Indover Mews.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 9, 1892.

An Englishman acknowledges that it the matter of hotel elevators, at least, the United States can surpass his na tive land, for in-England the diffu run with exasperating slowness, and only a few people at a time are permitted to enter one.

The number of men killed and wounded on the railroads of this country in 1889 was more than twice the loss of the Union army at Gettysburg, there having been killed over 6000, while the number of the maimed and crippled was over 26,000.

A French physician claims to have discovered a means of obtaining an imprint of any hand that has touched a piece of paper, or of a foot that has trodden the floor. For this purpose he relies on the use of chemicals, which render visible slight traces of per spiration or sebaceous deposit.

One of the best proofs of French economy is the general use of conglomerate fuel. Fuel is dear in France and they use briquettes or little bricks of coal dust, which are clean, do not waste, are easily handled, occupy ten per cent. space, and burn freely where coal dust could not otherwise be used

What farming in Colorado ofter means may be inferred from this Glenwood Avalanche item: "E. Nipple of Spring Valley has his ten-mile water ditch nearly completed. The water is brought from Devil's Den, a tew miles from Gypsum Creek. The ditch has been two years in build-

The study of penology presents many perplexing problems, and among them there is none more difficult of solution, avers the San Francisco Chronicle, than this-when and under what conditions should a person who has committed crime be sent to a reform school, and when to the peniten tiary?

Maryland, it is said, will be th ovster of the World's Fair. The headquarters of that state at Chicago will be a building seventy-two feet long, forty-eight feet wide and fifty-six fee high, made in the shape of the famous Chesapeake bivalve. The drawings for this oyster house have been com

One great fault of Eastern and Western farm lands, maintains the Chicago Times, is not lack of richness and fertility, properly speaking, but the lack of readily available plant food. The food is in the soil in abundance, but it is not ready for the plants to use. All vegetables have to decompose and then pass through a chemical process and mix with the soil to be in the best condition to feed.

The grain trade from the port of New York for the year 1891 was the largest in ten years, being seventy and a half millions of bushels. This represents a shipping tonnage of close upon two millions and a quarter, and it is not satisfactory to find, confesses the New York Press, that these millions of tons of American produce are almost entirely transported in foreign bot-Only twenty-five cargoes sailed under the American flag.

Says the New York Press: "Some thing of a surprise was created in London recently when a large manufacturer of boots and shoes in Leeds appeared before the Parliamentary Labor Commission, in session at the British metropolis, to testify in the mat. ter of the importation of American footwear into the kingdom. He de-clared that United States makers were fifty years in advance of British man ufacturers, mainly by reason of the use of improved machinery and that ward state of the put was caused by the opposition of trades unions and other workingmen's organizations to the introduction of labor-saving devices. The manufacturer also gave it as his opinion that American boots and shoes were not only of a better distity, class for class, than those of English make, but that the ruling prices were lower. Importation from America had assumed mormous proportions, and despite the , American manhfacturers were making good profits."

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster."

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XI.

MOTREE AND WIFE.

The woman who lost her babe was very quiet. Rose Somers talked to choer her. When they were out of sight of the log cabin that had sheltered them, the mother suddenly said, looking straight at her companion, pausing as she spoke:

"Do you think it possible my baby can be alive? All at once it came to me, such a thing might be. Could it?"

Distressed, suffering as Rose Somers was in body and mind, this question appealed to her so strongly that she forgot her own sorrow for the time.

"Certainly I do," she said, decisively." If God saved you and me, why could he not save your child? Such a thing can be. Tell me where it was last seen.

"I did not see it at all. I left my bab sleeping in its cradle. I nursed it, and laid it down. I was going to speak to its grandfather—my husband is dead—its grandfather—my husband is dead—its grandfather lived with me. I heard him shouting—I ran to the door, and—"

"You saw what I beheld; I thought it was judgment day.

"The steelworks' whistle began to before I could cross the room, the water filled the house. My baby was drowned int scradle."

"The steelworks" whistle began to blow. I knew the flood was coming, but before I could cross the room, the water filled the house. My baby was drowned in its cradle."
"You are not sure. It may be alive."

in its cradle."
"You are not sure. It may be alive."
"Its grandpap—my father—tried to catch me. He had my arm one time, then we were torn apart. I never saw him again. I held on to a fence, then to a boat, and next I caught a root, and was borne away till they found me, and took me out of the water. Do you think there is a chance?"

is a chance?"

"I do. One never knows."

