

WINGS OF A DOVE.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying,
Far down the pathway of the West,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying
To be at rest.

Philgrim of air, I cried, could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow
And find my rest.

—Henry van Dyke, in "The Builders, and Other Poems."

BROTHER FELIPE'S MEMORY.

It was very generally agreed in the monastery that it could be no difficult matter for Brother Felipe to forget the world. The difficulty for him would have been to remember it. He could not even remember the little world calls which, even in a monastery, must needs be hearkened to from day to day, and though in themselves trivial are yet, when properly responded to, of no small use in keeping the devil at bay. For example, the call to meals. Fasting to the proper and enjoined extent is an excellent thing; no brother, not even Brother Antonio, would have dared deny it. For by fasting the flesh is mortified, as it should be. But to forget the times and seasons for the partaking of food altogether, as Brother Felipe sometimes did, is to go to extremes. And when, as also sometimes happened, Brother Felipe forgot when he was, as a matter of rotation, kitchen or the day, the mortification of other people rather than of himself—was excessive.

If he did not forget to prepare a meal, Brother Felipe was as likely as not to err on some other side of his memory. Such was the case when, being engaged in the composition of a liquor for which the monastery was famous throughout the province, he used, quite unsuspected, soda by mistake for sugar. Brother Antonio suffering from a sharp attack of rheum which required in the abbot's opinion—as well as in Brother Antonio's—a warming draught, was the victim of this monstrous brew. His words, as he rushed from the buttry plucking at his chest, which the torrid liquid was burning from within, were such as had never been dreamed of in that unworldly place, and caused his brothers to hang their heads for weeks afterward.

Brother Antonio did penance for the brew, as did Brother Felipe for the words. Brother Felipe did it without a grumble. He designated in doing penance—another strange thing.

Often he implored something to be put upon him when from his confession there was no need of it. Only it must be before in mind that he never could remember anything—not even his sins.

"And that in itself becomes a sin," said the abbot upon one occasion.

"Punish me, therefore; punish me, Father," Felipe replied, and was given his wish; though, it must be admitted, if absent-mindedness made him a sinner, it also prevented him from being a sufferer, seeing that he usually forgot that what he was doing was a penance, and he had none of the pangs of conscience. Of this doubtless, the Abbot was aware.

The others often wondered what Brother Felipe had been like in the outside world. They themselves had been so different in some ways. Not in all, of course. Brother Antonio had never hated meat and wine then any more than he did now. The difference was that now he tried to hate them. They all tried to hate the past, and if they ever spoke of it, which was seldom, they spoke of it with fear and loathing.

Brother Felipe, on the other hand, had thrown a thunderbolt once or twice into their midst by speaking of some incident of the past with obvious gratification.

His devoutness was beyond question, his docility equally so, the only proofs of his having been not unvisited by the devil in his youth being certain suggestions of a quick temper. Once for nothing at all he had knocked a brother down, a sign of depravity, indeed, in anybody else but Brother Felipe. Somehow it was like his case, nothing at all in him. The abbot had visited it mildly, plainly finding it impossible to punish overmuch one who was beyond doubt as unconscious of his sin as a summer sky that a moment before had been streaked with lightning.

Every one was agreed, in fine, that Brother Felipe was without guile. But for his wool gathering wit he might have been a saint. Also—but for what follows.

It is possible, though not easy, to forget the world at all times except ye. That is in time of war. If the enemy thunders on one's gates, he finds the world with him. Neither prayers nor excommunications can keep him out. And so, one might say, a captain is stronger than the devil himself, who is not, at least, at his ease in a holy place. If this be any excuse for what Brother Felipe did, let it be told in his favor.

It was after the melting of the snows in the year 1850. You know the events of that year? The arch enemy Napoleon had thrown his men, with equal skill and cunning, into the Peninsula, and the Spaniards, remembering their glory, had risen. Skirmishes, beleaguements, defeats, victories, all these the patriots had tasted, and it was by one of the last—briefly, since this is no place for the details of the fighting—that Capt. Harpolet, with 400 conscripts, mad with hunger and defeat, was cut off from the French main army of the Pyrenees and led them

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving
Back came the dove, to seek her nest,
Deep in the forest where her mate was grieving—
There was true rest.

