

Only a Song to Baby.
Soft and dusk the gentle twilight
Fell upon the peaceful world;
Far and faint the southern spice groves
On the breeze their sweets unfurled.
As I listened to my mother,
In that dim-grown distant time,
When she lulled me, softly, lowly,
With a quiet and timorous rhyme.

Only a song to baby,
Wooing to By-law land;
Only a soft caress,
Struck by a loving hand;
Only a tender prayer,
Only a gentle sigh,
Only a cooing chorus,
"Bye-baby" by.

In the garbled oak by the window,
Piped a robin's calling note;
Trembling softly thro' the distance,
On the dew-wet scented moat,
Tinkled bells of lull'ry cattle,
Homeward homing by the way,
As my mother lulled me softly,
Softly at the close of day.

As my gentle, dove-eyed mother,
With her mist of falling hair,
Sang above her sleeping baby,
So I sing the self-same air,
And my drowsy, dimpled darling,
Closes soft his gold-fringed eyes,
While the sun-dits, crimson, glorious,
Melt away the evening skies.

Song had lulled me, softly, softly,
On my mother's faithful breast;
Song that lulls my blue-eyed baby
To a calm and conquered rest.
Song that rings through all the changes,
Love, that lights a darkness way,
Lull him till the perfect day,
—[Sarah W. Temple, in Detroit Free Press.]

A BLANK DAY.

BY MILDRED H. G. DANN.

There was no use in disguising the fact; we had drawn our last cover—blank! The sun was inclining toward the heavy clouds on the horizon, telling us that it was past 2 o'clock on a wild afternoon; so, surely, all thoughts of sport must now be given up for the day.

"Arrah, yer lads! sace an' it's not to home ye'll be going? His lordship must put the bounds into that wee bit of gorse beyond the Knock! There's a fox just after leaving it," asserted Mickey Dwyane, horse-breaker to the neighborhood, as he jumped from his saddle to ease the young one, who he had been larking over every available obstacle as he went from cover to cover.

"Yes, Lady Nora," said Captain Despard, adding his entreaties to Mickey's, "do petition your brother to give us another chance! It is no distance to the gorse."

"Very well," said I, and trotted Satanelia up to where, looking highly disconsolate, my brother Richard stood amongst his hounds, taking council with Jamie, our old huntsman, as to the expediency of taking the dispirited pack home.

"All right, old lady," he answered; "so be it! We'll try the gorse, and now, Mickey, if you're wrong, a plague on the whole race of horse-breakers!"

"More power to you, me lord!" shouted Mickey, jubilantly, as he mounted the prancing "young one." "Sure, an' there never was an Earl of Ballybrigit yet that was not a sportsman entore!"

There are only Dick and I left now to take care of each other. Mother died when I was born, and father last year, leaving Dick my sole guardian. As he was then only just of age, and I was seventeen, all our relatives cried out against our living alone, but we managed beautifully, and neither of us wished for any other arrangement—until lately.

I could not hide from myself any longer that Dick loved cousin Ida more than me, and I felt sure he would have asked her to marry him before now, only he is afraid of what I will feel. Heigho! I didn't think I wanted to marry any one, but somehow I have learned to sympathize with my brother.

"Now, smile, and bring us luck, Lady Nora," said Captain Despard, as he ranged up alongside me, conferring over the springy turf between us and the gorse. He smiled, himself, as he spoke, and his plain face looked almost handsome.

"I am afraid that the foxes won't be at home to look at any smiles of mine," I retorted, laughing. "Remember that they are very hard-hearted and headed beasts!"

"Only wish I were more of a fox than," he answered, in a low voice. "I find my heart and my head fail me often now."

"Voicks, frand, my beauties! Rattler, Banker, get on to him, lads! Hi, Melody, frand!" Jamie's whizz-cracked, and a dismal yelp from lazy "Lavender" hastened the movements of the pack, who rushed into cover, whilst we stood anxiously around.

