nts on Swimming.

ential to the acquirement of nment is to know how to use ht, with a view to keeping the of water, and the next is to on the bottom until sufficient quired to raise it at intervals. als the learner will be able to

in a hurry to use the hands. nded on striking out, but try liberation. Let every stroke eep of the arms, and let the themselves. It is not necesfeet should be raised to the water. The body from the award should be kept at an degrees to the plane of the inclination, with every for-, will tend to throw the head

who wishes to acquire theart r recreation, and not for proses, ought to pay little attenments of the feet, until he has of his hands; then the feet ly come into play and pert without much thought. their feet when walking? In of learning a swimmer does satisfied until he brings his ace. This has a tendency to just above the hips, and to Swimming in a seaway the many positions, according to e waves encountered. Somevertical, and at other times ined to keep the head out. beginner to have a person p his hand under the chin ne use of the hands is being e hints apply only to comswimming; that having and confidence obtained,

difficulty in learning all the s, such as swimming on the ck, diving or turning heels rd or backward. s, too, that if a person taken ill throw himself upon his t without effort, even if his awn up. Never neglect to

h cotton-wool. Many perbuted deafness to taking e ears when swimming.

Tail Twisters.

Herald says :- The speech berger, of Virginia, on the loes not appear in Congresd therefore we have not ge of reading it. But it n a great sqeech on anold the necessity of twisting tail. America is blessed y of statesmen who might tail twisters. Old Zach igan, a mighty man in his and sinews of steel, had twister. How often was virled about and dangled agony before the eyes of a Old Nevada Stewart, the in from the lower levels of ose powers of watery elosurpassed by Grandfather n the animal many a turn. galls gave a fine display l now we have Riddle. ion of humanity—utility, hich some conservative rts could lay before the buy the poor old lion a ent one must by this time l value of service. And 's own feelings on y of tail twisters remain, do with no toil to wist? Chandler ; to-day it is t about to-morrow !

on a stone, even while ing that a horse never he must lie down and

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER VI.

OLD SATAN AND TOM WILSON'S NOSE. A nose, kind sir! Sure mother Nature. with all her treaks, ne'er formed this feature. If suca were mine, I'd try and trade it. and swear the gods had never made it.

After reducing the log cabin into a ort of order, we contrived, with the aid few boards, to make a bed-closet for poor fom Wilson, who continued to shake every day with the pitiless ague. There was no my of admitting light and air into this domicile, which opened into the general apartment, but through a square hole cut in one of the planks, just wide enough to admit a man's head through the apercure. Here we made Tom a comfortable bed on the floor. and did the best we could to nurse him through his sickness. His long thin face. emaciated with disease, and surrounded by hage black whiskers, and a beard of a week's rowin, looked perfectly unearthly. He and only to stare at the baby to frighten

her almost out of her wits. "How fond that young one is of me," he would say; "she cries for joy at the sight of

Among his curiosities, and he had many. he held in great esteem a huge nose, made hollow to fit his nose, which his father, a being almost as eccentric as himself, had carved out of boxwood. When he slipped this nose over his own (which was no beauuiul classical specimen of a nasal organ), it made a most perfect and hideous disguise. on, and on one of the recognized her accomplished son.

Numberless were the tricks he played off the streets of -, with this proboscis attached to his face. "What a nose! Look at the man with the nose !" cried all the boys in the street. A party of Irish emigrants passed at the moment. The men. again." with the courtesy natural to their nation, forbore to laugh in the gentleman's face : and saw them bent half double in convul. effect :sions of mirth. Tom made the party a low bow, gravely took off his nose, and put it in you want now?"

The day after this frolic, he had a very severe fit of ague, and looked so ill that I really entertained fears for his life. The hot fit had just left him, and he lay upon his bed bedewed with a cold perspiration, in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Foor Tom," said I, "he has passed a horrible day, but the worst is over, and I will make him a cup of coffee." While preparing it, Old Satan came in and began to talk to my husband. He happened to sit directly opposite the aperture which gave light and air to Tom's berth. This man was disgustingly ugly. He had lost one eye in a quarrel. It had been gouged out in a free nght, and the side of his face presented a teeth of his savage adversary. The nick- him. name he had acquired through the county sufficiently testified to the respectability of his character and dreadful tales were told of him in the neighborhood, where he was alike feared and hated.