Peace, heart of mine! no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest,
There are no happy islands over yonder;
Come home and rest.

—Henry van Dyke, in "The Builders, and Other Poems."

ravaging by whatever ways they could find among the hills. If there was any method in their retreat, the historians will know it. Enough that this captain came, ignorant that Spaniards had let his slip ahead only a league or so—that league by which fear for a little outstrip vengeance—to the village of Calle d'Estreze. Above that on the hill, as we all know, the monastery stands.

Something of the news of the rising had come to the brothers' ears. Villagers on their way to join the patriots had passed within sight of them; Brother Pedro, sent on an errand into the mist, had come back with the sound of trumpets in his ears. Sounds of firing, too, to make the world seem furiously near. The abbot might exhort to prayer and fasting; he might speak of vows in which neither war nor rumors of war had any part. But the tidings came—kept coming. Only they knew so little that the first cottages of Calle d'Estreze were in flames and smoke steaming up from the valley before the brothers knew that a detachment of the French army was already there.

"And about to march upon the monastery, my Father," cried the peasant who first came to them. After Nones it was already—these Frenchmen who feared neither God nor devil—they would arrive before dusk, having, it seemed, utterly defeated the Spanish soldiers.

"You are sure that we are defeated?" asked the abbot, forgetting in his trouble that he and the brothers had no part nor side with earthly armies.

The peasant swore to that, and to many other things, and those that came after him, swayed to the same. Therefore it was clear to the abbot that for the time being work must make the place of prayer. There were precious and sacred things in the monastery that must be moved away and hidden till the danger was past.

Lives, too, though they were vowed away from the world, must not be given over to these raging soldiers. "Raging and drunk with wine and blood," the peasant said. The abbot bestirred himself, and the brothers did likewise.

Strangely enough, only Brother Felipe, who in his moments of forgetfulness was wont to speak of the world as a present and—almost—an enjoyable thing, had shown no interest in the tidings of battle that had been brought up and banded from tongue to tongue for these many days past. Some had thought it a sign of grace in him, as indeed, it would have been in any other. But most of the brothers opined that Felipe had no mind for these things. The sound of a musket would go into one ear—with him—and out of the other, just as the sound of the dinner bell would.

"And now that he has been given a pain box," said Brother Antonio, not without envy, "he requires nothing inside of him."

He referred to the illuminating of a missal, which had of late been set as a task to Brother Felipe in lieu of the kitchen's work which should have been his lot for the week. This by special petition of all the brothers.

Brother Felipe liked his painting. He sat in a windowed alcove of the hall, sucking his brush for hours together, the missal before him, and who knows where his wits were? He was sitting like this when the tidings of the French marauders came, and through all the bustle he sat on. No one disturbed him, because there was much to be done, and little time to do it, and that being so, Brother Felipe was not accounted helpful. So little time was there, indeed, what with the burying of some of the weightier things in the grounds outside the monastery and the collecting of the chalices and precious candlesticks for postage, that by the time all was ready, and the abbot had assembled his flock in the rear of the great hall and unlocked the secret door into the passage that leads out on to the hills a mile away, there came to the ears of all the most frantic shouts and wailing of that shameless ballad, the "Marsellaise," showing that the French were at hand. Luckily they stopped for a little to fire the outbuildings, as it was found afterward.

"Let us fly!" cried some of the weaker brothers. But the abbot raised his hand.

"Be strong and of good spirit," said he. "Are all present?"

"Brother Felipe is still at his painting," cried several together.

"Brother Antonio will fetch him," said the abbot calmly. "The rest will proceed. First of all, those carrying the chalices."

A pungent smoke was wrapping that other end of the hall where Brother Felipe sat at his task all unconscious and he husked Brother Antonio's voice as he came near and called.

"Hasten, Felipe, hasten. We are going instantly. The French are on us!" Brother Felipe looked up.

"So?" he said. "I will come."

But he made no attempt to come. It might have been no more than the summons to dinner. Antonio thought

bitterly and shouted again, "Come, lose no time."

