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The Phebe Bird in Spring.

The water drips from the mossy eaves,
In jewel drops on last year's leaves,
The earth is wrapped in a vale of mist;
And through this gauze of amethyst,
Comes the phebe's note, so clear, so sweet,
The call of the phebe bird:
Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

The sun's shedding its rosy glow
On tufts of crocuses white as snow,
That bloom by the old stone wall;
And from the woods by the waterfall,
We faintly hear, so clear, so sweet,
The call of the phebe bird:
Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

The breath of violets most rare
Is wafted on the gentle air,
While from each mead and ferny dell
Comes a plaintive note like a silver bell,
So piercing fine, so clear, so sweet,
The call of the phebe bird:
Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

—[Alice B. Waite, in New York Sun.

THE PRETTY QUAKER'S CALL.

Philadelphia boasts probably of the prettiest Quaker girls in the world.

Twenty years or more ago, there dwelt at the corner of Chestnut and —— streets a certain dealer in cheese and butter, by the name of Ephraim Prout. He had made a fortune in the trade and was widely respected.

His aged mother was one of those distinguished personages who take their seats upon the platform in the meeting-houses, and occasionally, say once in six months or so, have "a call to speak."

And his wife was an industrious body, as young looking as her own daughter.

As for that daughter, words cannot describe her. Nature, in pity for the prejudice which doomed her to wear sad-hued garments all her life, had showered upon her all the brilliant tints upon her palette. Friend Ephraims daughter was fair to look upon.

Perhaps she knew it, for she had a looking-glass, but not one word of flattery had she ever heard.

So, week after week, first day, found Bessy at meeting; second day busy with household affairs, while her mother superintended the washing; third day, ironing; fourth day, baking; and so on till the seven were recounted.

She was twenty-four. Twenty-four and not married. Had you asked Friend Hannah Prout why, she would have said: "My daughter does not yet bake bread as I could wish, and I cannot allow her to marry until that is well learnt."

Young men who saw Bessy at the meeting or in her father's store were not so calmly indifferent. More than one Quaker youth, with a pleasant appreciation of Bessy's beauty and thrifty consideration of her father's wealth, were like Barkis "willing." But on none of them did the paternal eye fall with favor.

Ephraim Prout and his wife Hannah had already selected a husband for their child. That husband to be was one Peter Potter, a widower of forty, who talked and occasionally preached and owned three blocks of Arch street property. "Squares" the parlance of the Philadelphians.

Bessie had not been consulted. Often she acquiesced in the maternal opinion that Friend Peter was a worthy man. Ann probably she would have as calmly acquiesced in the opinion that he was the proper husband to select when the time came, but for one unlucky circumstance.

About the middle of December, just when Bessy's loaves were beginning to merit approval, Selina Grief was married. After passing meeting and going through the other ceremonies, the new-made couple gave a house-warming, and thither of course, went Bessy, Bessy's mother and father and Friend Peter.

Thither also came a young man of the world's people, one Mr. John Hubbard, who wore a black coat, a pair of patent leather boots and a stove-pipe hat, and who was regarded by the youthful Friends with feelings of mingled admiration and terror.

Of course, there was neither singing or dancing, but they played, the forfeits being generally kisses. Mr. Hubbard enjoyed himself amazingly. He managed to kiss Bessy oftener than any one else, and that night walked home with her.

Questioned by her mother, Bessy answered:

"I thought it but right to allow him lest he should think Friends proud."

So maternal solicitude was put at rest and few impressions were awakened by the fact that Mr. John Hubbard soon took an immense interest in butter and cheese, conversed with Friend Ephraim on these subjects with great animation whenever that Friend's store and managed to be invited home to tea because he could not leave Friend Ephraim until he quite comprehended the advantages of the new patent churn.

One evening Hannah cut the loaf, and smiling turned to her daughter and said:

"Bessy, thee makes bread as well as thy mother."

That afternoon was one to be remembered.

The time had come when Friend Peter Potter might be gratified. His wife was ready for him. A conference was held between the father and the anxious widower respecting Bessy's pecuniary prospects, should her future spouse die first, and the courtship commenced.

