

it—apiarists know this. Any sudden fright will make them eat their honey; and when a swarm is to be handled, a few puffs of tobacco-smoke, or even dust, into their doorway, will set them preying upon what they would otherwise give their lives to defend; and once full they are harmless.

The writer still follows the bee in the Highlands of the Hudson. There are still, thank God, unbroken reaches of forest, and fewer houses in the Clove and Caanan Hollow and the Aleck Meadows than there were in 1865. But there is more of civilization on the margin of my charmed circle of mountain and forest. There is a cheerful clubhouse—the Storm King—a carriage-road to West Point, and easier access from the great city.

Uncle Ben is gone. He rests beneath the shadow of Whitehorse Mountain. But health that waits on exercise abounds, the spring are as clear and cool and sweet, and the hemlocks as dark and shadowy in the glen. The goldenrod still wooes the vagrant bee, her honey is still as sweet, and I fancy it is the same song-sparrow that sings to me by Ferguson's hut—the same gentle invitation to turn to Mother Nature and find, as he has done, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer."—*The Outlook*.

SOME CURIOUS TREES.

On the Canary Islands grows a fountain tree—a tree sorely needed in some parts of the island. It is said that the leaves constantly distil water enough to furnish drink to every living creature in Hiero, nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. Every morning near this part of the island a cloud of mist arises from the sea, which the winds force against the steep cliff on which the tree grows, and it is from the mist that the tree distils the water.

China, too, claims her remarkable tree. This is known as the tallow tree, so called from the fact of its producing a substance like tallow, and which serves the same purpose, is of the same consistence, color and smell. On the island of Loo-Choo grows a tree about the size of a common cherry tree, which possesses the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. At one time the flower assumes the tint of the lily, and again shortly takes the color of the rose. In Thibet there is a curious tree known as the tree of the thousand images; its leaves are covered with well-defined characters of the Thibetan alphabet. It is of great age, and the only one of its kind known there.

The baobab tree is considered one of the most wonderful of the vegetable kingdom. It appears that nothing can kill this tree, hence it reaches an astonishing age as well as enormous size. The natives make a strong cord from the fibers of the bark, hence the trees are continually barked, but without damage, as they soon put forth a dew bark. It appears impervious to fire, and even the ax is resisted, as it continues to grow in length while it is lying on the ground.

In Mexico there is a plant known by the name of Palo de Lecho. It belongs to the family of *euphorbia*. The Indians throw the leaves into the water and the fish become stupefied and rise to the surface and are then caught by the natives. In this case the effect of the narcotic soon passes off. The milk of this plant

thrown upon the fire gives out fumes that produce nausea and headache. The milk taken internally is a deadly poison; it will produce death or insanity, according to the size of the dose. There is a popular belief among the lower class in Mexico that the insanity of the ex-Empress Carlotta was caused by this poison.—*Selected*.

A HINT TO MISTRESSSES.

Mrs. Smith possessed 'a treasure' of a domestic, and was both surprised and angry to learn that the said 'treasure' was about to leave her employ.

'I consider your conduct very ungrateful,' she said, angrily; 'I have paid you good wages, and taught you to do many things, and this is the way you treat me. It is shameful!'

The girl said that she was sorry to be obliged to leave; that she appreciated the kindness shown her, but that there were reasons why she must go.

'Very well; you can at least tell them to me,' said her mistress.

'Well,' said the girl, 'when you were sick I gave my bed to the nurse and slept on the floor, and I cannot get over the cold I caught then; and carrying all your meals upstairs gave me a hurt in the side, and the doctor says if I work so hard I shall break down; and I can't afford to do that.'

'Nellie, is this true?' asked her mistress, with tears in her eyes; 'I never thought of it before. You shall stay and I shall get some one to help you, and I'll take care of you myself until you are quite well and strong again.'

Nellie stayed, and her mistress did as she had promised, and this true story is commended to other housekeepers who have a 'treasure' they are thoughtlessly overburdening.—*Exchange*.

HOW ICEBERGS BREAK FROM GLACIERS.

The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the weather and the tides, the average being about one every five or six minutes, counting only those large enough to thunder loudly, and make themselves heard at a distance of two or three miles. The very largest, however, may, under favorable conditions, be heard ten miles, or even farther. When a large mass sinks from the upper fissured portion of the wall, there is first a keen, piercing crash, then a deep, deliberate, prolonged, thundering roar, which slowly subsides into a low, muttering growl, followed by numerous smaller, grating, clashing sounds from the agitated bergs that dance in the waves about the new-comer as if in welcome; and these again are followed by the swash and roar of the waves that are raised and hurled against the moraines. But the largest and most beautiful of the bergs, instead of thus falling from the upper weathered portion of the wall, rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion, springing with tremendous voice and gestures nearly to the top of the wall, tons of water streaming like hair down their sides, plunging and rising again and again before they finally settle in perfect poise, free at last, after having formed part of a slow-crawling glacier for centuries.—*John Muir in the Century Magazine*.

Our Young Folks.

TRIPPING INTO TOWN.

