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A Presage.

I have a friend, a dear one.
Her name—but why I confess,
You very rarely hear one
More fascinating—guess!
Her merry voice is sweeter
Than any rillet's flow.
Her laugh has more of metre
Than any song I know.

Her lovely eyes that lighten
When robins softly sing
Are like the skies that brighten
At dawn in early spring.
Her cheeks—his brain is duller
Than dunce's who'll not own
They're all the pinky color
Of apple buds half blown.

You will agree it's pleasant
That such a one should send
Each year a charming present
To me, "her dearest friend."
And this year I've a presage—
It makes my pulses start—
That with a tender message
She'll give to me her heart.

—*Bissell Clinton in Harper's Magazine.*

"A NICE OLD WOMAN."

BY FLORENCE ALLEN.

"Oh dear!"

It was a pretty little face which was all puckered up into such a lot of worried little wrinkles; pretty in spite of the shadow of care in the fair blue eyes, and the tired droop at the corner of the girlish mouth. The owner of the face and the wrinkles and the blue eyes and the mouth in question, was a slight, rather delicate-looking girl of about 18 who stood, attired in a faded calico dress, in the doorway of a small wood-colored cottage (or "cabin" as they more truthfully call such edifices in the mountains) looking out at the sunny slope of the road before her.

Two fresh-faced smiling girls of her own age had just gone by, stopping to say a pleasant word or two as they passed; and the sight of their pretty, though simple, lawn dresses and floating ribbons had brought, as they departed, those worried wrinkles to the face that should have been as bright as theirs, and the impatient exclamation with which our story begins to her generally uncomplaining lips.

As a general thing Phrosy Miller (she was Euphrosyne by rights, through the instrumentality of her father, who had found the name in his somewhat limited reading, and had delighted in its long drawn sweetness,) was a very cheerful and contented girl in spite of the troubles and hard work that had come into her young life so early; but, just at present, there was something especial upon her mind, and that was the picnic.

It was to be in just four weeks from today, and all the girls were going; and she, who had stayed at home so much and so patiently for the last year, felt as though she really must go, too. But how? That was the question that brought the worried little wrinkles to the front so conspicuously. All the girls were going to have new lawn dresses and fresh ribbons for the occasion, and "do up" her blue muslin as best she could (and she was something wonderful in the laundress line all her neighbors said,) it would not look any way but old and faded; and her ribbons—well, her small stock thereof had been cleaned and dyed and "done over" so often that they were merely a travesty upon their kind. Of course a new dress and the requisite adornments would cost very little; but, as Phrosy said, tersely but truly, "If diamonds could be bought for a nickel apiece and one didn't have the nickel, where would be the comfort of it?"

Money had been very tight in the Miller family ever since Mr. Miller's long illness, ending in his death, had put the little household under a load of debt which seemed at first, simply overwhelming.

Ben Miller—a wild and reckless young fellow he had been while his father was well and strong and able to care for the mother and sister—had steadied down wonderfully and taken the burden of existence on his shoulders patiently and manfully. Mrs. Miller and Phrosy had economized in every way, even to the extent of taking some of the many woodchoppers about as boarders, and they had worked early and late and sewed and denied themselves until the debt was paid, and the future began to look a little brighter. Then fate frowned on them once again. Mrs. Miller, a large, heavy and somewhat unwieldy woman, in going down the back-steps one day made a misstep and fell, receiving an injury to her side which made her utterly helpless. Since then Phrosy had found life harder than ever. Additional doctor's bills piled in upon them; Mrs. Miller instead of helping as before was now as helpless as a baby and so nervously irritable that keeping boarders longer was an impossibility even had Phrosy been able to do the work. So it was that every cent that came into the family had to be earned by Ben; and so it was that the new lawn dress, so ardently desired, seemed to be among the impossibilities of existence, for Ben's wages were small at best and there were at least a dozen ways for every dollar.

And Phrosy thought altogether too much of her patient and kind-hearted brother, who denied himself so much to keep her and his invalid mother from want, to add to his burdens by telling him her own troubles.

"If there was only something that I could do myself to earn a little money," she said to herself, "but there doesn't seem to be. Mother wouldn't hear to my running the machine steadily, even if I could get sewing to do, and there is nothing else. It's a hopeless case, I guess." And, sighing heavily, Phrosy turned to enter the house in answer to a fretful call from within, but as she did so her eyes fell upon the clothes-line in the side-yard.

