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Select Poetry.

THE GRAND ARMY BADGE.

They pinned upon a veteran's breast,
A star from cannon cast,
His eyes lit up as though the badge
Recalled a vanished past.
Old comrades gathered 'round and talked,
About a bloody war,
And all who heard their stories knew
The meaning of the star.

It means that treason raised its head
A few short years ago;
It means that Sumter's starry flag,
Went down before the foe;
It means that to the rescue sprang
Fresh youth and hoary sire,
It means the charge of Donaldson,
And Shiloh's rain of fire.

It means Antietam's bloody bridge,
Where hundreds fought and fell;
It means the dash at Mission Ridge,
And Round Top's lurid hell.
It means the height of Fredericksburg,
And Lookout's lofty crest,
Old Chickamauga's crimson tide,
And Pea Ridge in the west.

It means a week of fighting, with
Virginia's burning sun;
It means the dash through Winchester,
With Early on the run;
It means a crimson New Year's day,
Amid storm-driven snow;
It means a swoop with "Little Phil,"
A charge with "Fighting Joe,"

It means the death-struck Wilderness,
And Nashville's glorious day;
It means a ride with Farragut,
Thro' fire in Mobile bay;
It means the long heroic march
With Sherman to the sea;
It means a flash with Averill,
Around the flanks of Lee.

It means some noble work with Grant,
When glory led the van;
It means that he who wears it is
A true and loyal man;
It means that lonely midnight watch,
In missmatic den;
It means a night of horror in
The ghastly prison pen.

It means long nights of anguish on
The wounded's churlish cot;
It means the gloomy hospital,
With fever raging hot;
It tells a tale of suffering which
The fair cannot believe;
It means, oh, my! a missing leg
It means an empty sleeve.

It means that comrades good and true,
Fell at the wearer's side;
It means that fathers, brothers, sons,
Around him bravely died;
It means that when they homeward turned
From their last battle flame,
In all the land from sea to sea,
No human wore a chain.

No wonder that his eyes lit up,
When some one spoke of war;
No wonder that he smiled upon
His ribbon and his star;
I know he hardly saw it through
A mist of blinding tears;
No wonder, for a prouder badge
No living hero wears.

Select Story.

HIS UNCLE MARTIN.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

From SATURDAY NIGHT.

"No," said Willis, "I can't go, Minnie. I've got to take my Uncle Martin driving in the park. My father asked me to."

"Can't go to the orchid show?" cried Minnie. Being Willis' betrothed and a lively girl, she had invited him to take her, since he had not offered. "Willis Starr!"

"Can't help it," said Willis, ruefully. "I'm in for a drive with Uncle Martin."

Minnie pouted.

"Well," she said, in her pretty, spoiled tones, "I can go with papa, I suppose. I shant see you till to-morrow afternoon, then, at Mrs. Bradley's crush tea?"

Willis closed his eyes in humorous despair.

"Minnie," he said, "I can't go to it. Uncle Martin wants to see the Statue of Liberty to-morrow afternoon, and I've got to take him. Father doesn't feel equal to such a jaunt."

"Willis!" cried Minnie. She was more than pouting now; her black eyes looked angry. "Devoting all your time to him! For merey's sake, what's he like? Where's he from?"

She was haughtily frowning.

Willis quaked, but his sense of humor helped him through.

He responded mildly:

"My Uncle Martin Starr is from West Montville, Hill County—a village of some eight hundred inhabitants. He has a large property, and is a good-hearted, intelligent and agreeable old gentleman. But he wears cowhide boots and a rather battered soft felt hat. He says, 'Wal, you don't say?' or, 'I want to know?' and he eats lettuce with [redacted] fork, and doesn't know what his fi[redacted] ger bowl is for—"

Minnie rose with a sharp litt[redacted] laugh, which was mirthless.

"The bare idea!" she cried, indi[redacted] nantly. "How dreadful! And [redacted] think of your having to give yourse[redacted] up to him in this way! It's too ex[redacted] asperating!"

"We want him to enjoy himsel[redacted] you know," said Willis with hi[redacted] pleasant smile.

Willis Starr was not all selfishness.

"Very well; if you wish, stay away from me altogether for the sake of a ridiculous old man from the country!" Minnie snapped.

Naturally she was ashamed of herself after this speech, and a truce was established after a fashion.

He promised to send her a bunch of daffodils to wear to the orchid show, and a box of bon-bons in the bargain.