A few moments' silence; hope sank into despair, when, almost to our surprise, and much to our delight, we

heard one bound give a whimper; then two or three more spoke to a scent, and then, oh, unspeakable bliss! a ringing "Gone away!" from the far side of the cover told us that our fox had broken. There was no need to wait for the hounds to be put on the line; they were at his heels, with a burning scent, hunting so close that "a sheet would have covered the pack!" Away we went after them, down by the right of the gorse, through a large grass field, then over a nice four-foot stone wall into another great pasture. The pace was terrific. Some small fences were crossed in our horses' strides, then a bank almost anywhere, a gap next, and then a straggling, ugly bullfinch led us into an acre of plow, beyond which, through a handy gate, which a grinning "colleen" held open for us, we came on to the best of all our country—large meadows fenced with clean, big ditches and occasional walls.

We had run now for 15 minutes without a check! Satanelia was going grandly, and had not made a mistake. She took me a trifle too fast at the walls for my taste, but seemed to measure her distance exactly, for when she reached them she jumped like a deer, and at the banks too, it was beautiful to feel her—like a cat in agility—leap on to the top, and changing her feet in a second, spring over the great dark grips, landing with plenty of room to spare.

To my left rode Dick and Jamie, leading by about thirty yards, and to my right Captain Despard, and behind, trailing at longer and longer intervals, the rest of the field. Dick had looked back at every fence to see if I was safely over. Now I saw him put up his hand, and knew that something big was before us, and big and nasty it was—a deep-cut drain on the near side, and a bad landing on the far side, with a high, rotten, razed-edged bank between.

"Now, Satanelia, my beauty, go carefully," I whispered as I watched Dick get over safely, the treacherous bank crumbling under his gray's hoofs; but with a scramble they got over. My turn then—the mare bounded like a deer, on and off, and a shout of approval greeted her performance from the onlooking peasants, who, forsaking their plows and horses, had rushed to watch the "leaping."

But I was scarcely over, myself, when, to my horror, I heard a crash on my right, and saw a confused mass of man and horse come rushing into the grip, and a pink coat gleamed between the cruel steel-bound hoofs.

Great heavens! It was Jack Despard. I turned absolutely sick with fear, as I pulled my mare round, to find, I feared, my friend kicked out of recognition. But, instead, to my infinite relief, I saw him crawl from under his horse, mumbled enough, but apparently without broken bones.

"Not hurt a bit, Nora, dead!" he cried, seeing my white face, "and I will get my horse out in a second. Go on. I will catch you up."

I am sure Satanelia knew what a weight was off my heart, as she flew along, and my cheeks must have tingled, such joy came over me at Jack's unconventional speech. However, I had no time for such ruminations, for, owing to a slight check, the rest of the field nearly caught us up. Mrs. Ponsbury, with her hands down and her teeth clenched, was bucketing her grand bay to pass me, and seemed inclined to ride "very jealous" in my wake. If I had fallen, she would certainly have jumped on me. I could imagine her heel going, as she drove the spur home. The bay started, but Satanelia declined to yield her lead to any one, and in two more fields I was with the hounds again.

They had to hunt very carefully over some cold plow for a bit, but picked up the line on the grass, and then raced on again—two more walls, and a bank with plashed bushes on the top. Satanelia flew it, with several feet to the good, but the over-ridden bay blundered, lost his stride and fell. Mrs. Ponsbury shooting over his head, clear over the bank itself, I saw her spring to her feet and make a grab at her reins; so with an easy conscience, I raced on. What was that stealing, mud-stained and cupping, along the hedge? The pack saw him, too, as slower and slower the fox crept. Done to a turn! A yell, and they were on him; one vicious snap at the leading hound, and he was reeled over after a gallant run of forty minutes with one check.

"Whoop-whoop, hear him, hear him, worry, worry!" It was soon over, and a grinning mask on Dick's saddle and one more brush to my credit are all that are left of as brave a fox as "ould Ireland" ever held.

"Well ridden, old girl!" was Dick's comment. Then he added, rather sleepily: "You ride on home. I am going round by the manor, as I promised Ida the next week we got." So we departed, and I knew cousin Ida would keep him for dinner.

"Will you have a very dilly escort, Lady Nora?"
"I'm so glad you were not hurt, and your good dog all right, too!"
"Well, I don't mind having had that fall a bit, for I saw in your face that you cared. I must speak out now, for, oh, child, you have stolen my heart!"

