

That had overflowed its margin,
 Was a dam made by the beavers,
 Where knee deep the trees were standing,
 Where the water lilies floated,
 Where the rushes waved and whispered.”
 * * * * *

The fame of the beaver's sagacity and skill is world-wide, and many more pretentious architects might take valuable lessons from its lodges and dams. The former are built on the banks of the streams, facing a deep part of the water. Near the lodge the dam is built to arrest the floating wood. The workmanship of both dam and lodge is masterly, each forming a structure so compact that it is not easy even for man to destroy it. The animal works by night, cutting through small trees with its strong incisors, peeling off the bark, and laying it up for winter food, while it uses the sticks in the construction of the framework. This is then plastered over with mud, in which operation the animal is supposed to use its tail, which, indeed, is well suited for the purpose. Certain "loafers" among them, who refuse to help in these labours, are driven away from the rest, or are punished and treated as vagrants, and without "visible means of support." Beavers are caught in traps baited with the castoreum. Not much of their flesh is reckoned good eating; even the vaunted tail requires somewhat of an Esquimaux appetite for the unctuous. A good trapper has often caught five hundred beavers in a year. Sixty or seventy skins are required to make a pack which will weigh one hundred pounds; and this is worth about three hundred dollars.

THE LADDER OF FAME.—Some swarm up this ladder as boys up a pole, hand over hand, a good grip with the knees, a confident, saucy, upward look. Others stop *in medio*, look round, sigh, or are satisfied, and gravely descend to refresh themselves with bread and cheese for life. Some stagger up, wildly, and tumbling off, are borne, mutilated, to the hospital accident-ward to die. Others there are who indeed obtain the ladder's summit, but are doomed to crawl perpetually up and down the degrees. These are the unfortunates who carry hods to the master bricklayers who have bounded up the ladder with airy strides, or better still, *have been born at the top of the ladder*. Poor hodmen! they make dictionaries, draw acts of parliament, cram the boy-senator for his maiden-speech, form Phidias' rough clay-sketch into a shapely, polished marble-bust, shade with Indian ink Archimedes' rough draught for the new pump or the tubular bridge, and fill in Sir Joshua's backgrounds. Some there are who go to sleep at the ladder's foot, and some, the few, the felicitous, who reach the summit, breathless but triumphant, boldly bidding Fame blow her loudest blast. Forthwith the venal quean makes the clarion to sound, and all the world is amazed.—*Cornhill Magazine*.