As he went to town that day his attention was attracted by the talk of his fellow travelers.

"Fearful business, this burglary at the Bulgarian Ambassador's," said the stout man; "where are the police?"

"That's just what I want to know," said the tall man. "In my country, if a burglary happens in a city, by the police run him to earth pretty quick, and if he tries that game on in the country, you bet he soon has the regulators on his track, and finds himself strung up to a telegraph pole."

"All very well talking," said the stout man, gruffly; "I've heard of American burglaries before thi ."

"See here," said the tall man, "an American burglar has a lot to do before he gets inside a house. Your idea here seems to be to have locks that you can turn with a crooked nail, and window catches you can open with a butter knife. I should like to rip up a house and make it stand one saw of your clever burglars fooling around trying to find a way in."

Mr. Goldsmid could keep silence no longer. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I really should like to have a talk with you. To tell you the truth, if you could help me to put my house in something like a tolerable state of security, I shall be most grateful. I am most anxious, I assure you. Here is my card."

"And here is mine, sir. I'm happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Goldsmid, and I shall be glad to help you."

Mr. Goldsmid took the card and read, "Cyrus F. Trot er, mechanical and electrical engineer, No. 251 West Fifteenth street, New York."

After lunch Mr. Trotter took the diamond merchant to a half-dozen shops and offices to show him various engines of destruction and mechanical devices which he must purchase in order to "fix up" the house at Highgate.

Mr. Trotter was busy for nearly three days putting his apparatus in position. Then he dined at Highgate, and showed Mr. Goldsmid how, by merely turning a button behind the hall door, all his apparatus was put in full working order, while by turning it back again the whole would be turned out of gear.

Mr. Goldsmid slept comfortably that night, and felt like a man who is beyond the reach of the dangers that afflict ordinary mortals.

Next day he was called away to Amsterdam on important business. He sent a telegram to Mrs. Goldsmid telling her that if he were not back by 6 p.m. on Friday, she was not to expect him till the next day.

Thursday found him on his way home, but it was foggy in the channel, and it was midnight when he arrived.

He made his way up the foggy lane, and when he found his own door quite. He had the old set that gas was burning dimly in the hall.

He turned the key. He pushed the door open, and there was a pleasant feeling of being safe at home, when, as his foot passed the familiar threshold, he heard somewhere the jingling sound of an electric bell; then there was a whirring noise like a clockwork shelf way up the stairs in front of him, and he had barely time to remember all that Cyrus F. Trotter had said before his departure, when from the ceiling came a long bright flash, a ringing report, and a whistling ball.

Or rather, it went the clock work; then, another second, flash! bang! whiz! crash! and a shower of splinters flew from the door he had just opened; and poor Mr. Goldsmid realized that the "mechanic darling" had come into action. He dashed wildly into a mass of shrubs. There was a sharp snap. He felt a stroke below his knee which nearly broke his leg; he was safe in the iron grip of the bear trap!

As I what seemed an age he heard a low whistle, then:

"Ballo, there!" said a gruff voice, "what's the matter?"

"Burglars—a whole gang of them!" he recognized the well-known voice of his trusty man-servant, Higgins. "Not the American hauntermatic Hopper—it's that master fitted up before he went away frightened them all off."

Mr. Goldsmid ventured to call out. "Burglars!" he shouted, but he was short of breath. The two policemen drew their cutlasses, and dashed into the shrubbery.

"Snap!" went bear trap No. 2: "Hang it!" cried Policeman No. 973, as he rolled.

His comrade was stooping over Mr. Goldsmid, flashing his bull's eye in his face.

"Here's a pretty go," said Mr. Goldsmid; "I'm caught in a trap. Call Higgins here. Get me out of this, I say."

By this time Higgins had mustered up courage to advance into the shrubbery. There was no difficulty the two captives recognized from the bear traps, and Mr. Goldsmid was not to be seen at Hatchett's for two days after his adventure.