The bank of clouds on the horizon had grown so dark again before we got home. Jack lifted me off my horse at the hall door, and—well, I'm not ashamed to own it—he kissed me.

When Dick came home he said to me:
"Nora, I've news for you! Don't be angry, ducky, but Ida has promised to marry me!"

"Dick," I answered, "I've news for you! Don't be angry, old boy, but I've promised to marry Jack Despard!"—Outing.

Polly and the Dogs.

Polly was a gray bird, and a remarkably clever talker. The son of his owner was an enthusiastic sportsman, owning a kennel of some dozen or more setters and pointers, and paid close attention to the teaching of his dogs and the gray-headed parrot. The bird could imitate his voice so closely as to deceive members of the household; and from him it had learned snatches of many songs, the call notes of game birds, and, all unknown to the sportsman, it had caught the shrill of his dog-whistle and certain orders he gave to his dogs.

When the sportsman was at home, Polly kept all knowledge of the dog-whistle and dog-language discreetly dark; and my friend has told me that he never heard either used, except on certain occasions when he had made a show of going to his office and slyly concealed himself about the premises.

When he was away and the canines were left at home, there was rare fun. The kennel yard was enclosed by a moderately high, close fence, which the dogs could leap over if urged, if they chanced to be lying about unchained inside, which they frequently were, as they were trained to stay at home.

On such occasions, Polly, from his stand on the front veranda, would suddenly sound his whistle, "Ahem-ex-ahem! Hi! boys, hi! hi! hi!" Over the fence would come an avalanche of handsome, excited dogs, rushing with glad yelps round the house to the front door, eager for a swim in the river or a merry race across country. A dozen or more would cluster about the steps, whimpering in their excitement and eyeing the door for the first glimpse of their beloved owner. Suddenly the voice they knew so well would shout in angry tones, "Dor-r-a! Down! Down! Boi, you rascal!" and the pair would sink prone, while the rest hesitated and faltered, with drooping tails and ears, and saddened eyes.

Then would come a short, fierce command: "A-s-h, you rascal! Kennel up, you brutes!" and a swift line of discomfited dogs would glide round the house, and a flutter of silken tails would wave an instant above the kennel fence as the disappointed animals sought their quarters. Then Polly would laugh and chuckle for an hour, and he knew enough not to repeat the performance that day.—[Democrat's Magazine.]

Extinction of Elephants Inevitable.

Attention has been called to the inevitable extinction of the African elephant if ivory hunters are not checked in their work. Seventy-five thousand elephants are annually slaughtered in Africa for the sake of their tusks. Reproduction among elephants is a very slow process, the period of gestation being three years; hence it is easy to understand why ivory has already become very dear.

Mr. Polver suggests that since an elephant's tusks, which are solid, can be cut off with a sharp saw, without hurting the animal, and an animal once captured by the methods employed in the Government Keddahs in India, can be easily secured for this operation, the ivory traders would gain time, save labor and avoid the criminal folly of exterminating their source of revenue, if they could be induced to resort to this more humane method of obtaining ivory. Instead of the unnecessary and brutal butchery of vast herds of valuable, inoffensive and tractable animals, which takes place year by year.—[New York Independent.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

POP CORN.

Oh, the sparkling eyes,
In a fairy ring;
Daddy glows the fire,
And the corn we bring
Thy lumps of gold
One by one we drop;
Give the pan a shake,—
Pip! Pop! Pop!

Pussy on the mat
Wonders at the fun;
Merry little feet
Round the kitchen run
Smiles and pleasant words
Never, never, stop;
Lift the cover now,—
Pip! Pop! Pop!

What a pretty change!
Where's the yellow gold?
Here are snowy lumps
Scuttling in the fold;
Some are wide awake,
On the floor they hop;
Ring the bell for tea!
Pip! Pop! Pop!

—[George Cooper, in the Whole Family.]

THE ENCHANTED FOX.

Once there lived with an old woman a little girl whose name was Marion. This old woman was very cross and she used to make poor little Marion, who was only 7 years old, do all the hard work.

One day when she had cleaned up the dinner dishes and put the place in order she went out into the yard to feed the chickens, and what was her surprise when she saw playing with them a little fairy with a golden wand.

