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Select Poetry.

THE HOME-BOUND HOST.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The sound of a host advancing,
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Under the windy flicker
And flare of the evening lamp,
Under the steady whiteness
Of the clear electric light,
The sound of an army marching
Is in the streets to-night.

Not to the clamor of bugles,
Nor the stormy beat of drums,
Not to the battle's tocsin,
The jubilant army comes.
A sweeter music summons
And thrills along the line,
Though each for himself may hear it,
And make to the next no sign.

The patter of tiny footfalls
That run to an open door,
The mother's tender singing,
Her step on the nursery floor,
The boyish shout of welcome,
The girlish ripple of glee,
At the click in the guarded portal
Of the home-bound father's key.

This is the army's music:
Cheerily calls good-night
The merry voice of the comrades,
As he passes out of sight
Into the heart of the household
When the day's long work is done,
And wife and bairns are waiting
With a kiss for the dearest one.

Under the windy flicker
And flare of the evening lamp
I hear a host advancing
With steady and resolute tramp
A host of the strong and gentle,
A throng of the brave and true,
Dear little wives and mothers,
Hastening home to you!

Select Story.

HIS DREAM-MAIDEN.

Strange and Touching Story of the French Revolution.

From HARPER'S BAZAR.

One spring twilight, in the year 1793, a man, young and handsome, sat writing in the chamber of a secluded house, not far from the old Electoral Palace of Mayence.

Suddenly he dropped his pen with a startled cry. The face of a woman, dim and yet perfectly distinct, had pushed betwixt him and his work. He looked up. It hung, flower-like, in the air above him. He rushed towards the open window—it was there, smiling sadly in the fading light. Adam Lux stretched out his arms passionately to the vision.

"Ah, you come to me again!" he said. "Who are you? Why do you pursue me? Beautiful shadow! whither shall I go to find your substance? Do you exist in the flesh, or are you only a spirit—delusive as maddening?"

A chime of bells pealed from the church of St. Stephen. He could hear pigeons cooing in the court below his window. A fountain there dripped in a mossy stone basin. Adam Lux, the dreamer, scholar, enthusiast, remained with outstretched arms and eyes fixed on the invisible.

one night as I was walking in the gardens of the Electoral Palace; a woman's face, white as marble—white as one of the garden lilies, just blown; in the chin a deep dimple, about the perfect mouth an expression of sadness and gravity; a face with great eyes of unfathomable darkness, fringed with lashes as black as night; and hair dark also, and lustrous, the full rich curls, tipped with auburn, falling against a neck like a column of pearl."

"Oh!" cried Margarethe, in dismay, "how very beautiful she must be! Surely there is no woman like that in all Mayence!"

"True," he answered, "nor in the world, I fear. It is the ghost of some Greek goddess that has gotten into the cells of my brain, and will not be dislodged. To-night she came to me again in the chamber above-stairs—she smiled on me, as though she knew that her fair lineaments were burned for ever into my heart. It was your voice that frightened her away."

Tears stood in Margarethe's eyes. She was jealous and perplexed.

"And this phantom, this shadow-woman, made you forget both me and my birthday?" she cried. "Your head is turned, Adam—such folly will destroy you yet." And she began to weep bitterly.

His manner changed at once.

"It was wrong of me to tell you these things," he said. "You are a mere child, Margarethe, with the heart of a child. Come, let us talk of other matters. A great honor has been conferred upon me by the people of Mayence—I have been chosen a Deputy, to go to Paris, and request the annexation of this city to France."

"Paris," sobbed Margarethe. "That is a long way off! When will you go?"

"To-morrow—by diligence."

"You will never, never come back, Adam!"

"God only knows," he answered, quietly.

Lux was an ardent Republican The mission to Paris suited him well. His handsome head was full of other and even more dangerous phantoms than dream-maidens. On the following day he kissed poor, weeping Margarethe good-bye in the old court, and started for the French capital, where Jean Paul Marat was then at the height of his terrible power.

Lux took lodgings in the Rue St. Honore, and hurried to the Convention, to solicit, in the name of German Republicans, the annexation of his native city to France.