Poor Trotter called on him in high dudgeon the very day he reappeared at his house.

"Look here," he said, "my fortune's made, my apparatus fitted splendidly. It got into all the papers, and I have scores and scores of orders from your nobility and gentry."

"Yes, I may take all your 'fixings' out of my house, and give them to the man who cut them. I would sooner have the burglars any day. I don't blame you, you merely killed me at my own game."

"Well, sir," Mr. Trotter, solemnly, "if you don't like the fixings, why I'll shift them. I don't blame me next time I get burgled, that's all."

A Maple Sugar Evaporator.

Sugaring is a rather pretentious affair, though the boy who comes whistling along the road with a tin pail in his hand tells me contains the "vaporation of them things for makin' sugar." I should have thought, in my ignorance, of so magnificent an edifice devoted to the making of maple sugar, I should imagine.

The sap is led by a pipe, or system of pipes, to a tank outside of the building, even at a considerable distance. Some sugar-makers have a "gathering tank" placed as close as possible to the trees which are being tapped into which the sap is poured as fast as it is collected. From this gathering-tank it is piped to the "storage tank," the use of which is explained by a stop-cock. The sap passes from this reservoir to the "evaporator," which is at the back of the evaporator."

At first the fluid is merely heated; passing along a pipe it enters the "evaporator," which is a shallow pan whose bottom is deeply corrugated, each corrugation leading into the next. As the sap flows this serpentine path it is rapidly heated and condensed by the brisk fire in the furnace beneath. When it has reached the end of its journey it is a thick, rich, golden-hued fluid, quite different from the thin, sweet, colorless water that it came from the tree. This is the "maple syrup" of commerce, twin with the "maple sugar" we take in the reverence of manhood. What visions of the lost years, what dreams of pork sausages, the music and sound of frying in the twilight of the "winter nights, what delicious odor of coffee, what loud scraping of chairs, what bustling to the table, what clang of knives and forks, oh, ostrich stomach! by visions! does this ruddy fluid, which seems to have tangled within its sticky threads the rays of all joyous sunrises, give Ades, for the dubious digestion of middle age! Alas, for the departed years of the buckwheat cake and sweet delight of the maple syrup! But sic transit gloria mundi, and the buckwheat cake and the oil.

If instead of passing the sap along these corrugations or gutters so rapidly, it is retained a certain time longer so that it shall boil down to a thicker consistency it will then, if poured into pans or moulds, solidify and become maple sugar. I am informed that the demand for maple syrup has so increased of late years that a large portion of the sap is devoted to the production of that alone.—From "Sugar Time Among the Maples," in Lippincott's Magazine for March.

Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

Under the trees it is very cool, very quiet. The sunbeams flicker faintly through the screen of green leaves and purple fruit overhead; the gnats whirl giddily round and round, spending their one summer's day in ceaseless revolutions; the birds are singing their blithe, clear song, and though they sing all at once, and each in a different key, there is not one note of discord in the whole concert. The sky is one stretch of deep, intense blue, flecked with clouds that show white as snowing just its vivid color; a rustling, creeping little breeze, warm with the breath of new-mown hay and dog-roses, is stealing about and frolicking softly with our hair and lips; and as he flat on the grass that makes so yielding and luxurious a couch for our young bodies, I am lulled into an exquisite dreamy sensation of delight at the mere fact of existing on this beautiful, richly-hued, glorious June day. The parrot ceases to make naughty remarks, he puts his head on one side, and appears to be thinking; perhaps he is remembering the days of his youth, perhaps he too enjoys the perfect day and hour. Who can tell? The rabbits wander about, the raven stands motionless on the one slender leg that must ache so often; Jack is silent, but for some prosaic reason, I am certain, not because his soul is filled with pleasure.

"Nell," he says, presently, while I am wondering why the clouds fall into grotesque likenesses of earthly things, not heavenly—human faces, castles, cities, hills—I'm going to the top of Inky field, will you come?"

