There's beauty in the dawning light,

There's calmness on the ocean' As deep and blue it seems to rest. 'Neath bluer heavens above; But deeper, calmer, still to me Than ever sea or sky can be, Thine azure eyes, my love!

There's music in the running stream But sweeter, dearer, still to me Than nature's voice can ever be

The music of thy words.

G. Roxby, in Chambers's Journal.

## IN THE FIFTH FLAT.

T was away up town on that town on that extension of Ninth avenue which scorns its humble beginnings as it gets more prosperous.

nings as it gets more prosperous, and with the true Philistine spirit changes its name to that of the discoverer of America. There were two great apactment houses opposite each other, with the constant roar and jerk of the elevated road lying between. Workmen had been coming and going upon a third tail white building on an opposite corner, with an empty lot lying adjacent, and boys of his own age had been playing in there, playing all sorts of tantalizing games, ever since Wilbur Clint had moved into the fifth flat.

He used to stand at the window in is nightgown and look at them. He wore his nightgown half the day so wore his nightgown half the day some-times, because it seemed so senseless to dress himself when he could not go out. His mama gave him his bath and tucked him into bed at night, and then in the morning, long before he was up, she took the elevated and

ting there at her desk, in her neat black gown, hesitated over a page of spidery writing and smiled a little at the corners of her mouth, it was a cerspidery writing and smiled a little at the corners of her mouth, it was a certain sign that she had found another love story, told in the good old way, where cruel fate had at last allowed the lovers to fly into each other's arms, and they made their exit amid a shower of rice to the tune of wedding bells, their sorrows ended forever.

"I do wonder," she said to herself as her pen hung over the author's address she was putting upon one of these manuscripts one day, "how a 'Mrs.' ever came to write such a story as that. Well! well! May be her husband died on their honeymoon, poor thing!"

One day the editor of the magazine, who was a very busy man indeed, eame into the tiny little room where his reader sat, and fumbled over some of the thick packages which were piled all about.

"Mrs. Clint." he said. "are all the lab."

haven't had a really cheerful tale for six months."

Mrs. Clint used to think a great deal about her little boy as she went up and down on the elevated, and as she sat by the lamp and darned his little stockings at night, or lay with his curly little head upon her arm. She looked at him anxiously to see if he were getting pale with the confinement. She knew that it was all wrong, but she knew no other way. A little lad of five could not be allowed out on the street by himself.

Sometimes she too saw the boys.

the street by himself.

Sometimes she too saw the boys
playing on the vacant lot where the
builders piled their waste. They used
to take an old tin pail and build a fire in it, and swing it in a blazing circle about them, and then Mrs. Clint would shudder all over, and make Wilbur shudder all over, and make Wilbur promise that he would never go out alone.

alone.

The flat was a little more expensive than Mrs. Clint could rightly afford, but she had taken it because the janitor's wife was an old acquaintance, an old servant in the boarding house where Mrs. Clint had lived when she had first come to New York, a fresh tountry girl with an ambition to write for the magazines. She had had a country girl with an ambition to write for the magazines. She had had a country girl with an ambition to write for the magazines. She had had a country of the stories accepted, had done all sorts of work for syndicates and newspapers, and had gone to the theatre with nice, ambitious young newspaper men, who threw work in her way, and told her stories of prominent people and their humble beginnings. And then finally she had married one of the most ambitious of them, and had gone to Paris with him for a year, and had been delightfully kappy.

They had gone to all the shear The flat was a little more expensive

Island to a little town "swept by ocean breezes," as the pulsing electric letters at Madison Square announced. He came down every night when he could, but there were a great many things to keep him in town, and he had to make a great many outneys about the country to hear what party leaders had to say about it.

After the close companionship of this last year, Mrs. Clint missed her husband terribly. She was a little nervous and impatient, and sometimes she said so. The hot weather and the constant strain had worn Clint's own nerves to rags. And he had never known how to be soothing. He only sat by the open window, in his shirt sleeves, and smoked a cigar and looked at the sea, until Mrs. Clint told him that cigar smoke would kill the baby. Then he went down stairs and looked at the sea from the bow of a beached dory. His wife began to ask why she couldn't go about with him asshe used to do.