When he went away, Minnie took him to the door, and was all smiles once more and brilliantly pretty.

Nevertheless Willis walked away thoughtfully, whistling soberly.

He wondered how Grace Hallam would have taken those little disappointments—how she would have looked upon his Uncle Martin—how she would have behaved altogether in such a case!

Grace Hallam and Minnie Coles had two points in common, and two only—both were charmingly pretty, and both were rich girls. Otherwise they were such "different styles" that everybody had marveled when Willis Starr had, upon his recent return from abroad and his entrance into his mother's fashionable set, been attracted by them both and puzzled between them.

He had, in truth, behaved as honest young men had behaved before him—sent candy to Minnie and called on Grace, flirted with Minnie at the dance and walked home from church with Grace, presented Mianie with expensively quaint knick-knacks and sent beautiful editions of the poets to Grace.

Of course there had come a climax. At the cotillion which his mother had given, three weeks ago, Willis had led with sweet Grace Hallam, and the interested onlookers had said with relief that that affair was settled at last.

But finding Minnie Coles alone in a nook in the flowery hall, a little later, looking in her pouting displeasure and vexed hauteur, far prettier than he had ever seen her, Willis had first taken her soft hand, then recklessly flung an arm around her and sworn that he loved her.

And the engagement being announced, the eager multitude had suffered a shock of surprise and slowly readjusted itself as eager multitudes can.

And Minnie Coles had reared her pretty head in triumph, for Willis Starr was a "catch;" and Grace Hallam had gently congratulated him, and wished Minnie all happiness.

Yes, Willis was thinking of Grace as he walked home.

He took his Uncle Martin driving in the park, next morning, as per agreement.

The Starrs lived in Gramercy Place, and Willis had turned his yellow dog-cart from Fifth Avenue through Twenty-third Street, and was turning down Fourth Avenue, when his Uncle Martin caught his arm.

"What's that?" he queried. Uncle Martin's curiosity was insatiable. "Looks like a palace a little bit wore out."

"It is the Academy of Design," Willis said.

Then Uncle Martin read the lettered board in front.

"Pictures," he said, "now on exhibition. What do you say to stepping in? I declare I got kind o' tired seeing them Old Masters up to the Museum yesterday, along with your pa. I'd really like to see something fresh and new. Pictures, you see, ain't plenty up to West Montville. Le's jest go in and see 'em."

And Willis tossed the lines to the footman in the back—who was a perpetual curiosity to Uncle Martin—and followed Uncle Martin in.

No sooner had he mounted the broad, inner, staircase, than he became aware of an atmosphere of familiarity. He caught sight of well-known faces, and recognized coats and capes, and was soon nodding right and left to acquaintances.

The fashionable element was in the majority this morning, and the explanation was plain; almost everybody stopped in on his way home from the flower-show to see the Academy's spring exhibition.

Willis saw Grace Hallam's handsome face where she stood with her mother, absorbed in a superior study [redacted] en, and houses and horses; pictures that's got stories to 'em. That's what I enjoy."

"We'll find some," said Willis, smiling. He liked Uncle Martin's originality, and was not the snob to be distressed, if he was talking rather loudly and fanning himself with his hat. He was his father's brother, and a good old man.

In the west gallery Uncle Martin warmed up.

"There now?" he said, exultantly. "Look at that one, Willis. There's a girl sitting on the front porch; father and mother, too. Vines climbing up the porch-pillars and flowers all along the walk. And the girl, she's looking down the road, and 'way off. Down there you can see a fellow coming on horseback; and that's jest what she's looking at, too. Wal, wal?"

His enthusiasm rose over a flock of sheep, and waxed warm over a well-executed clover-field. But it culminated in the south gallery, whither they presently strolled. Getting his sharp, spectacled eyes upon a distant painting, Uncle Martin made a beeline for it, with Willis faithfully attendant.

Standing before it, Uncle Martin put his hands in his pockets and stood the embodiment of keen satisfaction.

"Soapmaking!" he said to Willis triumphantly. "Yes, sir, soft-soap-boiling! If that ain't natural as life! Soft-soap, sure's you live!"

Uncle Martin was a little deaf, and never conscious of how loud he was speaking. Now, in his excitement, his remarks were perfectly audible throughout the gallery.

Involuntarily Willis cast an apprehensive glance around.