The rude fellow, with his accustomed insolence, began abusing the o d country folks. The English were great bullies, he said; they thought no one could fight but themselves; but the Yankees had whipped them, and would whip them again. He was not

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth. when a horrible aspiration presented itself to his view. Slowly rising from his bed, drew his white night cap over his ghastly face. and livid brow, Tom thrust his face through the aperature, and uttered a diabolical cry; noiselessly as he had arisen. The cry was like nothing human, and it was echoed by an involuntary scream from the lips of our maid servant and myself.

"Good God ! what's that?" cried Satan. falling back in his chair, and pointing to you see it? It beats the universe. I never saw a ghost or a devil before !"

Moodie, who had recognized the ghost, and greatly enjoyed the fun, pretended profound ignorance, and coolly insinuated that Old Satan had lost his senses. The man was bewildered; he stared at the vacant aperture, then at us in turn, as if he doubted the accuracy of his own vision. "Tis tarnation odd," he said; "but the women heard it too.

"I heard a sound," I said, "a dreadful sound, but I saw no ghost.

"Sure an' 'twas himsel'," said my Lowland Sootch girl, who now perceived the joke wee fricht."

"How long have you been subject to these sort of fits?" said I. "You had better speak to the doctor about them. Such fancies, if they are not attended to, often end in madness.'

"Mad!" (very indignantly) "I guess I'm not mad, but as wide awake as you are. Did I not see it with my own eyes? And then the noise-I could not make such a tarnation outcry to save my life. But be it man or devil, I don't care, I'm not afear'd," doubling his fist very undecidedly at the hole. Again the ghastly head was protruded—the dreadful eyes rolled wildly in their hollow sockets, and a yell more appalling than the former rang through the room. The man sprang from his chair, which he overturned in his fright, and stood for an instant with his one eyeball starting from his head, and glaring upon the spectre; his cheeks deadly pale; the cold perspiration money?" streaming from his face; his lips dissevered, and his teeth chattering in his head.

comes again—the devil !—the devil !" Here Tom, who still kept his eyes fixed upon his victim, gave a knowing wink and

thrust his tongue out of his mouth. "He is coming !-he is coming !" cried the affrighted wretch; and clearing the open keep you for nothing or do you work for doorway with one leap, he fled across the your mest?" field at full speed. The stream intercepted

into the forest, and was out of sight "Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled poor Tom, sink-ing down exhausted on his bed. "On that

the salt beef and pork, which owing to our distance fro n -, formed our principal fare. He positively refused to touch the sad bread, as my Yankee neighbours very appropriately termed the unleavened cakes in the pan; and it was no easy matter to send a man on horseback eight miles to fetch

a loaf of bread. "Do, my dear Mrs. Moodie, like a good Christian as you are, give me a morsel of the baby's biscuit, and try and make us some decent bread. The stuff your servant gives us is uneatable, ' said Wilson to me, in most imploring accents.

"Most willing. But I have no yeast; and I never baked in one of those strange kettles in my life."

"I'll go to old Joe's wife and borrow some," said he: "they are always borrowing of you." Away he went across the field, but soon returned. I looked into his jug -it was empty. "No luck," said he "those stingy wretches had just baked a fine batch of bread, and they would neither lend nor seli a loaf; but they told me how to make their milk emptyings."

"Well; discuss the same;" but I much doubted if he could remember the recipe.

"You are to take an old tin pan," said he, sitting down on the stool, and poking the fire with a stick.

"Must it be an old one?" said I, laugh-

"Oi course; they said so." "And what am I to put into it?"

"Patience; let me begin at the beginning." Some flour and some milk-but, by George; formed by raising himself upon tip toes, I've forgot all about it. I was wondering with this nose. Once he walked through as I came across the field why they called the yeast milk emptyings, and that put the way to make it quite out of my head. But never mind; it is only ten o'clock by my watch. I have nothing to do; I will go

He went. Would I had been there to hear the colloquy between him and Mrs. but after they had passed, Tom looked back, Joe; he described it something to this

"Mrs. Joe: "Well stranger, what do Tom: "I have forgotten the way you

told me how to make the bread." "Mrs. Joe: "I never told you how to make bread. I guess you are a fool. People have to raise bread before they can bake it. Pray who sent you to make game of me? I guess somebody as wise as your-

Tom: "The lady at whose house I am

Mrs. Joe: "Lady! I can tell you that we have no ladies here. So the woman who lives in the old log shanty in the hollow don't know how to make bread. A clever wife that! Are you her husband?" (Tom shakes his head.)-"Her brother?"-(An other shak.)-"Her son? Do you hear? succession of horrible scars inflicted by the or are you deaf?" (going quite close up to

> Tem (moving back: "Mistress, I'm not deaf; and who or what I am is nothing to Will you oblige me by telling me how to make the mill emptyings; and this time I'll put it down in my pocket-book."