"Two people can go anywhere," Clint said, "but two people and a baby can go about nowhere."

Clint said, "but two people and a baby can go about nowhere."

Clint said, "but two people and a baby can go about nowhere."

Once she left the baby with is its nurse, and went up to town to hear a great speaker. I clint had been obliged to leave her, and she had waited for him until four o'clock in the morning; and then when he came in, his stey was not steady. He had been all night at a banquet. She had never said a word, but the head and sit down to work the stead and sit down to work the with a strong cigar in his teeth. After that he was silent, but she was frightened. The next great speech he did not send for her, but she went up in the morning, dotern.

chetrue me to year!

Once she left the baby with its nurse, and went up to wonstant to road Clint had been obliged to leave third four o'clock in the morning; and then sposite when he came in, his step was not go ad standle with the shead lain with the sheat up to word with the shead and sit down to her, but she had lain with the sheat up to two when he came in, his step was not go ad standle. She had never said a word, list had been all night at a go had been thim bit? an icy to wish string them. He yes messeless had been the west rup in the morning, deternant of the west rup in the morning and then should be a supported by the west rup in the west rup in the morning and then should be a supported by the west and the supported by the west about his head and sit down to be west up in the morning deternant of the west about his head and sit down to be west up in the west rup to we well as well as the west rup to we well as well as the west rup to we well as well

was up, she took the clevated and went away down town to a magazine office where she read stories which other people wrote, and patiently sealed them up again and sent them back to the writers.

Sometimes her heart used to ache at the old fashioned, provincial views of life which so many of the stories showed. When Wilbur's mamma, sitting there at her desk, in her neat black gown, hesitated over a pidery write.

the Wilbur. No one knew better than she how precarious a livelihood is newspaper work.

And there, sitting opposite her, farther down the room, was Clint, cool and immaculately fresh and gay, lunching with Miss Richardson, who did the snappy articles upon the moving world for the Day. Miss Richardson was drinking champagne.

Well, of course it was silly, but Mrs. Clint walked out without recognizing them, and went down to Long Island and dismissed her nurse and packed her belongings, and came and gacked her belongings, and came

ove story, told in the good old way, the crue of fate had at last allowed he lovers to fly into each other sma, and they made their exit amid a hower of rice to the tune of wedding ledls, their sorrows ended forever.

"I do wonder," she said to herself is her pen hung over the author's address she was putting pon one of these manuscripers ne day, "how a 'Mrs.' ever came of write such a story as that. Well! well! May be her husband died on heir honeymoon, poor thing!" one day the editor of the magazine, tho was a very busy man indeed, ame into the tiny little room where is reader sat, and fumbled over some is reader sat, and fumbled over some if the thick paokages which were piled II abont.

"Mrs. Clint," he said, "are all the lory writers getting cynical? What the matter? It seems to me we aven't had a really cheerful tale for x months."

Mrs. Clint, "he said, "are all the bout her little boy as she went up ad down on the elevated, and as she the bush and pand darned his little bout her little boy as she went up ad down on the elevated, and as she the by the lamp and darned his little booked at him anxiously to see if he oloved. The manufacture of the refuse of the real way and harmed his little booked at him anxiously to see if he olove, but let it accumulate for Willows and the should deposit fifty dollars as week there for her. His income bear of the manufacture of the results of the manufacture of the said of the manufacture of the results of the manufacture of the results

smuch as he made, Mrs. Clint knew, She never snewered the letter, and he she have reasone.

