going to." "That's not so bad." Mrs. John re plied. "As long as she don't go gallavanting around with some young fel-

"Oh, ma'd never think of marrying anybody. I just wouldn't allow that -young or old," Mrs. Ray declared omewhat incoherently.

"Well, you can manage an old lady, but an old man you can't. I feel as if we were disgraced," Mrs. John re-

See was sure of it when one day grandpa dressed up, brought a livery out to his farm. She clapped on her sunbonnet and went to interview the

Minx's mother. "Don't you think it's disgraceful for young girl to go traipsing off with an old man. Hannah Smith," she demanded with asperity.

"Mr. Porter is a man of good character and a church member.' Mrs. smith asserted, bridling defensively. "Oh, I understand; you are in the game, too," Mrs. John retorted.

Mrs. Smith closed her mouth firmly and tossed her head. And Mrs. John gave it up and went home; she knew Januah Smith well enough to know that you needn't say anything more to

Grandina Taylor was just leaving a neighbor's when the couple returned. She bowed to them in cold hauteur as

passed, and the saucy minx TELEPATHY'S NEW TESTS

laughed gayly. Grandpa's other two sons, Eben and Charles, in answer to urgent appeals, REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS MADE

it again uselessly with his father.

tractingly wheezy wail than ever.

Across the street an old lady lin

bungrily, at times wiping away a fur-

Grandpa and Minx were thicker than

'peas in a pod," Mrs. John said, after

his declaration of independence and

victory over her sons. And then one

day, after an early dinner, he dressed

in his best and again took her for a

long ride out in the country. It hap-

pened to be a day when Grandma Tay-

lor, in lavender lawn, whitetie and new

bonnet, had gone to visit an old friend,

and Mrs. Ray was at liberty to run

"I don't know what I would do if it

were ma, but I'd never consent to her

"Pa Porter don't ask anybody's con

sent, unless it's that girl's. I guess

you couldn't help yourself, in my

"Maybe not. But ma knows my

mind too well ever to think of such a

thing. Why," she added laughingly,

when she first came here I was a lit

tle anxious about her and grandpa,

they took to each other so. But she

hasn't had much to say to him, since

match," Mrs. John replied, "and we

ouldn't have objected. But I suppose

Grandpa Taylor is too old and with

"She's younger than he is, and looks

t, too, in her new things, said Mrs.

Ray, taking up the cudgels. Then she

added, smiling: "We're talking non-

sense; for no matter what anybody

thought of ma, I'd never allow a man

"Well, you can manage an old lady

out you can't a headstrong old man,'

Toward night Mrs. Ray hurried in

again. "Pelly Smith has come home

a-foot and alone; what do you sup

"Come with me and we'll find out,"

The Minx was at the gate, appar-

ently on the lookout for some one

'How did you hear?" she asked, her

"We've heard nothing," Mrs. John

"Why, they're riding around some

"What wedding-where?" shricked

"Up to the parsonage, of course

"And you came off alone as soon a

"But I'm not married," said

"Ma Taylor!" gasped Mrs. Ray.

afraid of offending her folks that she

wouldn't listen to grandpa at all, un-

il she got wretchedly jealous of me

Poor grandpa was so miserable over

it-and grandma herself wasn't han-

"No." added grandma seriously.

"And I decided that you should not

break both our hearts with your no-

Mrs. John went off into peals of

laughter, aided by the Minx and bride-

groom. Mrs. Ray turned her back or

Eventually she relented and took

the happy old couple into favor, but

she never forgave Mrs. John that

laugh.-I.ouise J. Strong, in New Or-

That a certain portion of the blind

may be taught to see is indicated by

the striking success of M. Heller, of

Venna. When brought to him three

ears ago two Hungarian boys, aged

7 and 5 years, could see nothing, but

their eyes appeared to be normal.

Their training began with looking at

a bright disk in a dark chamber. They

learned to distinguish this and the

younger boy, who has progressed more

rapidly than the other, was then shown

familiar objects against the disk, then

lines and figures, and, finally, was able

to read. Later he was mde to recog-

nize the objects and letters by day

light. Another examination showed a

cluded that the field of vision was

so narrowed that the feeble impres-

sions reached the brain attracted

no notice before the unusual teaching.

the hilarious crowd and fied.

leans Times-Democrat.

-" began Mrs. Ray, s

Ray; Mrs .John was speechless.

wild suspicion seizing her.

where, I guess. I came away right after

enswered shortly, "I want to know

what's become of Grandpz Porter."

Mrs. John reiterated with a sigh.

pose she's done with grandpa?"

ered locking to suit Pa Porter."