> Mrs. Joe (with a strong sneer): "Millemptyings! Milk, I told you. So you expect me to answer your questions, and give back nothing in return. Get you gone; I'll tell you no more about it."

Tom (bowing very low): "Thank you for afear'd of them, he never was afear'd in his your civility. Is the old woman who lives in the little shanty near the apple-trees more obliging ?"

Mrs. Joe: "That's my husband's mother. You may try. I guess she'll give you an and putting on the fictitious nose, while he | answer." (Exit, slamming the door in his

"And what did you do then?" said I. "Oh, went of course. The door was open, then sank down upon his unseen couch as | and I reconnoitered the premises before I ventured in. I liked the phiz of the old woman a deal better than that of her daugh. ter-in-law, although it was cunning and inquisitive, and as sharp as a needle. She was busy shelling cobs of Indian corn into a barrel. I rapped at the door. She told me

the vacant aperture. "Did you hear it? did | to come in, and in I stepped. She asked me if wanted her. I told her my errand, at which she laughed heartily." Old woman: "Yeu are from the old country, I guess, or you would know how to make mitk-emptyings. Now, I always prefer bran-emptyings. They make the best

bread. The milk. I opine gives it a sourish

taste, and the bran is the least trouble." Tom: "Then let us have the bran, by al means. How do you make it?" Old woman: "I put a double handful of bran into a small pot, or kettle, but a jug will do, and a teaspoonful of salt: but mind you don't kill it with salt, for if you do, it won't rise. I then add as much warm water, "he was a seekin' to gie us puir bodies a lat blood heat, as will mix it into a stiff batter. I then put the jug into a pan of warm water, and set it on the hearth near the fire, and keep it at the same heat until it rises, which it generally will do if you attend to it in two or three hours' time. When the bran cracks at the top, and you see white bubbles rising through it, you may

> It makes good bread. Tom: "My good woman, I am greatly obliged to you. We have no bran : can you give me a small quantity?"

strain it into your flour, and lay your bread.

Old woman: "I never give anything. You Englishers who come out here with stacks of money can afford to buy." Tom: "Sell me a small quantity."

Old woman: "I guess I will." (Edging quite close and fixing her sharp eyes on him. You must be very rich to buy bran." Tom (quizzically): "Oh, very rich." Old woman: "How do you get your

Tom (sarcastically): "I don't steal it." Old woman: "Prays not. I guess you'll "There—there—there. Look—look, it soon let others do that for you, if you don't pounds, British currency, he remained in

lated to you ?" Tom (hardly able to keep his gravity: "On passage home. Eve's side. They are my friends.' Old woman (in surprise) : "And do they

Tom (impatiently): "Lochat bran ready?" his path—he passed it at a bound, plunged [(The old woman goes to the bins and measures out a guart of bren) . What am I to pay or hore, before ness meeting of you

either. There is threepence for your pound of bran ; you are are enormously paid." Old woman (calling after him): "But the recipe; do you allow nothing for the

recipe?" Tom : "It is included in the price of the

"And so," said he, "I came away laugh

ing, rejoicing in my sleeve that I had dis-

appointed the avaricious old cheat." The next thing to be done was to set the bran rising. By the help of Tom's recipe, it was duly mixed in the coffee-pot, and placed within a tin pan, full of hot water, by the side of the fire. I have often heard it said that a watched pot never boils; and there certainly was no lack of watchers in this case. Tom sat for hours regarding it with his large heavy eyes, the maid inspected it from time to time, and scarce ten minutes were suffered to elapse without my testing the heat of the water, and the state of the emptyings; but the day slipped slowly away, and night drew on, and yet the watched pot gave no signs of vitality. Tom sighed deeply when we sat down to

tea with the old fare. "Never mind," said he, "we shall get some good bread in the morning; it must get up by that time. I will wait till then. I could almost starve before I could touch these leader cakes."

The tea-things were removed. Tom took up his flute, and commenced a series of the wildest voluntary airs that ever were breathed forth by human lungs. Mad jigs, to which the gravest of mankind might have. cut eccentric capers. We were all convulsed with laughter. In the midst of one of these droll movements, Tom suddenly hopped like a kangaroo (which feat he perthen flinging himself forward with a stooping jerk), towards the hearth, and squinting down into the coffee-pot in the most quizzical manner, exclaimed, "Miserable chaff! If that does not make you rise nothing will.'

