

creeps timidly out of the shelter of his mistress's apron. There is the active black and tan terrier, sworn enemy of all four-footed vermin; and there is the lazy, curly King Charles, in an unusually state of plethora of good living, able to addle after a comely dame or repose upon her handsome heartbrag. There is the homespun, plain, intelligent sheep-dog; and there are the colosseum, negro-featured pug, and the Skye-terrier, little like a ferret, and shaggy beyond recognition of head or tail. The mastiffs are a superb class; the black Newfoundland equally good; the bull-dogs repulsive, yet interesting from the extravagance of sullen savageness and latent ferocity in their expression, and for their well-known pluck prize-ring qualities. Sheep dogs are fairly represented; the terriers attractive and maintaining the credit of their order. One rough customer of a Scotch terrier is indeed a marvel; he is said to weigh less than three pounds, yet is over two years old, and a day or so ago killed a fierce big rat, and his selling price is fifty guineas. One inimitably ugly pug, at as a lapdog would by contrast give charms as a gorgon, is priced at a thousand guineas. The alban greyhounds and diminutive toy terriers course attract more attention from the fair visitors. The Alpine mastiffs, St. Bernard dogs, the awful rough Russian terrier, the rare Maltese dogs, and the Moscow fox dogs are also a source of great interest."

A STRANGE PET—Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle Laistre:—"If I pour some milk into my hands' she, "It will drink a good deal; but if I do pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take any. When it is satisfied it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling strong odors, by perfumes. During day it lies inside a quilt, entering by a place that is covered in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but goes with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty and I am up in the morning, after a thousand tributes, it comes into my bed, and reposes on my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and sit half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its little like a little dog, leaping on my head and my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel."—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*.

THE WAY TO GET WEALTHY.—Never was money so scarce, everybody says, and everybody believes, is justified in making the remark. It may be plentiful in bank, gold may be

abundant at Frazer River, but neither can be picked up along the streets by men too indolent to work, or women too extravagant to study economy. They will now discern that

"Tis a very good world that we live in,
' To lend, or to spend, or to give in;

But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's
own,

'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

The proverb is an old one, but just as applicable to our times as those of our ancestors. Poverty has not much credit in bank parlors, though wealth is frequently less reliable, unless accompanied by honest principle. The only thing to be depended upon in these days is industry. That is the best financial institution. It never fails. Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They allow a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft drawn on them by their humblest customers. That's our opinion of the matter.—*Old Jonathan*

THE HORSE IN ARABIA.—The horse is involved in the most ancient superstitions of the people of Arabia. They believe him to be endowed with a nature superior, not in degree only, but in kind, to that of other animals, and to have been framed by the Almighty with a special regard to the convenience of man, and the setting forth of his person. It is one of their old proverbs, that, after man, the most eminent creature is the horse; the best employment is that of rearing it; the most delightful posture is that of sitting on his back; and the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it. Mahomet himself did not disdain to inculcate a lesson of kindness towards the horse. "As many grains of barley," said he, "as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many indulgences do we daily gain by giving it." The belief is widely spread that the best breeds are descended from five favorite mares of the prophet, on which he and his friends fled from Mecca to Medina.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*.

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.—The frequent changes of our uncertain climate give rise to many forms of disease, and we often murmur and repine at their suddenness. But there is a bright, as well as a dark side in all the ordinances of nature, and Washington Irving has painted the bright side of the sickle season in the following glowing terms:

"Here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth, and keep it green. Our seasons are