"That would have been a suitable

I spoke to her about it."

in my father's place."

said Mrs. John.

the wedding-

Minx serenely.

the corner.

Dy."

tions, Emma."

"Then who-

Mrs. John.

and-

face one radiant smile.

over and condole with Mrs. John.

marrying again."

place."

Porter up to see us."

made their appearance. BY A FRENCH PROFESSOR. Grandpa flew into a rage, "I won" have anybody meddling with my afensations of Taste and Sight Conveyed fairs," he declared, stamping around from the Operator to the Hypnotised notelly. "I'll do as I please, and it's none of your business. Third Party - Real Source Shown.

Eben remonstrated, and Charles French science has not shown itself coaxed in vain; then they went off to kindly toward experiments in the tackle the Minx. Eben gave and took transmission of thought, or telepathy, mmediate offense, and left to go over writes the Paris correspondent of the Boston Transcript. At last, however, Charles sauntered in when the storm a professor in the Elcoe de Psycholohad spent itself. "You're a gay old boy, pa," he said, slapping grandpa on -a private but reputable school of Paris-has published certain positive the back, "and you must bring Mother results obtained by him in March of the present year. His experiments "Now that's something like!" grandare noteworthy for two reasons: pa replied, shaking as hand warmly.

1. The experimenter, Dr. Binet-San-Her last hope gone, Mrs. John subgle, is a competent and responsible ided in tears, and a headache; and man of science. It is difficult to sungrandpa shut himself up and played pose illusion or deception on his part, all the old things he could remember, or from his few chosen assistants. triumphantly, but with a more dis-

2. The results, while modest, are positive, easily understood as to facts, gered by the open window, listening and making possible a scientific hypothesis, without excluding further results and corresponding speculation. This is all that can be demanded of science worthy of the name.

The experiments were carried on at Angers, where Dr. Binet-Sangle had two subjects of the proper nervous susceptibility. It was his habit to make one hypnotize the other. The first three experiments were made the same day. The receiving subject, Mme. M., is a woman of 55, easily hypnotized. She was put to sleep by the transmitting subject, M. O., who was not himself hypnotized. The foom was large and the doctor stood beside M. O., at a distance from Mme. M. of 16 feet. The eyes of Mme. M. were carefully covered with a cloth, although the possibility of seeing would have scarcely aided her to guess what was wanted.

On this day it was the experimenter's aim to transmit sensations from one subject to the other. Dr. Binet-Sangle began with the sense of taste. He placed on the tongue of M. O. a paper soaked in postassic bioxalate. Mme. M., at the other end of the room. made a movement of the mouth and exclaimed: "It bites-it's bad!" The same result was obtained with bromide of ammonium; she spat out, saying, "It's saity!" The doctor put soap on the tongue of M. O., Mme. M. answered instantly, "It's insipid-like starch.

Next came the transmission of visual sensations. Mme. M., still in the hypnotic sleep, was seated at a table, and the doctor and M. O. took the same relative positions and distance as before. One of the assistants stuck a paper knife at random into a book and opened it at a page, on which he chose the word "vulture." The word was not pronounced, nor was it shown to the transmitting subject, M. O., but only to Dr. Binet-Sangle. The latter then drew on a piece of paper the head and neck only of a vulture, showed it to O. and asked him to transmit the sensation of what he saw to Mme. M. After a few seconds Mme. M. said: "It's a bird-it's an odd bird; it has no wings;" and then, "It's a vulture." Another experiment was made with the word "snail." It was the kind called "limace" in French, and only the drawing was shown to O. Mme. M. said, "It's a 'limande' " (the name of a fish like a sole), and then, catching herself up, described it, "It creeps,

it's slimy-oh, it's a snail!' Here the hypnotized subject had evidently received two sensations-one, you were married?" interrupted Mrs. imperfect, of the word "limace," which some one (probably the doctor) the of the drawing, which it was intended to transmit through M. O. A third experiment, equally perplexing, yet pos-"There they come!" the smiling itive in its result, was made with the Minx broke in. "Don't they look word "cross." Dr. Binet-Sangle drew sweet!" as a buggy whizzed around a cross on a piece of paper, which he showed to M. O. Madame M., blindfolded and 16 feet away, immediately "Grandpa Taylor-Porter," corrected drew two crosses, neither of which the Minx, "And we's had such a time with her, grandpa and I! She was so

had the form drawn by the doctor. Now came the more difficult experiments with words mentally articulated by M. O. A book was opened as before and a line of poetry by Theophile Gauthier was shown to O. with the request that he would read it mentally. Madame M. made only hesitating attempts to repeat it. O. asked the doctor to read mentally at the same time with himself. The line

"Souffie, bise. Tombe a flots, pluie." (Blow, north wind. Fall in torrents, rain.)