The mother now looked more natural
The color returned to her face, and Rose
suddenly took a great liking to this poor

suddenly took a great liking to this poor mother.

The way was rough and stormy. They were glad when they came to Didbert's, where they sere advised to remain, but they walked on to Sands', and were urged to remain there; still they plodded wearily on after drinking a glass of pure milk. The woman at Sands, pressed some bread into their hands. The survivors walked on over the mountains toward the railway. Although they were ready to sink down on the mountain-side from sheer fatigue, they pressed on.

It was well on toward evening when they beheld a railway track far below them. It was dark by the time they reached the place they looked on two hours before.

They were compelled to turn back score of times. The streams impeded them. Every rivilet was a torrent. Great gulches were worn away. Paths were obliterated. The cattle seemed dazed by

guiches were worn away. Paths were obliterated. The cattle seemed dazed by the changes made.
When at last, almost faint, they arrived at the railway track, there was no sign of a human being.
Night coming on, and the only house near them at least half a mile back, on the mountain.
"I never ean walk up, there to wight?"

the mountain.

Tinever can walk up there to-night,' said the mother wearily.

"Nor I," said Rose Somers, "But we can't stay here. We must move on."

They walked on the track in the darkness, miles, they thought. They rested every few minutes, now. Both were grantstant.

hausted.
"Let us lie down—I can't go any further," said the mother.
"Hark!" said Rose. "Did you hear a

gound?"
"I think I did."
"There, there, I hear it plainly. It is a
locomotive whistle—but it may be miles
away."

away." The sound of footsteps approached. Then a gruff voice issued from the darkness: "Who's there?"

It is only us," Rose said, courageously.

"Who is 'ne'?"
"Two poor creatures trying to find a way to reach our friends."
"O, escaped the fnood!"
"O, escaped the fnood!"
"O, escaped the fnood!"
"Hymn's women in men's clothes! That's five to-day. You can't go up to Johnstown, It'll be weeks before snything travels up through that hole. Washed out-plugged up-ti's timpossible."
"Can we find a house anywhere nean where?"
"Hymnh! I like hearth.

where?"

"Humph! I live handy. As for going down—you'll not find any train here in a wach."

down—you'll not find any train here in a week."

"What will we do?" said the mother.

"Will you let us stop in your house till-daylight?"

"I can't promise you beds—the house is full—women folks, too. You are welcome, but I'm sorry for the accommodations."

"There is a locomotive near."

"You heard the whietle. That's not more than two miles off. It's just six around the bend."

"We will be glad to lie on your floor," said Rose.

They followed the owner at the rough

said Rose.

They followed the owner of the rough worse to his house, where they found half

a dozen as unfortunate as themselves. Some were silent, others were bewailing the fate of friends and relatives.

"Do you krow," Rose asked one of the women who found shelter in this humble home, "how far it is to the first station where one is sure to find a train?"

If you are coping down that.

"If you are going down the river—you can't possibly go up now—it is a good five-mile walk."

mile walk."

We will go there early to-morrow, said Rose to the mother. Now let's tr

said Rose to the monators to sleep."

The hostess could only give them a quilt. Her means were exhausted. Rose that ked her warmly, and in less than two mitutes these two wanderers were sound asleep in each other's arms on the floor.

When they were hungers and thirst, They they were hungers and thirst, They

round the water, drain search, then hastened away in spite of all the hostens could say to prevent them. Bhe wanted them to stay at least until she could give them a cup of codee. Finding them receive, she gave them large since of bread with moustess on it, the way as very poor, living apart from others. But there were tears in her eyes as she hoped God would care for them as they walked on in the gray of the morning.

grav of the morning.
"I must go down the river," the mother said; while Rose Somers did not care which direction they traveled so that she could find means to communicate with the world.

It was a long, weary walk to the sta-tion. The day was well advanced as they approached the railway station at New Florence. A group of men stood about. "Can you tell us when a train will be here, sir?"

man looked at her. He divined

here, sir?"
The man looked at her. He divined the truth in a moment.
"No. ma'em. There may be one here in half an hour—it may be in the afternoon. Nobody knows."
"Are you employed on the railroad?"
"Yes m—that's why I said no one knows. You want to go down?"
"Yes—anywhere."
"There's lots like you; go over to that house—it's full of them. Fifty, I guess—more'n can find room in the train."
The travelers walked to the house. It was full of people who were distracted with doubts and fears.
As they sat down on the porch, Rose stooped and quietly removed the shoes Miss Franklin gave her. They were falling apart. The mother, who was now known to Rose as Mrs. Vern, did the same. One of the soles of her shoes had dropped off, She showed Rose her foot. It was bleeding.
"I don't care. I could walk over stones or hot iron, if I thought I could find my baby."
Fortunately they were not compelled

or hot iron, if I thought I could find my baby."