Never yet did I disobey Jack's behest, so I sit up, but very unwillingly. "The governor will see us," I say suggestively; "Inky field is right before the dining-room windows, you know."

But Jack takes no heed to my caution, so we return to the garden, by the way that we came, and inveigle all our animals into their abodes, save our crippled rabbit, who escapes to a verbena bed, and there disports himself. A rabbit is an aggravating beast to catch; he hops way of remaining perfectly still till one's hand almost touches him, and then starting suddenly off in a jiggetty-jog fashion highly impertinent, while the pursuer measures his length upon the sward, angry and empty-handed. At last, however he is caught, and Jack carries him away, while I sit down on an adjacent seat and fan myself with the top of my double skirt, which I use as dustier, fan, or for ornament indiscriminately. Mother and Mrs. Skipworth have just gone in, but every one else is walking about in a leisurely way; Alice and Milly under the south wall, Dolly and Alan sitting close together in the sun like two plump little partridges, dogs straying about, and fry dimply visible in the distance, everything, in short, looks peaceable and comfortable, when from the verandas issue two black figures—can it be? Yes, it is Skipy and the governor! Is the wine corked, or have their stories run dry? I am too close to them to escape; not so, however, the rest, who vanish round corners, behind trees, over palings, anywhere, and the garden, that a moment ago was full, is now empty. Papa's approach may usually be known by the flight of everybody else in the opposite direction; and I think he has a vague suspicion of the fact, for he looks about him sharply as he approaches. Jack, lucky fellow, has hidden himself in the rabbit hutch, and from a well-known loophole I see his eye fixed upon me with a mixture of pity and self-gratulation. I have pulled my hat straight, set my feet in the first position, and am doing my best to look modest, sabatical and cool. The last is the most difficult of all, and papa stops short and surveys me with the admiration that any new or particularly startling phase of my ugliness always evokes from him.

"What's a-muck?" he says contemptuously; "can't you keep your mouth shut?"

I close it with a snap and a rebellious glance that he is about to call me to account for, when an unwary fry, venturing in on the open, attracts his attention, and away he goes like a shot; horribly active he is, as any one can aver to whom he has given chase. I heave a deep sigh of relief, and turn away to make good my escape, when Mr. Skipworth lays a fat and detaining hand on my arm, and in an unctuous voice bids me sit down. He has got me into the seat, and wedged me in with his overflowing body before I get my breath back and recognize the fact that I am in for a sermon, and that he will presently come to the point of what he will presently come to hear the sermon to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did I say?"

"Something or other about Methusalah."

"No. I spoke of grace, the effects of grace. Without grace," he continues, folding his fat hands, and simmering gently in the hot sunshine like a seal, "we are lost, vile, miserable creatures, lower than the beasts of the field."

"You and I may be," I add stoutly, "but mother isn't; she is much more like an angel."

"You are a wicked girl," he says, turning slowly and surveying me; "you are also ignorant. Do you know that all mankind is born in sin, and that even a new born babe is tainted with evil? It would appear that the infant is aware of that fact, for what is the first thing it does on coming into the world?"

"It howls," I say, briefly.

"It weeps," said Mr. Skipworth, rebukingly; "and why does it weep?"

"Because it's hungry," I say, promptly.

"It does nothing of the sort," he says, irately; "it weeps because it known it is born in sin."

"Oh, poor little soul," I say, laughing immoderately. "I—I—beg your pardon. Mr. Skipworth, but—but its such a ridiculous idea, as if it knew anything."

"Your levity is exceedingly unbecoming, miss," says my pastor, in a voice that reminds me of vinegar tasting through oil.

"I beg your pardon, I do, really," I say again, stifling my mirth as well as I can. "But when you were a baby—I suppose you were a baby once, Mr. Skipworth?"

"I suppose so," he says, stiffly.