The three sat before the fire—Ephraim twiddling his thumbs, Hannah darning stockings, "the child"—Bessy knitting.

Ephraim began.

"Bessy."

"Yes, father."

"Thee are fit to manage a house of thy own."

"I think so, father."

"In fact, it is time thee should marry."

"Yes, father, I have been thinking so myself."

"I am sorry to hear thee say that, my child," cried Hannah. "A young girl should not think of such a matter until suggested by her parent or some wise friend."

Bessy looked down abashed.

"Only last week a friend spoke to me of the matter."

"What friend? Good Sarah Rose, doubtless; she is ever for having women marry betimes."

"No, mother; not Friend Rose."

"Perhaps thy Aunt Eliza."

"No, mother."

"Who was it, child?"

"Friend John Hubbard."

"Friend John Hubbard!"

"Yes, mother. He spoke of thinking well of me and suggested that our lives would be passed happily together."

"Bessy, thee knows a female Friend may not marry a young man of the world's people. Christie Brown was read out of meeting for so doing."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, child, since the time has come for thee to marry, thee will be glad to know that Friend Peter is anxious for a wife and prefers thee."

Bessy turned pale.

"Friend Peter is worth a lot of money."

"Yes, father."

"Also, he is a Friend."

"Yes, father."

"Consequently thee had better marry him. It is now time for thee to retire. Good night, Bessy."

"Good night," said Bessy, with a trembling lip.

So it was settled. It never entered into any one's heart that Bessy was not used tenderly. And the days hurried on, one after the other, toward the First day, on which the twain were to "pass meeting" for the first time preparatory to the solemnization of their nuptials.

It was Friday. All the week Bessy had been a little sad, not quite herself. The extremely fine fabric of her muslin dress did not seem to interest her as it should have done. At two she came to her mother.

"I have some little business to attend to in Fairmount," she said. "And I have been thinking it would be a pleasant thing if Friend Peter could drive me there in his leathern conveyance."

So Friend Peter was summoned. The light wagon was brought out, and away they drove.

Peter discoursed volubly. Bessy answered quietly. At last the wire bridge was crossed and Fairmount lay before them.

When this was in sight Bessy spoke:

"Friend Peter, thee sees that white building with white shutters?"

"Aye, verily do I."

"Thee will oblige me by taking this package and deliver it to Friend Ann, with my good wishes. Meanwhile I will hold the reins, I do not wish to alight.

Friend Peter obediently took the package and departed.

He staid ten minutes. When he returned horse, wagon and lady love were gone. He rushed about distractedly. No one had seen anything.

Peter waddled home. They were not. The Quaker mother said:

"Be not alarmed; they will return soon."

But the day passed with no sign. So did Saturday.

At ten o'clock Saturday evening a noise of wheels was heard. Rushing out they found the wagon, a mulatto boy and a note, but no Bessy.

In terrible anxiety they tore open the missive. It was as follows:

Dear Parents and Respected Friend Peter: I hope you have not been alarmed. I was well, Mother knows, I presume, that it would not be easy to marry if one felt no call to do so. I had no call to be united to Friend Peter. I had a call to marry John. There is no need of the ceremony of passing meetings among world's people, so I am already Friend Hubbard.

Suggest to Friend Peter the worthy Ann Billings as a wife. She is a better housewife than I. And let me know soon that I may be forgiven, for I am in grief on account of your alarm and annoyance.

Your loving daughter,
Bessie Hubbard.

Friend Ephraim twisted his thumbs, Friend Hannah folded her hands, Friend Peter opened his eyes and mouth and shook his head slowly.

At length Hannah said:

"Call my mother, Ephraim."

And Ephraim brought the old lady down stairs. Nobody said a word—not one. They gave her the note. She read, folded it, put her spectacles on the table and sat quiet—fifteen minutes, half an hour, an hour. Then she arose and said:

"I have a call to speak. When the prodigal son returned the father killed the fatted calf. Bessy is a naughty child; but verily she desires forgiveness."

And Bessy was forgiven. Two weeks later Peter married Widow Ann, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hubbard were guests at the wedding.—[Yankee Blade.