"In one minute, mother," she said cheerily. "I'll just bring Ben's shirts in as I come by,—they're all ready to raw-starch and I can iron them by the upper fire."

How white and clean and sweet they were! As Phrosy gathered them into a stiffly awkward bundle in her arms she could not help bending her head to inhale the "smell of outdoors" (as she called it) that came from them.

"They smell different from Chinese washing," she thought. "There's one thing certain,—poor as we are Ben's shirts are always the nicest done up in town," and then as that thought passed through her mind it left an inspiration behind it.

That night after supper, when Ben was resting himself from his day's labor by "puttering" around the chicken-house and back-yard generally, and Mrs. Miller was chatting with a neighbor who had opportunely dropped in, Phrosy, pleading an errand at the store slipped away from them all and proceeded to put her inspiration to the test of practicality.

"It might be a good idea," said kindly Mrs. Jenkins, to whom she had gone in her emergency, "but there's so many o' them plaguy Chinese around that it brings prices down dreadful, and most folks don't care how a thing is done so it is done cheap."

"But my things don't smell of opium and nastiness as the Chinamen's do," averred Phrosy stoutly, "there must be some one who would rather pay a little higher and have things nice."

"Such folks is scarcer than diamonds in dust heaps," was the sententious reply. "I would myself, of course, but old Ma'am Gilman has kind of got a mortgage on me, and though she's failing dreadful and don't send things home fit to be seen some weeks, I kinder can't go back on her all at once."

"Of course not," assented Phrosy unhesitatingly, "that isn't what I want at all. But—see here—you ask Joe to inquire around up to Loren's mill and I do believe he'll find something for me. I don't care to say a word to Ben or he'd fly all to pieces—nor you needn't tell Joe who it is that wants the things—just let him say 'some one who'll do them the best they can be done and needs the money.'"

"All right," said Mrs. Jenkins, "I'll keep it as still as mice, whether it turns out well or not. You come by tomorrow night and I'll tell you the verdict." And so, full of hopes and fears and fond imaginings, Phrosy went home.

The next night Mrs. Jenkins met her with her broad face beaming. "I've got six for you," she said, delightedly, "and six times two bits is a dollar and a half! you are in luck, Phrosy! 'Tain't one of the mill hands either, but a young fellow that has bought out the old Bradbury ranch. He's been up to the city for the last week and more and come home with about a carload of dirty things—its been that hot up there, Joe says, that you can't keep nothing decent two minutes, and old Mrs. Babgal that cooks up there don't know beans about doing up, so the grist naturally comes to your mill, and I'm glad of it for one."

"And I for two," answered Phrosy gleefully, and then, with a light and thankful heart she took possession of her somewhat bulky bundle and went merrily homeward.

The next day six white shirts fluttered upon the Millers' clothes-line; the next day—stiff and shiny and odorous only of Heaven's pure breezes—they went to their owner, and Joe brought back to his mother in return the silver which looked to Phrosy brighter and better than silver ever looked before. He brought something else, too, an overgrown bundle of shirts which had evidently seen sorrow and had not lived the lives that aristocratic white shirts ought to live.

"These belong to the mill boys," he explained, "they got a sight at the others and nothing to do but they must send these down. They're a pretty hard lot," (meaning the shirts and not the mill boys) "but I guess your old woman can get 'em clean, mother."

And his mother, chuckling a little as she thought of "her old woman" took the bundle and informed her son that anything of the kind was welcome until further orders.

That week, in the neighbors' estimations, Ben Miller fairly blossomed with shirts, for the number of those useful and ornamental garments that hung on the Millers' line was something absolutely unprecedented.

"Thirteen shirts for one poor workingman is the worst I ever heard!" asseverated the woman next door, whose propinquity gave her, in her own estimation, a right to criticise the Millers with more frankness than "manners." "I wouldn't slave myself to death for the sake of Ben's vanity if I was his sister!"

But Phrosy smiled serenely.

"I don't call Ben over vain myself," she answered, "and I'm sure I am not slaving myself to death or near it for any one, and as long as I'm satisfied I don't see what difference the size of my washings ought to make to any one else." And with this the officious and would-be inquisitive neighbor was forced to retire discomfited.

