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White Wings.

I sent an eagle from my ark,
When all around was dull and dark,
And watched it as it took its flight
Onward and upward to a height
Sopranely grand; its wings outspread
Made a black canopy overhead.
Through which no ray of comfort stole
Nor promise of a peaceful goal.

PHOEBE'S SPECULATION.

It was my first case of importance,
and I had taken it on speculation.
If I had succeeded, it would not only be
a feather in my cap, but a neat sum in
my pocket; if I didn't, it would be
at the cost of a deal of labor wasted
and a sound legal rubbing at the
hands of Naboth Twayscott, who appeared
on the other side.

"Phoebe!" I cried, running down to
the diningroom where she was busy
preparing tea. "Phoebe! where's the
coat I wore yesterday?"
"Dat old one?"
"Old or new, where is it?" I do
manded.

Phoebe was surprised to see me in
my old coat; but when I told her
all, and saw how white and scared
she looked, I was glad that I had
waited till there was only good news
to tell her.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
Bobby and the Daisy.
Right up into Bobby's eyes
Lo-ved the daisy boldly,
Bat, she'd to his surprise,
Bobby ate him eddily.

BILL NYE ON THE COMET.
What a Comet's Characteristic
Features Are.
A Humorist Discusses Learnedly Upon
an Astronomical Puzzle.

A Fish Story.
One of the late official bulletins of the
United States Fish Commission con-
tains the following fish story, mainly
derived, it is stated, from official cor-
respondence: An experiment by Mr.
C. W. Sessler, of the United States
Fish Commission, in using brandy to
resuscitate carp nearly on the point of
expiration, which was described in Bul-
letin Fish Commission, 1884, having
come to the notice of Mr. W. Odham
Chambers, secretary of the National
Fish Culture Association, of London,
the latter conducted a similar experi-
ment in the presence of several gentle-
men at South Kensington, in Septem-
ber, 1884, and has recorded the verifi-
cation of Mr. Sessler's work as follows:

An Old Proverb.
Posting me, darling, because it rains,
And drowns the up and the rain is falling,
And drowns me during the window pane,
And a sea-quake wind through the lane is
singing.