At last Madame M. managed to say souffle" and then "bise:" but she could get no further. Another trial was made with the line

"Le Dieu ne viendra pas. L'eglise est renversee." (God will not come. The church is overthrown.)

Mme. M. pronounced the two words "Le Dieu" and then, all together, "Le Dieu ne viendra pas"-but could go no further. In all these experiments it is difficult not to conclude that the thought

of the experimenter, Dr. Sinot-Binet-Sangle, was transmitted along with that of M. O. Another series of experiments concerned the transmitting of thought proper at a long distance. sults were still more complicated and aignificant. One of the assistants, M. defect of the retina, and it was con- J., had written beforehand to a friend In Bordeaux (about 200 miles from Angers in a straight line) to do some thing-whatever he chose at 10,30 of a fixed evening, and afterward to

write just what he had done. At the

Swalecliffe Church, Kent, England, hour of the evening which had been has a communion chalice which dates fixed, M. J. expressed to O. his desire back to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

ing at that time in Bordeaux; he gave neither the name of his friend nor the address. O. ordered Mme. M., who was hypnotized, to transport herself to Bordeaux and tell what she saw Mme. M., without hesitation, began by saying that she saw in a cafe a brown-haired gentleman with anothe who was blond. Then she saw them go together to a newspaper office where the brown-haired man left the other to go to the theatre. She could

see no more M. J., who knows Bordeaux well asked if there was not a barber's shop just opposite the newspaper office Mme. M. answered that she saw a shop closed, with antiquities inside it (there is an old curiosity shop beside the barber's). Mme. M. was asked to look again, and saw the brown-haired man once more in the newspaper office. When M. J. received the letter telling what had really been done at Bordeaux, his friend simply said that he had not left his room all that even

ing! Now all that Mme. M. had said of the look and profession of the friend and the description of the places were exact; and the acts she attributed to him were what he was in the habit of doing at that time of the evening. And all this M. J. knew very well. It was then his own thought which had been transmitted at short distance across the room to Mme. M., while there had been no long distance transmission

from Bordeaux to Angers. Dr. Binet-Sangle next tried Mme. M with one of his own friends living in Paris. He gave the name and address to O., who ordered the hypnotized Mme. M. to see what was going on at the address. Mmc. M. said that she passed under a great porte-cochere, saw a gentleman with a lady-but here the experimenter himself interrupted her, to say that she was on the wrong track. She stopped and then broke out: 'How pretty it is here! Leather furniture, pictures-but the gentleman, what bad temper he has, hes not easy to get on with! But he's very fond of painting and he goes a great deal with artists!"

What is he doing at present?" asked Dr. Binet-Sangle. 'He is lying in his room, reading

a vellow-covered book." Now all this was scrupulously exact in regard to the friend of the doctor general; he was a young painter of great talent, but a hypochondriac, In particular, however, it was false; for the painter was not at home that evening and did not read in bed that night. But he had the habit of reading there and the yellow-covered books of the Bibliotheque Charpentier were on his chimney-piece ready to his hand. Also Dr. Binet-Sangle was well acquainted with all this and was thinking of it at the time.

ICE ON THE MOON.

An Interesting Lunar Observation Re cently Made. Any one who happened to turn a

clescope upon the moon early on the evening of Aug. 12 cannot have failed to observe a very rare lunar phenomenon and one which is of especial in terest from its bearing upon Professor W. H. Pickering's recently published views as to the existence of snow and ice on the moon's surface. The moon was a few hours past the first quarter and the "terminator," which forms what is popularly known as the moon's "ragged edge" was slightly convex. Just outside this line, which separates the moon's illuminated from its unilluminated half, appeared, as usual, a number of detached islets, caused by the illumination of the summits of mountains while their bases are still involved in darkness. The phenomenon referred to was the remarkable appearance of one of these Instead of the usual white "islets." spot was to be seen a star-just such a than a plimpse, not only of the arrvial star as is produced by the reflection of the sun from a glass ball or other the summer in Spain, but of what we polished convex surface. The highest never see, and very few people ever observer failed to make out of this ob- | do see it, the passage of the birds ject anything but a star, which was estimated to be of about the third magnitude. The appearance cannot have been produced by diffused light coming from any object however white even a snow-covered mountain peak illuminated by the sun would have appeared simply as a very bright spot, not as a star-like point. A star can have been produced under the circumstances only by the reflection of the sun's rays from a polished sur-

The lunar star was first observe a about 7.30 P. M. In the course of a couple of hours its starlike appearance became less and less marked, and, as the terminator moved outward it re solved itself into a very brilliant spot Subsequently it was found that the light which produced this appearance typical lunar "craters."