I left the bran all night by the fire. Early in the morning I had the satisfaction of finding that it had risen high above the rim of the pot, and was surrounded by a fine crown of bubbles.

"Better late than never," thought I. as I emptied the emptyings into my flour, the approach of cold weather. Some think "Tom is not up yet. . I will make him so | that thin honey candies quicker than thick happy with a loaf of new bread, nice home- possibly that is the case, for honey that has baked bread, for his breakfast." It was my | been left in the hive for some weeks after first Canadian loaf. I telt quite proud of it, being sealed over by the bees will sometimes as I placed it in the odd machine in which | not candy at all, even in zero weather. it was to be baked. I did not understand | As some honey candies upon the first approper temperature to receive the bread. | use. Ignorant of all this, I put my unrisen loaf into a cold kettle, and heaped a large quantity of hot ashes above and relocation. The fi st intimation I had of the result of my experiment was the disagreeable dour of

burning bread filling the house. "What i. this horrid smell?" cried Tom, issuing from his domicile, in his shirt sleeves. "Do open the door, Bell (to the maid); 1 feel quite sick."

"It is the bread," said I, taking off the lid of the oven with the tongs. "Dear me, ic is all burnt?" "And smells as sour as vinegar,"! "The

black bread of Sparta!' Alas! for my maiden loaf! With a rueful face I placed it on the breakfast table. "I hoped to have given you a treat, but I

"You may be sure of that," said Tom, as he stuck his knife into the loaf, and drew it forth covered with raw dough. "Oh, Mrs. Moodie, I hope you make better books

than bread." others submitted to my failure good-naturedly, and made it the subject of many droll, but not unkindly, witticisms. For myself, took out two handkerchiefs, one for use and I could have borne the severest infliction from the pen of the most formidable critic with more fortitude than I bore the cutting

up of my first loaf of bread.

into the town; and when they returned at night, brought several long letters for me. Ah! those first kind 'letters from home! Never shal! I forget the capture with which | capsules of quinine, five visiting cards, seven I grasped the 1 —the eager, trembling haste with which I tore them open, while the blinding tears which filled my eyes hindered me for some minutes from reading a word | Prize Exhibition, an unposted letter to her which they contained. Sixteen years have slowly passed away—it appears half a century-but never, never can home letters give me the intense joy those letters did. After seven years' exite, the hope of return grows feeble, the means are still less in our power, and our friends give up all hope of our return; their letters grow fewer and colder, their expressions of attachment are graph of another girl, and a purse containless vivid: the heart has formed new ties, and the poor emigrant is nearly forgotten. Double those years, and it is as if the grave had closed over you, and the hearts that once knew and loved you know you no

Tom, too, had a large packet of letters, which he read with great glee. After reperusing them, he declared his intention of setting off on his return home the next day. We tried to persuade him to stay until the following spring, and make a fair trial of the country. Arguments were thrown away upon him; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready to start.

"Good-bye!" quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he meant to sever it from the wrist. "When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time you will know how to make better bread. And thus ended Tom Wilson's emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred take care. Are the people you live with re- the country just four months, and returned to England with barely enough to pay his

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Necessarily for Publication.

Arthur?" said the presty editrees, as her lover hung over her in the bay window of

Training the Color Sense.

Jean Ingelow describes, in the odd dialect of the North of England, the process of teaching boys and girls to match colors. appears that about four per cent. of the children were unable to distinguish colors, even the most unlike.

There was a class-room in which was table covered with skeins of German wool, bits of stained glass and silks of all colors. The master said, " Now, bairns, back end a'last week I tell'd ye I'd gie ye an ould farrant lesson to-day. You, Josey, ye see this ?" holding up a red rose.

Josey, a small child of six years, "Ay, master.

"What be it, barin?" "Why, a rose, master, for shure." "Ay, but what kin' o' rose ?" " A red un, sir "

"Well, now you go into the class-room, and fetch me out a skein o' wool the nighest like this rose ever ye can."

Josey takes the rose, and fetches back the skein of just the same hue. After this about twenty of the children were sent on the errand, and matched the color perfectly. At last, a little white-faced fellow went into the class room, stayed some time, and finally came out with two skeins in his hand. Shouts of surprise and derision filled the room.

"Surely, what be ye thinking on ?" "One on 'em's as green as grass, an' t'other as gray as a ratten (rat).