She never touched a penny of the money, but let it accumulate for Wilbur. There was nearly ten thousand dollars in the bank, and although she wowed she would never touch it, it was pleasant to know that it was there in case of emergency—for Wilbur. And then, in the awful summer, the bank failed and the money was gone. She would not be she would never some should be she would never she will be she would never she will be she would never she had been nothing deposited to her credit for several dweeks. An extra tightness came about the heart. She had been nursing her obstinacy for almost five years, but never, never feeling alone. It always es seemed to her that Clint was only, waiting for a word. Of course she would never speak it; it was his place to come back. No one ever spoke to be of him. She had avoided all of her old friends. They had been few, and she had made no new ones. She and her boy lived alone. When she could let her nurse go, she had taken this little apartment where Margaret was janitress, and would look after the boy now and then. Next year he would go to school.

Think and plan as she might, these

about him.

now. Did he call the kid over.

right. I'll take him up."

Wilbur took his hand trustingly,
and followed him into the elevator.

They had no elevator in their house.

Margaret followed too. She stood inside the car and heard the door open
and shut. Her hands were clasped.

Then she went home.

At dinner time a wild looking young woman burst into her kitchen.

"Where is my baby?" Mrs. Clint asked, looking about.

"Willy? Well now, it's beggin' your

"Willy Well now, it's beggin your pardon, miss, but some elegant people who lives acrost the avenoe, in the fift' flat up, has enticed the child aver to'em, an' I took him over meself. I'd go after 'im this minute, miss, but it's my ole man's supper would burn."
"I'll go. What are their names? You must never, never do such a thing again?"

again?"

Mrs. Clint hurried across the street, divided between anger and good feling toward these people who had taken a fancy to her boy. She didn't stop to look at the names. She walked into the elevator and asked to be taken to the fifth floor. She knew there was only one flat whose entrance was here.

Inside she heard voices, her boy's Inside she heard voices, her boy's voice. She rang the bell, and there was the sound of his little feet running eagerly across the floor. He was so fond of opening the door for their infrequent visitors that he was doing it for these people.

The door was flung open, and in the light of an open fire she saw, past the child, a pale, sick, wistful face that she knew.

"Mary." he said, "won't you let Wilbur bring you in?"

The long separation was at an end.—Munsey's Magazine.

## Hunting Deer With Cats.

Our veracious contemporary, the Bangor News, is responsible for the following—at least we have failed to trace its authority back any further than the News' columns: "A very novel sight was witnessed at the Willimantic spool works recently. A deer was seen running rapidly past the works closely pursued by three house cats. As they neared the river one of the cats thought to take a ride on the the cats thought to take a ride on the back of the deer. She gained the psition and lost it quickly and the de dry-shod and sped on in pursuit of the flying deer once more. Had it beer dogs that thus openly defied the laws the wardens would have been investigating the matter ere now. As it is where is the law that reads \$100 fin where is the law that reads stoom of for chasing deer with cats? The cats were owned by citizens of the place who are well known. They should be warned to keep their cats chained, or farmers with small stock in their barns should see that the doors are kept closed."—Maine Spokesman.

all sorts of work for syndicates and newspapers, and had gone to the theatre with nice, ambitious young newspaper men, who three work in her way, and told her stories of prominent people and their humble beginnings. And then finally she her seems that it was because Wilburs more year look and amarried one of the most ambitious of them, and had gone to Paris with his tit was because Wilburs for a year, and had been delightfully happy.

They had gone to all the places where artists and writers had discovered the unusual and the picture seque. They had had a little apartment up under the roof with a wide window looking out over all Paris; and there had been azaless, in this start it was broad; and then she saw an alliance to the wild wild window looking out over all Paris; and there had been azaless.

Wilbur was looking longingly out of the was here that Wilbur had been born, and two months later they were called back to America by the page.

It was here that Wilbur had been born, and two months later they were called back to America by the page alooked.

Wilbur was looking longingly out of the window. Spring was setting in all worder life for the world so happy. It was here that Wilbur had been born, and two months later they were called back to America and then the summer, hot, close summer, and clim the length of the distributor as desired. It is designed the white, but evidently upon it, looking out as looked all about him. Across the summer, and commend the length of the distributor as desired. It is designed the length of the distributor as desired. It is designed the white, but evidently on a level within the places who was a summer, and clim the place and the place and



Bangs were first worn at the court of Louis XIV.

