"Thomas !" she called out. "Thomas !"

He turned then. "What is it!" Perhaps she had it in her mind to humble herself to him-who knows? She did nothing of the kind. A moment's pause, possibly of indecision, and then she produced a note from the folds of her frock.

"May I ask you to do me a little faver. Thomas-for the last time?"

"What is it?" he repeated. "If you would not very much mind going home by the hill, and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly. "I see that it is disagreeable to you. I

have offended you too much." "Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note, "but I can hardly

spare the time for the long way this evening. as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However"-He said no more but took the

"Good-by, Thomas." Good by for aye. God be with you!" "What a solemn mood he is in, the stupid fellow !" she commented. "But I am | turn over a new leaf. "You shall have the glad he took the note! I shall be sate | table cleared directly, mother."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him past the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dressmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison leaned over the gate, and watched him as he walked away, watched him take the lane that led to the route she had wished, and disappear. She stood there until the gold in the clouds had changed to crimson, the crimson to purple, that spread itself like a royal mantle over the western White mists began to settle on the brooks that but a moment ago had reflected the gorgeous rays of the setting sun. Somehow it seemed to make her shiver, and she crept up to her own room with a strange

sense of loss at her heart. Mrs. Reece had gone out after tea to sit with a sick neighbor, and Alison devoutly hored that she would not be coming home yet, or there might be difficulty in getting away to keep her appointment. It was nearly time to be starting; at least, she might as well go at once, and then she should be safe from her mother. Putting on her hat she ran down stairs and opened the kitchen

"Patty, if mamma comes in and asks for me tell her I am only strolling about this | ly lovely evening. I shall be in directly."

But the loveliness of the evening had gone. Somewhat to Alisen's surprise the white mist had increased so greatly as to obscure everything but itself.

"How quickly it has come on !" she ex-

claimed. Mr. Vavasour was waiting for her, and they paced for a few minutes the willow young man said he was pressed for time; he had "heaps" of packing to do, not having touched it yet, and he was going away in

the morning.

"Going away!" exclaimed Alison. "Yes, and be shot to it !" said he. "I

got a letter this morning recalling me home. wants me to accompany her. Fate is cruel | thoughts. to us, dear Miss Reece.

"But-you will be coming back here!" cried the startled Alison.

"I'm sure I don't know whether I shall be coming back here ever, or whether I may find myself banished to the remotest regions of Siberia," drawled the dandy twirling one end of his mustache. "Nothing seems certain in this sublunary world except uncertain changes. Old Tarbey was quite knocked down with the news. I wrote to ask you to be good enough to meet me here, knowing I should not have a minute all day to get down to your place-to tell you of it, and | night!" to say good-by."

There was a matter of-course carelessness in his voice and manner that grated terribly on Alison; her pride rose to the surface.

"Well, I suppose you will be glad to go, Mr. Vavasour !

"Glad? Ah, I don't know about that. Glad to escape Tarbey and his grinding; immeusly sorry to leave you. Wish you were going with me."

"You are too kind. I will not hinder

you any longer; and I must be going home, too. Good night, and good-by.' Mr. Vavasour took her hand and held it.

"Good-by, my dear Miss Reece," he said. "I shall often think of you and of our pleasant meetings, You will let me take a farewell kiss?'

He bent his face to hers. "How dare you sir ?" she exclaimed, starting back from him. "Kiss me, indeed, and here! Until this night I had taken you for a gentle-

"I beg your pardon," he said laughingly; "I meant no harm. Holloa, what a mist it is!" he broke off, as they came to the end of the walk and the open field beyond it. "One can hardly see ten yards before one. I must see you home,"

"I know my way perfectly-better than and so keep him from passing by the willow you do-I shall go alone. You will have | walk. enough to do to get back to the parsonage; take care you don't miss the path. Good-by,

She flew from him across the field and | death." was lost in the mist. He took the opposite ! path.

"And so that's the last of Reginald Vavasour," thought Alison." It serves me right. What a simpleton I have been!—as Thomas called me. How I hope mamma has not got home."

The mist seemed to grow more dense every minute, and Alison really found her own | night or in a thick fog it was most dangergate with some difficulty. Her bonnet had not been put away above a minute when | night, Thomas Watkyn must have drawn

Mrs. Reece came in. "Such a dreadful mist," she observed to There he lay, on the sharp rocks, when the Alison; I den't think I ever saw such a one. It came on suddenly after the most lovely sunset. Quite a remarkable sunset. I hope sky. you noticed it, child."