Phrosy went to the picnic under Mrs. Jenkins' protecting wing (one of Mrs. Miller's whilom cronies consenting gladly to come and spend the day with her) and she had on a fresh pink lawn and ribbons to match and looked for all the world like a peach blossom.

The picnic was near the "old Bradbury ranch" and its new owner—a tall, sun-burned, masterful young fellow with a plain, sensible face and a pair of eyes that seemed to Phrosy the kindest that she had ever seen—made them welcome to his home and was as hospitable as a true Californian always is; and some way Phrosy was shyly conscious, after the first, that those kind eyes looked a trifle more kindly upon her than they did upon some of the more noticeable girls.

Phrosy was always one of the useful ones, and when it fell to her lot to oversee the arrangement of the lunch her new acquaintance very quietly disengaged himself from the others and devoted himself to her assistance, and Ben Miller, looking on from a distance, saw and approved.

"Phrosy's worth her weight in gold," he said to himself, "and Dalton is just the kind of a fellow that she ought to have. I'd give four bits to have it turn out that way."

That night Phrosy came home tired but radiant. John Dalton had harnessed up his two-horse team and brought part of the picnickers down to the village himself, "just to be sociable," he had said; and he had invited her to sit beside him on the front seat, and he had, moreover, told Ben that he was coming down to play him a game of checkers now and then when the evenings got a little longer.

What wonder was it that the world seemed rose-colored to Phrosy? and what wonder was it that when John Dalton—not waiting for the evenings to lengthen perceptibly—made his appearance in her home and, after making friends with her mother, proceeded to devote himself especially to that lady's daughter, that she thought herself the happiest girl in the world. Only one thing shadowed her heart. Supposing that he should be angry when he found out that the shirts, which still came, through Mrs. Jenkins, to that mysterious "old woman" were her task, and that he was making love to his washerwoman? That fear made her almost cowardly after she began to feel that she was growing to care for this quiet, manly, young fellow as she had never cared for any one else before; and although she knew that she must tell him some day, she put that day off as long as possible and grew, girl-fashion, as nervous and feverish and miserable as possible over her innocent little secret, until even her mother noticed that Phrosy was "fretting" as she called it, and wondered thereat.

One day, John Dalton brought matters to a focus by simply and seriously asking Phrosy if she could make up her mind to come to him, and let him take care of her as he had longed to do ever since he first met her.

"I think that I fell in love with you at first sight," he said, in his straightforward way, "and ever since then I have been hoping that you would let me make things easier for you some day. Do you care for me enough to be my wife, Phrosy?"

Poor Phrosy!—she blushed and hesitated and then put out her hands like a frightened child.

"I—I am afraid I do," she faltered, "but first I must tell you about—about the shirts!"

John Dalton was mystified, but certainly there was nothing about shirts that could separate them. He prisoned the pleading hands lovingly and smiled down into her blushing face. "Never mind the shirts," he said, "Ben must get some one else to do his up for the future; and, as for me, you'll never have any trouble about mine, for there is a nice old woman who does mine up like now—you couldn't get the job away from her if you wanted to, my dear."

Phrosy's face was a sight to see now, between laughing and crying, embarrassment and half frightened amusement. "Oh, John Dalton!" she said, pushing him away very feebly, "you'll never want to marry me now, for it isn't Ben's shirts I am thinking of at all—it's yours; and I—I never meant to deceive you at all, but I wanted a new dress so badly, at first; and then, afterwards, it was such an easy way to earn a little, and it helped along so. Please don't be angry, and please don't laugh, but I'm the 'nice old woman,' John, and I am very sorry!"

* * * * *

Phrosy Miller is Mrs. John Dalton now, and is as happy as possible in her lovely home, where her mother has grown strong and well, and where Ben has always a room and place of his own. She doesn't "do up" shirts at all now, for the babies claim her attention; but as her husband's linen is always immaculate it is to be supposed that some other "nice old woman" has been found who gives satisfaction in that line.—*The Housewife.*

Can Fish Smell and Taste?

Vision and hearing in fish being the senses most important to the angler in his water sports, those next in value are smell and taste. The possession of these by fish seems to be a disputed point. They have evidently taste in a modified degree, as they will reject the artificial lure if the barb of the hook is not immediately imbedded in their flesh; but, on the other hand, they will take a leather or rubber imitation of the natural bait with as much gusto as a live minnow or bug—hence the question is a see-saw one.