Giraffes Are Costly. "Our last giraffe," said Manager Car son of the Zoo, died in 1885, a life rfter here of ter years. Since then our collection has been wanting in this animal. raffes now cost \$5,000 apiece. In 1874 we bought six, and they lived with us respectively, five, eleven, nine, three and two years, while one died ten days after its arrival of congestion of the lungs. Of the others, one was carried off by heart disease, another by a spin al trouble, and the remaining three by ailments of an unknown kind. have here now, despite our vacancy in giraffes, a collection that is in numbers as well as in rarity the best we have ever had. It is perhaps on that account partly, and partly too, on ac count of the band of music that plays three afternoons of the week, that this season has been so far out best since 1896.-Philadelphia Record.



"My dear Matilda," hints Mamma,
"It vexes me, as you're aware.
To hear you end each sentence with
"So there!"

"I don't know," Matilda cries, Speaking as crossly as she dare, "That I said anything like that— So there!"

"You naughty girl," Mamma exclaims,
"For punishment you'll now prepare;
Into that corner take your work—
Sew there!"

-Chicago Record-Herald.

Pets of a Ouesn The love of animals always indieates a noble and gentle character,

and doubtless Queen Alexandra's love of animals has endeared her doubly to her many subjects. England's queen has a collection of pets at Sandringham that contains a wide variety, embracing dogs, chickens, doves, horses and parrets. Many years ago, when she visited Ireland, a dove was given her as an emblem of peace and good will, and on her return to London she bought a mate for it. Their descendants are numerous, and the queen always has one specially trained for her boudoir. This particular pet has its cage in the room, and will leave It at her call to perch on her finger or nestle on her shoulder. These doves are all white, with pink eyes. A small island in a pool is the home of a number of foreign birds. Among them are some curious specimens, of which several oyster catchers are regarded as peculiarly interesting by their owner. They have black and white plumage and long red bills, which they use like scissors to detach the mollusk. Three turtle doves are recent additions. They were on board the steamer when her majesty returned from Denmark last year, and she became so fond of them that they were sent to Sandringham. The queen's kennels are extensive, and in them are collies, Newfoundlands, deerhounds and other varieties. Ter personal pets are two Japanese spaniels, carrying them everywhere with her. Each kennnel has a bedroom and a sitting-room, and all open upon a large central courtroom. There is also a hospital, and when a dog dies it is buried in a litttle cemetery and a tombstone is placed over its grave. Sam, the pooddle who was a pet of Princess Victoria, lies here. The princess used to have the clippings from his long and silky coat made into yarn for crocheting little shawls. Queen Alexandra is well known by every dog in the kennel. Horses come in for a goodly share of her majesty's affection. She has been a fine horsewoman from childhood, and still rides nearly every day.

Migrating Birds.

The Rock of Gibraltar is an ideal spot from which to note the arrival of the birds from Africa on their spring passage. It is not such a general resting place and "cross-roads" as is Heligoland; but, standing as it does at the narrowest point in the Mediterranean, it forms one of the jettles at the birds' crossing-place, while the neighborhood of Tangler is the corresponding pier of this invisible bridge. For five seasons the arrival of the birds was very carefully watched by Colonel Irby, who also acquired the notes of a French naturalist, M. Favier, who lived for 30 years in Tangler. The notes, both of M. Favier and of Colonel Irby, give us something more power of the telestcope used by a local realize to be taking place when they midway on the journey from Equatorial Africa to England. Some, the swallows, for instance, drop detachments probably along the whole line from North Africa to Sweden. Some stop at Tangler, some at Gibraltar, some in Spain, some, doubtless, along the French coast. Others come to England, others go on still further. There is every reason to believe that it is the same pair of birds which stays each year at its usual nesting place. Yet there is nothing to stop them where they do stop, except free will. What can there be in the mind of one swallow hatched last year which takes the little bird to Seville, while another will not be content till it reaches Christiania? M. Favier says that "great flights of swallows pass the Straits from Africa to Europe in Jancame from the side of one of the uary and February, returning in Sentember and October to join those which have remained at Tangier to nest. Then they all go further south for the winter." Where they go he did not know; but they are now said to be found all over Africa in midwin-"The Moors say that it offends ter. God to kill a swallow as much as it conciliates Satan to kill a raven," says M. Favier, "and that swallows and storks were inspired by Allah for the destruction of flies and noxious reptiles."-The Spectator.