Domestic dress goods in chevio mixtures are sold at very low price. "George" Klingle, the poetess, is: Philadelphian, whose right name i Mrs. Georgiana Klingle Holmes.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old, and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is so remarkable in her

usband.

Signals used at night by ships at a signal sused at night by Mrs. Martha J. aston, who, at an advanced age, is iving in Washington.

It is generally conceded that the sets received in the state of the sta

most popular woman in diplomatic circles at Washington is Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican Minister.

wife of the Mexican Minister.

Kid gloves for ordinary wear are painted; only the bright opera tints, such as fashionable ladies wear to match their colored dresses, are dyed.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a handsome woman, tall and shapely, with regular features and sympathetic eyes. She was brought up in the best English so ciety.

Sophie May, the author of "Dotty Dimple" and "Little Prudy," is recov-ering, in Southern California, from a serious neualgic affection of the eyes

and head.

A woman of nondescript hair, complexion and eyes may wear light colors quite acceptably if she will put a band of fur around her neck and at the wrists of her gown.

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas politician, recently informed an audience that her name was not Mary Allen, but Mary Elizabeth Lease, and she wished the world to so understand it.

The Scotch United Presbyterians are endeavoring to obtain several women missionaries to go out at once to Manchuria, where 1900 women are clamoring to enter the Christian schools.

A woman whose neck is thin should A woman waose neck is thin should never try anything but the square corsage. The generously proportioned look best in the V style or the oval. Only perfectly proportioned shoulders should be bared.

Mrs. Cleveland has a young Mrs. Cleveland has a young cousin with her for the season, Miss May Huddleston. She is evidently doing as she would be done by and has presented the debutante after the most approved fashion.

Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins," is singularly absent minded. One day she lost her pen and a visitor who happened in found her looking after it among the letter "ps" in a French dictionary.

So deep is her interest in the cause.

in a French dictionary.

So deep is her interest in the cause of woman's suffrage that Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged ninety, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition asking the New Hampshire Legislature to grant the right to yote to women.

Mrs. Stewart, ninety-eight years old, is in a private almshouse in Glasgow. In 1822 she danced with George IV. at a ball in Holyrood Palace. Her uncle was the royal restaurateur in Edinburgh, and procured an invitation for logh, and procured an invitation for

Charlotte M. Yongo istall and stately, with large brown eyes, light hair and a very strong face. Her house is filled with books, even to the corridor. Among her treasures are autograph letters from royalty and children thanking her for her writings.

Reduced to almost poverty a woman of London of good family and highly accomplished has started a laundry which she calls "Sweet Lavender." She chose this field because other occupation common to her sex are overcrowded and afford no opportunity to gain wealth.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A splendid series of photographs of rooks's comet has been obtained In the space of one minute the poly-pus can change its form a hundred

Danish lighthouses are with oil to pump on the waves

Dr. Hermann Zeigler, the German

Peas and beans cooked in hard water harden vegetable caseine.

Scotch manufacturers of carbon di-sulphide supply most of the French de mand for this article, which is exten-sively used in the destruction of phyl-

sively used in the destruction of phylloxera on grape vines.

The Capitol of Hartford, Conn., is of marble. Local engineers claim that it expands an inch to each 100 feet, being three inches longer in summer than in winter. In the tanning industry electricity is beginning to play an important part. The largest tannery in Switzer part. The largest tannery in Switzer-land will soon be reconstructed and enlarged for the purpose of adopting the process of electric tanning.

the process of electric tanning.

The anableb, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils in each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.

Earthenware sleepers the invention

ceive, hold and fasten it.

Earthenware sleepers, the invention of Matsui Tokutaro, a Japanese, were recently experimented on at Shimbashi Station, Japan. Fairly good results were obtained. It is claimed that the increased cost of earthenware sleepers is amply compensated by their freedom from decay.