"Did you ever cry?"

"I have always been told," he says, pompously, "that I was an unusually reasonable infant, and that my voice was seldom heard."

"Then you could not have been born in sin," I say, triumphantly, "for you said just now babies cried because they were sinful, and, of course, if they don't cry they can't be sinful; don't you see, sir?"

But Mr. Skipworth does not see; my impudence has at last had the desired effect of making him turn his back upon me, and as he stiffly rises I make my escape, barely in time though, for I am scarcely hidden when the governor appears round the corner, looking red and heated, and as though the fry had led him a chase for which there will be a heavy reckoning to pay by and by.

CHAPTER III.

The morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

It is 5 o'clock in the morning. Through my open window come the pure notes of the lark's song the cloth-of-gold roses nod their creamy heads in at me, heavy with dew drops, and whisper, "Come out! come out!" Yes, but surely they do not mean to say, "Come out and see a pig killed." My mind has somehow or other made it off up, and, though I every moment expect to hear Jack's footfall below, I am attired in a night-gown, no more. Who that has seen the fresh, dewy freshness of the early morn, can blame me that I look at dull, sunless sleep as a thing to be despised? When Jack is some frilled dress and go out into the lanes and fields and get a bunch of fresh wild flowers. I will—There is Jack. I mount the window and present my white-robed form to his astonished and disgusted gaze.

"So you're not coming?" he asks, in an indignant whisper, heedful of Amberly, whose room is below mine, but reassured by the rythmic regularity of her snores.

"Do you be angry," I say imploringly. "I'm not a coward, and I'll do anything else you like, but I can't do that."

"Oh! I dare say," he says scornfully, "I dare say! Well, I'm going, but to-morrow I may as well tell you that I'm disappointed in you. I thought, mind you, Nell, I thought you were plucky enough to be a boy; but I'm mistaken, you're only a girl."

"I know I am," I say, almost in tears, "that is just why I can't go and see it; boys feel differently about those things."

"I should hope so," says Jack, significantly. "I should hope so," and turns on his heel and goes his way, pigsty-ward leaving me to the miserable conviction that he is perfectly right, and I am a very small and cowardly person indeed.

"Was it very nice?" I ask, in a propitiatory tone.

"Fearfully cute, wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Did it squeak much?"

"Awfully; didn't you hear him? The cries will be some prime bacon, though, and I shall take a ham to school."

"Bacon ham! Three hours ago it was a breathing, enjoying, reasonable pig; now—"

"It is Tinternel Fair to-morrow," I say, suggestively, hoping by a change of subject to divert Jack's thoughts from my delinquencies, upon which I am certain they are now running

"I know; it is no good, the governor won't let me go."

"Mother is going to ask him; let us pray that the answer may be favorable."

Eight o'clock strikes as we turn in at the back door, and at the sound we both start as if we had been shot. To drag our hats, and make a run for the breakfast parlor, is the work of a moment, and by the skin of our teeth we are saved, for by great good luck the governor this morning enters the room at ten seconds past the hour, instead of on the stroke, as is his wont.

Now, there are laws and laws in our house, to break which is a very serious matter, but to be late for prayers is a crime. To fall sick, tear our clothes, tell lies, steal fruit, and roll in the flower beds, is bad, and will be punished accordingly, but to be late for prayers!—for better were it for that luckless wight that he or she had never been born. I wonder if, when I am quite old, I shall ever be able to forget that awful, sickening moment, when, having torn down the stairs at heading speed, I found the door shut, and heard papa's voice booming away with angry fervor inside?