Fortunately they were not compelled to wait long. In less than an hour at train came up the road. It contained people who were bent on securing the living, and who were there to bury the dead. When it returned to Pittsburg it bore awayupwards of two hundred who had escaped the great flood. Survivors were picked up atevery station until there was no room for more. The aisles were jammed with men, women, and children. Fortunately, Rose and her companion found a seat before the train became crowded. Weary and faint they fell sound asleep long before the train filled up. They siept so soundly that all the noise and confusion and the constant blowing of the whistle did not disturb them seriously. They roused themselves at times, but they were never thoroughly wide awake until they arrived at Pitteburg, when a trainman shook Rose roughly, placing a hand on her shoulder. saying: "Here, my man; get up."

roughly, placing a hand on her shoulder.
saying:
Here, my man; get up."
Rose started and looked up at him. The
hat fell back from her head.
"Excuse me, madame, I—"
"You are quite excusable," said Rose.
"Thanks for your kindness."
Then as the companions stepped out on
the platform Mrs. Vern said:
"Thank tood! Now we may learn some
thing."

thing.

A FORLORN HOPE.

One thought recurred continually to Algernon Somers as he went from one to Algernon Somers as he went from one to the continual of the continu

Broadhust.

"Did you say something about Giles Brockle?"

"Yes—Mr. Jerrold and me were talking of him."

of him."

"Is—he alive."

"He is very much alive "said Broadhurst.

"That is what we are speaking of. His
uncle, Tom Feters is dying, and Giles is
going about looking after the property he
thinks is his now."

"Has Mr. Peters no other relatives?"

"Not a soul."

Not a soul." So Brockle will have Mr. Peters' prop

erty?"
"Unless Mr. Peters has willed it to som

other person."
"Well, he won't have it long, Mr. Broad-

"Well, he won't have it long, Mr. Broad-hurst."
Jerrold and Broadhurst looked at him.
Then, without pausing to reflect. Somers

Jerold and Broadhurst looked at him. Then, without pausing to reflect, Somer-clated all that occurred in the flood. His voice was low—tense with passion. His voice was low—tense with passion. His voice was low—tense with passion. His vores blazed wrathfully. His listeners saw morder in Somers' eyes.

"This is horrible—borrible," Broadhurst said. His very soul was sickened anew by the recital. "Why did you keep—this from us? Why did you—"

"Because I did not want a living person to know it. I am very sorry tool sither of you. But you are friends."

"Yes, we are," said Jerold, southingly. "There, let us talk of something else, we "Somers."

Somers."

Be sure he will be attended to, said Broadhurst. "It will be best that you say nothing to any one, that you do, not speak to Brockle. If you do, if you take the matter in your own hands, justice may miscarry. Let your friends deal with

may miscarry. Let your friends deal with this monster."

Somers was silent; his purpose was unshaken. Seeing this, Broadhurst again counseled with Jerrold. They both realized murder would result once the mon met. How could they keep them apar?"

I have a plan, "said Jerrold. "If we can induce homers to think his wife is alive he may be anxious to go down the river to search for her."

"That is a good suggestion."

"That is a good suggestion."

"If he once takes the notion he will go straight down the river; he will not stop until he reaches Pittsburgh."

"That is very likely," said Broadhurst. Tell him how we were mistaken about the Jersons. All silve. And Mrs. Broadhurst's experiences? You can bell him ed hundreds."

" said Tora Forreld.

fore, on Sundey morning was described told him Somes had goes down the street.

"He could scarcely was for daylight, said Jerrold. "He languised particularly concerning the reads and the nearest stations all the way down. He is at least five miles away by this time. He will find a way to reach the first train, wherever that may be."

"I am glad he is gone," said Broadhurst. "The excitement and exercise will benefit him more than the work he has been engaged in here. I dreaded his meeting that villain. I can scarcely keen my own hands off him—but we must say nothing, Jerrold, until the time arrives It will come; it always does come."

Then those two brave hearts returned to the work they set themselves to accomplish, while Somers was pushing on down the river, resolved to find the first train that would take him down to Pittsburg. He had resolved to go to that city and return, stopping at every town on his way up the river, deeming this the quickest way to find his wife.