A little lass with golden hair,
A little lass with brown,
A little lass with raven locks,
Went tripping into town.
"I like the golden hair the best!"
"And I prefer the brown!"
"And I like the black!" three sparrows said,
Three sparrows of the town.

"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!" an old owl cried,
From the belfry in the town;
"Glad-hearted lasses need not mind
If locks be gold, black, brown!"
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! so fast, so fast
The sands of life run down.

"And soon, so soon, three white-haired dames
Will totter through the town,
Gone then for aye the raven locks,
The golden hair, the brown,
And she will fairest be whose face
Has never worn a frown!"

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Some little boys were playing behind the big barn on Mr. Thompson's farm, and, sad to tell, they were using bad language; also two or three were trying to smoke cigarettes. Now it so chanced that Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn at this time, busy over the repairs needed by some of the farm implements; and, shocked by hearing such words, accompanied by the smell of tobacco smoke, he looked out cautiously to see who were the boys so misconducting themselves. Imagine his grief at seeing his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth! And, alas! just as his father's eyes fell on him the filthy roll of paper and stale tobacco was removed from the boy's lips, while he used some of those very words which had so shocked Mr. Thompson.

Grieved beyond measure, the loving father resolved upon teaching his son a lesson which he should never forget. Early upon the following morning he called Willie down stairs to prepare for a day's work in the field.

"We will plant the corn to-day, my son. Come with me and I will show you what seed to use."

To the boy's surprise, Mr. Thompson led the way to the ash heap, and began filling his sack with the rubbish there accumulated. When the bag was full he gave it to his son, and proceeded to fill up another for himself; this done they took up their hoes and passed on to the cornfield. When the rows were all ready for the seed, Will said: "Shall I run back to the house father, and get some corn to plant?"

"Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks", and forthwith he proceeded to drop bits of trash in the ground he had so carefully prepared. Seeing Willie struck dumb with amazement, he asked: "Why are you not planting? You have an abundance of seed."

"But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you plant nothing but rubbish?"

"No, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once, to see how it would work."

More astonished and mystified than ever, Willie said: "But, father, I never helped you to plant before, so I don't see how I could have a 'different opinion or way.'"

"My son, I was in the barn yesterday when you and your friends were playing behind it, and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits—seeds which

cannot fail of yielding a large crop one of these days."

Willie hid his face in his hands, while his father talked kindly and earnestly concerning the harvest he must expect to reap by and by.

"Could I suppose you intended seriously to sow the seed of a bad character? No, I must infer that you expected to gather in a harvest of good things grown from the seeds of evil you were sowing, hence I am following your example. Now, my boy, let this thought sink deeply into your heart to-day; when you may reasonably hope to reap a crop of corn or wheat perfected from seed taken from that heap of rubbish yonder, then—not till then—may you expect to reap the harvest of a good character, an honored name, from the seed you were sowing yesterday—bad language and the use of vile tobacco. If you wish to be a good man you must be a good boy, for 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'"

"Indeed, I won't sow any more rubbish-seed, father; but the other boys were all talking slang, and some were smoking."

"Well, my son, whenever you start out to plant any kind of habit seed, just stop and ask yourself, 'What shall the harvest be?—wheat for the Master's garner, or tares for Satan?' You will be safe then. Now, we will go back and get some corn."—*Christian Observer*.

A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BEAR AT THE ZOO.

A favorite amusement of the little bear was to go off to the end of his cage away from his mother, and then, rising on his hind feet, walk over to her, and throwing his arms about her neck, hug her for all he was worth, and then begin to bite and scratch and pommel her.

This she would stand for awhile, but if it became too severe the usual cuffing was given him; or else, if he was very bad, she would take him up in her mouth and go and drop him in the large water tank at one end of the cage, the edge of which was on a level with the floor. This great tank was two feet deep, and even when there was no water in it, it was wet and slimy, and the little bear did not like it.

Sometimes he was thrown in when the tank was half full of water, and was left to gasp and choke several times before the old bear would reach in, and, grabbing by the leg, foot, back or head, whichever one came uppermost, pull him out and drop him on the floor to dry. The last time I saw him he was very naughty, indeed, and was several times doused in the water.

The last dip seemed to have been successful, for a very quiet little bear crept up to its mother's side by the edge of the tank. But, when the mother's head was turned, he leaped up and sprang at her in such a way as to make her lose her balance. There was a tremendous splash as the old bear slid over the side and under the water.

The little bear's ears stood straight up, and he looked the very imp of mischief as he saw his mother disappear. His expression changed, however, when the old bear's head came above the water again. There was a look in her face that made him think that it would be well to retire.

With ears laid flat back, he sped for the small covered room opening off the back of the cage, and retired to the darkest corner, where he crouched down, and pretended to go asleep. Mrs. Bear slowly climbed out of the tank, then tramped across the cage to the room in the rear, and blocking up the entrance with her body, leaned forward and administered several resounding thumps to the little black bundle in the corner. The little bear was on his good behavior after that for twenty minutes.—*The Congregationalist, Boston*.