The little boy looks frightened. "Thou's done as well as thou knew how," says the master, rather gently. "Don" thou be scared; thou's nobbut tried once. Here, take and match me this." He gives him the glossy leaf of a laurel.

The child goes out again, and, with a much more cheerful and confident air, comes brightest scarlet. The other childred, too surprised to laugh, whisper together, "He old sense of foolish.

Candied Honey.

As a general thing, all honey candies upon

the method of baking in these ovens; or proach of cold weather and other samples that my bread should have remained in the not until severe freezing weather, we can kettle for half an hour, until it had risen not be sure that ripening or remaining in the second time, before I applied the fire te- the hives for several weeks after sealing is it. in order that the bread should be light. a sure preventive. It is very seldom indeed t not only required experience to know that we find sealed comb honey in a candied when it was in a fit state for baking, but state, which shows plainly that the bees the oven should have been brought to a know how to preserve honey for future

A boy noticed bees gathering pollen from sawdust and remarked that it was a little sweet. Commenting upon it Gleanings in Bee Culture says: I have noticed this, and felt a good deal surprised, especially as the sawdust had no sweet taste at all before it of the articles left on trains are never called was gathered by the bees, and I detected at the time that the bees carried honey from their hives to mix with sawdust so as to make a sort of dough that they can pad up into little biscuits, to put on their little legs. Wheat and rye flour after being padded upon their legs, and carried to their hives, has quite a sweetish taste that it did not have before. We do not know just how the sawdust helps them, but when no pollen is to be had from the flowers, it no doubt supplies them with something they need, fear you will find it worse than the cakes in but cannot get from honey alone.

In a Woman's Hand-Baz.

"What do you carry in that bag?" said the big man to the business woman, point-We were all sadly disappointed, The ing to the little hand bag that is her inseparable companion.

"I'll show you," said she; and then she one for show; a lead-pencil, with the point broken; a stick of gum, chewed; George William Cartis's editorial on Matthew Ar nold's death, cut out of "Harper's Weekly? After breakfast, Moodie and Wilson rode | three keys that don't fit anything in particular; one latch key, that does fit; a Bond Street Library card, three Daly Theatre seat coupons, a tiny box of face powder, three letters, five of them from one man; spring suits cut out of a Sunday paper, a season ticket to the American Art Association's mother, three rubber bands, three postal cards, a shoe-bottoner, dentist's appointment card, four hairpins, an unpolished mess agate, coral broach with the pin broken off, half a mustard leaf, a piece of paper with quotations from Mme. Blavatsky on Theosophy written on it, a sample of yellow ribbon to be matched, a card photoing one three-cent piece and a postage

An Arab Woman's Dress.

Of whatever rank or station an Arab woman may be, her dress consists only of skirt reaching down to the ankles, trousers (not drawers) and a kerchief for the head. The material varies, of course. Rich people have gold brocades of many patterns, vel vets and silks richly trimmed. During the hot season plain white calicoes or muslin are worn. Skirt and trousers are never of the same pattern. The skirt must not be too long, that it may not hide the rich embroidery of the trousers or the two anklets a number of little golden bells are suspended from one of these, which make a pretty tinkling sound at every step. Two long tasseled ribbons hang loosely over the back or on both sides of the head, from the band that is worn round the forehead. The silk kerchief reaches down to the ankles.

In her walks an Arab lady puts on the "schele," which is shawl, waterproof and cloak, all in one. The schele is a large shawl or mantilla of black silk, more or less withly trimmed with gold or silver borders, according to the wealth and taste of its owner. This is the only wrapper an Arab hady uses until it is completely worn out, its fashion never changing; even the "And are you costain that you love me, greatest and richest ladies do not possess more than one schelerat a time.

wall of the bouses of the better serv. I want you of the bouses of the better serv. These counts, a feet in extent, obling or square, should think his namesake was in tratil be fore him."

During the six weeks that we inhabited the lower were tradibled to be planted able, we never were tradibled to be planted able, and began to least specific as all able to be planted able t

Rabbiting.

As is well-known to most readers rabbits have become a great pest in Australia and New Zealand. For years past, the owners of stations, as the ranches are called there, have been in the habit of employing "rabbiters" to hunt down and destroy the pest. These men are given guns, ammunition, and a "whare," or roughly built hut, to live in. Their "tucker," another colonialism, which means food, is also supplied them by their employer, and, in addition, they are either paid from two to four cents of our money a head for each rabbit killed, or draw a regular

The rabbiter has to take off and dry the skin of every rabbit worth it, and turn it over to his employer as evidence of the death of the animal. The market value of these skins there is four or five cents each, so that the proprietor nearly recoups himself for the pay for the rabbiter. When the rabbit is so young that the pelt is worthless, the hunter receives the same pay, but is obliged to produce the ears as evidence of his work. When he rabbits on a salary, he gets from six dollars to fifteen dollars a week.