Advantages of Exercise.

It is important to notice how much depends on what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice—I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let the one go on carelessly and idly indulging his appetites and generally leading a life of what is called pleasure, and let the other train himself by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as widely apart in their capacity for exertion as if they had been born with wholly different constitutions.

Without a normal healthy condition there can, as a rule, be no good work, and though that qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules a little common sense and care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I will just give these hints: First, that it is not mental labor that hurts anybody, unless the excess be very great, but, rather, fretting and fidgeting over the prospect of labor to be gone through, so that the man who can accustom himself to take things calmly, which is quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who, by keeping well beforehand with what he has to do, avoids undue hurry and nervous excitement, has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice. Next, I would warn you that those who think they have not time for bodily exercise will sooner or later have to find time for illness.—[Lord Derby.

A Pigeon With a Memory.

It seems really impossible to extinguish the homing instinct in a good pigeon. A story is told of a French carrier pigeon which was captured by the German soldiers during the siege of Paris in 1870. The bird was being carried in a balloon from Paris to some point in the country whence it was expected to return to Paris with a message. It was taken to the German headquarters and presented to the commander, Prince Frederick Charles, who sent it to his mother in Germany. Here it was placed in a splendid roomy aviary and carefully fed and nourished; but, although it was kept here, living in the lap of royal luxury for four years, the French pigeon did not forget its fatherland. At the end of that time the aviary door was left open one day. The pigeon flew out, mounted high in the air, flew about for a moment as if to find the points of the compass, and started in a straight line for Paris. Ten days afterwards it beat its wings against the entrance to its old loft in the Boulevard de Clichy. There it was recognized, and its case being brought to public attention it was honored as a patriot returned from foreign captivity. It remained at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimation until it died, in 1878.—New York Witness.

The Charming Side of Life.

"There, dear," remarked the young wife, who was trying "love in a cottage" just after the lapse of the honeymoon, while she sat with her husband at the breakfast table, "you forgot to get the sugar yesterday, so you have none for breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I have. I've got you."

"But you can't sweeten your coffee with me," she said, with a love light in her eye.

"Maybe not; but I can sweeten my life with you."

"How nice! Just like books."—[Toledo Blade.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE TOTTIE TWO SHOES.

Little Tottie Two Shoes
Sits upon my knee,
"Tell me just one story,"
Pleadingly says she.
And I start the story,
Sorry task for me,
Little Tottie Two Shoes
Listens thoughtfully.
Of a knight I tell her,
Brave as brave can be,
Of his lady love, too
Very fair was she.
How the maid was stolen,
How he set her free,
How they bravely suffered
Endless misery.
Little Tottie Two Shoes
Nestles close to me,
As I end the story
Very happily.
Then I ask her if I
May her brave knight be,
But she does not answer
Fast asleep is she!

[New Orleans Picayune.

INDIAN GAMES AND SPORTS.

Our sports were molded by the life and customs of our people; indeed we practised only what we expected to do when grown. Our games were feats with the bow and arrow, foot and pony races, wrestling, swimming, and imitations of the customs and habits of our fathers. We had sham fights with mud balls and willow wands; we played lacrosse, made war upon bees, shot winter arrows (which were used only in that season), and coasted upon the ribs of animals and buffalo robes.

Our games with bow and arrow were usually combined with hunting; but as I shall take hunting for the subject of another letter, I will speak only of such as were purely plays.

No sooner did the boys get together than they divided into squads, and chose sides; then a leading arrow was shot at random into the air. Before it fell to the ground, a volley from the bows of the participants followed. Each player was quick to see the direction and speed of the leading arrow and he tried to send his own with the same speed and at an equal height, so that when it fell it would be closer than any of the others to the first.

It was considered out of place to shoot an arrow by first sighting the object aimed at. This was usually impracticable, because the object was almost always in motion, while the hunter himself was often on the back of a pony in full gallop. Therefore, it was the offhand shot that the Indian boy sought to master. There was another game with arrows which was characterized by gambling and was generally confined to the men.

