My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI—(CONTINUED.)

Exactly six months from that day my book, "The Secret of Life," appeared, and everybody will remember the excitement that ensued. Of course, propositions so startling were violently attacked, but I only smiled and waited; for I knew that my conclusions could no more be seriously disputed than the law of gravitation. And now the attackers are all silent, and mankind (I say it without false modesty and without pride) blesses the man who has been the means of demonstrating the glorious cause and objects of our hitherto inexplicable existence, and of supplying the key to the mystery of life, and the agony of death, that is, as the religions foreshadowed, but the portal to the larger and more perfect life. Yes! My work is done, and well done, and I can die in peace, knowing that even here I shall never be forgotten!

A week after the book appeared, I received from Fanny this rather weakly worded letter:—

"Dear Geoffrey," it began, "so you have found it! And you have had the generosity to publicly acknowledge my share in the work; and my name will go down to future generations linked with yours! It is more than I deserve, though it is just what I should have expected from you. Had I known how near we were to success, I would never have gone away. I am very wealthy, and, in a small, unsatisfactory fashion, powerful, also, as I told you I should be, and shall be more so when Joseph has got into Parliament, where, notwithstanding the competition, I think that his entire want of principle ought to carry him a long way. And yet, Geoffrey, I miss you as much as ever, and almost long for the old days. It is hard to have to mix with a set of fools, who smile and gabble, but cannot even understand what it is that we, or rather you, have done. I was so sorry to hear about John. Well, we must each to our own fate. Good-bye.

"FANNY."

I returned no answer to this letter, nor have I ever seen Fanny since, and I hope I never shall see her again! Of course, everybody has a right to look after his or her own interests, and on this ground I do not like to think too hardly of her. I used to believe that there was a great deal of prejudiced nonsense talked about women, and that they were as capable of real and good work and of devotion to a single end as we men are. Many and many is the argument that I have had with Fanny herself on this point, for she was wont scornfully to declare that marriage was the average woman's one object in life, and the education of a family the one thing she was capable of carrying out in a satisfactory manner. But now I confess that my belief is shaken, though I know that it is unjust to judge a great and widely differing class from the experience of an individual. And, after all, she was well within her right, and it is impossible to blame her. I had absolutely no claim upon her, and she was undoubtedly wise to provide for herself in life, when so good an opportunity came in her way. It was a little abrupt, and her explanations were rather cynical; but I have no cause or complaint. I could not marry her myself; why should I have objected to her marrying anybody else—even that young man Joseph?

And yet, I only say it to show how weak I am, I am still fond of Fanny Hide-Thompson, and still feel that when I think of her sudden and final departure. Next to my wife's death, it has been the greatest shock of my life. If she had stopped with me, she should have had her full share in my triumph, and of all the honors and good things that have followed on its heels. She overcalculated herself, she saw too far, and yet not far enough. But I dare say that, after all, this is but another form of the personal vanity to which I fear I am constitutionally liable, and, as such, a weakness to be mortified, especially when a man is hobbling as fast as I am toward the quiet church-yard gates. Well, this is the true history of my relations with Fanny Denelly.

(THE END.)

RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluding in Our Next.

"LISTEN, Mr. Maybury! Let me try to prove to you I am not as guilty as you think."

"I know, of course not; no gentleman intends to be dishonest, but it is to be regretted that public opinion will not see it in that light," replied the junior partner of an extensive mercantile firm in the city of notions.

"Too true; if you, knowing me for the last ten years, will not believe me, how can I expect aught else from strangers? Here I have been, under your eye, with the charge of the books for this long time, and never have failed to give entire satisfaction to all, until now. If you had not discovered this I should have been able to refund the amount before the end of the year. I know that I did wrong; but in the frenzy of my despair I did not think it wrong. Mr. Marbury, have mercy! do not expose me to the first! Only keep this knowledge you have gained until January, then, if I have not returned the amount, with interest, I will not ask for further forbearance," pleaded the young man.

"Everett Morse, it matters little what I believe. I care not whether you are innocent or guilty. Fate has given you in my power, and I glory in it. I have no love for you. Years ago you crossed my path, and have almost, if not entirely, blasted my hopes of happiness. Clara Dayton smiled on me, until she met you. Since then you have occupied the position I had hoped to gain. Promise to leave town, to resign all hopes of Clara's hand, and I will have mercy. Hear me out: I will give you as much time as you wish to return the money, and will also make an arrangement to send you to Europe, on business for the firm. I had intended going myself, but this affair has changed my plans somewhat. Now, sir, you have my answer. You must either conclude to give up your 'lady-love,' or stand before the world a felon."