"Sure's you're alive!" he reiterated. "Now where did that feller see it going on to get it pictured out so natural? See the old woman with her skirt pinned up and an old bandanna tied over her head! If that ain't jist the way your Aunt Marthy used to get herself up soap-boiling days, I swan! And there she is stirring up the kittle with a stick. Looks fairly like the broom-handle your Aunt Marthy used to use!"

The best-bred people have an eagerness for amusement which occasionally overtops politeness.

Willis was aware of growing silence in their immediate neighborhood.

A considerable group was "taking in" Uncle Martin's effusions.

Willis would not have been human had he not been faintly dismayed. But what caused a sudden cold shiver to run down his spine? Oddly enough, it was the fact of his getting a glimpse of his own pretty betrothed coming through a door—a glimpse which ought to have brought comfort surely.

If Minnie had gone to the flower-show with her father, she had lost him on the way home. A certain tall young Englishman—the younger son of a nobleman he was, too—was with her. They were coming nearer.

"Wonder how much the feller wants for his picture?" said Uncle Martin. "I'd like to buy it first-rate. Willis, you ain't looking at it. See that great big black kittle, with the soot flanking off and the streaks where the soap's boiled over!" And there's the ash barrel—that's how they make the lye, you know. Jest the way ours looks to home. Well, I can't believe but what that feller was up to West Montville when he made that picture. I can fairly smell the soap a-boiling!"

Uncle Martin went on and on. The painting, which had in truth all the realistic merits he ascribed to it, roused him to the point of oblivion to all else.

He went on, a broad smile lighting his face and his eyes cheerfully shining.

At last Willis, standing loyally close to his Uncle Martin, mustered the courage to look around again; and saw what his heart, or his experience, had told him that he should see.

Minnie Coles stood now within earshot of Uncle Martin—which was not necessarily near. She looked like a statue, or a figure carved in ice. Her red lips were curved in a smile not pleasant to behold—a smile which was a sneer. Her black eyes, looking cold as an icicle, fixed Uncle Martin in an annihilating gaze.

Poor Uncle Martin, who remained blandly unconscious of it!

Minnie Coles had a code of manners which she deemed necessary to existence; and now she and the Englishman who would one day own a title were standing in the midst of the Langhams, and Seelys, and DePuysters, all of whom were listening to Willis' Uncle Martin, and all of whom had lately congratulated her upon her engagement to Willis.

The Englishman was coolly smiling, but Minnie grew red with angry mortification. Something catlike there was in her expression. She looked as though she would like to scratch somebody.

Feeling her lover's close gaze upon her, she flashed a furious look at him and turned sharply away.

The future baronet followed, bending above her. And Willis—somehow or other Willis smiled, and heaved a sigh of relief.

At the same moment he saw Uncle Martin turning away from his soap picture. A light hand had touched his arm.

"Why, Miss Hallam!" said Uncle Martin, cordially.

"Yes," said Grace Hallam, brightly. "I saw you, Mr. Starr, and as you didn't see me, I thought I would make myself known. Your Uncle and I are acquainted, Mr. Starr," she said to Willis, pleasantly. "When I made my party call on your mother, the other day—"

"Yes," said Uncle Martin, "we be. There wa'n't a soul home but me t'other day, and Miss Hallam and I, we had a reel good visit. I enjoy visiting with young ladies, if I be an old man."

"Thank you!" said Grace. "Have you seen the prize picture, Mr. Starr? It's worth seeing. Let us go there. Mamma is sitting down near it."

And Grace Hallam—tall, fair and sweet-faced—led Uncle Martin straight through the Langhams and the Seelys and the De Puysters, Willis following, and introduced him to her mother, and talked about the prize picture and a score of others, discussing them with all the cordiality of her womanly heart and shrewdness of her clear head, and altogether gave uncle Martin such a delightful half-hour as he never knew before in his life.

His tall nephew followed them closely, silent for the most part, but stroking his mustache with an odd smile and a peculiar light in his eyes.

In that half-hour he made a discovery—one, in truth, which was not altogether new to him, though he had been blinking over it—he discovered that he had made a great mistake.

He was not the fellow to stand idle under such knowledge.

He went with his Uncle Martin to see the Statue of Liberty that afternoon, but he called on Minnie at an early hour next day.

The Englishman was there before him, but he stayed till that titled individual had gone, and he came away a free man.

"We are not suited to each other, Minnie," was the harshest thing he had said.

"You're in love with Grace Hallam," she had responded, petulantly, and had shed a few tears.