Our family devotions are conducted in a curious fashion, but one that is eminently satisfactory to our youthful and irreligious minds. The governor goes through a chapter, prayer, and benediction as hard as he can pelt, without a moment's pause, from beginning to end, and when the chapter is ended, and we have rapidly reversed ourselves, we are scarcely settled on our knees when the book, closing with a smack on amen! shoots us all up into the perpendicular again. Every now and then the morning scamper is agreeably diversified by the uncomely conduct of the canaries, who, when papa begins to read, begin to sing; the louder he reads the more shrilly they shriek, until he pauses to say, in a voice of thunder, "Take those wretched birds down!" then settles to his stride again with a furious countenance, while the culprits, from an abased position on the floor, twitter derisively.

Prayers being over, breakfast is brought and partaken of much as the Jews partook of the Passover (save that we have seats), in hot haste and the shortest possible time.

I think papa's digestion has been murdered long ago, and ours are on the high road to destruction; but, fast as we eat our meals, we heartily wish we could do it faster and get away.

This morning we are cudgeling our brains as usual to find a remark that shall be neither too fresh nor too stale, nor too familiar, nor too dangerous for ventilation; and every natural subject that suggests itself to our minds we reject in turn. The governor would not understand it, or he would wonder at our impudence, or—something. We are all nervously anxious to talk; it is from no obstinacy or contumaciousness that we sit tongue-tied, but somehow the stream that flows so overbountiful among ourselves is in his presence reduced to a few scanty drops. Amberley is pouring out the coffee, limp, and meek, and drab, and fair, with putty colored curls concealing which we have never ceased to admire the self-restraint with which, in the presence of her parents, she refrains from calling them in his frequent sermons.

"Do you think it is going to rain, papa?" says Alice, making her small voice quiver, offering in a voice that refuses to come bodily forth; but seems to be strangled half-way. The daily, is one clear vault of blue, and it has not rained for a week.

"I don't know," says the governor crossly. Apparently he has seen the pumping-up process, and is not grateful for the effort.

All eye looks over at Milly, with a glance that plainly says, "Your turn now;" for it is a point of honor with us that when one makes a remark each shall follow in turn, and thus divide the labor of conversation.

"Do ley killed a lot more snails last night," says Milly, looking at papa; but the snails go the way of the weather, and no notice whatever is vouchsafed to this delicate morceau.

It is Jack's turn now, but he is stolidly eating his breakfast, with a mean and reprehensible indifference to his duty; therefore it devolves upon me.

"The pig was killed this morning." I say, starting with a tolerably loud voice, and dying gradually into a very little one. "It made such a noise." But, alas! the pig goes the way of the snails and the weather.

There is another anxious silence, broken only by Amberley's meek voice offering the master of the house more coffee, but upon being told it is filthy stuff she collapses, and so do we, and sit counting the moments to our departure. Jack sneezes violently, and we look at him gratefully; it makes an agreeable little diversion, but he must not do it twice, or he will be ordered out of the room. Papa has finished his bacon and coffee, and we are just thinking we may venture to rise and make our escape, when his angry voice makes us bound in our seats.

"Can't you talk, some of you?" he asks, eyeing us wrathfully. "Th-re you sit, gobble, gobble, gobble, with never a word among the whole lot, and behind my back you can bawl the house down; a set of wretched dummies!" And so he dismisses us with a few more expressions of admiration of his goodwill.

"I am afraid Pimpernal Fair looks rather bad," said Alice, when we reach the school-room.

"After all, it is not much of it!" says Milly.

No, it is not, and in our heart of hearts we despise it, with its one circus, its penny peep show, and its fat woman; but it is better than nothing, and, when one has locked upon nothing but the face of one's own family for twelve months any thing is agreeable to the eye, and, now that it seems to be receding in the distance Pimpernel fair looks very attractive indeed.

Amberley comes in—Amberley to whom it is given to labor heavily at the tilling of our brains, and whom we look upon as a sedate and amiable old cow, who never kicks up her heels or gives anything unexpected, but' given down knowledge in any quantity or quality whenever we choose to apply for it. She is a queer creature, Amberley. We used to play her tricks and try to drive her out as we did all our other governesses, but she opposed a passive resistance to all our endeavors, that in the end conquered us. We might as well have knocked our heads by the hour against a stone wall. For oh! she is so meek! Give us a passionate person, an impulsive person, a person who oddly declares she will have her own way, but a meek, obstinate woman, no one can stand against her!