Dentists are great users of costly metal. Beside gold for stopping, two-sevenths of the world's consumption of platinum is employed by them in making the wires by which the artificial teeth are firmly fastened to a plate. It is the only metal possessing the required properties.

In the Institute of Experimental Pa In the Institute of Experimental Pathology in Vienna Professors Haster-lik and Stockmayer, four students and others, swallowed a quantity of comma bacilli. They suffered no bad effects beyond headache and nausea. Professor Stricker therefore draws the conclusion that the comma bacilli will not cause cholera in the case of strong, healthy, antiports. healthy subjects.

The Russian naval authorities have not been slow to take advantage of the lessons taught by the sinking of Her Majesty's steamer Victoria. An exact model of the sunken vessel is, it is said, being constructed in Cronstadt, and this, together with the information available as to the causes of the accident, will serve as an object lesson to Russian naval architects as well as what shall be avoided in designing new vessels.

# Rabbits for the Market.

New Hampshire Legislaturo to grant the right to vote to women.

Miss Alice Cooke has been appointed lecturer in history of Owens College, Manchester. This is the first time a woman has been appointed in a university college in England as a lecturer to mixed classes of men and women.

One gown properly made and becoming is of more use than five or six that have seen much wear and little repair or care. The secret of good dressing does not lie in many toilets, but in suitable and immaculate ones.

Mrs. Stewart, ninety-eight years old, is in a private almshouse in Glasgow.
In 1822 she danced with George IV. at a ball in Holyrood Palace. Her unele was the royal restaurateur in Edinwas the right to vote the Market.

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive a what promises to be quite an extensive a what promises to be quite an extensive a what promises to be quite an extensive and that this Foorg are the owners of the time, hand, already have a barn forty feet long and divided up into stalls, all of which are now occupried by bunny and his numerous progeny. The rabbits are the lop-cared variety, a breed exceding scarce and held a fancy prices in the United States.

Mrs. Stewart, ninety-eight years old, is in a private almshouse in Glasgow.

Mrs. Stewart, interpretation of the Market.

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive arbitrache.

Mrs. Stewart interpretation of the Market.

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive arbitrache.

Mrs. Stewart interpretation of the Market.

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive arbitrache.

Mrs. Stewart, ninety-eight years old, in Stewart, ninety-eight years old, in Stewar

pairs.

The rabbits breed seven times a year The rabbits breed seven times a year and have from eight to ten to a litter. When full grown they weigh from fourteen to eighteen pounds. They are most delicious eating, their flesh being considered superier to chicken-As they command from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, rabbit farming is much more profitable than chicken raising.

Like ordinary rabbits they are practically omniverous. They are beautically omniverous.

Like ordinary rabbits they are practically omniverous. They are beau tiful animals, with their long, silky hair and fluffy fur. Unlike other rabbits, they do not burrow except as breeding time, and are exceedingly tame by nature and easily kept. Baumgarten & Foerg say that they have only made a fair beginning in the business and are already planning to enlarge their building and ranch.—South Bend (Ind.) Journal.

## Saw a Meteor in Mid Ocean.

Saw a Meteor in Mid Ocean.

On the German-American Company's steamship Standard about 6 a. m. January 26, in latitude 39, longitude 69, 20, Second Officer Paradies saw a meteor. He says it fell from the zenith a ball of blue light, descending slowly to south-southwest, where it changed to fiery red. Just before reaching the helicity of the same control of the same changed to fiery red. Just before reaching the horizon Mr. Paradies says the meteor seemed to explode in-to thousands of scintillating pieces, illuminating the sea and the ship as bright as day.—Washington Star.

# The Wealth of Cuba.

The Wealth of Cuba.

Cuba is a rich country. On this island there are 90,960 sugar and to bacco plantations and fruit and vegetable farms, the total value of which is \$325,000,000. Cuba's yearly exports amount to \$90,000,000, while the imports are only \$43,750,000. Of the latter \$16,250,000 is from this country. Nearly \$50,000,000 goes annually to the support of Spain.—Detroit Free Press.