But with a fair prospect of a coronet for her own ambitions head, her tears were not many. Minnie's heart was not a fragile article.

Willis never knew whether Grace—who did not frown on his anxious, loving suit—had come to the rescue by intention or accident. She would never tell him. She laughed it all off in her gentle way, and said she had liked Uncle Martin from the first, and that conversing with him was always a pleasure, and then put a tender hand on Willis' mouth to close the subject. But of course he kissed the hand.

GOING HOME.

The Old Man Reaches the Fair Place of His Dreams at Last.

He was an old man and his head was whitened by the frosts of many winters. His form was bent and his step was tottering. His eyes had long since grown dim and his hands were feeble and wrinkled.

Often and often of evenings he sat in the twilight, and as he gazed up and away in the distance he talked of home, and of the time when he was going there.

"It will not be long," he said, "when I will go back to my home where the flowers bloomed in the meadow down by the orchard, and where the birds used to sing in the woodland pasture down by the big spring. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or the day after, I shall go back. It is a long time since I was there and since I saw it all, but I know it is just as it was when I came away, for every night I have seen it in my dreams, and it looks just as it did that day when I left it to wander over the world.

The people said the old man was queer, and many of them were so thoughtless as to laugh at his eccentricity. Sometimes he did little errands about town, and sometimes he begged from house to house, for he was too feeble to work much and he could no longer wander from place to place as he had done for so many years.

He lived in a little abandoned cabin and there was no one but his faithful old dog to keep him company. He did not care for those about him, and when they tried to learn something of his past life he would only speak of his old home, and of its beauties and end by saying that he was going back soon.

Often when the days were clear and warm he roamed in the woods and gathered wild flowers, or w[redacted] dered along the banks of the lit[redacted] river picking up shells and pebb[redacted] On such occasions his little d[redacted] trotted by his side, and sometimes t[redacted] old man would stop and talk to h[redacted] about the flowers and shells, and t[redacted] dog would look up as though he u[redacted] derstood it all.

The summer waned and the beautiful autumn days came on. The people noticed that the old man appeared on the street less frequently, and it was seldom he and his dog went out to roam as of old. They noticed, too, that he was growing thinner and his step was becoming feebler.

Then there came a time when he did not appear at all, and when two days had passed, the little dog came to a house where they had always been kind to his master, and in his way begged them to come with him to the cabin.

"Something has happened," some one said, "and the dog wants us to go. Perhaps the old man is sick, or dead."

They remembered then that he had not been seen, and they followed the dog home, there to find it was as they feared, and that the old man was sick. He lay on a poor bed of straw and leaves and tossed about with fever.

They entered very quietly and talked in low whispers so as not to disturb him, but his quick ears caught the sound of their footsteps, and attempting to shrink away from them, he put out his wasted hand as if to stay their approach.

"No, no" he said. "I will not go with you. I will not be locked up as a pauper where there are no flowers or birds, and no green fields and no beautiful forests. I am going home directly, and they cannot send me away again. Go away now, and let me go on, for the journey is long and I am in a hurry to get there."

"Poor old man," some one said; "he is flighty, and talks of unseen things."

The little dog came in and laid his head in the old man's hand. The tired eyes opened for a moment and a soft smile spread over the thin, sallow face.

"We are almost there, Sanch, almost there," the old man said, as he tried to pat the dog's head, "It has been a long journey, and the way has been rough, and sometimes the storms raged high, but we are nearly through it now, and in a little while we will be at home. There is but another hill or so to climb, and then we shall see the dear old place with the meadows all in bloom and the trees green with leaves, and we shall hear the birds sing as they used to before we came away. They won't drive us off now as they did then, but we will live in the old house and wander about the garden and orchard every day, and when we are tired we'll go down and rest beneath the big tree where we used to go of evenings when the days were warm. We'll soon be there—soon be there."

Then the eyes closed and the old man was quiet.

"He is asleep," some one said. "See how he smiles as he reaches out his hands. He is dreaming sweet dreams."

For a long time they stood about the old man and watched him in silence. Once or twice his lips moved as if in speech, and the smile on his wasted face grew brighter. Then again his eyes opened and their gaze wandered about the little room.

"I thought we were there," he said, a little disappointed. "I thought we had reached the end of the journey and were resting on the blue grass under the big tree down by the meadow. I smelt the clover blossoms and the wild roses, and heard the birds singing in the tree overhead, and the water as it flowed along over the white stones on its way down from the big spring up under the old elm trees. But it is not far, and we shall be there before night comes on. Come, now, and let's be going, for we have another hill to climb, and I am anxious to see the dear old place."