"Mercy! Mr. Marbury, is this mercy? Oh, heaven pity me! How can I give her up! You do not mean it!"

"When Clara Dayton hears the man who has sought her love stands before the world branded with dishonesty, she will most likely release you from this task. I will be a severe blow to her proud heart."

"She will never believe it. I will go to her and tell her all. Mr. Marbury, let me tell you how I was so sorely tempted, and yielded. You have heard that when my father died, he left his affairs very much embarrassed. This had been a great grief to my mother. She thought of losing this home, most valuable for the loved associations connected with it. You know, too, that my brother and I have been trying to redeem this property. The last note was due. I could not meet the payment. This has been a trying year to me. My mother's illness has very much increased my expenses; then, worse still, my brother's misfortune in breaking his right arm, has of course prevented his attending to his engraving. So the whole burden has been on me. I felt sure that as soon as Abbott could return to his work, I should be able to return the loan, as I considered it. Fatal mistake! I now see that any swerving from the right path is certain to bring its punishment. But will you not, for the sake of my poor widowed mother, spare me? It will kill her to hear I am even suspected of dishonesty, she is so feeble now. Do not demand this terrible sacrifice of me. But just! be generous! be merciful!"

"'Tis useless, sir. I have told you on what terms I can treat with you. I love Clara more than my own life, and cannot relinquish the chance of winning her. It will be impossible for you to remove the suspicion that will follow you. The fact of your employer's want of confidence in you will be sufficient to condemn you. Accept my terms. Go to Europe without seeing Clara again. Take your own time to return the money, and at the end of one year, if I have failed to win her, you are free to seek her anew, and I will give you my word never to mention this affair again."

"I see too plainly I have no other chance. If Clara loves me, as I have hoped, she will remain constant, regardless of appearances, for that time. Thank heaven, I have not sought to bind her by an engagement. Every chance is against me, though. What will she think of my leaving without telling her good-bye, even?"

"Just what I wish her to—that you do not love her any too devotedly. I will take your regrets to her, of 'pressure of business, and time,' and such little excuses. Of course she will be mortified, and disappointed, and in this state of her feelings I hope to triumph. Once mine, I do not doubt being able to make her love me. Such love as mine must meet a response."

"He it so, George Marbury, but there's a future, thank God. A time when we shall both stand before a just judge. Are you not fearful you may yet need the mercy you now deny me? If not on earth, you surely will above."

* * * * * * *

"Clara, my daughter, why will you treat Mr. Marbury with so much indifference? He is a very fine young man and seems very much attached to you. There was a time when I thought you liked him a little. I think you thought more of Everett Morse than he deserved. It is very evident, if he had loved you, he would not have gone away without saying a word. Banish him from your mind, and try to smile on one whose long devotion merits some kindness from you."

"Mother, I cannot help thinking there is some mystery relative to Everett's leaving as he did. I feel perfectly sure he loved me. Every word and action told it plainly. Every moment that was not devoted to business, or his mother, he spent with us. We were not engaged, but there was an understanding between us. Only the night I last saw him he said to me, 'When I come again I shall bring a ring to place on the finger of a certain lady fair, and try to win from her a promise, which will make me one of the happiest men on earth.' Six months have passed since then, and not a word from him. That he is living, and well, I know, for Mr. Maybury told me they had a letter from him by the last steamer. What can he mean, mother?"

"There is no doubt of one thing: he has trifled with you, and therefore is not worthy of one thought or regret, Clara. Mr. Marbury has spoken to me and asked my approval and influence in his favor. I believe he will make you a kind, loving husband. He is wealthy and will place you in a position worthy of you. I wish very much you would accept him. You know how hard a struggle it is for me to keep up in the city of notions. Your brother must continue his studies, which are very expensive. After he graduates it will probably be a long time before he can get sufficient practice to enable him to help us. Our little is dwindling fast away, and it is absolutely necessary for you to take some thought for the future."

"Have patience, mother, dear; bear with me a little longer! When another six months have passed away, if I have not heard from Everett, then I will relieve your mind and make Mr. Marbury happy as a withered heart can. Let me have a year, mother, to recover from my lost love. Custom, you know, allows that time to those whose hearts are with the dead. If Everett is false, then he is dead to me. I will, no doubt, like Mr. Marbury better then. I will try to be a friend, if I respect him very much now. You may bid him hope, but nothing more, just yet."