Fish, no doubt, in common with other animals, have the instinct of danger developed almost to the quality of reason; and it is no bar to the truth of this to argue that, because a fish will take the bait with a half dozen broken hooks in its mouth, it follows a brutish appetite that is blind to danger; for, look you, be ye an angler or a butcher, that stomach of yours is death to you every day of your life; that smoking dish, be it a red herring or canvasback duck, is causing you to make rapid strides graveward, and you know it; and yet you gorge yourself every day upon your favorite dish.

It ill becomes a man to argue that, because an animal cannot control its appetite, it has not the lordly gift of reason. To sum up:

Can a fish taste? Certainly—he spits out his artificial bait.

Can a fish smell? Aye, there's the rub; yet why the anointed lures so prized by old anglers and many modern ones!

This fact, however, is sure; fish are susceptible to anger and jealousy; for we have seen them fight, and we all know how tiger-like in combat salmon and trout are on their spawning beds.—*New York News.*

Spectacles.

Spectacle wearers, especially elderly people, frequently imagine that spectacles with large glasses are preferable to those with smaller glasses. There is but one advantage in using large glasses, which is, when the spectacle frame does not fit the face so that the centre of the lenses do not come opposite to the pupil of the eyes. Three quarters of one inch is plenty large enough if the lenses are set in a frame that causes their centres to come opposite to the pupil for the following reason: In the first place, the glasses being small, they can be much thinner, a very decided advantage; secondly, only about one-quarter of an inch of glass can be used, because we cannot see distinctly through a glass, except we look straight through, and not obliquely, hence all spectacles and eyeglasses should be worn at the same angle that we generally hold the print or the paper which we are reading or writing upon; thirdly, a great many rays of light pass from behind over our shoulder, fall on the glass, and are reflected in the eye, without having passed through the glass.

The Boys Are Attached.

The Lawrence churches have a system of interchangeable girls. When one church gives an entertainment each of the other churches lends a girl or so to help the festivities along. This secures the floating trade of a dozen or so young men who are attached to no church but who are attached to the girls.—*Lawrence (Kan.) Journal.*

He Saved Himself In Time.

Ella—I know I am ugly but I love you, Erastus. I have $20,000 a year. Will you marry me?

Erastus—Yes, darling, I'd marry you if you were twice as ugly—as you think you are, my beautiful birdie.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHARLEY'S PET SQUIRREL.

One day when Charley was walking in the woods near his home he found a little gray squirrel lying on the ground at the foot of a pine tree. It was such a baby squirrel that he felt sure it had strayed away from its home in some hollow tree and lost its way back. Charlie's first thought was to hunt for the tree and find the nest and give the baby back to its mother, but as he looked up he saw a great black cloud in the sky and felt a few spatters of rain on his face, so his second thought was to carry his foundling home.

He tucked the little furry thing under his jacket and ran home to his mother. As he held the little creature against his heart and kept it warm there he began to love it, and when he got home he asked his mother if he might keep it and take care of it and have it for his own pet. His mother consented, and told him she hoped he would always be good to the little orphan squirrel and never forget to give it food and drink and tender care.

Then she hunted up a basket and a soft old blanket that used to be wrapped around Charley himself when he was a baby, and she laid the blanket in the basket, so as to make a nice warm nest, and then she put the baby squirrel into it.

Charley named him Dick, and then as he had a name and a nest, the next thing was to find him some supper.

It was plain that Dick could not eat nuts, for he was a baby and had no teeth; perhaps he would lap milk like a kitten. Charley brought some warm milk in a saucer and put Dick's nose into it, but that only made him sneeze. Charley began to look serious, and his mother thoughtful, but she smiled as she spoke:

"When babies lose their mothers they have to take their milk from a bottle; let us see if Baby Dick will do that. Here, Charley, take this money and go to the drug store and buy a nursing bottle."

Charley ran down street as fast as he could, and soon came back out of breath with the nursing bottle in his hand.

His mother poured the warm milk into it, and put the soft rubber top into Dick's mouth, and what do you think? he sucked away just like a little human baby, and I don't believe he ever missed his own bunny mother again. Charley was so pleased that he danced around the room for joy.

At First Dick didn't like the feeling of the bottle against his fur, so Charley's mother covered it with soft flannel, and then Dick was satisfied. He would always put his baby paws around it and hold it close to him as he sucked away at his breakfast or supper.