The races were an every day occurrence. At noon the boys were usually gathered by some pleasant sheet of water, and as soon as the ponies were watered, they were allowed to graze for an hour or two, while the boys stripped for their noonday sports. Boys of all ages were paired for a "spin," and the little red men cheered on their favorites with spirit! As soon as this was ended, the pony races followed. All the speedy ponies were picked out, and riders chosen. If a boy said, "I cannot ride," what a shout went up! Such derision!

Last of all came the swimming. A little urchin would hang to his pony's long tail, while the latter held only his head above water and glide sportively along. Finally the animals were driven into a fine field of grass, and we turned our attention to other games.—[Dr. A. Eastman, in St. Nicholas.

Mongolian Magic.

These Tatchinar Mongols are much given to all forms of magic. Storm-dispelling they appear to have learned from the Kambo Tibetans; but the origin of some of their other practices is not so clear. Certain among them, they claim, can cause a person to be stricken ill or can even compass his death. After having procured a few hairs, a nail paring, or something from the person of the intended victim, they make a little image of him in flour, and in this stick the relic. Then it suffices to prick the head, heart, lungs, or limbs of the effigy to cause acute pains to be felt by the original in the same portion of his body. Of course one must recite certain potent charms the while: in them lies the secret of success. I am not aware that this mode of bewitching a person so well known in the Western world in ancient and mediæval times, obtains to any great extent in Asia. Personally, I have never met it elsewhere.—[The Century.

Either Will Do.

"So you are determined on a journey to the North Pole?"

"I am."

"Going out with the next expedition?"

"No; I shall go out with the party that is to rescue the next expedition."—[New York Sun.

HERRING NETTERS.

A Cape Cod Industry That Smacks of Tennis.

Weird Scene at a Herring Creek by Moonlight.

When trout became legal fry for the angler by virtue of statutory enactment Cape Codders go "a-herrin'." Early in April the clean-lined, silvery herring begins to dig its own grave, so to speak, by seeking spawning places in the ponds that empty into salt water.

Perhaps it is hardly proper to compare the fashionable pastime of tennis with the wet and fishy surroundings of a herring creek after nightfall, when a dozen, yes, a half hundred—men are shoveling water with sieve-like scoops, in frantic endeavors to land their fish. It requires science to net a herring, and to enumerate the variety of passes, thrusts and parries employed by the netter is out of the question in a newspaper article. Then, again, a tennis racket looks as if it grew on the same tree with a herring net. The net is a trifle larger than the racket and more loosely strung, and a trifle more oval in the bow. The handle is of good, solid ash and is four feet long. The mesh is made of line or rawhide. The ideal herring netter can swing one of these implements when a tennis playing counter jumper would certainly injure his spine in attempting to manipulate it. Sometimes home made nets have the bark on the handle. It is good to grip, but a winding of line is better.

When the herring have commenced to "run" into the ponds by way of the salt creeks, a bright moonlight night is just suited for their destruction. The tide must be at the proper stage, for herring prefer to make a journey with the least possible exertion. If the tide is low there may be insufficient water in the creek and its miniature sandbars at the entrance exposed. Long before the current has commenced to flow against the downward stream and thus back it up, the herring have arrived off shore, and are awaiting the report of finny scouts sent up to reconnoiter. Thousands of the fish congregate in bunches and slowly move back and forth past the mouth of the creek. Their movements are marked by ruffled water that reflects the silver of the moon's rays. Now and then the bunch darts hither and thither, and the erratic scurry is very interesting to the uninitiated. The fish apparently are frightened by some marine enemy, or the report of the skirmishers sets their tails a-wagging.