He was still again for a moment or two, but no one looked to disturb him.

"Ah!" he said at last, as the smile faded from his features and a look of doubt and trouble succeeded it. "What if they will not let us come in? What if they drive us away again as they did before? But they cannot be so cruel as that. No, no; I will tell them that we have come a long way and have walked many, many days to get back to the old home, and they cannot be so cruel as to turn us away. I will tell them how well I love it, and of all the fond memories I have of it, and they will be touched by that and not drive us away any more. I will tell them of her—of my dear, poor Marian, who came to live with me in the old home. I will all this, and of the day she died, and I will ask them to let me stay at the old home, so I can go every day and plant flowers on her grave. They will not drive us off when I tell them this."

"He is dying," somebody said, in a soft whisper.

"Yes, he is nearing the end of his journey," the doctor replied, as he bent over the old man. "Does anyone know anything of his life?"

No one spoke.

Then the door opened softly and a stranger entered. Leaning forward and bending over the apparently lifeless form, the stranger looked on the haggard face for sometime, then raising himself he muttered:

"It is he."

A minute passed and they all waited in silence. The stranger did not speak, and the doctor touching his arm, asked:

"What do you know of him?"

"He is my father. Years ago I went away from home and soon after my mother died. Then there came trouble, and those nearly related to him set to work to rob him of his home. He was old and easily persuaded, and after a time they got a deed to his property, and then drove him out. They attempted to confine him in a pauper's home, but he ran away, and for years he has wandered about the country. From the day I learned his fate I have searched for him in every direction. Sometimes I heard of him being somewhere, but always a long time after he had been there, and it is only now that I have found him—and found him dying."

The stranger sank down on his knees, and, taking his father's hand in his, bent his head upon it and let his tears fall. Those present fell back a little, and though they were as silent as death their eyes grew dim and tear-drops rolled down the cheeks of some of them. It was but a few moments perhaps, though it seemed an age, before any one spoke. It was the old man who broke the silence.

"We have come a long way to-day," he said, "and I am growing faint and weak. It is not far now, but I must sit down here by the way-side and rest a little before I attempt to climb the other hill. We have climbed a good many hills to-day, but I was not so weak then. I will lie down here on the grass and you, Sanch, lie down by me, for while I rest I want to tell you about the dear old home that I am going back to, and that I haven't seen for so long.

"I will tell you about the old house first, and I remember it well, for it was only last night that I saw it in my dreams, just as I have seen it every night for so many years. There is the big room, the one with the great fire place in which the hickory logs burned and crackled, shooting up soft blazes of light. There is where we used to sit of winter evenings, Marian and I, when we talked of the future and of what life would be to us. I saw the happy smile on her face, just as I have seen it so many times in the old days before she went away. Then there is the little garden with the flower-beds that we used to love, and down below is the great, old orchard with the red apples and the rosy peaches. Over on the hill beyond is the old schoolhouse, where Marian and I used to go, and where I first saw her and learned to love her. That has been many years ago, but I have never forgotten it, and it is all as plain now as if it was but yesterday. Then there is the little church, standing in the edge of the woods, where we used to go of Sundays to listen to the white-haired old minister when he told of the new and beautiful home there is ready for us all in the better world. They used to sing down there at the church about that home, and last night I heard them again, only they sang it better than they used to, and it sounded sweeter and softer than they used to sing. I heard the old minister preach, too, but I was so tired that I could not hear it all, but I know his text was: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

"Hush! They are singing down there now. Their voices grow stronger and the words ring out clearer and plainer. It is the same song—the one I always loved so well and the one Marian used to sing—'Nearer Home.' Do you hear them say it? Nearer home. Yes, we are nearer home. We are almost there. Now the minister is preaching. He is telling about that other home 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' It is a beautiful place, for as he talks I can see it. It is fairer than the old home we have been looking for so long, and its fields are green and its waters clear and soft. Its gardens are all abloom with beautiful flowers and the air is filled with their rich perfume. I see it all clearly now, and I hear the softest, sweetest music, and there are angels coming, and as they float down through the air they sing of the land so bright and fair. Be still, now, and let me hear them before we go on. I will rest a little longer here and listen to the songs of the angels before I go home."

