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| | | |
|---------------|--------|-------------|
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| 1 " | 5,000 | 5,000 00 |
| 1 " | 2,500 | 2,500 00 |
| 1 " | 1,250 | 1,250 00 |
| 2 Prizes | 500 | 1,000 00 |
| 5 " | 250 | 1,250 00 |
| 25 " | 50 | 1,250 00 |
| 100 " | 25 | 2,500 00 |
| 200 " | 15 | 3,000 00 |
| 500 " | 10 | 5,000 00 |
| 100 " | 25 | 2,500 00 |
| 100 " | 15 | 1,500 00 |
| 100 " | 10 | 1,000 00 |
| 999 " | 5 | 4,995 00 |
| 999 " | 5 | 4,995 00 |

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SWEET PEAS.

A crowd of butterflies (white-embellished pale Psyche) lashed together by a stem
Most fragrant breathed, but trembling with doles,
Lest love come not apace to rescue them.

—Julie M. Lippman, in Atlantic.

THE EMPTY HOUR.

It held for me naught of power:
"Time lost!" was the world's decree;
And yet, 'tis that empty hour
Has filled my life for me.

THE PEA FIELDS.

There are the fields of light and laughing air,
And yellow butterflies, and foraging bees,
And whitish wayward blossoms winged as these,
And pale green tangles like a sea-maid's hair,
Pale, pale the blue, but pure beyond compare,
And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas
A shimmer like these fluttering slopes of peas,
And pale the open landscape everywhere.

From fence to fence a perfumed breath exhales
O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved fields—
My fields of Tantramar in summer-time;
And scoring the poor feed their pasture yields,
Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb,
To gaze with longing through the gray-mossed rails.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Atlantic.

HOW CHAMELEONS FIGHT.

As soon as they catch sight of each other they remain perfectly still for a moment. Then they nod their heads up and down three or four times, as if to work themselves up to the right pitch for a fight. (I've seen chickens do the same thing many a time.) Then they swell out their dewlap, or throat pouch, until it becomes a beautiful light scarlet. All this while their color is constantly changing in a manner marvellous to behold. Before they saw each other both wore a gay golden-green coat and a white shirt bosom, tinted with green, but in an instant this holiday attire vanishes, and they don their fighting suits one after another, light brown, dark brown, olive green, slate color, some plain, some spotted, but the puffing out of the dewlap is the last of these preliminaries, and now, like a flash, the tussle begins. And such a tussle it is, to be sure! No fun or play about it, only deadly earnest. I have watched these Lilliputian combats more than once. One especially I recall between two unusually fine specimens, regular anolis dudes, and a fair lady (I suspect she was at the bottom of the trouble, too), sat on a leaf close by and looked calmly on, ready, no doubt, to greet the victor with sweet smiles.

The antagonists seized each other by the jaws—their teeth are very tiny, just big enough to feel rough to one's finger—but they managed to hold on to each other, and then their heads moved to and fro, their long tails lashed, they advanced and retreated up and down the stem of the evening jessamine, which they had selected as their battle-ground, and for ten minutes they kept hard at it, their dewlaps swelled like beautiful scarlet balls, their hues constantly changing, their whole aspect instinct with rage and determination.

At the end of that time one of them had lost half of his tail, but he fought bravely on until another sharp jerk deprived him of the remaining half. That was the "drop too much;" he did not "turn tail and run," simply because he had none to turn; but he did run as fast as he could go, leaving the victor to swallow the writhing stump of his tail, which he did with evident enjoyment. The conquered hero escaped the same fate only by flight, for it is the fashion among the anolis tribes to devour their conquered enemy.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SPARROW.

In an article "Concerning the Cuckoo" in *Longman's Magazine*, an interesting account is given of the cuckoo's well-known and seldom seen performance. The surprising and exceptional nature of this phenomenon, and in some measure also the difficulty of accepting the explanation usually given of the origin of the instinct in the young bird, must be held to account for the disposition shown to accept the accounts of it with reserve. One of the most graphic sketches of the occurrence by an eye-witness is that in Mr. Gould's "Birds of Great Britain." The account by Mrs. Blackburn, who watched the movements of the young cuckoo, is full of interest.

The nest under observation was that of the common meadow-pipet, and it had at first two eggs in it besides that of the cuckoo. "At one visit," continues Mrs. Blackburn, "the pipets were found to be hatched, but not the cuckoo. At the next visit, which was after an interval of forty-eight hours, we found the young cuckoo alone in the nest, and both the young pipets lying down the bank, about ten inches from the margin of the nest, but quite lively after being warmed in the hand. They were replaced in the nest beside the cuckoo, which struggled about until it got its back under one of them, when it climbed backwards directly up the open side of the nest and hitched the pipet from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, among the interlacing fibres of which the nest was woven, and stretching its legs apart and backwards, it elbowed the pipet fairly over the margin so far that its struggles took it down the bank instead of back into the nest. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two, feeling back with its wings, as if to make sure that the pipet