The netters sit on the sand, swap stories and await developments. It's no use for them to fool with the single fish that dart up on the journey to the pond. If the creek is a leased one a favored few are in possession of its privileges; if it is free, there is an air of impatience that often results in desultory netting and audible cuss words hurled at the fishermen for scaring away the herring. At intervals along the bed of the creek are placed rocks so as to form narrow channels through which the fish must pass in order to get up the stream. Such a contrivance serves its purpose admirably, for just above the barrier a netter drops his scoop and the fish rush into it pell-mell because they cannot go elsewhere. Each netter reclines with his face to seaward and his eyes on the silvery spot that marks the location of the herring. If the fish move out into deeper water the fishermen rehash gossip that may be weeks old. But should the tell-tale silver come close inshore, on hands and knees the netters creep to the edges of the creek, some of them stand hip deep in the water, and with nets at arms' length await the rush that is sure to come sooner or later. It may be a false alarm, or the herring assail the mouth of the waterway with tremendous vigor. In they come, leaping over one another in their insane fury to get to the pond above. Thousands are crowded out of water upon the beach as the big school makes the shallow entrance. Nothing short of dynamite will stop the wild charge. Those in the van are urged along by those behind, and the rear guard closes up all outlets of escape. The sound made by the flapping, floundering creatures is indescribable. The roar has been heard a half mile away from the creek.

The netters begin to scoop out the fish by the dozens, and throw them high up the bank behind the stands. If the fish come at the surface a neat twist of the wrist is necessary to intercept them. Often they are caught on the fly. Again they are interrupted while performing a circus ring evolution. Then the fish divide and play along the sand at the water's edge; but the netter must have a thrust ready to do the most good in each emergency. The time of the run is limited, and each sweep of the net should perform its part in the harvest.

When the bulk of herring has entered the creek, several men wade in and follow them up to rattle or confuse them. Then waders beat the water with their nets and keep up a Kickapoo Indian war dance with vocal accompaniment. A good run may last an hour, and the work of the night is accomplished in that time. When the last fish has disappeared up the creeks the dead ones are collected into heaps and counted into barrels. He who has taken the most herring has done the best night's work, and so gets the largest remuneration, that is, if the share system is in vogue. The fish are placed under cover, and the netter, after removing the scales that have stuck to their clothing when the air was filled with flying, flopping fish, leave the beach. Fishing vessels are in waiting to purchase the herring for bait, and they may be had at times for 30 cents per 100. Each schooner also aboard several thousand fish and then sails for the banks, while the crew chops the herring into small cubes, which are later attached to the hooks of trawls. There are recognized "herring shanties" all along Cape Cod Bay and Vineyard sound, from Powder Hole to Falmouth. On the Vineyard are many more of these shanties, all of which fly a flag from mast or staff when fish are awaiting purchasers.—[Boston Herald.

Anecdote of Bismarck.

The Deutsche Revue publishes the following as an illustration of Prince Bismarck's good humor: "After he had accepted the Ministry of Commerce the prince was struck by the insignificance of many matters he had to decide. If, for instance, anybody had been caught illicitly hawking goods and had been sentenced to a fine, but had to be pardoned on the score of poverty, it was necessary, for the remission of the fine, to obtain the consent of two Ministers—the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Commerce. Bismarck had taken special note of a case of this kind. A peddler had been sentenced to a fine of 20 marks (about five dollars, and the Under-Secretary of State reported to the new Minister of Commerce that he was a poor chap who had to maintain a wife and child, and would have to sink into still deeper misery if the fine were converted into imprisonment. He therefore begged Bismarck to sign an immediate report, advising the king to pardon the peddler. The prince emphatically refused to do so, for, said he, if the king had to be advised to use his right of pardon in all such cases, justice would become a dead letter. The Under-Secretary of State then referred to the traditional practice, and appealed to the heart of his chief, who answered: 'All right. I'll give the poor chap the 20 marks out of my own pocket, but you shall not have my signature for the thing.'"

White House Babies.

There are now living three White House babies that are not yet too old for the title. Baby McKee has just been seven years old, and is enjoying a beautiful home in Indianapolis with his grandfather, whom he dearly loves. Ruth Cleveland and Baby Esther are the other two. Ruth is three years old, and Esther is about six months. Neither Miss Ruth nor Baby McKee was born in the White House. Miss Julia Dent Grant, one of the most beautiful young ladies of New York, was a White House baby once, for she was born in the White House while her grandfather was President; and another White House baby was her brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. Miss Nellie Arthur, now a beautiful lady living in Albany, was a White House child during her father's administration, and there are now living several middle-aged ladies who were the children or grandchildren of Presidents long ago. These ladies say that in those days they were petted and talked about just as the Cleveland children and Baby McKee are now. This seems odd to us now. A White House "child" seldom heard of its Alan Arthur, the brother of Miss Nellie, and the only son of President Arthur. He is a grown man now, but not a very old one.—[New York Ledger.