"Thomas Watkyn took care I should do

that, mamma. He called it divine." "Indeed, it looked nothing less," replied Mrs. Reece. "I am glad you have had Thomas here."

Alison complained of a headache, and went up to bed; she was afraid of being questioned. If the evening could come over again she would treat Thomas Watkyn differently. She felt a little ashamed of herself; she felt a little uneasy.

"But I will make it up with him," she sighed, as she laid her head upon the pillow. 'He will be sure to let me; he is so good and he loves me so truly."

Alison awoke betime, and to a vague sense of uneasiness. It was a fine morning, the mist all cleared away. As she stood at the window, the rising sun, lufting himself majestically in the east, tinted her cheeks in a | away. rose-red flush, and threw down on the green meadows floods of golden light, while the songs of thrushes and larks broke out from every hedge and coppice.

"We must make the damson jam to day," observed Mrs. Reece to her as they rose from breakfast. "And if you would only wash up these breakfast things, Alison, while Patty goes about her other work. should soon have the kitchen table clear and

might begin it." "Oh, very well," answered the girl cheerfully, for she had been taking herself to tack for her past behavior, and meant to

She was busy in the kitchen when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried

the teaspoons. "Alison ! come here" called her mother, in

a quick voice. She went to the parlor just as she was her sleeves turned back at the wrists, a large brown holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white haired old gentleman-Mr. Watkyn the elder.

"I am come to ask about Thomas," he said, "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you ?"

or, that something was wrong. "Heleft quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home." "Not come home!" she said with a white-

ning face. "I sat up till I o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him, that he had staid at some friend's house, I knew not | what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen, and I can not hear of him."

Mrs, Reece impressed with the frightened, guilty look that Alison could not keep | should.' out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. 'Can not you not tell what time it was when he left you !" she demanded stern-

"It was before dusk; it was just after sunset, before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she saw it would bring on further questioning.

"The long way-round by the hill." "Round by the hill!" echoed Mr. Watwalk together. But for a very few; the kyn, in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take

that way?" Alison flushed and paled alternatively; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps foughtand injured one another fatally. In these

dread moments of suspense the mind is apt My mother's ill, is ordered to Nice, and she to conjure up far-fetched and unlikely "I asked him to go round that way," she replied, in a timid tone: "I wanted him to

leave a note for me at the dressmaker's." Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting up his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all!" he breathed faintly; "he must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror. "Deceived by the mist he must have walked too near its edge," continued the old man, "Heaven grant that it may not be so! but-I fear it. Was he mad?-to attempt to cross the plateau on such a

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grasped her daughter's hands. They were icy-cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?" "Don't ask me, mother! Let me follow

Mr. Watkyn; I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it can not, can not be as he fears!" "Not one step till you tell me what pass-

ed," said the mother, firmly. "There's more in this than meets the eye." "He asked me to give up talking to Mr.

Vavasour.' "And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," ccn'inued Alison bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, it was all folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece draw in her thin lips sternly. She stood thinking. "And what does it mean about you giv-

ing him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write

The girl got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note, and sent "No, no, no!" cried Alison, vehemently. Thomas around the long way to deliver it,

> "Oh, child, child!" mouned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who will have given him his

miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice called the Scar, had to be passed. The table land or plateau, on the top was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveller could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased. But on a dark ous. Deceived by the mist of the previous near the edge unwittingly and fallen over. poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned to the blue

"Speak to me, Thomas! speak to me!" | see me, that all."

wailed Alison, quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands. "Ch Thomas, speak to me I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words for her was silenced now; the heart she had so grieved might never beat in joy or sor row again.

No person had seen or speken with him after quitting her on the previous night, save the dressmaker, little, industrious Miss Ford. She had answered his knock herself, and he put the note into her hand, saying Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. "What a thick mist it is that has come on," he said to her in his pleasant, chatty way. "Ay, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut her door as he walked

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between lite and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away others thought she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to the accident, that had well-nigh killed her. But the youngare strong in their tenacity of life, and she grew better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the aim of her mother, went to sit in the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first time she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill fated lover. There she remained, thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emo-

"Alison, what are you thinking of?" "Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think A prevision struck her, with a sort of ter- | there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind, by what he said that evening as we watched it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow."