She was not frightened, as most little girls of her age would be, for she walked right up to the fairy and asked her what her name was. At this the fairy became very angry and said: "You wicked little girl, how dare you ask a fairy what her name is?" and with that she touched Marion with her wand and immediately Marion became a fox. The fairy then danced around the fox for glee and vanished.

As Marion was now a fox she could not cry; so she trotted away into the woods and found a little cave, where she took up her abode.

Now she thought was the time to pay back the old woman, whom she called Granny, but she really was not Marion's grandma. So by and by she trotted back to the house, where she caught two nice fat chickens, which made for her a very good dinner. The next day she did the same thing and so on, until there were only two chickens left. At this old Granny was very angry, as she did not know what had become of either Marion or the chickens. One day when Marion, the fox, was eating one of the chickens for her dinner in the cave, who stood before her but the fairy.

"Well," said the fairy, "how do you like living the life of a fox? I guess not very much, but you will only have to stay in your present shape for ten years, and then you shall be restored to your former form."

After saying this she vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared. Marion did not reply, although she was not very anxious to become a girl again, as she would only have to work hard for Granny. But she said to herself: "Ten years is a long time, and by that time I will be grown up."

Marion had a very good time in her free life in the woods, and hardly knew how time flew by. As she was one day wearily chasing a wounded bird, suddenly the whirl of an arrow was heard, and Marion tumbled over as if dead.

Just then the Prince of that country and his hunters came riding along, and what was his surprise, when, instead of the fox he had shot, he saw lying on the ground a beautiful maiden. He lifted her tenderly on his horse and rode back to the palace, where he gave her in charge of a nurse. The next day, when she was restored to consciousness, she took a walk in the palace garden, where she met the Prince, who, as soon as he saw her, advanced quickly toward her and they walked together. After she had told him her story, he said:

"Never mind, Marion. Old Granny shall not trouble you any more, for you shall live here always and be happy."

When the good King died the Prince became King, and he afterward married Marion, who was happy for the rest of her days.—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

Unexpected.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" said the waiter to the diner who did not believe in tips.

"If I have, you may keep it for your honesty."

"Thank you, sir. You left this pocketbook on your chair. It probably slipped from your pocket."—[Tuck.]

REMARKABLE RUINS.

Remains of Ancient Castles in Arizona.

One Building Was More Than 400 Feet Long.

Near Flagstaff, Ariz., and on the Upper Verde, there are the ruins of castles still in as good a state of preservation and much resembling many of those in the north of England and Scotland, the ages of which we may approximate with a considerable degree of certainty. One in particular that is very interesting stands near the head of the Verde river on a peak that constitutes the extremity of a spur of the Bradshaw. Its peak is granite, and rises abruptly out of the valley on three sides, while the fourth is protected by the mountain spur, which is about one hundred feet higher and hangs an impassable precipice above the smaller. On this shelf or bench the building was constructed of stone and cement in such a position that one on the ruins can get a good view of the entire width of the valley and fully five miles either up or down it. Through the taller mountain of volcanic rift has allowed a perpetual stream of water to flow, though it was fully sixty feet beneath the base of the castle and back of it, so that the water came out underneath the cliff and flowed across the mesa into the river.

In order to protect themselves against a water famine in a time of drought the inhabitants cut a fissure through the solid rock fully 60 feet, and changed the course of the stream so that it flowed out on the opposite side of the rock and directly through the fortification, making it impossible to cut off the supply.

This building was over 400 feet in length by 250 in width. One of the walls yet stands four stories in height, though some earthquake has changed the surface of the mountain until the outer one has fallen and the one now standing leans considerably towards the north. This structure alone contained over 200 rooms, and could have easily accommodated a thousand people. Back of this is a cave, partly natural and partly artificial, that extends more than 100 feet, and through which they descended to the water.