His Only Hope.

Jeweler. I can't let you have another engagement ring, Mr. Upton. You owe me for three already.

Hardy Upton. You'd better let me have this one too. If this goes, I'll be in a position to pay for the others in a few months.—[Puck.

During the last year the postmasters of this country handled nearly 4,000,000,000 stamped pieces of paper.

A Jumper.

He jumped out of bed and jumped into his shoes,
He jumped for the paper that had the day's news;
When breakfast was o'er he jumped quick as a cat,
For his big outside coat and his everyday hat.
He jumped on the car that was going down town,
And he jumped to shake hands with his neighbor, Miss Brown;
He jumped from the car when the office was reached,
And jumped with alarm when the fire whistle screeched.

He jumped into harness to do his day's work,
And never was known one small duty to shirk;
When doing his work, if folks into him bumped,
He stopped not to argue, but over them jumped.

He jumped at each chance that the day brought to him
To enlarge and expand his wallet's bright rim;
And when he got through at the end of the day,
He jumped on the car that was going his way.

His wife and his children jumped at his return
To greet him and all the day's triumphs to learn,
And when the last prayer and good night had been said,
Year in and year out, he jumped into bed.

[Boston Globe.

HUMOROUS.

The best thing out—out of debt.

Spices are not as a rule noisy, but you have all heard the gingersnap.

Clerk—I can't live on $40 a month. Employer—I never insisted on your living.

Bizzy—What silly story is that you were telling that gave those people the giggles. Fizzy—One of yours.

Spatts—I hear that Goslin lost his head at Miss Darley's the other night. Bloobumper—There's nothing in it.

"Appearances are very deceptive," remarked the tenor. "Yes," replied the prima donna; "especially farewell appearances."

She—This is so sudden, Mr. Bondly. You must give me time. He—I'll discount it five per cent. for cash. How does that strike you?

Goswell—Young Blivens boasts that he never loses his head. Dukane—Well, he couldn't expect such great luck as that, you know.

"Oh, there is a terrible funnel-shaped cloud coming this way." "Well, the funnel begin soon then. Get into the cyclone cellar."

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker." "You're right there." "Why, I could listen to her all night." "I often do."

Count Rastidago (rejected)—Then I have waited upon you all this time for nothing? Miss Boodleby—No indeed, here is fifty cents for yourself.

House-cleaning time is near at hand,
When man will sadly roam
And realize as ne'er before
"There's no place like home."

She—He says his poems are widely read. H. Well, that proves one thing. She—What? He That the editors read articles before rejecting them.

Mr. Dooley—Gimme a bar of soap, please. Shopman—Yes, sir. Do you want it scented or unscented? Dooley—Aw—niver moind; I'll just take it wid me.

"I guess that party Slasher went to last night must have been rather stupid." "Why?" "Oh, he is as clear-headed and pleasant as I ever saw him this morning."

"'Fine toilet soap, five cents,'" said the judge, reading the wrapper after he had used some of the contents. "That is not enough. I'd like to fine it $5 and costs."

Officer—Your honor, I have arrested this man for singing "After the Ball" on the street. Magistrate (facetiously)—I will hold you for court for producing bad notes.

Sam—That girl I introduced you to is as good as gold. Tom—I don't care about that. If she's as good as a couple of corner lots near the business centre, I'll be perfectly satisfied.

Primus—Dalton's sight has become strangely affected, poor fellow. He sees everything double. Secundus—By jove! I'm glad you mentioned it. I owe him ten dollars and I'll tender him this five.

The Kindly Old Gentleman—Do you know, my good man, what was meant by the metaphorical expression of asking for bread and receiving a stone? Weary Wraggles—Shure! It's when somebody gives you work.

A piano that you can wind up is a late invention. Whether or not it is going to be a benefit to humanity depends altogether on whether the winding up will make it go or make it stop.