Lessons begin, and after our different fashions we attack the Tree of Knowledge. Alice goes at it gayly and a good heart; Milly weeps at it a prickly rind; I skirmish round it; and Dolly and Alan sit down before it with moderate appetite. Happy Jack! who goes by with his dog at his heels; and unlucky me who possess the taste and spirit of a boy and the useless body and petticoats of a girl!

CHAPTER IV.

We are waiting in the schoolroom for mother, who has gone with a serene front, but, we believe, trembling knees, to ask her lord and master's gracious consent to our setting out for Pimpernel fair. She had been absent a quarter of an hour, which we are all inclined to think a hopeful sign, as his "Nice" are usually short and sharp, and for him to condescend to argue a matter promises well. Here she comes! We tumble one over the other to the door and fling it wide. No need to ask her, she has "yes!" written all over her in big capitals. As she sits down we swarm around her, until she looks like something good encompassed by a hive of buzzing, noisy bees.

"You are coming with us, oh, mother?" I ask eagerly.

"No, dear, I think not; there is baby, you know."

"We are not going to have all the fry at our beels, I hope?" asks Jack, with some anxiety.

"The two nurses are going with four of them, and Miss Amberly will take you older ones."

"Hurrah!" cries Jack; "if there's anything I hate it's going out in dozens. And what time are we to be back?"

"Six o'clock. And don't make your selves ill with gingerbreads, dears."

"Ill!" we all echo in chorus; "who could get ill on nothing?"

"We have not a rap mother," I put in on my own account. "There was a shilling somewhere among us last week, but it was so valuable, and we took so much care of it, that somehow it got lost. One of us hid it away, and forgot where we put it."

"I will give you a shilling each," she says mother, "and you must make it do."

She takes out her purse that is so much too slender for the size of her family, and though we all scorn the scanty shilling that is to fall to our share, we do not say so. Shall we give one additional pang to that tender gentle heart! The governor must have his hunting, his shooting, his horses. We must be kept so long without a sight of the queen's countenance as almost to forget what she is like; and I am certain when we are grown up we shall be spendthrifts. When mother has given us our shillings and kissed us all around, she goes away, and we also depart to make our toilets, and beautify ourselves according to our scanty means and several lights. Alice puts on a white hat with a long white feather, sole tale of an ostrich that the family possessed, and considered by us Adairs to be the ne plus ultra of beauty and fashion. Whatever our other shortcomings may be in the matter of dress, when that feather is in our midst, and Alice's blooming face is under that feather, we feel respectable, and defy anybody to beat us. She also wears a white cloak and a black silk dress, and, when it is all put on, where will you in the whole country-side find a fairer, sweeter sixteen-year-old than Alice? Milly has put on her out-door gear as un-compromisingly as usual. Jack appears with a button-hole the size of a small cabbage, that gives him an uncommonly gay and festive air, and I, having tied my Leghorn hat to the back of my head, for the better observation of men and matters, we descend, and find Amberley awaiting us in a green bonnet, and with a large smut on her nose. We admire the former, but are much too delicate to point out the latter to her, so it goes to the fair with the rest.

Pimpernal is only a mile away, but a noonday mile in June is a long one, and by the time we reach High street we are very hot indeed, and very thirsty. It is the second day of the fair, and the fat farmers and their fatter beasts, have waddled off the scene, while their smart wives and daughters have appeared upon it, and are walking about in raiment compared with which Joseph's coat was a mere joke, exchanging jests, and cracking jokes with their friends, and looking, thanks to the exceeding heat, very sticky and exceedingly moist. Behind and about prance their maid-servants and hinds; every Jill who has a Jack, hangs fondly to his arm, and, while her large crinoline hangs affectionately against his legs, she casts a scornful and triumphant glance at the unappropriated Jill who sidles by, deeply conscious of her forlorn and degraded state.