Days, weeks, months rolled rapidly past, but no tidings came to the anxious, waiting heart. Still the dead silence continued.

Two weeks only remain of the allotted time. Never had the days passed so slowly to George Marbury.

Oh, the dreadful suspense! What if, after all his plotting, he should fail to win her! He must make another appeal to Mrs. Dayton.

All is joy now. She consents to be his. A few more days pass by, and, at length, but one remains. But what cares he! Standing before the altar, clasping the hand of her he would have risked salvation to gain, he is supremely happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY MAN IN AMERICA

Man Was Lower in Savagery Than Any We Know.

The climate which covered this world was, of course, somewhat different from the present, says Lippincott's. It was colder and the precipitation was greater, but the existence of certain plants shows that a comparatively temperate climate prevailed to the south of the ice; yet it was anomalous. Animals which loved the cold and those of a torrid land were curiously mingled. Troops of mastodons wandered over the land and gorged themselves on the soft twigs of spruce and fir. The slow, lumbering, weary rhinoceros wallowed in the muddy streams and lakes. Moose and reindeer ranged the woods; perhaps the Indian story of the great white moose is a survival transmitted from palaeolithic days, when this animal was actually larger than now. Droves of horses and oxen roamed the plains, but they were slain for food, for not yet had man learned the value of beasts of burden.

Early man could have set at naught the Chinese legend that the mammoth belonged to the nether world and died if he breathed the outer air, for only there could he be most at home. These giants of old, protected from the cold by a covering of long, black hair and th c. red wool.

All this time, while the great floods were pouring seaward and gigantic animals were stalking up and down the land, it is likely that men were living on the banks of our rivers and lakes.

Judging from skeletons found in Europe, palaeolithic man was short of stature and had a low, retreating forehead; it is supposed that he had a yellowish skin, which was covered with coarse hair much like the Ainu of Yezo. He was strong in body, but he had the diminutive mind of a child. Wild and fierce, he knew little of pity or of love; he was lower in savagery than any we know, but he bore the germs of a better race; he was only a hunter, living on the animals he had slain and the roots and nuts he could gather. At war with his neighbors and at war within himself, his wife was racked with fears and torments, and his mind filled with debasing superstitions, which civilization has hardly yet wholly eliminated.

CREOLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

Intense Conservatism Is Their Distinguishing Quality.

"One of the most distinguishing qualities of the creole is his conservatism," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the Ladies' Home Journal. "His family traditions are of obedience and respect. It begins in his church and ends in his wine cellar. He cares not for protesting faiths or new vintages. His religion and his wines are matters of tradition. Good enough for his ancestors, are they not good enough for him and his children? His most delightful home is situated behind a heavy battened gate, somber and forbidding in its outward expression, asking nothing of the passing world, protecting every sacredness within. The creole lives for his family—in it. The gentle old dame, his grandam, perhaps, and remaine to half of his children, after living free and sheltered and contented life of threescore and ten years behind the great green gate that opens as a creaking event at the demand of the, polished brass knocker. I tell you with a beautiful pride that she has never been on the American side of her own city—above Canal street. If she will admit you as her guest to her inland garden, within her courtyard gate—and be sure she will not do so unless you present unquestionable credentials—if she will call her stately tignoned negress, Madelaine, Celeste, Marie or Zulime, who answers her in her own tongue, to fetch a chair for you into the court beside the oleander tree and the crape myrtle—if, seeing you seated, she bid the maid of the tignon to further serve you with orange flower sirup, or thin glasses of liqueur or anisette from a shining old silver tray, you will, perhaps, feel that the great battened door has been, indeed, a conserver of good old ways, and that its office is a worthy one, in preserving the sweet flavor of a picturesque hospitality, whose old-world fragrance is still unspotted by innovations and untainted by emulation or contact.

"All But."

Eccentric pronunciation is especially out of place in the pulpit, although some preachers seem not to think so. An English magazine tells how one offender was reproved: The curate of a London church whose pronunciation is more pedantic than proper is in the habit of alluding to the heir-apparent as if his name were written "Awd-but" Edward. He was asked the other day why he so significantly excluded the Prince of Wales in his prayer for the royal family.

"Excluds him! What do you mean?"

"Why," said his friend, "you always pray for all but Edward, Prince of Wales!".