The old man closed his eyes and one hand rested in that of his son while the other lay affectionately on the little dog that had been his only friend and companion through all the years of his wanderings in search of his home. 'Twas thus he waited for the coming of the angels, and in a little while he was at last "at home."

Delicious Bread.

The bread in the south of Spain is delicious; it is as white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is the most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, long pannieries filled with wheat they take out a handful at a time; sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blind-folded mule, which passes around and around with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on, and when it stops he is urged to his duty by the shout of "ar a mula" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last one of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pale apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make into dough; a very small quantity of leaven or yeast in one batch of household bread, as in Spain, would last a week for the six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough made, it is put into sacks and carried on the donkey's back to the oven in the centre of the village, to bake it immediately after kneading. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men, bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passes it on to his next neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the first lump over to his neighbor, another lump is handed him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately.

Veiled Koreans.

In Korea alone of the countries of the far east do women veil their faces in public. Korean tradition narrates that in days of old a wise king, desirous of reducing the expenses of maintaining a standing army and desirous of creating a numerous well-equipped reserve, decreed that the outer garment worn by the women should be fashioned in the manner of a soldier's coat, so that in the event of a sudden call to arms the men might be provided with uniforms by their wives. Absurd as this may seem, it is nevertheless true that the garments worn at the present day by the people of the middle class in journeying abroad bears a fanciful resemblance to the coat referred to, although feminine privilege has transformed the material, reduced the size and altered the shape of the original. Slaves and servant women make no attempt at concealment, walking openly bare-headed in the streets.

Aged women discard the veil. Ladies of rank are never to be seen in public, being carried from house to house in closely curtained chairs. As the boy grows older he is allowed to wear a gown as the men do. As long as he remains single he wears this same dress and is treated as the merest child, irrespective of his age, so that he looks forward to marriage as a way of obtaining his social position much as women do in other lands. The marriage generally occurs at an absurdly early age, bride and groom averaging between eleven and fifteen years.

Keep the wringer well oiled so that it may work easily and save time and strength.

Brief Stories About Animals.

A pair of goldfinches had built their nest on the small branch of an olive tree. After hatching their brood the parents perceived that the weight of the growing family would be too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest—in fact, it was beginning to give way. Something must be done or the nest would fall. The goldfinches saw this clearly, so they were seen to fasten, by a small string they had managed to pick up somewhere, the bending twig to a stronger and higher branch of the tree; and thus their nest and young ones were preserved.

THE DOG AND HIS POOR MASTER.

About twenty years ago there lived in a hut an old man who had been a shepherd. He was very poor, and had only three and sixpence allowed him by the parish; his companion was an old dog whom he called Bob. Poor Bob, like his master, led a very hard life, that is, he was half starved.

A gentleman who was passing the hut one day took Bob home with him, and gave him as much as he could eat and drink, with a nice warm bed. After keeping him for a fortnight the gentleman thought he would take him out for a walk, but Bob had no sooner got outside the door than he ran back to his miserable home and his poor old master. About six months after this, Bob was seen standing in the gentleman's garden, looking much thinner than usual. When the door was opened he walked straight into the parlor and stayed there all night. The next morning Bob was taken back to the hut, and it was then discovered that the old man had been buried for more than a month. So not all the kindness, nor all the good feed given to poor Bob, could induce him to leave his old master while he lived.

THE MONKEY ON HORSEBACK.

The Duke of Richmond kept some hunters in the county of Sussex. A monkey, which was kept in the stable, was remarkably fond of getting on the backs of the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals.

The groom made complaint to the duke, who formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding," said his grace, "we'll endeavor to give him enough of it;" and he accordingly gave orders to provide a complete jocky dress for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jacko, in his uniform, was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view was given, away they went through thick and thin! The horse being fond of the sport, and carrying so light a weight, soon left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm house, inquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "Ay, zure," said the man, "he is gone over the fallow."

"And was there any one up with him?" "Ay, zure!" said John, "there be a little man in a yellow jacket just gone by. I hope, from my heart, the young gentleman mayn't meet a fall, for he rides most monsterous bould." The experiment had the desired effect; Jacko had had enough of horse riding to make him dislike the sight of the stable ever afterwards.

THE REVENGEFUL CAMEL.

A certain camel driver had insulted in some way the animal under his charge. The animal showed no disposition at the time to resent, but the driver knowing from the wicked expression of its eye what was passing within its mind, kept on the watch for several days. One night he had retired within his tent, leaving his striped cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent.