Hard by Punch is setting a bright example to the assembled crowd, as to the manner in which he treats his wife and family, and we pause under the shadow of Lawyer Trask's door to see the instructive little drama played out, and the ends of justice defeated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Usefulness of Birds.

A correspondent of the Tribune remarks that some one at short intervals breaks out in print anent the woful decrease in the number of "our friends the birds." To be consistent, these laments ought to set forth how lively and delightful tears and deer and the like were, for these belonged to the wilderness no more certainly than many of our native birds. "Let each farmer become a committee of one to protect," etc.; but the only real protection consists in clearing out yourselves and letting the land revert to the forest. When you go to cut wood you select old, ripe trees with dead tops, or dead all gether, rather than young growing timber, and the result is large tracts of woodland with hardly a decent resting place for a woodpecker. On clearing up a lot of old stump you think you have made an improvement, but the bluebirds don't think so. They go elsewhere to build, and so it goes, one species losing its food, another its resting place. "Owls are the farmer's friends; they devour mice." No doubt, but mice are almost extinct compared with the census of years ago, so the owl's occupation is gone. Gray beards with long memories are the ones to worry. I can remember when the wild pigeons covered the land at times, and we grieved their absence now; but my children, who never saw one, do not miss them in the least. We cannot expect birds nicely adapted to the forest to flourish amidst lawns and cabbage gardens; the inkslinger is wasting time and writing fluid in his demands that they shall do so.

Birds amount to nothing as insect-fighters, they will corner them the same year the yellow birds run out thistles or the seed-eating finches use up the grass family; their utmost efforts in all these cases resulting in a judicious thinning, which make the rest of better. It is not the scarcity of birds that makes insects plenty; it is the illimitable feast spread for them by farmers and fruit-growers. Cats, skunks, ploughed-up nests, etc., do not seem to diminish ground birds and song sparrows, and all our devices of traps, poison, guns, etc., have failed to stay the growth of the mole cricket, which makes the sparrows, and the sole difference is that the latter find favoring conditions, while our wild wood species do not. No doubt most people who write as above are really thinking more of the pleasure of seeing and hearing the birds than of any profit arising from their insect eating. I should be glad to see them back again but I never shall. Things pertaining to the wilderness cannot be restored to the same place with civilization, unless they can be modified in some way.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS.

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease—The Dread Malady on the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From an uneasiness at the heart, with palpitation more or less severe, it had developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dull pain with a peculiar alarm feeling were ever present near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised in the Kittanning, Pa., papers, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost instant relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal beating, thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is certainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic.—Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

TWO THOUSAND PIGS.

A Lisping Phrase That Started a Kentuckian's Fortune.

The man took a long draw from his cigar, blew the smoke in curls from his lips, and as he crossed his legs told a reporter this story of a man who is now a prominent banker at Frankfort: "When my friend was a young man he was by no means in good circumstances," said he. "He was the "lifted into" wealth by his lisping a fault which he tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to overcome. At that time he had a small farm, and as his corn crop came out well, though it was almost unsalable on account of the oversupplied market and low prices, he concluded he would purchase two sows and pigs and fatten them on the corn. He called his hired man.

"John," said he, "I want you to go and buy me two sows and pigs."

"Whew!" the hired man yelled, "do you really mean it?"

"Yeth, I do," lisped my friend.

"Well, John disappeared, and my friend looked for him to return the next morning. But he did not come. Another day and finally five days passed, and the farmer became uneasy. At last, John put in an appearance.

"Where on earth have you been?" my friend asked in astonishment.

"I've been for your hogs."

"Did you get them?"

"Yes, sir. Yonder they come down the road. And I tell you, I had trouble getting them. They are good ones, though."