Safe to Contradict Him.

"Dah's only one time," said Uncle Eben, "when it's safe ter contradict a man an' dat's when he puts on a melyun hat. Dey jes' ain't nuffin ter tell 'bout how old he's gettin' ter be."—Washington Star.

Worth Trying For.

Tom—Be careful, old man. Keep away from her, and avoid a broken heart. Her father has a will of iron.

Jack—Yes—but he has a will of gold, too.

"I see that the magazines are arranging to get out some very fancy Easter numbers," said she. "Yes," replied her husband; "and so, I suppose, are the people who write the price tags for spring millinery."—Washington Star.

SUCCEEDS MR. ANGELL

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

One of the Most Capable Educators in the Country—A Graduate of the Institution Over Which He Presides and a Selfmade Man.

HARRY Burns Hutchins, to whom the position of acting president of the University of Michigan has been offered by the board of regents, is no novice in university affairs. Twice a student on the old campus, twice instructor on the faculties, and now dean of the law department—the biggest law school in the country—that he should be called higher is a compliment to his tireless energy, his scholarship and the administrative ability he has shown in building up the school of law. In full sympathy with the spirit of the institution, fully conversant with her present and her past, he should be able to guide her over the shoals during the absence of President Angell.

It will be twenty-six years ago this commencement that Dean Hutchins, then an energetic, hopeful graduate, left the university with a diploma that set forth in Latin phrase that he had done well the work incident to earning the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. He had come to Michigan from the New Hampshire hills for his education and in Michigan he remained. For a year he was in Owosso, where he held the position of superintendent of the public schools. The university authorities, however, has seen the inherent worth of the young man and he was called back to his alma mater to instruct in the department of history. Faculty duties did not keep him busy and he was at the time he was teaching history studying law on his own account.

Four years were sufficient to give him the required legal knowledge for admission to the bar and after that time spent at his alma mater he began the practice of his profession. He was attracted to Mt. Clemens, Mich., and the law firm of Crocker & Hutchins was formed, with both home and Detroit offices. It was not long before Mt. Clemens people were so well impressed with the young attorney that he was made city counselor. In 1881 the Supreme Court appointed Mr. Hutchins one of the board of editors to annotate the court reports. His work in that connection won recognition that was merited.

Judge Thomas M. Cooley was at that time about to retire from the law faculty of the university and the board of regents asked Mr. Hutchins to fill the vacancy. He entered upon his duties as Jay Professor of Law in 1884. For three years he held the professorship, at the same time continuing the practice of law.

Professor Hutchins' ability as a teacher and as a lawyer was too great to allow of confinement in any local field and upon the reorganization of the law college of Cornell university he was called to take the position of secretary. He entered upon the discharge of his secretarial duties in 1887. As secretary he was practically dean of the school, the latter functionary being engaged in active judicial work. The university authorities saw the influence he was having upon the college and made him Associate Dean, a title that mere nearly comported with his real duties. For eight years he labored in the Cornell school, during which period the attendance increased from 55 to 225 students, while the department facilities increased pro rata. His success was complete.

In 1894 the regents of the University of Michigan found it necessary, owing to the ill-health of Dean Jerome C. Knowlton and other causes, to discover a new head for the school of law. Their eyes turned toward the secretary and real dean of the Cornell school and they fastened upon him. It was, however, no easy task to secure his consent to take command of the Michigan school. The regents granted salary concessions that not another man on the faculty has been honored with, and Dean Hutchins went to Ann Arbor in October, 1895. His task was to build up. The three years' law course was just beginning and the brain of an organizer was needed. Dean Hutchins had it and applied his energies tireless to the work. The school has been better than the best friends of the school thought. Though only five years are a large addition was made to the law building, the structure is much too small to accommodate the three classes and the freshmen now have to bear their lectures in the chapel of the literary building. Since Dean Hutchins took command, the law department always in the first rank, has forged much farther to the front.

As student, instructor, lawyer, secretary and dean, Mr. Hutchins has not wanted for results, which are the best vouchers for success. No alumnus of the university looks with fear upon his possible temporary elevation to the seat so long occupied by President Angell.

A MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.

Almost a Duplicate of an Arabian Nights Story.