## QUEER CHINESE BELIEFS.

CHINAMEN BELIEVE IN THE TRANS MIGRATION OF SOULS.

Devils With Warnings at Sea and Bad or Beneficent Tigers Ashore-Strange Superstitions.

Ashore—Strange Superstitions.

URING the recent visit to Washington of Dr. Edward Washington of Dr. Edward Control of the Philadelphia Clover Club and late Consul to Amoy, he regaled his friends with many strange tales of Chinese beliefs.

"Some years ago," said he, "the steamer Nam-Chow sailed from Singanore in the Straits for Amoy. She

pore in the Straits for Amoy. carried several hundred Chines

pore in the Straits for Amoy. She carried several hundred Chinese as passengers. On the second day out the Captain from his position on the bridge saw a great commotion among his Chinese passengers forward and sent the mate to find out the cause of the disturbance which arose seemingly without reason and grew with each moment. The mate shortly returned from his mission with a look of mingled perplexity and amusement on his bronzed and weather-beaten face.

"Captain,' said he, 'this is the rummest lot of heathens I have struck yet. Blow me if I can make them out. The beggare have a yarn and they all stick to it like a lot of sea lawyers lying under oath. They say that just before the rumpus began what they call a "blue devil" came down on deek right out of the smoke from the stacks and walked up to them. The whole billin' of 'em' declare they saw him and that he said the steamer was going to be wrecked and nearly all on board lost. He said, so they give it, that there is just one honest Chinaman on board, and that for his sake he came to give them warning. They say that when the "blue devil" got through with his palaver he gave an awful grimace, walked backward into the smoke, and disappeared. And now they are as crazy as March hares, and every mother's son of 'em' in a blue funk with fear that the Nam-Chow will go to Davy Jones's locker in the next hour."

funk with fear that the Nam-Chow will go to Davy Jones's locker in the next hour."

"The Captain was visibly annoyed, but he said little. He had sailed too long in Chinese waters to be thrown off his balance by any queer freak on the part of a lot of Chinese deck passengers, but his Scotch blood was too full of belief in second sight not to give him a feeling of relief when the harbor of Amoy was reached in safety. Within a week the cargo was discharged and the vessel was ready for her return trip to Singapore. But, though the Nam-Chow usually took several hundred Chinese deck passengers, not one was booked or could be induced to go. The native cooks and waiters had also deserted the ship, leaving their wages with the purser. The story of the 'blue devil' had got around, and not a Chinaman would put his foot on the steamer for love or money. The Captain was in a quantary, but shrewdly set to work to find a way out. He consulted the local authorities, and in a few hours he had every Chinese priest in Amoy down on the steamer, beating tom-toms, burning joss sticks, and raising a general hullabalo to scare off the blue devil and exorcise his evil influence. When this was done to the satisfaction of the priests they pronounced the vessel safe, and inside the next twenty-four hours the missing members of the crew and the normal passenger list put in an appearance, and the Nam-Chow sailed. Within forty-eight hours the propeller shaft broke, pounded a hole in the bottom of the steamer—it was at night—and of the four hundred odd souls aboard only thirty-five were saved.

"The Chinese," continued Dr. Bedloe, "are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. The dogs in the streets may contain the spirits of one's departed ancestors, and they treat all animals with the greatest circumspection.

animals with the greatest circumspection.

"I once went with a party on a tiger hunt several days' journey into the interior. We arrived at last in the tiger country, and made inquiry at a village if there were any tigers in the neighborhood. The head magistrate, a shrewd old Mongolian, declared in the most positive terms that there were none, nor had there been, he affirmed, in many years. We had been informed otherwise, but could learn nothing, and so proceeded further into the country. We had proceeded but a few miles before a runner came from the village we had just left with a message from the magistrate. He begged our most humble pardon, but would the illustrious and most benevolent gentleman be so kind as to return at once. He had been mistaken in saying there were no tigers in the neighborhood. There was one, and it was a very bad and most dangerous one. Just after our departure it had entered the village, seized a young woman, and made off with her into the jungle. Would we be so condessending as to hunt up the tiger and kill him?