The work is of the most arduous kind. The places, particularly in New Zealand, where the rabbits most abound, are hilly in the extreme, and they scarcely deign to speak of anything as hilly that would not be called precipitious anywhere else.

The animals can be hunted with success only at the earliest dawn, and in the twilight. Going over those hills at breakneck speed in the attempt to save half-a-dczen rabits' skins from being mangled by as many different dogs is not romantic, and hours of it give the most enthusiastic his fill.

Each rabbit is skinned as soon as taken, almost by a turn of the wrist, and the pelt distended inside out by the insertion of an back and puts into his hand a skein of the elastic twig bent double. These skins are then all taken to the whare, and hung around on the bushes to dry. While drying beant a fondy, neither." Fond here has the | in the hot sun they fill the whole neighborhood with a terrific stench, and any one coming on to a rabbiter's camp from the leeward is aware of the fact half a mile off.

When thoroughly dried, the pelts are packed in bundles containing twenty-five each, and carried to the station, where the rabbiter receives his pay. The skins are manufactured into various articles of wearing apparel, notably hats, and not infrequently are dyed to imitate the more expensive furs, when they bring a very fair price. The meat, although not badly flavored, is seldom eaten, at least in the neighborhoods where they abound, though the carcasses bring twenty five cents apiece in the larger cities.

On a desirable station, rabbiting is not an unprofitable job. One man made one thousand five hundred dollars a year at it, for three successive years on a New Zealand

Lost Articles on Railways.

The lost article departments of the railroads are curiosity shops. They contain the accumulations of years, as fully a third for. A dozen or more articles are picked up in the New Haven coaches every day. They are kept for a time at the Grand Central Depot awaiting owners' calls. The company has a bushel or more of purses,s ome of which are five or six years old. They contain very little money as a usual thing, but pictures, newspaper clippings, poetry, and samples of dress goods in abundance. The pickpocket has been through most of these purses, no doubt, and after hastily extractir g the bills, he throws the purse on a seat or on the floor. Once or twice, however, pocketbooks containing large sums of money and bonds worth thousands have been picked up by the train men. Conductor Curran, when a baggage man several years ago, picked up a pocketbook on the platform, just as the train was entering Boston, containing \$40,000 in securities and \$500 in bills. He had just handed it to tae superintendent when the owner rushed in breathlessly and said that he was ruined if he couldn't find it. Of the things usually left in the cars, umbrellas and purses preponderate. The record last Saturday on the New Haven road was : Five umbrellas, one parasol, two canes, shawl, box of powder, duster and package of collars. Yesterday two sickles were left by some farmer. Boxes of cigars and shoes are quite common. Violoncellos, snare drums and cats in boxes. have been taken out by the conductors. All that the Grand Central wants to com. plete its collection is a real live baby. Two years ago a man stopped at New Haven long enough to hand an expressman a travelling bag, directing the latter to take it to a certain address where he said he lived. The address was fictitious, and the expressman was wondering what to do with the bag when he discovered that it contained a live infant. The supposed father had taken another train, so the satchel's contents went to an asylum.

Chinese Art and Landscape Gardening.

There are said to be something like fifty thousand characters in the written language of the Chinese. I am sure it would take them all to fully describe the queer sights and strange customs we witnessed in Peking during the few days we rested there, at the cheerful United States Lagation, before making our final start for the Great Wall.

I had never known before that the twisted trees, contorted objects and queer architecture painted on Chinese punch-bowls and platters are not droll caricatures but the Chinese representations of Chinese art ideas in the actual everyday scenes of Chinese life. The grotesque figures which they paint on fans, or screens, are all well known historical characters, heroes of fiction, or deified saints and philosophers, and each one carries to the Chinese mind its peculiar tradition or romantic association.

There is very little picturesque scenery in Chian, and the few hills, streams and valleys which lovers of natural beauty have discovered, have dobe duty in decoration for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. But these outlines, made familiar by repetition. have a different meaning when the fact is explained that the skill ul Chinese landscape gardeners have made immanerable miniature countered which are enclosed by the inner