"Yes," said Brother Felipe, amiably. And Brother Antonio, as he fled back through the smoke to the abbot, who was aware that Brother Felipe was still sitting at his missal and three Frenchmen scrambling in at the windows with drawn swords.

The rest the abbot saw before closing the secret door behind himself and the brothers.

Brother Felipe was bent over his missal, painting steadily.

"Are you alive, pie?" asked the leader of the Frenchmen.

"Yes, yes, brother," said Felipe, exactly as he had spoken to Brother Antonio. "I am coming—directly."

"Brother!" the Frenchman exploded with oaths; and one of the others said, with a kind of bullying treatment and with a kind of bullying merriment: "I will prod our brother, with your permission, mon capitaine," and ran the tip of his blade into Brother Felipe's left arm. Then—he was on his feet in a trice. He had faced round, not on the man who pricked him as it seemed, but on the other, who had been called captain. Dazed, Brother Felipe looked for a moment. Then like a man waked from sleep his eyes lightened.

"Brother!" he said and this time he said it with a terrible voice.

"Phillipe!"

It was the French captain who said this and in his turn looked dazed. But Brother Felipe spoke very slowly:

"I thought that I had killed you, Louis, and there was no more for me to do in the world. Are you raised from the dead?"

A cloud of smoke curled in at that moment, and for that moment the abbot was blinded. Only he heard a scream from the Frenchman, shriller than that last, and from Brother Felipe no word. Then the smoke cleared. The French captain was on the stone floor, his head beaten in with the stool which Brother Felipe held still in his hand. He held it as a shield now, for the other two were upon him, and at the window a swarm of French conscripts, yelling for vengeance for their dead captain. It seemed to the abbot that Brother Felipe was no longer a monk now, but a soldier, who would die bravely.

Very noiselessly, therefore, he gave the sign to those within the passage to advance, and himself shut the door upon that fight—V. C. Fry, in Black and White.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A child of 5 should weigh 41 pounds, be 41-1/2 inches in height and have a chest girth of 23-1/4 inches.

A large part of the tropical fruit used in the United States is raised by the transportation companies which bring it.

Out of the 13,500,000 people in Mexico less than 2,000,000 can read, though the first printing press in the world was set up in Mexico.

An economic census of the town of York, England, showed that 23,000 out of the 70,000 inhabitants live habitually below the starvation line.

When accomplished the Romanization of the Japanese language will put the final touch of victory to the revolution begun 40 years ago.

The exports of American flour to Hong Kong in 1892 were 457,690 barrels, and in 1902 1,298,393 barrels—an increase of 941,203 barrels.

Owing to the Berlin hansom having India rubber tires, complaint was made of danger to the public, and they have now been supplied with bells.

George Wharton of Repaupo, N. J., has a swarm of bees under the eaves of his house that has produced a hundred pounds of honey this season.

The wagons of the London fire company are to be supplied with bells so that the firemen will no longer be compelled to utter cries to clear the streets.

The Yellowstone Park proper is one-third larger than Delaware and the adjoining government reserves make an area nearly equal to that of New Jersey.

The Bash-Bazook shaves his head except a tuft at the crown, which is to be used by the angel to jerk him to Paradise if he should be slain by his intended victim.

The latest statistical estimates for the German empire place the population at 58,549,000. From these figures it appears that the population has increased 1.46 percent in the last year.

A Hungarian bride at Vinsgrád, near Budapest, came near losing her life through using a celluloid comb. Having come into contact with the flame of a candle, it set fire to her clothes; her husband heard her cries and succeeded in saving her; but both had to be taken to the hospital.

The experiments of German syndicates in the raising of cotton in German East Africa have been successful. Togo having produced 50,000 pounds of fine quality. The cotton factories of Germany now hope to become independent of America. Germany yearly employs 1,000,000 persons in making \$200,000,000 worth of cotton goods from American cotton.

The German state gives to one university more than the British government allows to all the universities and university-colleges in England, Ireland and Scotland together.

MAGIC BY THE INDIANS.