The mother paused; she felt inclined say something, but feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered. "Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I supposed it pleased God that I

"Time soothes all thing. Aliscn. In time you will be strong again and able to fulfil life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good-Oa, so good !- for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the church yard. She wanted to look for a newmade grave in that corner where so many of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same gravestones that were there before were there now; extremities. there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on the bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness; just a crimson ball, which seemed to give a red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale tottering man, who was coming up to the gate by help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost. " Alison !"

"Thomas ?" He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale sad face wore for her its old sweet

expression. "Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst forth in a storm of sobs. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I

had killed you.' "They thought I was dead at first; they thought for a long while that I should die," he answered, as he sat down by her, keeping her hand in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God.

I hope in time to be strong and well again. "Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never fergive myself." "No? Then you must atone to me, Ali-

son, instead. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear." "Do you mean it—still?" she gasped. "O

Thomas! how good and true you are! If I can only be a little bit worthy of you !" They walked home slowly, arm in arm.

of mercy, she thought. "I did not tell her, Thomas," she said, "she was so dreadfully low when she came out of the fever. I meant to tell her to-

"I have told her myself ; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn. - The Argosy.

## Very Proper.

An old maid from the country was visiting a city friend in whose house was a telephone. And it proved to be so. In taking the two | Early one morning there was a call for her and the servant went to her room.

"Miss Jane," she said, "there's a call for you at the telephone.'

"I'll be there in a minute." "Come now."

"I'm not dressed." "You can't wait; it's a gentleman and

he's in a hurry." "A gentleman? Good heavens, then I won't move a step till I get on my clothes. Do you think I'd go down to that telephone and talk to a man without a dress on? I don't know what your city styles may be, but I do know what is proper in the country, and that man can wait till I'm ready or not

#### Clothing for Cold Weather.

The usual dress is sufficient in quantity, and often good in quality, but it is very badly distributed. There is too much about the trunk, and too little about the lower extremities. If one-quarter of the heavy woollen overcoat or snawl were taken from the trunk, and wrapped about the legs, it would prove a great gain. When we men ride in the cars, or in a sleigh, where do we suffer? About the logs and feet! When women suffer from the cold, where is it? It is about the legs and feet !

The legs and feet are down near the floor, where the cold currents of air move. The air is so cold near the floor that all prudent mothers say, "Don't lie there, Peter; get up, Jerusha Ann; play on the sofa; you will take your death of cold lying there on the floor." And they are quite right. If the room be well ventilated, the air down near the floor is very much colder than it is up above our heads. And it is in that cold stratum of air that our feet and legs are constantly. A few Yankees put them on the mantel-shelf, but the majority keep their feet on the floor.

Besides this, the feet and legs, on account of their being so far away, and on account of their size, with the air all about them, are disposed to be too cold, even without being in a colder atmosphere.

Under all these circumstances, men wear one thickness of wool and cotton and one thickness of black cloth about their legs, and three or four times as much about their chests; and now they often add an immense pad called a "Chest Protector." And women indulge in a still greater contrast.

During the damp and cold season the lega should be encased in very thick knit woollen drawers, the feet in thick woollen stockings (which must be changed every day), and the shoe-soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow sole. If when the foot stands naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a

I will suppose you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs are cold. Now add more woollen, or, if you are to travel much in the cars or in a sleigh, wear a pair of sheep-skin drawers. I have known a number of ladies afflicted

with hot and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of sheep-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Three ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is felt in a fulness of the head, in sore throat, in palpitation of the heart, torpid liver, and in many other ways. It is well known that a hot foot bath will relieve for the time being any and all of these difficulties. This bath draws the blood into the legs and feet, relieving the congestion above. What the hot foot-bath does for an hour, the broad-soled shoes with thick woollen stockings, and a pair of flannel drawers, with a pair of wash-leather drawers added, will do permanently. Of course I am speaking of cold weather. No one hesitates to multiply the clothing about the trunk. Why hesitate to increase the clothing about the legs? As a preventive of many common affections about the chest, throat, and head, including nasal catarrh, I know nothing so effective as abundant dress about the lower

The bath is a good thing, exercise is a good thing, friction is a good thing; but our main dependance in this climate must ever be warm clothing. Already we overdo this about our trunks, but not one person in ten wears too much clothing about the legs .-Dio Lewi's Monthly.

# The Fool.

From Tourgeneff's "Poetry in Prose." There lived a fool in the world. For a

long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumors reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot. Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor, darkened brain,

and without delay he began to execute it. He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy !" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naif. You are behind the time !"

His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool. "What a beautiful book I read to day!"

another acquaintance said to him. "Beg pardon, are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago

abandoned it." And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvelous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool. "Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed his relatives. Who does not know that? I pity you!"