The Chamber that day was full of tumult. Marat, the hideous, loud-mouthed, preaching massacre and anarchy, was the leader of *La Montagne*. As he ranted in the tribune, Adam Lux looked at him in disgust. His head was too large for his body; his lean, sickly face was unspeakably repulsive. He wore a patched and dirty waistcoat, cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, shoes full of nails and tied with packthread, a ragged shirt opened at his bony breast, and greasy hair confined with a leathern thong. On his deeply-cleft mouth a sardonic grin appeared continually. His look was full of insolence and power.

"A monster in body and in soul!" thought Adam Lux, who found the external aspects of liberty in Paris far from pleasant.

July came. One hot and breathless night, Lux left the Convention in a dejected frame of mind. He felt mocked, deluded, discouraged. There was a vile scent of blood in the streets of Paris. Women passed him singing *Ca ira* and the dreadful *Carmagnole*. A score of high and haughty heads had fallen since morning in the sack of sawdust at the foot of the guillotine. He stopped on the Pont Neuf to look at the sunset behind the trees of the Champs Elysees, and the houses of Chaillot. That, too, seemed a vast streak of blood. With a shudder he turned and walked away to the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There the young Deputy began pacing aimlessly about, absorbed in unhappy thought. Presently he heard a light step. A woman was advancing toward him under the galleries. She wore a white gown, a Norman *coiffe* fastened with a ribbon, and a silk *fichu* on her shoulders. Adam concealed the knife under her silk kerchief, and returned to the garden. As she seated herself on one of the stone benches abutting on the arcades, Adam Lux paused at her side.

"For God's sake," he entreated, "tell me who you are! I have known you for a long time, but your name—what is your name?"

She started and looked up.

"You have known me for a long time, *citoyen*?" she echoed, gravely. "I do not understand you."

Nobody was near—only a light wind moved through the chestnut-trees.

"What!" he cried, with keen disappointment: "you do not see that we are not strangers? Your soul claims no acquaintance with mine?"

"None!"

He choked down his agitation as best he could.

"I am the Deputy from Mayence," he said, trying to speak calmly. "It was at Mayence that you twice appeared to me. For days and weeks my sleeping and waking dreams have been full of you. I recognized you the instant that I saw you in the garden—it was just before you entered the cutler's shop."

A slight alarm dawned in her eyes. Her hand went up to her silk *fichu*, under which she had hidden the knife. She did not think him a madman?

"One should not dream these perilous days, *citoyen*," she said sternly. "There is little profit in dreams. He who loves liberty must *act*."

He was devouring her with his eyes.

"I perceive that you are an aristocrat; you belong to the nobles, but your name—your name!" he insisted.

She smiled sadly.

"Pardon, I cannot tell it now, *citoyen*, but before many hours it will be in every mouth."

She arose from the bench. He put out a hand to detain her. Her beauty dazzled, overpowered him.

"Stay! Stay," he entreated. "Do not leave me—I love you ardently. Strange, incomprehensible as this passion may seem, to you, it will either save or destroy me. I claim you! Whoever you are, know that you belong to me; or why were you revealed to me in the spirit before my eyes could look on your living, breathing beauty? If you go like this, leaving me no clue to your whereabouts, I may never see you again, and to lose you now would be anguish greater than death."

Gravely, coldly she answered: "Do not talk to me of love, *citoyen*; I can not comprehend you—I belong only to France! Before the Revolution I was a Republican. You will surely see me again, and then," with a strange and solemn expression, "you will understand every thing. Now, *citoyen*, adieu!"

"Swear," he urged, wildly, "that it shall be so—that I shall see you again."

"I swear!" she answered, and moved rapidly away.

He did not attempt to follow her, but leaned against the stone bench in a sort of delirious ecstacy. His dream-maiden really existed. He had heard her voice—looked into her eyes. She had promised that he should see her again, and he knew she would keep her word.

Another day dawned and dwindled. It was the 13th of July, the anniversary eve of the fall of the Bastile. The heat was intense, and the streets of Paris swarmed with people. Adam Lux left the Convention at twilight. Marat the Horrible was ill; he had not appeared in the Chamber that day. Engrossed with his mysterious love, rather than the affairs of the Republic, Adam Lux dined at a *cafe* with other Deputies. The company talked gravely, as became men who walked on the crust of a volcano. Some one proposed a toast to Marat. A Montagnard filled the glass of the Mayence Deputy. Adam Lux just touched his lips to the wine, then dashed it on the floor.