AMERICAN REDSKINS EQUAL TO WIZARDS OF THE ORIENT.

Sorcery of the Chippewas With the Century Plant—Sacerdotal Performers Who Control the Weather—Tricks Through the Intervention of Tribal Divinities.

Redskin magic has been a subject of special investigation recently by the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, which finds that among the American Indians there are wizards who can perform feats quite as wonderful as any of those attributed to the fakirs of the Orient. In fact, there are certain tribes, such as the Chippewas, which have developed the art of sorcery, as one might say, to a high point; and Catholic missionaries and other reliable witnesses testify to having seen century plants two or three feet high produced within a few minutes on bare western prairies—where previously nothing grew—simply, as it seemed, by a few incantations and a small amount of hocus-pocus.

This feat, which bears a curious likeness to the famous mango tree trick of India, seems beyond explanation, the century plants grown in the spontaneous manner described being of considerable size and apparently a dozen years old. But it is perhaps surpassed by a marvel which was recounted to one of the government investigators by a Jesuit priest, who said that while he was journeying among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, west of the Mississippi, he saw a couple of wizards fetch grass up out of the ground where there had not been a sprig of vegetation. It was done in a few minutes, and there was quite a patch of it, green and growing. With his own eyes he saw it sprout and grow.

The wizards among the Indians are priests. Indeed, the primitive priest all over the world is, and has always been, a magician and juggler. Juggling tricks are the most important part of his stock in trade, vividly impressing the untutored beholders with a belief in the supernatural powers of the performer. The position of official rainmaker is invariably held by a sacerdotal magician of note, who claims to be able to control the weather. He embodies in his own person all the functions of a weather bureau, the only drawback being that he usually loses his life sooner or later in consequence of making a few unsuccessful predictions.

Among the Chippewas there is a class of wizards known as "dreamers," who are supposed to be able to handle with impunity red hot stones and burning brands, or to bathe their hands without disfigurement in boiling water. A magician of this type is a "dealer in fire," and at night he may sometimes be seen flying rapidly along in the shape of a ball of fire or a pair of fiery sparks, like the eyes of some monstrous beast. The late Dr. W. J. Hoffman of the bureau of ethnology knew one of the jugglers who could take ripe red cherries from his mouth at any season of the year. He had a magic bag which would move on the ground as if it were alive, but Dr. Hoffman more than half suspected that the sack contained a live rat or some other small animal.

One of the investigators on a certain occasion saw a Menominee wizard produce live snakes, as it appeared, from an empty bag. The bag was of red flannel, about 29 inches wide by 30 inches in depth, and the "mystery man" held it between his fingers by the two upper corners, so as to spread it out. Then he rolled it between his fingers like a ball, to show that there was nothing inside. Again he took it by the upper corners, and holding it up, danced slowly. Presently two snake heads began to emerge from the top of the sack, gradually becoming more and more exposed to view until the bodies of the serpents protruded half a foot or so. From time to time the snakes withdrew themselves into the bag, coming out again, and again retreating. When they had finally disappeared the performer, rolled the sack up tightly and put it into his bosom. It seemed quite wonderful, but the trick was a simple one, the two snake heads (stuffed) being attached to a tape, the ends of which were fastened to the upper corners of the bag. When the wizard pulled the tape taut, it caused the heads to lift themselves above the ends of the bag, passing through a couple of loops.

The Indian wizards pretend that they can perform their tricks only through the intervention of the tribal divinities; and this is where the juggling and religion come together. Information as to future events is commonly obtained by special consultation with the divinities in the so-called "magic lodge," which is a cylindrical structure of birch bark, with a framework of small poles, just big enough to contain and give concealment to a man standing erect. As soon as the wizard has entered, the lodge begins swaying violently, and there is a great rattling of bells and deer's hoofs which are fastened to the tops of the poles. Three voices are then heard in consultation—a loud one (for the Great Spirit), a faint one (for the small spirit), and the voice of the "mystery man." In this way the wizard gets the knowledge he desires direct from headquarters.