The third aequaintance did as the others, Neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece and forgot his friend. Whosoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?"

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head !" "And what a tongue !" said others. "Ah, he is a man of talent!"

It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper ; and he began to Leguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations. And now he who inveighed so much

against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards .- The Century.

## Matrimonial Mention.

"Jamos, I hear that our mutual friend, Habberton, has married the Widow May-"It's a fact, and she's worth \$50,000."

"He surely couldn't have been attracted by her face." "Oh, dear, no; it was her figure."-The HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

### Plecing Together the Delicate Shades of Indestructible Pictures.

One of the very few industries of Rome is the manufacture of mosaics, the largest es. tablishment being under the control of the Church, and employed almost entirely in the adornment of churches and religious establishments. The process of making a picture in mosaic is very slow, and requires the highest order of skill. To begin with. mosaic is made of glass, and its value con. sists in its being indestructible. The work. men in great pictures have to have some. thing over 27,000 shades of colored glass to produce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic every color is necessary the same as in an oil painting. To make a picture the process is this: -A plate of metal of required size is surrounded by a raised margin an inch in height. A mastic cement of powder. ed stone, lime, an i linseed oil is spread ore; the bottom of the plate and that covered with plaster paris to the level of the rim. Upon this the picture to be made is carefully drawn, and the mechanic's work com. mences. He takes a piece of glass of the exact tint necessary and rits it to its place. grinding to get the shape. Then he goes on, one piece at a time, till the picture is finish. ed, then the face ground down to a smooth. ness, and the picture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of ancient and modern times are in mosaic, the tints, with all the delicate shades, being as carefully reproduced as in oil, and the effect being even greater. The ceilings of many of the great churches are entirely of mosaic, as well as many of the great altar pieces and other decorations. As they are utterly indestructible and never los; their color, they are very much prized. A picture in mosaic costs, but then it is eternal, barring fire and earthquakes.

All over Rome are small shops devoted to the manufacture of mosaic table tops, box covers, etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops, or the Coliseum, never does another subject, and he becomes so skillful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well but very cheaply He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapily .- P. V. Nasby in Toledo Blade.

#### HOME DECORATIONS.

A rretty mat, intended for the top of a table, is made of drab felt. The edge is cut in sharp points; between these points are placed soft little tassels made of high color. ed crewell. The border of the mat is made by working with gay embroidery silks any pattern which suits the fancy of the maker, The old-fasgioned cross-stitch, or some modification of the feather-stitch, is pretty.

A pretty chair-back is made of an antique lace stripe put over silk. Have the lace in the center and on the silk stripes of the same width at each side; embroider a pretty vine. This is lovely, made of the lace and blue silk, with sprays of small pink bucs, or of cardinal satin with daisies and buttercups on it. The top is turned down and hemmed, and the bottom may be finished with lace, or be made in points with a tassel on each point.

A handsome panel for the wall is made of a strip of black satin 15 inches long 7 inches wide. Oa this is embroidered in silk a bunch of pinks. The top and bottom of the panel are finished with bands of scarlet plush, about two inches wide. A brass wire is fastened to the top, and a silk cord to hang it by. On the bottom are fine silk balls of various shades of red. The panel should be lined with some material of sufficient body to keep it smooth. Another elegant panel is made of pale blue satin or plush, with a bird and nest painted on it in

water colors. TABLE COVER .- Take sixteen blocks of cretonne one quarter square. Arrange them so there will be a landscape on each of the four corners. In putting the blocks together lay one edge over the other and sew. Line with Turkey-red cotton. Put black dress braid down each seam and across, also around the side of border next to blocks. Sew firm on each side of braid, feather-stitch braid with shaded yellow, red and groen embroidery [silk. Finish the lower edge of border with narrow ball fringe. This makes a lovely cover for most anything, and can be made smaller if desired,

How Palmer's Friends Got a Drink. When track drivers get together they will have their fun. Doc Palmer, as all know, progresses through the world with an artifical leg. Some months ago Dic and a number of the boys found themselves in a Connecticut town. Hotel accommodations were decidedly precarious, and it was just Doc's luck to be quartered in a room meant to contain two, but affording shelter for half a dozen. Early in the morning the greater part of the party woke up with 'coppers hot," and a diligent search failed to produce enough Federal money to pay for the necessary refreshment. In canvass. ing the situation Doc Palmer's artificial leg came in the range of vision of the greatest wag of the party. Catching up the ieg, the conspirators filed down stairs, leaving the owner snoring in blissful ignorance of the theft. Ranged along the bar, each man was quickly served with his favorite beverage. "How much do we owe you?" inquired the custodian of Doc Palmer's limb.

