

BUTTERFLIES FOR LONDON PARKS.
Plan to Stock Pleasure Grounds With Gauzy Creatures.

A scheme for stocking London parks with butterflies has recently been agitated, and it is by no means certain that something of the kind may not seriously be attempted. It is believed by some well-informed authorities to be worth trying, though undeniably there are serious difficulties in the way.

One trouble lies in the fact that most butterflies are more or less migratory in habit, and this remark applies to nearly all of the species commonly seen in cities. Obviously, there would be no use in establishing colonies of these insects in urban pleasure grounds, if they were likely to take unto themselves wings in a literal sense, or relinquishing the larval condition, and to fly away. To renew the stock annually would be expensive, and for other reasons out of the question.

It has been suggested that there are some very pretty butterflies to which this objection does not apply, and that in the non-migratory category are found the Vanessas—medium-sized insects of mottled coloration, black, white and reddish brown. Relatively speaking, they are sedentary, and might be induced to stay where they are put, if the surroundings were attractive and suitable.

Butterflies, like moths, are hatched from eggs, make their first appearance as caterpillars, and, after spinning cocoons, are finally transformed into the beautiful winged adults. As caterpillars they feed on leaves, but in the final stage they suck the juice of flowers. As a rule, they hibernate as butterflies in hollow trees and other such places of concealment.—Saturday Evening Post.

A fleet of thirty-six steamers is to run hereafter on the Thames between Battersea and London Bridge.

The electric fan has gone out of business.

We refund 10c. for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

If you don't make hay while the sun shines you won't cut much ice when it freezes.

In these days it is hard for a man to get to the front without backing.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

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Chicago has just lost her giant policeman by death. He was John Dufficy and his height in his stocking feet was six feet seven and three-quarter inches.

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There were 150,000 children at school in India sixty years ago. There are 4,000,000 now.

Those who borrow trouble always have to pay heavy interest. So. 38.

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A REQUEST.

When I confront the death of that last day, Which, dead, shall be the birth of endless night, Then, true companion of the narrow way We walk together, not the tiny mite Of pebbles we pick up—the pinch of gold, The fruiting acres, or the little name I leave—would I that you should bless me for, Or cherish. Rather let me leave the old Endearments as a legacy, the same Eternally as now you know they are. —Aloysius Coll.

The Old Apple Tree.

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the 'varsity sports in the early spring. He was the same as ever, stanch and genuine and generous. It was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times.

The day came and I was in river-rig at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. I know of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last, I got a note by his servant. His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear. It was annoying, but I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair-skiif and had out a single canoe.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort, and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory teemed troops of friends, and they were with me as I willed; they came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested.

I was veritably festive in my loneliness. Everything was new to me, and yet familiar; the lazy cattle, kneedeep in the water, the trim villas festooned with roses and clematis, the laughing weirs, the fleets of graceful swans, the barges and the pleasure-boats, the pools where the water-lilies grew. How lovely it all was, and how sweet (since fate had willed it so) to enjoy it undisturbed and solitary! "If this be loneliness," I thought, turning my canoe into a backwater of the main river, along which I had already paddled with the stream for several miles (I had passed through two locks), "I have been often lonelier among hosts of friends!" And I fear there was some conceit in the delight I enjoyed; cast thus upon my own resources I was proud of my buoyancy of spirit. I found myself ever and anon peopling the passing banks and woods with creatures of my own imagination, making of the whole landscape a background for the creation of an as yet unwritten romance. I wove fairy tales. I am a professed writer of romances, and I determined that the beings born of my river dream should awake and live in words on the shelves of libraries.

I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The banks were flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, wild roses and brambles bloomed and their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, and weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek which it now pleased me to explore.

The water was clearer, too. Paddling slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant-growth, the waving forests of submarine weed, where I could see shoals of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, startled by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sulkling in a deep green pool, made me long for a rod and line.

While thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift slowly along, I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become, until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her. She was quite at the edge of the grass, which sloped to the river. Half a dozen cushions were about her—her book lay open. I had never seen so glorious a picture, nor one that burst upon my vision so suddenly. She was in something white and dainty, her hat was hung on a branch, and the old, gnarled tree under whose shade she reclined

was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden, and her eyes full of light and laughter. For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?" Her answer was perfectly calm, but it was not chill; no, her voice was so soft that the simplest words she uttered were a melody. "You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I—I—?" "You are a trespasser." But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl, sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face. "And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve. "And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple tree at all the beauties of the garden.

Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear, of Canada—and of love. Then she bade me go, and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go, she bade me stay. So I stayed, and soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I cannot tell how I of all men—modest almost to bashfulness—could have done so, but I did.

Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her, the poets aiding me.

Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face, and she ran away light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house. But I could not leave; I could not! I looked for her, but she did not come. Once I saw the curtains of a window drawn aside, and her face peering out upon me, but she would not come again.

Well, I stayed, that was all! How I had the impudence to do so I cannot tell—but I could not go. She was a long while indoors. I heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before, but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtains that she was peeping to see whether I had gone.

At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfasted in its moorings, and was about to withdraw.

But, as luck would have it, just as I was about to get into the canoe, she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go. I said what I felt, regardless of all order, of all propriety. "Eve," I said passionately, "you do not know me, nor who I am, nor I you; but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you, and shall love you forever. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this, my earthly paradise. I must, must see you again, and I will! Say that I may."

She looked down and blushed. "May I?" I faltered. She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words.

"When?" "Tomorrow." She looked so pretty when she said it that I was about to dare yet more. I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss, when I heard a shout—"Hullo, old chap! Is that you?" I looked up.

"What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? It is, by all that's wonderful!" "I'm awfully sorry, my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river today. Abominably uncivil you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister."

He looked at her and he looked at me. I think we were both blushing. "But you do know each other, don't you?" he said, for we both looked so awkward that he seemed to think he had made some faux pas. "Oh, yes!" I said, "we know each other," and I stole a look at Eve. The glance she gave me was a grateful one.

Three months afterward there was a river-wedding, and, as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen, and I handed her out of the canopied boat on to her father's lawn, the wedding-bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under the old apple tree.—The Sketch.

Her Impression. "These," said the poet, "are the fierce, wild fancies of my throbbing brain." "Dear me!" said Miss Cayenne, "I didn't know you're writings were wild. I have so often heard them described as quite tame."—Washington Star.

The fellow who wears his trousers turned up at the bottom evidently believes that one good turn deserves another.

Reforms That Were Expensive.

About three-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department. The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small. Carrying passengers is a simple matter, or would be, if state legislatures did not now and then take a hand in prescribing added specifications for railroad passenger service. In Ohio a law was passed decreasing that the height between the platform and the lowest steps of passenger coaches should not exceed 12 inches. This cost the railroads nearly \$100,000, and the reform led to the abolition of a number of flag stops where the passengers had been quite willing to scramble up off the ballast.—Ainslee's Magazine.

To Avoid Lightning.

If out of doors keep away from trees, haystacks, houses, large sheets of water, river banks, etc. In the open plain, where there are no trees or buildings you are safer lying down than standing up. If near a wood, stay there, and do not go nearer. If near a single tall tree you are pretty safe thirty yards away. Indoors you are safest of all if you adopt Franklin's plan. Find the geometrical center of the room. Hang up a hammock by silken cords, get in and stay there. Failing a hammock, sit on one chair in the middle of the room with your feet on another, first placing beneath them a feather bed or hair mattress. But do not sit under the gas chandelier. Whether out of doors or in doors keep away from the chimney or from metallic masses of any kind, And possess your souls in patience.—London Mail.

If a man makes me keep my distance the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.—Swift.

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