"Bah!" he said, with disgust; "it smells of his crimes. I can not drink it!"

Hardly were the words out when Henriot, the commandant of the National Guards, appeared in the door of the *cafe*.

"Look to yourselves, Deputies!" he shouted; "Marat is dead! He has just been assassinated in his bath, and by the hand of a young girl."

The Deputies with one accord rushed into the street. A terrific mob was surging by, filling the air with cries and curses. Lux found himself swept away with it to the Rue des Cordeliers, where Marat lived with the woman Evrard. It was a small, dilapidated house, and about its door that raging, roaring multitude surged like a sea. Yes; the leader of *La Montagne* had been stabbed to death in his bath, and by the hand of a woman! Adam Lux, pressing up to the threshold, looked and saw the murderess coming down the stair, her arms pinioned, bayonets surrounding her, the flambeaux of the gendarmes glaring upon a face which had in it the sublimity of the supreme sacrifice. Great God, it was his dream-maiden!

The mob, shrieking for blood, choked the way, and brought the *cortege* to a stand. There she stood in the midst of the soldiers, the torchlight reddening her marble skin and rich, falling hair—a vision of beauty and youth such as that yelling populace had never seen before.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is the face of an angel," said a woman, near Adam Lux. "Who is she?"

Another voice answered: "An aristocrat, who has journeyed from Caen to do this deed—her name is Charlotte Corday."

A squad of fusileers rushed up and cleared a passage for the prisoner.

"Poor people!" murmured Charlotte Corday, looking with pitying eyes upon the howling mob, "you wish my death, when you owe me an altar for delivering you from a monster."

She was hurried into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to the nearest prison—the Abbaye. Mute and pale with unspeakable emotions, Adam Lux followed her. He was present at her examination, which lasted far into the night. In the pocket of the prisoner's gown were found a silver thimble, some implements of needle-work, two hundred francs, a gold watch and her passport. The weapon which Lux had seen her purchase in the cutler's shop was shown to her.

"Do you recognize this knife?" the examiners asked.

"Yes," she answered, turning from it with a shudder of disgust.

"What led you to the crime?"

"I killed one man to save thousands."

It was eight o'clock of a July morning, when up the dark, steep stair in the basement-wall of the Palais of Justice the gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday to her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. As she took her place on the bench of the prisoners, the maledictions of the people died away in murmurs of admiration. Never before had Murder worn such an aspect. Her beauty was marvelous, her firmness and intrepidity amazed even her judges.

"Details are needless," she said, calmly. "It was I who killed Marat."

"What did you think to effect by it?"

"Restore peace to my country. I took his life to save the land."

"Why did you hate him?"

"For his crimes."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead the others will tremble!"

Adam Lux was seated near the prisoner. His eyes never left her face. When the President of the Tribunal passed sentence of death, the Mayence Deputy leaped from his chair, and extended his arms in passionate protest.

"No! no!" he cried, wildly. "For the love of God, no!"

It was the only voice raised against her fate, and she recognized the man who had conceived for her such a strange and mystic passion; he was faithful in this terrible hour—he dared to speak in the face of her judges. She turned and thanked him with an eloquent look. As though a sword had pierced his heart, Adam Lux reeled, and went down in a swoon to the floor of the Tribunal.

The gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday back to prison. With perfect composure she made ready for the scaffold. As Sanson, the executioner, entered to prepare her for death, she took from his hand the scissors, cut a long curl of her chestnut hair, and gave it to madame Richard, the wife of the jailer.

"Send this, with my fervent thanks," she said, "to the Deputy from Mayence."

The liberatrix of France could not die without a message and a token to the last friend left to her. Sanson arrayed her in the red robe of a murderess, cut her magnificent hair, and then bound her slender wrists.

"This," she said, "is the toilet of death, arranged by rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

As the death-cart left the prison a terrific storm burst over Paris, but the countless swarms of people in the squares and streets remained undiminished. The furious fishwives shrieked around the tumbril. Charlotte Corday did not seem to hear them—much less to resent their insults. Her face wore an unearthly beauty and serenity; there was no shadow of fear upon it. Sanson, the executioner who rode in the same cart was deeply impressed.