"Two dollars and forty cents," was the reply. "All right. We'll leave this with you, and a man will come along soon and pay you the money." So saying, he handed the

astonished barkeeper the leg-"Very well," said that worthy, when he had recovered his breath, "I guess that's

good security." By and by a stumping sonud was heard on the stairs, and presently Doc Palmer made his appearance. He went straight to the bar and inquired for his missing property. The sequal was, Doc settled, but the boys gave him a wide berth until they considered it safe to approach him.

During a gale recently a part of the wall of the Domininion Bridge Company's works at Lachine, near Montreal, was blown down, causing a tremendous crash. Six of the workmen were caught in the ruins and badly injured, but none were killed.

MINICS AMONG A

Birds, Fishes, and Insects to Change Co Flook out!" said a natu porter was about to sit do green plush chair An inve seat brought to light a gre exact hue of the plush, coi

"Pall up another chair." owner with a laugh. The reporter picked his room, stepping on a horne huddled close to some Turk rag, only to find the back occupied by a bright gr

South Carolina. A third was successful. "No," said the naturalis with a microscope, "they h the Zoo ogical Garden 1 have quite as good a displ smaller scale. The difficu seeing the snake and anolis your stepping on the toad, of the success of my experim "If you have ever thou

on the matter," he continu little carmine into a sea " you must have noticed tha there is a strong tendency t locality. This is especially color, and often true as to fo snake that you came near perfect mimic of the rich which it is found, and you w pect its presence if you did am confident that it can darker or lighter shades. had it on a light-green cushi minutes it adapted itself to almost invisible. and now y sumed an entirely different l

" Is the change a physiolo

" Not at all. We have w

concerning it. In the first

many animals change their

ment's not ce, especially fish Among the former the stic serranus, and dolphin are th able. In many this chan made at the option of the fis true of the reptiles, and n rlanation. Here is a microsc a frog's skin. You see it distinct portions, the epider The tormer is made u the latter contains nerves, t ties for ce'l elements. Thes with pigment or coloring known as chromatophoses, a traction and expansion is du various animals, for all, from them, differing in color in di als and in various parts of t ferent colors or degrees of in cause a contraction or expan Thus, in the Gobins, the pig are yellow when distende orange-colored hue when the orange or red cells wh come brown or black, as the Now, when a fish that habit white bottom passes on to a change is conveyed by the e and telegraphed, so to speak

thetic nerves, and the chan "How do we know this? blind fish pass from one col another. In such a case the at all. The eye is the med is probably no intelligent the part of the animal that been made. The experiment pathetic nerves are very r entting one a fish has been on one side and stripped on in fact, the coloring is at skilled anatomist. The ano Southern lizard, that sect place of the chameleon, is th rul in its power of chang no

ing itself to a variety of Lucs

"But probably the most

eells by way of what are ca

are those that imitate other mals in form. Here,' he co out a large steel engraving, to our Lophius that was ca Challenger on her famous tri is all covered with barbels of actly resemble seaweed, both color, and when clinging to perfectly invisible so to speal our fishes are equally protect ea horse that has recently in Australian waters. It h tail, and clings like a ring-ta the seaweed, and from its ba intervals these long, pinkish exact in their imitation of t weed. Other sea horses have ornaments that look like fine ers, and so escape detection. "Among insects there a

striking examples. Here that I received from China. forms me that when arouse small shrew, so that birds the it suddenly draw off, when creature stops and raises its ! pears to lengthen out and w a ferocious aspect. Many in leaves and sticks, and one pink orchid that it is with distinguished from the flower tence from large enemies, but ing it for a flower come near a that its mimicry serves t decoy and a protection. 'Among moths the cases often perfect, and I have se

directly in front of me and perceive them for a few m little moths of the genus a markable for their imitation histles and various plants. are beautifuliy frayed and sil come tumbling and rolling exasionally gently alighting ad you would almost always the innocent down of some nore wonderful insect mimic pped butterfly. When outs og flight it is very conspicu the bushes it frequents, olded, it finds perfect protec emblance to the flowers. ho have been pursuing it onished at its disappearand heir fingers. In India there hat are exact in their imita

nd leaves. Not only is the at the spots of mildew that eves at certain times. "Here is a lizard," the bued, taking down a speci

reserved in alcohol, "and