He reached the railroad in the very nich of time. The locomotive was pulling out He ran with all his might, and jumped ontboard. He glanced quickly over the passengers in the first car.

There was not a woman there.

He passed into the next. His heart throbbed violently as his gaze rested upon a woman whose head reminded him of his wife's. He walked through the the car. The two women in the third car, total strangers.

Somers sat down and was a prey to despair for a time. When the train pulled up at each station he looked out eagerly. He walked out on the platform, scanning the crowd. He pered at all the women who were near him. There was not one who bore the least resemblance to his wife.

Finally he grew despondent—indifferent. The train was crowded to suffice.

women who were near him. There was not one who bore the least resemblance to his wife.

Finally he grew despondent—indifferent. The train was crowded to suffocation. Somers sought another car. As he entered the next, he caught a glimpse of a face that made his heart rebound. The face was turned up in the light.

He made his way through the crowded car to the place he had seen that face, to be doomed to the bitterest disappointment he had yet experienced. Not when he was looking at the remains of those taken out of the water and from amidst the ruins at Johnstown, hoping to find evidence to dissipate all doubts, had he experienced disappointment as keenly as when he stood beside a seat in which a man wearing a red 'wamus' or jacket was lying, with one arm across another. The man with the fannel jacket wore a straw hat; his companion's face was covered at that moment with a battered and torn felt hat.

They looked like two miserable tramps.

Airty. They looked like two miserable tramps.

Somers sighed wearily and stepped outside of the car upon the platform. He wanted a breath of fresh air- to be alone, that he might cry out in his agony without being heard by anyone.

When he entered the car again he stood listlessly beside the door and never moved from there until the train pulled up at the depot in Pittsburgh.

Then he was all life again. He could not walk quick enough. If there were any chance of learning anything of his wife, living or dead, he would avail himself of it before he rested the sole of his foot again.

GILES BROCKLE'S BOLD HAND.
Giles Brockle's conscience, dull as it Giles Brockle's conscience, dull as it was accused him as time passed. Once he started upon beholding a man on Satturday who resembled Algernon Somers. The man's head was bandaged with a dirty rag; his clothing was coarse, too. Now that Giles looked at him as he bent over another man, he did not bear much if any resemblance to Somers, who was, he hoped, in the bottom of the river.

Still the thoughts that chance resemblance aroused made Giles feel uncomfortable. If Somers were as completely completely out of the way'ss Rutledge now. It was some satisfaction to know that John Watrous, the preacher, and the man who drew up the will were out of the way.

way.

Before nightfall it was discomforting to Before nightfall it was discomtorting to learn that Squire Jepson was alive—all the Jepsons had escaped. Giles hated the family. He cursed them one and all. The Squire knew too much about himbesides, he was in his uncle's confidence. It was certain that Squire Jepson knew the contents of the will. Giles was beside himself with rage when he fell asleep Saturday night.

side himself with rage when he fell asleep Saturday night.
But he resolved to test the matter tomorrow. He would compel the Squire to reveal all he knew. He could exaperate Jepson, and he would. That was his strongest weapon—his reputed weakness—he, the man who did not stop at murdar!

—he, the man who did not stop at murder!

"I wonder if all the world is like me—
playing a deep game," Giles asked himself, as he fell asleep.
Sunday morning found him still firm
in his resolve to "draw Jepson out." He
put himself in Broadhurst's and Jepson's
way.

Jepson's manner was unchanged, Broadhurst's, on the contrary, was altogether

depson's manner was unchanged. Broadhurst's, on the contrary, was altogethed unlike his usual manner. He neithed spoke to nor looked at Tom Peters' heir. In the arrangement of certain affairs if which, had he been there, Tom Peters wishes would have been consulted, Broadhurst ignored Giles so pointedly that the latter was stung.

"Don't you think, Mr. Broadhurst, you ought to consult some of the men who have had business relations, with Mr. Peters before you do that? Ir. Peter has some rights; his property is at stake."

stake."

Enoch Broadhurst deliberately turned his blok upon Giles' Brockle, and continued planning as though no one had spoken. Giles turned to Squire Jepson.

"Mr. Broadhurst is taking a good deal on himself, for one man. I want him to know that my uncle "rights will be maintained."

"Are you sure you are able to speak for your-uncle, Giles?" Jepson asked, coldly.

"I will speak for myself. If my uncle dies, this is my property. I am protecting myself."