"I often turned round to look at her," he says, "and the more I saw, the more I wished to see. It was not on account of her beauty, great as that was, but I thought it impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous."

At the entrance of the Rue St. Honore a man stood awaiting the death-cart. He carried his hat in hand—the rain pelted on his fair hair. It was Adam Lux, haggard, pale as ashes. He bowed deeply to the prisoner. She started slightly, and a smile of pensive sweetness appeared for an instant on her lips. He stepped behind the tumbril, and, with uncovered head, followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," as he wrote afterwards, "her unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd. Her eyes," he declares, "should have have melted a stone." In them he saw a soul as tender as it was intrepid.

Attended by this mysterious love, Charlotte Corday went to the guillotine. As the cart reached the Place Revolution, the executioner, whose heart had been softened by the beauty and courage of his young victim, put himself before her to hide the death-instrument, but she begged him to step aside.

"I have a right to be curious," she said. "This is the first time I see it."

As she mounted the scaffold, her eyes fell upon Adam Lux, who stood at its foot. She smiled and looked quickly up to the summer sky, where the clouds were now breaking. It was a farewell, and also a promise of future meeting. The next moment she had placed herself under the knife. Legros, one of the varlets of the guillotine, raised the beautiful, severed head, and struck it on the cheek. A deep crimson instantly suffused the face, as though dignity and modesty had outlasted life.

The next day a man entered the Convention, so haggard, so changed, that he was hardly recognized as the handsome young Deputy from Mayence. With the recklessness of one who had no more to fear or to hope, he ascended the tribune, and began to impeach and attack the Montagne. In vain his friends warned him to desist. Hotly, fiercely he vindicated the young Norman lady who had sacrificed her own life to rid France of a wholesale assassin. He published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday," and was immediately arrested and sent to the Abbaye Prison. As he entered its sinister door, he flung up his hat, and cried joyfully: "I shall die, then, for *her*!"

He was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. When the act of accusation was read to him, he said, with a scornful, curling lip:

"I am a stranger to your laws as well as to your crimes. If I have deserved punishment, it is not among Frenchmen that I should suffer."

From his prison he wrote a farewell letter to poor little Margarethe, far away in the secluded house at Mayence.

"I die for the woman I love," he said. "On the scaffold her spirit awaits mine. Death will unite us. I go with a glad heart for I no longer desire life."

He dressed himself for the scaffold like a bridegroom for the presence of his bride. His powdered hair, his breeches, and waistcoat of white satin and frills of finest lace, gave him the air of a courtier. "At last I shall see her again," he said, pressing to his lips the chestnut curl the jailer's wife had given him.

He mounted the guillotine with a smile on his lips and a rapt, uplifted look in his eyes.

"*At last!*" he repeated, and stretched himself on the weigh-plank.

So ended one of the strangest attachments the world ever knew—or was this only its beginning?

An engineer on the Wabash railroad, whose run is between Danville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead, and for a year past has been his companion in the cab. Ordinarily it sits perched up in the cab window before its master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the cross-roads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand box and calmly rests there, undeterred by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engine has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look upon it as a mascot.

It is hard to tell which will make a man suffer more for the time being, dyspepsia or unrequited love; but it is not hard to tell which is the greater evil of the two. Dyspepsia is very, very hard to cure.

THE PLANETS IN NOVEMBER.

From the PROVIDENCE JOURNAL.

Venus is evening star, and is decidedly in the ascendant on the November annals, as far as brilliancy and beauty are concerned. She has advanced so far on her eastward path that at the close of the month she sets about two hours and a quarter later than the sun. The observer needs now but to glance at the south-western sky, soon after sunset, to behold the fairest star that has ever looked down from the heavens upon our earth, her prototype and twin sister among the worlds that circle around the sun. Many years ago Venus was thought to have a satelite, and experienced observers gave credence to the theory. More than a century has now elapsed since a satelite has been seen though diligent search has been made for it with the far better and more powerful telescopes of the present day. It is, therefore, concluded that the moon of Venus is a myth.