It was such a funny thing for a baby squirrel to use a nursing bottle, that people who heard of it came from all directions to see the sight, and Dick was quite the wonder of the village.

I am glad to say that Charley was very faithful to his little pet; he never failed to have the milk warm and the bottle clean and ready, and Dick never went hungry. I wish all the babies in the world could have as good care as Baby Dick had. He soon grew so fond of Charley that he would not take his bottle from anybody else, and he would run all over the house after his little master.

In a little while Dick grew into a very handsome squirrel; his fur was silver gray and very thick and glossy, his eyes were as bright as stars and his tail was so broad and bushy that when he sat down and it spread over him like an umbrella it covered him all up.

By and by his teeth came and then he began to eat nuts. It was great fun to see Dick sit upon his hind legs with his great feathery tail waving over him, picking up nuts with his little paws and eating them so neatly. Everybody in the house petted the little rogue, and he led a very happy life.

Charley's grandmother used to sit at the window knitting almost all day and Dick had a trick of jumping into her lap. One day as he was lying on her lap he smelled a nut in her pocket so he found his way in and ate the nut and made a little visit there. After that grandmother took care to have a few nuts in her pocket every day, and roguey Dick found that out and made a real nest in grandmother's pocket.

He used to run in and stay there a long time and keep as still as a mouse. Indeed Dick was very fond of pockets. After awhile he got tired of sleeping in his basket, and took a fancy to the pocket of papa's overcoat. Every night when he was ready to go to bed he ran to the hat tree in the entry and climbed into his pocket nest, and slept there till morning. That was the nearest he could come to sleeping in a tree.

The man who objects to being dunned rather likes being found out.

USEFUL CROWS.

Utilized in Omaha as Scavengers and Weather Prophets.

Recognition of Their Services by the Authorities.

An article has been going the rounds of the press regarding the great scavengers of Omaha—the crows. The article is correct, but it does not tell one-half of the peculiarities of the situation. The home of the crows, or to put it more correctly, their roost, is on "the island," a sandbar of some thirty or forty acres located about one mile north of the city. It is cut off from the river by a change in the channel, and although on the west side of the river, it lies within the Iowa boundary. This island is covered with a thick undergrowth and by willow and water birch trees of several years' growth. Here the crows have been congregating for a number of years past. During the daytime there are but few to be seen about the island, except a scattering contingent seemingly left behind to act as sentinels. But from sundown to sunrise there are thousands upon thousands of them on the island, and until the shades of night finally close the commotion about the place is exceedingly great. As soon as daylight appears the noise begins again, each particular crow seeming to clamor his very loudest as if with the object of reducing his neighbor to silence. Then as the sun uprears his head over the Iowa bluffs the roost breaks up into small parties of about a score, which start off in all directions to forage. Some of the crows spend the day in the back yards and alleys of the city and even in the streets of the quieter parts and make away with all kinds of edible refuse. In fact, they are the most careful scavengers the city has, and the local authorities have recognized their services in this particular by placing on the statute-books a law making sacred the life of the crows and upholding their "caws" in letter as well as in spirit.

Others of the crows visit South Omaha with the same intent. The packing-house there, however, turn out little refuse, as pretty nearly everything excepting the horns of the steer and the squeal of the pig is utilized on the spot. Other parties of birds invade the surrounding country for miles around, to come back again at night to their favorite roosting place.

Jerry Hill, an old character who lives in a small house on the northern part of the island, has found a new use for the crows. A long and persistent study of their habits and instincts has convinced him that the crow is the most competent and reliable weather prophet in existence. Hill told the writer a short time ago that he could tell what the weather was going to be twenty-four or forty-eight hours ahead as easily as though he had the full Signal Service reports. In fact, he says he has surer information than the Signal Service men, for they frequently err, while his crows never fail to tell the truth. "Why," said he, "every time we have a cold east storm you will see these crows rise up in a body and take themselves over the hill yonder into the sheltered Papio valley, and they will remain there until the backbone of the storm is broken and then come back, telling me that clearing weather is at hand. If there is a cold sleet or snow storm coming from the west or northwest, they will move across the river and take up quarters on the east side of the Iowa bluffs. The other day, before we had the frost, I noticed the crows fluttering around in a peculiar manner, and just before sunset they moved over to the swamp along Cut-off lake. I at once knew that there was going to be colder weather, and that the crows were seeking a warmer place near the water. They have plenty of other ways of telling me what to expect in the way of weather, and really I have got so used to them that I would be lost if they were to move their quarters."