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FROM THE HALLS OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

Prof Albert H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., of McMaster University, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Because in the use of this medicine Mr. Albert H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Professor of History and Civil Policy in McMaster University, has found a satisfactory remedy for cold in the head, he has willingly, over his own signature, told others what Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder can accomplish. It is hard work to attempt to impart information and enthusiasm to a university lecture when the head is filled with cold. The beauty of the present remedy is that inside of ten minutes after using it one is fitted to pursue his ease and comfort the work in hand.

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Will It Work This Way?

The Speaker (in the Colorado Legislature)—The vote having been counted I declare the motion of the lady legislator to be lost.

The Lady Legislator—O-o-oh! (Weeps copiously.)

The Speaker (blanched and in haste)—With the unanimous consent of the House I will declare the motion carried.

NEW GROUND?

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., at New York Academy of Music.

Public interest in the services at the Academy of Music is something phenomenal. Although the arrangement is an innovation in religious methods in New York, both as to time and place, there is no church in the city to which so many people go, or where so much eagerness to secure admission is displayed. The usual immense audience assembled to hear the famous preacher. Dr. Talmage's subject was "New Ground," and his text Romans xv, 20: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."

After, with the help of others I had built three churches in the same city, and not feeling called upon to undertake the superhuman toil of building a fourth church, Providence seemed to point to this place as the field in which I could enlarge my work, and I feel a sense of relief amounting to exultation. Whereunto this work will grow I cannot prophesy. It is inviting and promising beyond anything I have ever touched. The churches are the grandest institutions this world ever saw, and their pastors have no superiors this side of heaven, but there is a work which must be done outside the churches, and to that work I join myself, for awhile, "Lest I build on an other man's foundation!"

The church is a fortress divinely built. So a fortress is for defence and for drill and for storing ammunition, but an army must sometimes be on the march far outside the fortress. In the campaign of conquering this world for Christ the time has come for an advance movement, for a "general engagement" for massing the troops, for an invasion of the enemy's country. Confident that the forts are well manned by the ablest ministry that ever blest the church, I propose, with others, for awhile, to join the cavalry, and move out and on for service in the open field.

In laying out the plan for his missionary tour, Paul, with more brain than any of his contemporaries, or predecessors, or successors, sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem where the priesthood and Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian Religion. He feels he has a special work to do, and he knows the time is short, and he makes the most of it. The pleasure of seeing and hearing the birds than of any profit arising from their insect eating. I should be glad to see them back again but I never shall. Things pertaining to the wilderness cannot be restored to the same place with civilization, unless they can be modified in some way.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS.

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease—The Dread Malady on the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From an uneasiness at the heart, with palpitation more or less severe, it had developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dull pain with a peculiar alarm feeling were ever present near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised in the Kittanning, Pa., papers, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost instant relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal beating, thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is certainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic.—Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

TWO THOUSAND PIGS.

A Lisping Phrase That Started a Kentuckian's Fortune.

The man took a long draw from his cigar, blew the smoke in curls from his lips, and as he crossed his legs told a reporter this story of a man who is now a prominent banker at Frankfort: "When my friend was a young man he was by no means in good circumstances," said he. "He was the "lifted into" wealth by his lisping a fault which he tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to overcome. At that time he had a small farm, and as his corn crop came out well, though it was almost unsalable on account of the oversupplied market and low prices, he concluded he would purchase two sows and pigs and fatten them on the corn. He called his hired man.

"John," said he, "I want you to go and buy me two sows and pigs."

"Whew!" the hired man yelled, "do you really mean it?"

"Yeth, I do," lisped my friend.

"Well, John disappeared, and my friend looked for him to return the next morning. But he did not come. Another day and finally five days passed, and the farmer became uneasy. At last, John put in an appearance.

"Where on earth have you been?" my friend asked in astonishment.

"I've been for your hogs."

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