This was cut up into rooms, each one of which was nicely plastered with some kind of cement that is now in a good state of preservation. There are niches in the walls, where they evidently kept their jewels and valuables, and I am assured that two small rush bags were found in one of them, though I did not visit it first and did not see them. A number of jars filled with parched beans were taken out, and one of these jars or ollas, holding about a bushel, is in the possession of Mr. Drew, who has a ranch near by, and is used all the time for holding drinking-water. It is of a very dark-colored material, thoroughly glazed, but outside of the best necessary to do the glazing, it has not been affected by fire. It has been cracked almost entirely around, but it has been mended with some kind of gum so deftly that though it had been in his possession for years, Mr. Drew had not discovered it until one day recently when we were examining it together.

In this cave about twenty skeletons were found. The skulls of some of them had been crushed, while others appeared to have died natural deaths, though the bones were so badly decayed that had fatal wounds been inflicted on any other part of the body than the head it could not have been discovered when we made our examination. These remains were scattered about the inner rooms in evidently the same position in which they had fallen from starvation, or had been laid by the hands of their comrades after being stricken down by their foes. Around the bony necks were found the amulets and on the wrists the shell bracelets that protected them from evil or served them as ornaments during life.

The structure was built altogether different from the fortresses at Zuni and Acoma, neither does it resemble any of the Pueblo buildings in New Mexico. Judging from the mass of cement scattered about on the cliff, these walls must have once been six stories in height and the building almost as large as the Casa Grande in the Gila river valley.

Queer Story About a Defalcation.

"That was a queer story Henry Watterson told in his lecture about a defalcation case at Louisville," said a gentleman who heard the eloquent

Journalist at Entertainment Hall to the "Man About Town." He said that several years ago a gentleman holding a commanding commercial and social position in the Kentucky metropolis had used the funds of the corporation of which he was the trusted financial head, and when the day of accounting came he found he was short in his accounts. The time was too brief to make the deficit good, and his own funds were in such shape that he was inextricably entangled. He was an honest man, but in a moment of overconfidence had permitted himself to deviate from the narrow path just enough to use the firm's cash as a temporary loan, promising to return it at once and promptly.

As is always the case, he failed to keep his promise, and the delay was dangerous—when the time came he could not. Instead of waiting the inevitable discovery, he called a meeting of the directors, made a straightforward confession, resigned his position, threw himself upon the mercy of the Court, so to speak, and pledged himself to pay over every dollar if he were not exposed and prosecuted. An animated discussion followed, and large majority were in favor of giving the delinquent a chance. His fatherly high standing and undoubted business ability were in his favor, not to mention that he might have slipped if he had desired. Two of the directors held out. They thought it would be compounding a felony, and it was an awful thing to let such a man loose upon the unsuspecting community.

But they were overruled, and the delinquent was given another chance. He is now a prosperous and wealthy business man of Louisville. Two years after his misfortune one of the two men who had objected to his release was a fugitive in Texas charged with embezzlement, and at the end of another year the other fled to Canada to escape arrest on the same charge. In the whirligig of time this prosperous merchant, whose early misfortune these two men had endeavored to turn into disgrace and calumny, said Colonel Watterson was the forerunner of the Grand jury that indicted the two fugitives. Beware the first false step, continued Colonel Watterson, but don't always condemn the victim without giving him the benefit of the doubt.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Golf's Perpetual Clock.

Darius L. Goff of Pawtucket, R. I., a man who has always honored a natural bent in the direction of mechanical curiosities, is the proud owner of a clock that never "runs down." An ingenious contrivance attached to the door of the Goff mansion keeps the wonderful timepiece constantly wound up, the simple act of opening and closing the door serving in place of a key. But this is not all, by a good deal. Electrical appliances, operated by this perpetual, never-failing clock, light the gas jet in the hall as soon as dusk and promptly put it out at 10:30 p. m. Another handy attachment rings an electrified bell for the servants.

Half an hour later the same automatic lever drops and a bell is rung for the family, followed in another half hour by a breakfast bell. Wires and electrometer attachments run all over the house and play all sorts of queer pranks. Besides performing the wonders above mentioned (which the reader must confess is a fine thing for a family who are so punctual that everything is done by clock-work), a wire attachment of the clock is connected to queer little music boxes in each chamber. These boxes play the orthodox cathedral chimes every time the clock strikes, filling the entire house with sweet music at least twelve times every day.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Not a Full Load.