"Ah!"

dies, this "myself." "Ah!" Jepson. I warn you, now, not to carry your plan out. If you do, I'll prosecute you. You pretend you have to knock this wait down to save the houses below it. I don't see the necessity. You shank do it, either." Broadhurs at that instant headed the men who, movided with a most below.

I was to be to the company to the co

this matter-than the variety strau-Tom Paters."

"How do you know that?"

"How do you know that?"

"Pooh! Pind out."

That was all Squire Jepon vonch as he strode away, casting a contex ous glance upon Giles.

"He does know, Giles said to him "He'il rue it. I'll make him set his vo Curse him, I'll get even with him be I'm a week older. If he saw a the wills there is but one copy, and the where no human eyes will ever sea The well must be full of earth."

By this time nearly every one

where no human eves will ever see in The well must be full of earth.

By this time nearly every one he that Giles Brockle was assesting rights as Tom Peters' heir. He was garded by some with curtosity, by early with contempt, and some expressed he of him. No other man in all that we her was thinking, much less talking property: they were thinking of dead. The menner of this heir to restate was so unlike that of all of people that he attracted attention.

This was what he sought. The some his claims were acknowledged the bett Solely as a matter of policy he tog afford to be oddoue for a brief perfet, he world was easily fooled. He confind ways to wrap all these people around his fingers by and by.

Monday he would show Broadhurst a Jepson something. There were valual goods in a building that withstood if force of the waters. Lawyer Ruided was one of the best his uncle had erect was a considerable did not be the set her words a second to the set had an office in that same building that was a considerable did not be the set her words and office in that same building that was a considerable did not be the set her was a considerable did not be the set her words.

had an office in that same building the was one of the best his uncle had erect in the city. It was a considerable ditance from the little house the layer made his home, and in which his clier found him the greater part of his time. Giles resolved to hire men on the morrow and have them remove all the good to a place of safety. He would see what Broadhurst and Jepen would see what Broadhurst and Jepen or any other person would say or a "That would put them to their stumps, he said to himself.

he said to himself.

Bright and early Monday morning ke was in quest of men to help him. In experienced great difficulty, until he diplayed some money. Then some foreign, ors, anxious to make money, underest the task.

ors, anxious to make money, undertoet the task.

It was necessary for the workmen to remove a mass of debris that had lodged against one end of the building, so that the goods in one of the rooms could more easily be taken out on that side.

The greater portion of the goods we removed and placed in another building, but there was urgent necessity in Giles Brockles' opinion to get at the safe in his uncle's store as soon as tossible. He urged the workmen on; they had made considerable headway, but night overtood them before the lower story was half uscovered.

As the work progressed several bodies were removed. Giles gave orders to have these carried to the morgue, orter porary resting-place of the dead. Among these was John Watson, the ministra who witnessed his uncle's will.

When the preacher's remains wen identified Giles considered his labor will rewarded. He had now seen the remain of the lawyer and the only witness to the will whom he forced.

of the lawyer and the only witness to be will whom he feared to confront. As ter Tom Jerrold, his story—all he could saywould not affect the result one tots. The law gave him all, and he would hold and heare all.

law gave him hit, and he would hold say have all.

Early Monday morning Giles resumed the work. About noon Enoch Broadhurst, Squire Jepson and Tom Jerold approached the workmen and looked of Giles was directing them. He affected not to see them, until Squire Jepson Snoke.

Giles was directing them. He affects not to see them, until Squire Jepson apoke.

"Brockle, I think it is as well to tell you Broadhurst and I have concluded in the state of the state of

devil for me. When you can trump up papers it's time-to-talk. I'm doing-see?"

"Yes," said Squire Jepson, "I see yotare making trouble for yourself. I will have the deputy stop you."

"You'll let me get this stuff out of the way, won't you? It will be a blessing to do that, you know."

"You can move tons of rubbish. If you send another man into that building I will have you arrested."

"Thanks. Go on, boys; we are at liberty to move off all the rubbish."

Glies Brockle sneered, langhed, and comported himself generally in the manner of a man who scorned interference. "Have you gentlemen a copy of that will? Who are the witnesses?"

"I witnessed it," said Tom Jerrold.

"O! This is your witness. Any more? "Rev. John Watson witnessed it."

"Any more dead witnesses?"

"You know who made all his papers. "Another dead witness. "Just Jerrold here. Who made the will out for my uncle?"

"You know who made all his papers. "Another dead witness. "Glies Brockle I way to make it hot for anybody that interferes with me and my rights. Tom Peters with me and my rights. Tom Peters is as good as dead. This is my property. Who else would be give ite? That's all—I'm coing right shead now."

with me and my rights. Tom Feters is as good as dend. This is my properly. Who else would he give it to? That's all—I'm going right ahead now.