Venus is a near neighbor to Jupiter in the early part of the month. The two planets are in conjunction on the 1st at 4h. 18m. P. M., Venus being 1° 27′ south. The sun sets on the 1st at 5h. 9m. P. M., so that the planets will be at their nearest point of approach in daylight. As, however, they do not set till about 6h. P. M., they will appear in near vicinity as soon as darkness makes them visible, Jupiter being north of Venus. The two most brilliant planets of the system hold their court in the beautiful constellation Scorpio, northwest of its leading brilliant Antares. There are drawbacks to the full enjoyment of the exhibition. The planets are low down in the southwest, and their stay above horizon is short. They are not in their best aspect Venus is coming towards us, and giving but a faint idea of the gorgeous garments in which she will be arrayed in months to come. Jupiter is very near the sun, and has lost the majestic bearing that marks his appearance at opposition.

Jupiter is evening star.

Neptune is morning star until the 23d, and then evening star. He comes to the front on the monthly annals, for the epoch occurs when he is of the greatest importance to terrestrial observers, and when, if ever, discoveries may be looked for on the surface of the far-away planet that requires 165 years to complete a revolution around the sun. This epoch is his opposition with the sun, on the 22d at 1h. P. M. The earth is then between him and the sun, makes her nearest approach to him, being 2,629,000,000 miles away. The distance seems unfathomable, but such is the power of the human eye that with the aid of the telescope not only is the planet visible, but also a tiny satelite revolving around it.

Saturn is morning star. He is in quadrature on the sun's western side on the 11th at 6h. P. M. He rises at that time before midnight in the northeast, and may be recognized by his serene light, his color of pale gold, and especially by his vicinity to Regulus, a few degrees southwest of him.

Mercury is morning star. He reaches his greatest western elongation on the 18th at 4h. A. M., being then 19° 34′ west of the sun. He will then be visible to the naked eye as morning star, and may be found about eight degrees north of the sunrise point, rising about an hour and a-half before the sun.

Mars is evening star. He is still moving in retrograde course, eastward. his path lies far from the earth, and for this reason his size and ruddy hue are decreasing. He will soon become a star of little account to terrestrial observers.

Uranus is morning star. His right ascension on the 1st is 13h. 11m., his declination is 6° 53′ south, and he is in the constellation Virgo.

Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Neptune are evening stars at the close of the month. Saturn, Mercury and Uranus are morning stars.

THE MOON.

The November moon gets full on the 18th, at 10h. 10m. A. M. There will be a charming display of planetary beauty in the early part of the evening of the 15th if the weather conditions are favorable. A cloudless sky and a clear atmosphere are needed to make the celestial picture visible, and a good opera-glass will be an effective aid in the observation. There will be three actors in the scene—Jupiter, Venus and the two-day-old crescent moon. The planet nearest the sun is Jupiter, the brighter planet is Venus, and the slender crescent is between them and farther north. The exhibition passes about 6h. P. M., when planets and moon sink below the horizon and are seen no more. They must be looked for low in the southwest as soon as it is dark enough for the stars to become visible.

METEORS.

The earth plunges through this gigantic meteor-zone on the 13th, and stray meteors caught in the coness with the earth's atmosphere will be visible on the nights of the 12th, 13th and 14th. There will probably be only an ordinary display, but it is well to be on the watch, for no one can tell what may happen. The November meteor-zone is made up of a collection of meteors, following in the track of Tempel's comet. Its perihelion rests on the earth's orbit, and its aphelion is beyond the orbit of Uranus.

THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.

The total number of stars that one can see, says Prof. E. S. Holden, in the August number of the *Century*, will depend very largely upon the clearness of the sky and the keenness of the sight. In the whole celestial sphere, there are about six thousand stars visible to the naked eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this observation, it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the south pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, 4,000 only ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey toward the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light; but the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of twentieth, twenty-first, etc., magnitudes; but it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example.

The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky that have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent, and to contain only a finite number of stars.

In the whole sky, an eye of average power will, as above stated, see about 6,000 stars. With a telescope, this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful instrument of modern times will show 60,000,000. Of this number, not one out of 100 has ever been catalogued at all.

In all, 314,926 stars, from the first to the ninth and one-half magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky, or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with a three-inch object glass.

