

men in the ranks. of the Scots Greys... Her husband had... They did not believe... to pass as two brothers... discovered. "I... narrative, "unhappily... on which they had... struck the back part of... stured the skull. "I was... but I did not recover in... No sooner had they dis... than they acquired the... that his pretty daughter... ed) was a woman. The... d near and reaching my... ear he came to me, as... and, and my lord called for... He gave a satisfactory ac... sistant acquaintance, marriage... with the manner of his... service, and my resolution... certain, and ordered that... be continued while under... his lordship heard that I... to go abroad he generally... cel of linen. Brigadier... a present of a handsome... one of our officers contrib... uisite for the dress of my... me from the service with... pliment." Mrs. Davies re... the army, and became the... She was useful in obtain... and on one occasion both... back-horse were made pris... peace of Utrecht which... and Queen Anne's pen... sion of a shilling a day... 1739, and was buried with... in the ground belonging to... tal.

ents on Swimming. ential to the acquirement... ment is to know how to... with a view to keeping the... of water, and the next is... on the bottom until suffic... quired to raise it at interv... als the learner will be able... to her.

who wishes to acquire the... recreation, and not for... ought to pay little atten... tions of the feet, until he... of his hands; then the fe... come into play and per... without much thought... their feet when walking? In... of learning a swimmer does... satisfied until he brings his... face. This has a tendency... just above the hips, and... Swimming in a seaway the... many positions, according... e waves encountered. Some... vertical, and at other times... ined to keep the head out... a beginner to have a person... up his hand under the chin... use of the hands is being... hints apply only to com... swimming; that having... and confidence obtained... difficulty in learning all... such as swimming on the... back, diving or turning heels... rd or backward.

tail Twisters. Herald says:—The speech... oberger, of Virginia, on the... does not appear in Congres... d therefore we have not... ge of reading it. But it... a great speech on and the... necessity of twisting... the 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... viled about and dangled... agony before the eyes of a... Old Nevada Stewart, the... an from the lower levels of... se powers of water el... surprised by Grandfather... in the animal many a turn... galls gave a fine display... I now have Riddle... of humanity—utility, which some conservative... rials could lay before the... buy the poor old lion's... t one must by this time... l value of service. And... 's own feelings on the... y of tail twisters remain... d with no tail to twist... Chandler:—to-day it is... t about to-morrow?

tioned while driving how... on a stone, even an old... A writer quotes an old... ing that a horse never... ead... ally that should a man... he must lie down and... e... will... over his shoulder where he... a firm... It is an in... erative, to... by a... down me, not by

# "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER VI.  
OLD SATAN AND TOM WILSON'S NOSE.

Old Satan, kind sir! Sure mother Nature, with all her freaks, ne'er formed this feature. With such were mine, I'd try and trade it. And swear the gods had never made it.

After reducing the log cabin into a sort of order, we contrived, with the aid of a few boards, to make a bed-closet for poor Tom Wilson, who continued to shake every way with the pitiless ague. There was no way 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 aperture. 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 huge black whiskers, and a beard of a week's growth, looked perfectly unearthly. He had 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 me." 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 beautiful classical specimen of a nasal organ), it made a most perfect and hideous disguise. The mother who bore him never would recognize her accomplished son.

Numberless were the tricks he played off with this nose. Once he walked through 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, with the courtesy natural to their nation, forbore to laugh in the gentleman's face; but after they had passed, Tom looked back, and saw them bent half double in convulsions of mirth. Tom made the party a low bow, gravely took off his nose, and put it in his pocket.

the salt beef and pork, which owing to our distance from —, 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 unpalatable," 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 stinky wretches had just baked a fine batch of bread, and they told me neither lend nor sell a loaf; and they told me how to make their milk-emptings."

either. There is threepence for your pound of bran; you 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 bran."

"And so," said he, "I came away laughing, rejoicing in my sleeve that I had disappointed the avaricious old cheat."

"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 leavened 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 performed by raising himself upon tip-toes, then 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."

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

"What be it, harin'?" "Why, a rose, master, for a 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 nearest like this rose ever ye can."

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.

The rabbiters have 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 rabbitier.

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 elastic twig bent double. These skins are then all taken to the whare, and hung around on the bushes to dry. While drying in the hot sun they fill the whole neighborhood with a terrific stench, and any one coming on to a rabbitier'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 rabbitier 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.

Candied Honey. As a general thing, all honey-candies upon the approach of cold weather. Some think that thin honey candies quicker than thick; possibly that is the case, for honey that has been left in the hive for some weeks after being sealed over by the bees will sometimes not candy at all, even in zero weather.

As some honey candies upon the first approach of cold weather and other samples not until severe freezing weather, we can not be sure that ripening or remaining in the hives for several weeks after sealing is a sure preventive. It is very seldom indeed that we find sealed comb honey in a candied state, which shows plainly that the bees know how to preserve honey for future use.

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 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.

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 Legation, before making our final start for the Great Wall.

### In a Woman's Hand-Bag.

"What do you carry in that bag?" said the big man to the business woman, pointing to the little hand-bag that is her inseparable companion.

"I'll show you," said she; and then she took out two handkerchiefs, one for use and one for show; a lead-pencil, with the point broken; a stick of gum, chewed; George William Curtis's editorial on Matthew Arnold's death, cut out of "Harper's Weekly"; three keys that don't fit anything in particular; one latch key, that does fit; a Bond Street Library card, three Daily Theatre seat coupons, a tiny box of face powder, three capsules of quinine, five visiting cards, seven letters, five of them from one man; spring suits cut out of a Sunday paper, a season ticket to the American Art Association's Prize Exhibition, an unposted letter to her mother, three rubber bands, three postal cards, a shoe-buttoner, dentist's appointment card, four hairpins, an unpolished mess agate, coral brooch 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 photograph of another girl, and a purse containing one three-cent piece and a postage stamp.

### An Arab Woman's Dress.

Of whatever rank or station an Arab woman may be, her dress consists only of a 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, velvets 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 gold 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.

### Not Necessarily for Publication.

"And are you certain that you love me, Arthur?" said the pretty actress, as her lover hung over her in the bay window of the mountain hotel.

"I am," replied the lover, with the emphasis on the "am."

"Will you say it again?" she asked. "Not necessarily for publication, because I guarantee of good faith."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)