A famous wizard at White Earth, Minn., made a bet with one of the government investigators that the latter could not tie him with ropes so that he would not be able to get loose immediately. With the help of the local Indian agent, the man was tied up in a most elaborate fashion and put inside of a conical wigwam in an open space. Nobody was allowed to come near him. Presently there was a great thumping noise and the wigwam began to sway back and forth. Two or three minutes later the magician called out, telling his captors to go to a house several hundred yards away and get the ropes. One of them went to the house, and found the ropes, with all the complicated knots untied. Then the wigwam was opened and the wizard was found quietly smoking his pipe.

Among the Chippewas a popular love charm (prepared, of course, by the wizard), is composed of powdered vermilion and fine ground mica, the mixture being put into a thimble, which is plugged at the bottom with a disc of wood and carried suspended from the neck by a string passed through a hole in the top. It may be decorated with feathers or otherwise; but its efficacy depends upon a hair or nail paring of the person whose affections are desired, this item being introduced into the thimble with the powder.

Dr. Franz Boas recently made a study of the religious ceremonies of the Fort Rupert Indians of Vancouver island, in which he found a lot of "wiz" business mixed up. These people are supposed to be cannibals, and a striking episode of one of their performances consists in the mysterious entrance, through a solid wall, of a man eating wild man, who proceeds to take bites out of the other participants in the exhibition.—Boston Herald.

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MAINE ISLANDS IN DEMAND.

Bought Up by Rich Men from the Country's Great Cities.

The waters of the coast of Maine from Kittery to Quoddy Head are as full of beautiful islands as the northern counties of the state are of charming lakes. Indeed, if one would make a little study of these two features of the physical peculiarities of the state there would appear a striking similarity between them. See the attractive north land dotted with lakes and ponds, full of water as it is; see the equally attractive coast, the great gulf of Maine and its many bays full of land, picturesque and beautiful as they are. These two features attract different classes of tourists, summer visitors and nature lovers. While one class is attracted to the seacoast and the equally picturesque islands which stand out from the land as though formerly a part of it, like little chicks or lambs that have left their mother fold.

These islands, like the interior lakes, are being rapidly pre-empted by the wealthy citizens of other states. One set of men or members of a club, who have a fondness for the canoe, the angler's rod or the sportsman's rifle, purchase the section of woods in which is a big lake; while those of another, who are fond of yachting and like the smell of old ocean, buy a Maine island, or two or three of them.

The town of Isle au Haut is a town of islands. It was incorporated by the legislature in 1874, and comprises, besides the large island, which gives the name to the town, the following smaller islands: York's Island, Fog Island, Burnt Island, Merchant's Island, Kimball's Island, the two Spoon Islands, and "all other islands south of Merchant's Row." These islands lie south of Great Deer Isle and between the island of Vinalhaven to the west of Burnt Coal Island in Frenchman's bay to the east.

Recent despatches say that by recent purchases nearly the whole of Isle au Haut is now controlled by the Point Lookout club, the members of which are wealthy people from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. On one of the nearby islands a wealthy New York artist is to build a beautiful residence next summer, while it is the purpose of the members of the club who have purchased Isle au Haut, to preserve the natural beauties of the island, to which end the cutting of trees or other growth, except for clearing paths or roadways, is forbidden.

This may be all right. If we cannot keep all our beautiful islands and interior lakes to ourselves we are glad for people to have them who appreciate their attractiveness and will make and enforce stringent rules to preserve them in their natural beauty. But at the rate at which our lakes, islands and splendid coast lands are going at present we shall hardly have any for our own use and enjoyment before many years. If our readers have a few of these desirable possessions just now, our advice is: Hold on to them.—Bangor Commercial.

Conductor Sold Fish.

The following is taken from a New York paper published in 1838: It is well known that the Portsmouth railroad has to turn everything to account to pay running expenses, and many are the jokes they perpetrate upon the conductors in reference to their shifts to get a living. It is said that one of them last year was accustomed to bring fish from Portsmouth and peddle them out at the stopping places on the way to Concord. One day he brought along smelts, dealing out to customers at every station till he got to Suncook, where he blew his horn, and an old woman came out and wanted six. "Just a pattern—all I've got left, you're in the nick of time," said he, and he began to count them and found only five. "How's this? I should have six," and he began to count on his fingers, and reckon how he had disposed of the four dozen he had started with. After a little while, "I have it; hold on a little while and I'll be back," said he, and he ran the train back seven miles to a place where he let a woman have one more than she paid for, got it, came to Suncook, and let the old woman have six as she wanted, and then the "smelt" train went to Concord.