"You can move the rubbish," said Jepson, "not an ounce out of the building. I will be here when you do."

Then they walked away, leaving himthe level-headed Giles Brockle—cursing roundly.

There were several thousands in the safe on the first floor of that building, or he was much mistaken. He knew his uncle kept his Government bounds they with large aums of each, and cash, bonds money was indispensable if he was to light for his rights. He must have most to the property of the safe of the saf

NOTES 41 The Italians, through the welcome is an open to the position to close its doors to the now spying out the ground in Au bla with a view of flooding that oo ent with Italy's surplus populationent discussions in the Australius of not encourage the idea.

sent discussions in the Australices do not encourage the idea.

Sour modern philosopher has given set velve lines the summary of liven years in childhood's sport a ay, 7; seven years in school from day, 14; seven years in school from day, 14; seven years to find a pla dife, 25; seven years to find a pla dife, 25; seven years to busling and given, 35; seven years to busling and given, 35; seven years to busling the different of the control of the contro

A RECENT report of casualties to sign shows some remarkable fact regard to the great age of some of still in active service. Thirty-sailing vessels mentioned in the reare between fifty and sixty years eighteen botween sixty and sevyears, thirty between seventy an anoudred, while six have been afloating a century. This is, of course, a part of the list of aucient craft at service, and the vessels referred to sea-going craft, and not barges or a boats. It is, however, probable there is sexeedingly little of the original control of the course. boats. It is, however, probable there is exceedingly little of the ori struct. re left in the old ships. Con struct_re left in the old ships. Con repairing and refitting has almost re them; but while one plank of the ori remains, the vessel retains its iden

them; but while one plank of the orf romains, the vessel retains its iden Phor, Puynam, chief of the Dement of Ethnology of the World's has perfected his plans for an illution of Indian life on the American tinent. "We are going to illustrate says. "the native types of North South America, with their diskt dwellings and customs. There we Esquimanx if our plan does not Aleuts surely, Canadian Crees, S. Apachès—all the distinct famili American Indians. Our show will ranged geographically on the gro At the north end will be the not ribes with their own styles of resi—if a buffalo-skin tepee may be coresidence. Then towards the sout bathe other tribes in relative geogical positions, with our Patugonian tors to round up the southern limit are assured of Indian families Mexico and Central America. On trial American family will live ou the laggent of the southern limit and the control of the southern limit and the southern limit will on the southern limit and the southern limit are assured of Indian families Mexico and Central America. On trial American family will live outher limit and the southern limit are assured of Indian families Mexico and Central America. On the southern limit and the southern limi

all together, we shall have abou most interesting historical and et gical illustration of native Americ gical illustration of native Americ that has ever been seen. All thes ous groups and families will have native habitations and utensils. it is possible the landscape will be to conform to the nature of the occupying the site. For instance cal plants will surround the dwell he Central and South American In those families that are used to both have their canoes on the lagoo that of itself will be a spectacle

that of itself will be a spectacle seeing."

Mr. S. S. BOYNTON, a Calasturalist, comes to the defence of our domestic birds that are owith high orines against the The meadow lark, he says, is abused by the farmer, and one atrocities laid at its door is put shoots of young wheat. A care amination of the stomachs of number of larks shows that their mostly insects, and hence the done by them is slight compared good they perform. In the stort hirty larks opened by Mr. Boyn huddred-seeds, twenty-five cate fifty-soven grasshoppers, and beetles were found. Fron this the conclusion flows that the genuine friend of the farmer, have also been much maligned, these birds under survoillance hour were seen to take to the fifty cut-worms in a country whise were plentiful. The bit another marlyr to public opinion witer has said with bitter sarcar you succeed in killing a bluejar dred strangers come to attend hi and to supply his place." But is, that no other bird insists on insects as a part of his daily bil Auduhon estimated that two and to supply his place." But a, that no other bird insists on insects as a part of his daily bil Audubon estimated that two their five young require for foo days 20,000 insects that are h truit and food plants. Anothe the black list in the downy wo respective, but it also subsist on insects and grubs that are h fruit. Nor is the ruby-throated h bird-only a honey thief, for what we have to be a sweet bill he prefers insect there is the sparrow-hawk, who caregards as a public enemy birds annihilates great quasinables, mice, and insects, and petite for them a never sating and a sweet him to the control of the contro