In the Arabian tales a story is told about a magnetic mountain which attracts irresistibly all ships and when they come near extracts every particle of iron from them, even to the nails, says the Philadelphia Record. Such a mountain exists in reality, although not quite as dangerous in its activity as the one mentioned in the oriental fairy tale. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, consists almost entirely of magnetite and its magnetic influence is very well known to the navigators of those waters and also much feared by them, not on account of the possibility of its extracting the nails from their ships, but because of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the steering of a ship almost impossible. This influence is felt even at a distance of miles and when this island is sighted all mariners on the Baltic discontinue steering their course by the needle and turn to well known lighthouses and other helps to direct their course. The magnetic influence of that ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down and if not disturbed will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

SENATOR DEBOE.

Senator Deboe of Kentucky had his early education given him in the schools of Crittenden county, and his college training was had at Ewing College, in Illinois. He was graduated in medicine from the Medical University of Louisville, but after a short time spent in practice he gave up medicine and studied law, which he has practiced for the last eight years. His first important connection with politics was as a delegate from Kentucky to the national republican convention in 1888. Two years later he was elected superintendent of schools in Crittenden county, and in 1892 he was nominated for congress, but was defeated. For seven years he has been a member of the Kentucky state central committee, and since his election to the state senate in 1893 he has been a republican leader in that body.

H. B. HUTCHINS.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Polly's Dinner Party to Her Cats—Preaching and Practice—Without a God—The Laziest Animal in the World—Other Sketches.

A Dead Baby.

LITTLE soul, for such a brief space that entered
In this little body straight and chilly,
Little life, that fluttered and departed,
Like a moth from an unpinned lily,
Little being, without name or "unto"
Where is now thy place among creation?
Little dark-lashed eyes, unclosed never,
Little mouth, by earthly food ne'er tainted,
Little breast, that just once heaved beneath the sun,
Then settled
In eternal slumber, white and sainted—
Child, shall I in future children's faces
See some pretty look that thine retraces?

Is this thrill that strikes across my heart-strings
And in dew beneath my eyelid gathers,
Token of the bliss thou mightest have brought me,
Dawning of the love they call a father?
Do I hear through this still room a sighing
Like thy spirit, to me its author crying?
Whence didst come and whither take thy journey,
Little soul, of me and mine created?
Must thou lose us, and we thee, forever,
O strange life, by minutes only dated?
Or, new flesh assuming, just to prove us,
In some other babe return and love us?

Idle questions all; yet our beginning,
Like our ending, rests with the Lifesender,
With whom naught is lost, and naught spent vainly;
Unto Him this little one I render.
Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover;
So, our first dream, our first hope is over.

The Dinner-Party.

Polly wished to give a dinner-party to her cats, Diogenes, John and Brother, so her mother gave her a dime and told her she might buy three fish at the market. Polly trotted away, and when she came back with the fish she called the three cats and tried to get them ready. She tied a ribbon around each of their necks, but it was not an easy task, because they smelled the fish. Then she spread a towel on the floor and set three plates on it, and tried her best to make the cats sit down beside them. But they cried, and jumped about, and behaved so badly that at last she shut them outside the door. Then she put a fish on each plate and a little dish of catnip in the middle, and opened the door. Diogenes was the last one in, but it wasn't because he wanted to be polite, for he jumped over John, who was small, and ran right under Brother, the great big striped cat, and was first at the table after all. On the table, I mean, for he ran right across the cloth, sniffed at all three plates, snatched the biggest fish and dragged it under the stove. John took his fish into his corner behind the cupboard, and Brother carried his under the sink. After a minute Diogenes left his fish and went first to one cat and then the other, and tried to take theirs. But John slapped him, and Brother growled so that he was afraid, and went back to his own fish under the stove.

Polly was shocked at such behavior and ran to tell mother, who only laughed.

"I was afraid they'd disappoint you," she said. "But never mind. They are having a good time in their own way."

So Polly went back and picked up the plates and the towel and the catnip. And she peeped under the stove and behind the cupboard and under the sink, and she saw mother was right.

Try This Little Problem.

This is a square having within it thirty-six smaller squares, half of which are shaded. See which of you can place the letters of the word "Puzzle," each in the center of a different square, so that no two of them will be on the same line. It may at first sight appear easy to you, but you will find that it takes a good deal of puzzling.

Award cards will be sent to the two boys or girls, one inside of Chicago and one outside, who send the first correct solutions. Names of other solvers will be published. Let's see who can work the problem.—Chicago Record.

Preaching and Practice.