Curried Mutton: Put four ounces of butter into a stewpan with six onions chopped small, a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt, a desert spoonful of flour, and a breakfast cupful of milk. Stir until the mixture is quite smooth and creamy, then draw the pan on one side. Cut some neat pieces of mutton—underdone if convienient—and fry them in hot butter, or beef dripping, until brightly browned, but not at all hard; lay them in a saucepan, pour over them the curry mixture and simmer gently for ten minutes. Stew in the center of a hot dish with a wall of rice round about.

It is a mistake to suppose that because milk is a liquid fluid it is at the same time a drink which is capable of satisfying the thirst of infants. Although milk appeases hunger it makes thirst more intense after it has remained sometime in the stomach and digestion has begun. It is thirst which causes healthy, breast-nourished infants to cry for long periods of time in many instances. There are many cases of indigestion due to weakness or insufficiency of the child's gastric juice, which would be greatly benefitted, or even cured, if the child were allowed an occasional drink of water.

DUCK SHOOTING.

The ordinary shot gun, however perfect it may be, is altogether too tame and ineffective a weapon for the professional Potomac duck hunter. He must have something that mows down the game like a machine. He generally uses what he calls a "big gun," the barrel of which is from ten to fifteen feet long, and which carries a pound and a half of shot and a half pound of powder. This engine of destruction is placed on a sort of pivot or rest in the bow of a boat or skiff with the muzzle extending overboard, and the butt resting against a packing of rags or something similar in the bottom of the craft. The man who uses it lies down flat in the bottom, and approaches the ducks on the water by means of what is called a "creeping paddle," which is very short, and which is worked by one hand stretched over the side of the boat. When a point has been reached sufficiently near the ducks, some movement is made to frighten them, and as they rise in great fluttering black clouds the "big gun" is fired into their midst, sometimes killing many dozen. The rebound of these guns is so great that they sometimes throw the skiff back forty feet and even sometimes sink it. The force of the rebound is caught by the packing in the bottom of the boat, and as may be imagined, not against the shoulder of the man who fires it. Another device of similar character, practiced by Potomac market hunters, is to arrange from seven to ten old musket barrels on the edge of a boat and have the triggers of all of them connected by a string, which when pulled explodes the entire set. In this way as many as two hundred ducks have been killed at one fire, many of them canvass backs.

HOW IT IS PROTECTED.

From ST. NICHOLAS.

Altogether, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea-slug therefore has been colored and shaped like the sea-weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself: "Pooh! that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug no doubt laughs in its sleeve and says: "Sea-weed, indeed!"

This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry." Because you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.

TOP-DRESSING FALL GRAIN.

As it is better late than never, top-dressing of fall grain is advisable when manure can not be had for plowing in before sowing. Manure does the most good in the soil; on it its value is considerably less. It covers a great many plants, the roots do not reach it, and its plant food is partially wasted on this account; it is more injurious than useful as a mulch because it lies too close and is too dense. A mulch of straw is useful on fall grain, and it is most probable that the straw alone would be as useful as manure when spread over the ground. It covers and protects the plants and prevents winter killing, which is about all that a top-dressing of fresh manure can do. If some artificial manure is given, that will be of value to the young crop, and if straw is thinly spread this will afford protection, and we would recommend this rather than to top-dress with manure. We have never found any advantage in this use of manure on fall grain

A NEW JAPANESE SHRUB.

Japan has given us some of the most beautiful hardy shrubs and trees in existence, and that wonderful country evidently has many fine things held in reserve with which to surprise horticulturists in future years. Travelers in Japan have lately introduced some hardy plants of notable value, among them a shrub known as Stytax obassia. This handsome shrub was found on the mountain of Fusi Yama, and also in Corea. The inflorescence is pendulous in character, and fragrant and white in color. The individual flowers are elegant in appearance, and are set thickly upon the pendulous stalk. The buds before opening are concealed in the base of the sheathing leaf stalks, similar to the habit of the plane tree. Undoubtedly this shrub will prove hardy in America, and when introduced will serve to increase the already rapidly developing taste for hardy shrubs and plants.

As the grass disappears let the change from green to dry food be as gradual as possible, in order to prevent the cows from falling off in milk. To do this begin the use of hay and other dry food now, so as to supply the deficiency of the pasture.

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