During the night he heard the camel approach the object, and after satisfying himself that it was his master's cloak, and believing that it covered his master himself, he lay down and rolled backward and forward over the cloak, evidently much gratified by the cracking and the smashing of the saddle under its weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. Having done the deed, he rose and retired. Next morning the master, who had heard from his tent this agreeable process going on, presented himself to the camel. The disappointed animal was in such a rage to see his master safe before him that he died of vexation on the spot.

The greater part of the water courses of Australia can scarcely be said to exist, except during the rainy season. In dry weather the beds of streams are known only by the "billy-bongs," or pools of stagnant water, at intervals.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

Feathered Outlaws.

Forest and Stream says: A pair of robins, as has been their custom for several years past, recently commenced building their summer home in an elm tree on the sidewalk in front of my house and the work went bravely on, with song and rapid flutter of wings. Suddenly the songs ceased and the work on the nest stopped. But it was not left alone, for a band of miserable sparrows attacked it and, if possible, were more active in its destruction than the robins had been in its construction.

A few days later the robins began another nest in a tall maple tree near by and the work was pushed rapidly. But a few days since it was evident that something was wrong again. There was a great outcry on the part of the robins and an unmusical chatter by pugnacious sparrows. The latter were again victorious and at once proceeded to demolish the nearly-finished nest, which work they soon completed, strings, grass, feathers, etc., being scattered promiscuously about. This was not all, nor the worst, for the male robin was seen hanging by a cord fastened to its neck and one wing, dead, and not ten feet from the place where the nest had been. The sight attracted the attention of passers-by, but it was so high that none cared to ascend the tree to get the bird.

Being anxious to know the facts as to the reason of the bird's death, I spliced my stiff trolling rod—with a knife attached to the tip of a long pike-pole—and with the help of a ladder and the assistance of a neighbor I succeeded in reaching and cutting the string above the bird. An examination showed that a string, common wrapping twine, was passed through the wing quills, around the neck and knotted so tightly that considerable patience was required to remove it, so that death was soon effected. The male being dead, and the nest destroyed, the female has departed, so that we are no longer favored with their sweet morning and evening songs.

The question now is: "Who killed cock robin?" Was it suicide from repeated defeats, or was he accidentally caught in the string? Or was it premeditated murder on the part of piratical sparrows?

A Botanist's Adventure.

Dr. Daniel Solander, the distinguished botanist, who died May 16, 1782, accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage around the world. It was on this trip that he probably saved a large party from destruction while ascending the mountains of Terre del Fuego. He himself narrowly escaped death. It appears that Solander and Sir Joseph Banks had walked a considerable way through swamps, when the weather suddenly became gloomy and cold, fierce blasts of wind driving the snow before it. Dr. Solander, well knowing the effects of cold, addressed the men, telling them not to give way to sleepiness, but at all costs to keep in motion. "Whoever sits down," said he, "will sleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more." This alarmed them, and they set out again, but in a little while the cold became so intense that they were all attacked with drowsiness. Dr. Solander was the first to find the inclination to sleep too irresistible for him, and he insisted upon being allowed to lie down. In vain Banks entreated and remonstrated; the man lay down in the snow, and his friends had great difficulty in keeping him awake. One of the black servants began to linger in the same way. Solander, appreciating the danger, said he was willing to go on, but he must first have some sleep. It was impossible to carry the two men; they were, therefore, allowed to lie down, and in a few minutes they were fast asleep. Soon after, some of the men, who had been sent forward, returned with the welcome news that a fire awaited them a quarter of a mile ahead. Banks then succeeded in awakening Solander, who, although he had not been asleep five minutes, had already almost lost the use of his limbs. His flesh was so shrunk that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward with such assistance as could be given, and was saved. The black servant and one other of the party perished from the cold.

Telegraph wire of galvanized iron is much better to hang clothes on in winter than rope, as the clothes will not freeze to it. Have it hung by a lineman and it will never "give," no matter what the weather may be.

An old and reliable English cook book gives the following recipe as an oil cloth restorer: Melt one-half of an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it and rub in with a dry cloth.

When the burners of kerosene lamps become clogged, put them in a basin of hot water, containing soda, and let them boil for a few minutes. This will make them perfectly clean and almost as bright as new.

Among the rulers of the Boston cooking school is one that says, "Always be careful not to slam the oven door."

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