It's an accommodating glove that's always on hand when you want it.



Blue-Eyes and Brown-Eyes.

Blue-Eyes sleeps in an attic cot. Blue-Eyes dreams in a dainty bed. Brown-Eyes goes hungry as often as not. Blue-Eyes has butter and jam on his bread.

But I'd rather be Brown-Eyes, I tell you true, And so, I am sure, would you—and you!

For whenever Brown-Eyes is tired or sad, He has only to climb the attic stair, And the loveliest mother boy ever had (Save mine and your own) is waiting With Blue-Eyes' mother has gone away To the place where God's beautiful angels stay.

Brown-Eyes is shabby, while Blue-Eyes is dressed In the handsomest garments that gold can buy, But no mother's kiss has his whole life blessed.

He longs for one, vainly, as days go by; Brown-Eyes, he knows, is his mother's delight. She kisses him morning and noon and night.

So Blue-Eyes wears always a wistful smile, (He tries to be happy, but how can it be?) While Brown-Eyes grows happier all the while.

Believing, joyous and gay is he. So I'd rather be Brown-Eyes, I tell you true, Now answer me honestly! Wouldn't you?—Ethel M. Colson, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Victims of Ax in London.

Upon just and unjust, innocent and guilty alike, the headman's ax used too often to fall in the bad old days when the Tower was the state prison of London. Poor Lady Jane Grey and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh were among its victims. The last to be beheaded in the famous fortress were three Scotsmen who had played a prominent part in the Jacobite rising in 1745. These were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino and Simon Lord Lovat.

The last was the last to be executed (in 1747). Before he was put to death a wooden structure, with some spectators, tumbled down, and some of the people on it were hurt. The old man laughed at the accident, and said: "The mischief, the mischief!" He is described as the greatest rascal of his day, but died game anyhow. Before the ax fell he quoted Horace's noble line, which runs in English: "Sweet and glorious it is to die for one's country."

A Children's Farm.

Last summer a children's school farm was opened in one of the most crowded districts of New York. An unimproved site on West Fifty-third street, reserved for a future park, and long used as a dumping ground, was chosen for the experiment. The story of this farm is told by Miss Fannie C. Parsons in The Outlook:

"The question of how to control an unruly mob of children of various ages promised difficulties, but as soon as the children ceased to be onlookers and became workers, there was no trouble. The park department gardeners who prepared the ground were Swedes, and as in their own country they had enjoyed school gardens, they entered into the spirit of the farm and let the children help.

"The farm grew to perfection from the suggestions of these men, the parents and police; one of the latter saying, 'These children will never obey until the tent is made more beautiful than anything they have ever seen.' Following this suggestion, a floor was laid and a box of blooming plants was placed around the whole tent, 25 feet by 25 feet. The effect was magical.

"Once a week in the tent a round tub was filled with water, on whose bosom floated a mass of water lilies in all their rich, cool, native beauty. Their subtle influence seemed to reach all. Making a beautiful park or making a beautiful garden with the 'Don't touch' sign is like eating luscious fruit before hungry children; they want some, too. So at stated times a basketful of cut flowers was distributed in the tent, so satisfying the whole some longing aroused by the boxes of plants, which were to be respected."

The Soldier Ant.

The lion is the king of beasts, but all of his magnificent strength and ferocity would avail him nothing when he faces a mere ant. But this ant is not the usual kind which peacefully goes about its domestic duties day by day. It is the terrible driver, or soldier ant, said to be the most invincible creature in the world.