A crowd of little street arabs was gathered at the door of the Clark st. mission waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty and many of them doubtless hungry; all of them familiar with hardships. There were swarthy, black-eyed girls with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of their ragged shoes. Presently a new arrival appeared, leading by the hand two children, a little more well dressed in appearance than themselves. One had sore eyes and was apparently half blind.

"See here, fellers," was the introduction of their guide, "these two kids can't get nobody to take care of 'em. They sleep in a box and they hasn't had nothing to eat today. Can't we do sunthin' fer 'em?"

"Let's take a collection," some one suggested, and there was a general murmur of approval.

A ragged cap was produced and passed around. Grimy hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies, and the collector announced the result, "seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought which were thrust into the hands of the children and they were bidden to eat. When the teacher arrived she found the "two orphans" the center of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—Union Signal.

Without a God.

Two little girls were talking together. One of them said something about God.

"There isn't any God, said the other. My papa says so, and he knows."

"But there is," said her companion. "My papa says there is, and he knows. But"—after thinking a moment—"maybe your papa hasn't got a God, and that's why he thinks there isn't any."

Then she went on to tell the other about her papa's God.

"That's safe," said the little girl whose father said there was no God. "I wish"—very thoughtfully—"my papa had a God!"

Her father—the man who had no God—heard the conversation between the children, and he began to think the matter over as never before. Without a God! He felt alone in the world, and friendless, when the full meaning of the words struck home to him. Had he been mistaken? Was there a God, after all? Night and day he thought about it. "I am in the dark," he cried. "If there is light, let me find it!" And he did find it.

The other day he heard his little girl say to her friend, "Oh, I'm so glad! My papa's got a God, too, now!" And he thanked the God he had found for the childish words that set him thinking what a terrible thing it is to be a man without a God.—Eben E. Rexford.

Laziest Animal in the World.

In the deep forests along the Amazon river in South America there dwells one of the oddest and laziest creatures in the world. It walks upside down; it rarely, if ever, drinks and it is said to feel no pain. The animal is known as the al, from its peculiar piping cry, or the three-toed sloth. The last name is very appropriate for a lazier animal never lived. Often it takes less than fifty steps a day, and it will be a month or more in going a mile. It is not necessary for it to go any faster because it lives in the trees and its food of leaves and soft twigs is always within easy reach. Sloths have three toes on each foot, and each toe bears a strong hooked claw. When the sloth moves he simply hooks the claws over a limb and crawls about from tree to tree. In this position he can sleep hours at a time. When a little sloth is born it uses its mother for a hammock until it is big enough to climb for itself.

The sloth grows to be about two feet long. Its hair is wiry and coarse and it has no tail to speak of. The natives say that it cannot feel pain, and they prove what they say by showing how the sloth will roll itself up and deliberately fall out of a tall tree in order to save climbing down. Pretty lazy, isn't it? An uglier, more useless animal could not well be imagined.

About a Bandit Fish.

In the rivers and lakes of New York state there is a bandit fish that roams at large and makes its living by robbing the gentlemen fish. It even attacks such vigorous fish as the black bass and the pickerel, fastening itself to them and sucking their blood until they are dead. The name of this bold bandit is the lamprey. Prof. Gage of Cornell University has seen 12,000 of these lampreys spawning at one time, in the outlet of Cayuga lake alone, and he has estimated that they kill more fish than all of the fishermen of the state put together. The lamprey is about the size and has somewhat the appearance of an eel. Prof. Gage advises some means of killing them by means of traps in the stream as they go up in the spring to spawn.

The Dog Who Went to the "Poor House."

A family in Salem, Mass., owned a dog who had become quite old and troublesome. He was cross, and would take the best place in the room and no one could make him leave it willingly. At last Grandma, much troubled, said, "Sir, this dog is so troublesome, we must send him away."

The dog got up and looked at her in sorrow and went out of the room. In a few days they heard that this dog whom everybody knew, had gone to the Poor House, where the town's poor people were taken care of, and stranger still, on Saturdays, when many of the inmates went to see friends, the dog also went home to see "Sir" and "Ma'am," staid a while and then went back again and lived there ever after.

Six Years Old, 103 Pounds, and Still Growing.

From the Paducah (Ky.) News: Bret Newman, stepson of H. McClanahan, who lives near Maxon's Mills, this county, is only 6 years old, but he weighs 103 pounds and is 4 feet 9 inches in height. He is taking on flesh at the rate of three or four pounds a month.

A South Carolina man has forty acres of tea plants. The shrubs are about three feet high and planted in rows six feet apart.