Mr. Hawker, an eccentric English vicar, was wont to allow his church to remain in somewhat picturesque untidiness—a neglect that symbolized a new and very zealous curate, who one day brought a barrow, filled it with all the remains of Christmas decorations, odds and ends of matches, etc., which he had picked up in the church, and then carried the whole to the vicar's door. "I have brought you all the rubbish I have found in your church," said the curate, reproachfully, expecting to utterly shame his careless superior.

"Not all," was the quiet reply; "if you will kindly seat yourself on the heap on the barrow, I will see that the whole is speedily carried away."—[New York Observer.]

An office building is to be erected at La Salle and Washington streets, Chicago, at a cost, including the investment in the site, of \$5,000,000.

A Mother's Song.

Hush, my baby; sweetly rest!
Mother's boy feels no alarm!
Followed soft upon her breast,
He knows not of earthly harm.
What though life be dark and sad—
Mother's love can make it glad.

Little child, close to my heart,
See, I press you closer still.
For your dear weight feels its smart—
Even I have known life's ill.
What dream you of tears and sighs
While you gaze in mother's eyes?

Baby mine, my honey lad,
Do you guess your power, dear?
Earth cannot be dark nor sad
To this heart while you are near.
How can life be ought but sweet
When child-love makes it complete?

—[Virginia Franklin, in Harper's Bazar.]

HUMOROUS.

We may not love the barter, but we like to be "meat" to him.

Binks calls his doctor his biographer for the reason that he is a work on his life.

There is many a young man that is able to eat into a fortune who cannot carve one.

A man who would stand by would probably do so with the hope of getting out on time if arrested.

A pleasant cemetery is. Avoids the personality. Who puts on thinner clothes because it doesn't seem so chilly.

The man who can tell what he has seen in his travels is intelligent, but the man who can't is positively brilliant.

"Today was prize day at my school," said Jimmie. "And did my little boy get anything?" asked papa. "Yep. Got kept in."

"Your speech is rather sharp, I think," complained Mrs. Hawkins. "I have to make it so to get it in edge-wise," retorted Hawkins.

Wattie—Papa, some one has invented a magazine gun. What kind is that? Papa (reflectively)—It must be one that goes off once a month.

They took in cold earnest his efforts, then! But never his zeal did it choke. And he smiled as he murmured, "The word is out."

A very poor judge of a joke. The fellow who steals just from his neighbor's wood-pile and finds some of the sticks charged with dynamite may be said to strike a responsive cord.

"Mamma," said Tommy, "do sugar ever cure anybody of anything?" "Why do you ask, my boy?" "I thought I would like to catch that disease," said Tommy.

"I wish I were an orricle," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits and couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I could get a few feathers for my hat."

A fellow who was placed by his father in the office of the village scribe to study law, at a salary of nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study, he came home, and his father said: "Tell me, how do you like the law?" "Faint," said the scribe, "I cracked up to be," he replied. "The way I feel now!"

Snow-Storms in the Sierra Nevada.

"I have seen it snow on hard in Nevada," said James Milburn, "that a plough with four mule engines behind it would be completely stalled before it had gone one mile from a snow-shed. The down-snowing flakes would cover the clear track so fast that once the plough got stuck it couldn't back out and would have to be dug out by snow-shovelers when the storm had ceased. I have seen two-story houses completely covered by the snow and telegraph poles buried out of sight. Often in the cañons houses are reached through long tunnels in the snow. One night a guide led me through one of these tunnels and I was amazed to find myself suddenly transferred from a waste of wearying wilderness into a brilliantly lighted bar-room filled with men, which was the end-room to a big dining establishment and part of the lower floor of a large two-and-one-half-story boarding house. Not a sign of it had been visible from the outside, not even a curl of smoke. Snow is now in the Sierra Nevada. There are cañons in the mountains that have it 80 and 100 feet deep sometimes."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Got Things Mixed.

Mr. Suburb—Well, how are you getting along with my arterian well? Contractor (despondently)—We are down 500 feet and haven't struck rock yet.

Mr. Suburb—Rock? Good lands! You've got things mixed. I told you to bore for water, man—water. I don't want a stone quarry.—[New York Weekly.]