

fully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water would issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldame, coming to fetch water, heard her child cry, upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and, coming back to it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool, which remains to this day."

Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of others days
In the wave beneath him shining.

—*Chambers' Journal*.

Survivals.

The two little splints in the horse's foot could never be accounted for on the principle that every part of an animal is now as it was from the beginning, and has its uses. They are perfectly useless, but they are the last remains of toes that were very useful to the ancestors of the horse. The world is full of such useless organs, each replete with historic interest. The muscle that moves the ear in a quadruped is present in man; but, as a rule, he cannot use it, and it would be useless to him if he could. Of what use are the two buttons upon the back of a coat? None; but in the days when it was the mark of a gentleman to carry a sword they served to secure the sword-belt.

The articles man makes, present on every land these survivals from previous fashions. Sham laces on boots, button down fronts that do not open; buckles on bands that are fixed: neck wear in the form of ties, but secured by other methods, are cases in point. Nature works in the same way that man does; or, rather, since man is part of nature he works by nature's methods. Changes are gradual, one of a series of bones, muscles, teeth, &c., that is used more than the others increase in bulk, while its neighbors diminish and perhaps finally disappear. If an animal acquires added powers in one direction because of circumstances that press it in that direction, it loses it in another. It is so with mind, also. Do we not know that after long application to one class of subjects—probably the most useful to us—we lose much of what we previously knew?—*Philadelphia Record*.

A Baltic Tradition.

To the west of the isle of Ruegen lies a little lake that was ages ago connected with the sea. A magnificent castle belonging to the princes of Ruegen formerly stood on the lake shore. The legend runs, according to our voluble host, that many hundred years ago, when the Christians took possession of this castle, it was occupied by a prodigiously rich and avaricious old heathen king. At the storming of the castle he, with his treasures, was buried under the falling walls, and died a terrible death. As a punishment for his avarice he was transformed into a large black dog and placed as guard over the heaps of gold. He is still sometimes seen at midnight in helmet and suit of armor, or a glittering crown instead of helmet on his head, riding a white horse through the town and over the lake. His deliverance from the canine shape came about in this way: Many years after the king's awful death there lived in the City of Bergen a King of Ruegen who had a bewilderingly lovely daughter

named Swanwithe. Numerous kings and princes sued for her hand, but she chose Prince Peter of Denmark. This made a rejected Polish prince very angry. To revenge himself he defamed her character and brought her into such disgrace even with her betrothed husband and her father that the former forsook her and the latter confined her in a gloomy tower, that he might never look upon her face again. There sat the poor princess over three years, and "thought and thought" how she could make her father believe in her innocence. Finally she recalled how she had once heard that only a pure maiden could release the old heathen king from his bondage. Such a one must go entirely alone on St. John's Day, between midnight and 1 A. M., scale the old castle wall, walking backward upon it until she came to the place where formerly the entrance to the king's treasure-room stood, when the earth would open and the maiden glide gently down. Here she could take as many jewels and as much gold as she desired, with her, and return before sunrise. However, during the entire time she must not speak or turn and look back, or she would lose her life. Swanwithe immediately sent a request to her father that she be allowed to make the test in proof of her virtue, as he knew that it was sure death to one who tried it under false pretences, permission was granted. On the night of St. John's Day she went alone from Bergen to Garz, and ascended the castle wall in obedience to the directions. She had not gone far before she sank gently into a magnificent hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and great heaps of treasures filled the floor. Far back in the farthest corner sat the bewitched King, nodding in a reassuring way. Suddenly a throng of richly dressed slaves appeared, and began filling great vessels with the gold and the precious stones. The princess did the same and when she had enough she started to return, followed by all the servitors bearing the treasures they had gathered. She had already ascended many of the stairs when she began to suspect that the slaves were not following with her spoils. She couldn't resist looking back, of course, and the old king was instantly transformed into a great black dog, with glaring eyes, that sprang at her. Swanwithe gave a cry of terror, the door closed above her and she sank again into the hall, now perfectly dark. She is still supposed to be there. Her deliverance can only be effected by a pure youth, who must ascend the wall to the entrance of the treasure chamber on St. John's night, as she did. He must kiss her, take her by the hand and lead her out. Meanwhile he dare not speak or turn around. He will then be rewarded with the grateful maiden's hand, and receive in addition treasure enough to purchase an empire.

A dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the shade and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the noise of a huge bull approaching his shady resting place. "Get up," said the bull, "and let me lie down there." "No," replied the dog, "you have no right to the place; I was here first." "Well," said the bull, looking innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious twinkle in his left eye, which made the dog's spinal column run cold and his lower jaw give way, "let us toss up for it." "Thank you," said the dog, politely, "I never gamble," and he walked away. Moral—Virtue has its own reward.—*Life*.

King Alfonso assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the new town hall at Vienna by the Emperor of Austria.