M. Collard, a French missionary in the Barotse Valley of South Central Africa, thus writes of these terrors there:

"One sees them busy in innumerable battalions, ranked and disciplined, winding along like a broad black ribbon of watered silk. Whence come they? Where are they going? Nothing can stop them, nor can any object change their route. If it is an animate object they turn aside and pass on. If it is living, they assail it venomously, crowding one on top of the other to the attack, while the main army presses on, business like and silent. Is the obstacle a trench or a stream of water, then they form themselves at its edge into a compact mass. Is this a deliberate assembly? Possibly, for soon the mass stirs and moves on, crosses the trench or stream and continues in its incessant and mysterious march. A multitude of these soldiers are sacrificed for the common good, and these legions, which know not what it is to be beaten, pass over the corpses of those victims to their destination."

Against these tiny enemies no man or band of men, no lion, or tiger, nor even a herd of elephants can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. Among the Barotse natives a favorite form of capital punishment is to coat the victim with grease and throw him before the advancing army of soldier ants. The quickness with which the poor wretch is dispatched is marvellous when it is considered that each ant can do nothing more than merely tear out a small particle of flesh and carry it off. Yet in a surprisingly short time the writhing victim will have been changed into a skeleton.—Golden Penny.

"Buff" and "Bouncer."

Annie Willis McCullough writes the following interesting narrative in the St. Nicholas:

The quaint old city of Boston has many interesting sights, but a spectacle that would astonish boys and girls as much as anything is a glimpse at the home of "Buff" and "Bouncer."

Now, Buff and Bouncer are cats, not of fine breed, like the Maltese, nor especially beautiful, like the Angoras. They are just common, every-day cats. Bouncer is a tortoise-shell with a white triangle on his nose, and Buff—I dislike to tell it, but he is nothing in the world but an ordinary yellow cat. Somehow, yellow cats and dogs are counted among the outscourings of their kind, but Buff—well, I have changed my opinion of yellow cats since meeting him!

These Boston cats live—that is, their master and mistress live—in a brick house on a street in Boston near a railroad. But Buff and Bouncer have a house all their own. It stands in the little square homey city yard, which extends out to the tracks.

You will understand that with noise, soot, cinders and cramped quarters, these city cats need some compensation for that lack of freedom which their country brothers enjoy. Their mistress is so fond of them and so afraid of losing them that they are even deprived of the city cat's chief pleasure—back fence promenades—by reason of a wire netting stretching flat along the top of the fence, so that they cannot climb up. As consolation for these privations, the mistress of Buff and Bouncer has built them a house that no carpenter need be ashamed of. She began it as a sort of shelter for her pets when they wanted to be in the yard in bad weather. But once her fingers and the hammer got started, the rough kennel grew and grew. It reached up until it became four feet two inches high, and spread to two and a half feet wide. It took on some fancy shingles and a cunning gable window. The work then became so fascinating to the builder that she just could not help adding a piazza and a bay window. She is a very small woman, so she devised a way to get inside in order to fasten in windows, to tack up curtains, and to complete various other arrangements for the comfort of her cats. Nearly the whole side of the house is swung on hinges, so it can be pulled out, and as it comes out, like a shelf table, some long, slender jointed legs unfold, and lo! a sort of port cochere, on the roof of which the cats like to lie and sun themselves, and underneath which their hammock can be hung.

One day, when the cats' mistress was inside the tiny house, sitting on the floor and hard at work, Buff came in, jumped up on a crossbeam high up in his house, and stretched his head up as if to look out of the little gable window.

"Well, Buff," said his mistress, "you shall have an upstairs, since you want it so badly." So she put in a sort of floor up there, leaving an opening, of course, with a shelf half way up, at the back of the first floor room, to serve as a cat stairway. When Buff and Bouncer go to their second story they jump up on this shelf stair, then easily spring through the opening into their attic room. There is a piece of thick carpet for them to lie on, and there they love to stay, dozing or looking lazily out of their little front window.

The little house is further fitted up with a movable flight of steps, which stand sometimes at the front, sometimes at the side of the piazza, but which, you may be sure, Buff and Bouncer do not stop to use. It also has a hammock and a bedstead for each cat. And Buff and Bouncer will lie in the hammock, allow themselves to be tucked in bed, or ride in their carriage—a doll carriage—and seem to enjoy themselves hugely. They will also sit up in little chairs