The old man is likely, however, to lose his pets, as the island, which has never been built up, because of the fear that the Missouri river might some day take a notion to return to its old channel, is soon to be occupied by railroad yards.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Keeping Up With the Supply.

Freddie E. aged five, contracted the habit of eating his food very rapidly. Repeated scoldings failed to correct the habit. Finally his mother one day angrily said:

"Freddie, what makes you eat so fast?"

With a mouthful of food, and without stopping for an instant in his masticatory operations, the youngster mumbled:

"'Cause I want to see what's coming next."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Old Songs.

Over and over again,
In every time and tongue,
In every style and strain
Have the world's old songs been sung
Since the sigh from the soul was stirred,
Since the heart of a man was broken,
Have the notes of despair been heard
And the rythm of pain been spoken.

The song that you sing today,
Sweet on the printed pages,
Was sung in the far away,
In the youth of the worn-out ages;
The charm of your love-born tune,
The gems that your lines uncover,
Were set in some savage tune
By the heart of some pagan lover.

The fancies that fill your rhymes,
The visions that haunt your lays,
Are the spectres of olden times
And the ghosts of forgotten days;
Ye players on notes of woe,
Ye dreamers of love and sorrow,
They sang in the years ago
The songs you will sing to-morrow.

But what if the rhymes are new,
And what if the thoughts are old,
If the touch of the chord be true
And the flight of the singer bold?
Let them come to us still again,
To-morrow and yet hereafter,
Fresh as a morning's rain,
Old as the sob and the laughter.

HUMOROUS.

A flourishing man—The professor of penmanship.

"Are these your paternal estates?" "No, they are my aunt hills."

Why not call a balloon a tramp? It has no visible means of support.

First Cucumber—I'm in bad shape. Second Cucumber—You do look seedy.

The eagle is dear to the American heart, but the double eagle is twice as dear.

The monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

First Aspen Leaf—What's the matter? Second Aspen Leaf—Oh, I'm all of a tremble.

Old Lady (to clerk in general store) —Young man, I want some powder. Clerk—Yes, 'm, boy or girl?

The sentence "Ten dollars or thirty days" is another proof of the truth of the adage that time is money.

The Philosopher at the Boarding-house—"Mrs. Brown, am I so very large today, or is it the slice of bread that is so small?"

We know men who insist at every point upon beating their way through life, but we observe that they all draw the line at a carpet.

Stanley has taught the Africans something about exploration, but he has not taught them how to spell. The names of some of the places he has visited would break a Russian's jaw.

How the Trout Was Caught.

Otis Goddard of East Hill, walked into Blakesley, Penn., the other day to have his oxen shod. While waiting in the blacksmith shop, the brawny young backwoodsman told this fish story, declaring that Jack Hayner, who was with him when he caught the trout, would swear to every word of his statement. For months Goddard had tried to land a wily old trout that lurked in one of the deep pools in Tobyhanna Creek. He had angled, he said, with flies, grasshoppers, worms, minnows and other kinds of bait, but he couldn't get the big trout to notice any of them. He had seen the cunning speckled fellow time and again and he wanted him ever so much. One day in July he caught a little deer mouse in the pasture, and he stuck his hook through the loose skin on the mouse's neck and threw it into the pool. It was a lively swimmer, but it hadn't swam six feet before the trout gobbled it with a dash that sent his snout out of the water. That was an unfortunate move for the trout, because within five seconds Goddard had him flopping on dry land, with his hat over the fighting beauty. The trout weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces, Goddard declared.

The Triumphs of Surgery.

A remarkable instance of surgical progress which occurred in the practice of Prof. von Bergmann of Berlin the other day is reported. The Professor had two patients who were simultaneously brought to him for operations, one requiring amputation of the thigh at the hip joint, the other needing a portion of the humerus removed on account of the bone being extensively diseased. The first operation to be done was the amputation, and immediately afterwards the surgeon proceeded to excise the diseased portion of the humerus. The result of this latter procedure was necessarily to make a gap in the bone, but a piece of the thigh bone was taken from the limb which had just been amputated and fixed in the gap, by which the continuity of the humerus was completely restored. Perfect union took place, and the patient recovered with a useful arm.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*