"We returned got on the track of

### WISE WORDS.

Foolish indulgence begets ingrati-

Mercy is the feminine gender of

When a woman believes she never Bad habits are material evidence of

Love has never learned to balance his scales.

There are few amendments to un written laws.

High-priced men are least often out of employment.

It isn't always the full pocketbook that runs over first.

Everyone is anxious to help the man who doesn't need it.

The man who really needs advice is the first to repulse it.

Everybody should be trained to tell the truth judiciously.

There are no means for satisfying an unnatural appetite

A bad policy is mighty poor back-ing for a good principle. Good husbands are seldom troubled with bad mothers-in-law.

A person doesn't worry much over the lie he isn't caught in.

A lie is an investment which seldom

A gushing and loquacious friend is such worse than a discreet enemy. Sweethearts build air castles in which they expect to live when mar-

nominator is "mine."

Strange that when a person has deep feelings he tries to hide them, but, possessing none, pretends that he has.

The child's first longing is for maturity, the youth's for love, the man's for prosperity, the sage's for death.

It is easy enough to say that you wish your enemy no evil, but wait un-

til something happens to him and see if you can help feeling glad.

It is said that it requires long prac-tice to enable one to think well on his feet. Most of us lie down to it, and forget to get up in time to anything.

Wild Cattle.

All Carr comestic cattle exhibit a tendency to become feral when the conditions of life are favorable, says a writer in the Australasian. In our climate cattle do not rely upon the assistance of man for their support, and when his discipline is relaxed for any length of time they become wild.

The Devon and Hereford being extremely light of foot and of lively disposition, have been consequently described as more apt to become wild than any other breed; but this I do not believe. As a lad I was considered a good stock-rider, and it so happens that I have had many a gallop after half-wild Herefords and Devons. When they broke away one had to ride through the thick timber at a breakneck pace to heal them, but once headed they were fairly amenable to the discipline of a bold and skilful stock-rider.

I have had only one experience of handling a really wild heref of Durhams and I remember have.

I have had only one experience of handling a really wild herd of Durhams, and I remember how fervently I hoped that I would never see one of the breed again. They were much more easily headed than the swifter Rubies or Whitefaces, but directly they became knocked up they charged at once, and they meant charging.

charged at once, and they make charging.

I can give an instance of wildness in a well-bred Durham herd of the present day. On their own pasture they are as quiet as pets, but from the time they are put into the trucks to go to market they become perfect demons.

A stock agent once said of them: "They will climb the fence to get at you when in the Flemington yards." I saw a Devon herd during one of my rambles in Queensland, and found rambles in Queensland, and found rambles in Queensland. I saw a Devon herd during one of my rambles in Queensland, and found them as I found all the station cattle I saw in that colony, singularly quiet. But my experience of Queensland cattle is, I admit, very limited. All our domestic animals exhibit a tendency to become wild in Australia if they are neglected. I have known and heard of wild herses, cattle, dogs, pigs, goats, turkeys, geese, ducks and guines fowl.

## Height of an Eagle's Flight.

was a very bad and most dangerous one. Just after our departure it had entered the village, seized a young woman, and made off with her into the jungle. Would we be so condesseending as to hunt up the tiger and kill him?

"We returned got on the track of the tiger, and with a strong force of beaters succeeded in killing him after about four hours of cautious hunting. We then returned to the village, leaving to our attendants the task of skinning the tiger and bringing in the hide. The old magistrate could not abase himself enough for the falsehood he had told us, but his apology was the most remarkable feature. He gave us a good meal of curried chicken, bamboo sprouts, fish, and some excellent tea, and as we ate told us the following story:

"One cannot be too careful about animals,' said he. They may be very good animals, and one's own parents might have passed into them. Think how said it would be if one should kill a relative, thinking it was a tiger. This tiger which you killed