There was once a big, discontented beetle. He had no pretty colors on his wing cases, and the wings themselves, folded beneath, were too small to hold his heavy body up for any length of flight. All day he burrowed in the earth and decaped leaves and at night he crept out to envy the fire

"Oh" he sighed, "what happiness to only y about in the warm air carrying Press.

ne of those beautiful lamps. How wish I was a lightning bug and not

one day as he was digging in the earth he came on an angle worm's tunnel. Now the bug people think that the angle worms are very wise and useful, and so they are, for all their lives long they spend in working the soll over and over so that it will be loose for the roots of the trees and the flowers to move through; you know they do move, very, very slowly, or else they would always stay in one spot, and not go crawling under the ground this way and that.

"Say," asked the discontented beetle of the angle worm, "you are wise, can you tell me where the fire files buy their lamps?"

"No," the worm answered, turning his blind, pink face toward the beetle. "but I have heard the grass roots talking together, and, if I remember rightly, they spoke of a fire somewhere up in the sky that warmed them; maybe the fire flies light their lamps there.

Then the worm turned away to hite off a great mouthful of clay, swallowing it quite contentedly. "Why don't you ask the fire files themselves it mumbled, seeing the beetle still waiting there, "that is what I would advise your doing."

Now the beetle was very shy and very proud. He was not afraid of a blind angle worm, but when it came to introducing himself to a fire fly, with a lovely red head and black markings-to say nothing of the lamp-that

was too much. "I will not ask any more questions I will hunt the world over till I find that fire for myself, said the beetle sullenly, so off he started. When he stuck his head out of the earth worm's tunnel the first thing he saw was a bright red light, glittering behind the leaves. He was sure it was far away. because he felt no heat from it. Certainly that must be the fire the roots were talking of. He would go there as straight as he could crawl, so ne scrambled off over the ground, his nose pushing the grass and his two little feelers showing him the way, just as you see any of the bug people walk, if you watch them. Bye and bye he looked up, thinking, undoubtedly, that he had made a long journey and must be near the end. Mercy! not a sign of the fire anywhere, no smoke even, which was not strange when you think that what the stupid beetle had taken for a fire was the setting sun, which had dropped over the edge of the world long ago and left only a big pink stain in the sky

where it had been. "Dear me," fretted the beetle, "how tired I am all for nothing and no good!" and he burrowed under some dry leaves to sulk. When he looked up again, however, he forgot that he had been discouraged, for there, white and beautiful and shining, betweeen the tree branches he saw another fire, and as soon as he saw it he made up his mind that this was the

very one he was looking for. 'Here goes!" exclaimed the beetle cheerfully, and he began to climb the first tree he came to. It was a slow journey, and many a time he would have fallen but for the hard, hooked claws which he dug into the bark of the tree. He did reach the top at last, as men and beetles always can if they dig their claws in and work hard enough, but when the tip-top had been reached, dreadful to say, the white fire had flown a million miles away up among the stars! Can you guess what it was that had fooled the

old beetle so? For a long time the discontente. looked to his little eyes like a wide, black floor, swinging and tilting with the wind. There was no use, he thought, he would give up his hunt and go back to his cell in the ground, where he could neither see nor hear, for what good were eyes and ears except to put impossible ideas in one's head? As he turned to go down the tree he stopped suddenly, dusted his eyes with his feelers and looked again. Was it possible-there in the street below him, the very fire he was looking for? Yes, there it shone, dangling from an iron post and so wonder fully white that the moon looked like" a dirty silver plate beside it. A perfect cloud of bug people danced excitedly around it-come to light their lamps, too, the beetle told himself, and the next moment he stretched his wings and went skimming through the darkness. He forgot the other bug people dancing there, forgot the red sun that hid over the hill, the white moon that ran away to the stars, the long journey he had come on; forgot everything except the great, blazing diamond light that was growing nearer

with every quiver of his wings. "Where are you going? You will burn yourself!"

The next morning when the man came to clean out the electric globes he found, with a pint of other burned up bugs, the body of a big black bee-

"How can such a large bug have so little sense!" he exclaimed, but when the grass roots told the angle worm he said nothing, because his mouth was full of dirt.-Washington Star.

Bard on the Father.

A little girl, three years old, who is very fond of music, has a father who cannot distinguish one tune from another. However, she is always urging him to sing. He was trying his best to please her with a hymn one day and flattered himself that he was doing very well. Suddenly the little tyrant turned upon him and demanded: Why don't you sing, daddy? You're making a noise."-New