

senting, perhaps, as many different varieties, to accumulate in the course of a day. It is usually, though not always, in stormy or unsettled weather.

The first curious fact about these birds is that they never appear to be tired out; whereas birds are often met with near the land with their strength quite exhausted. A second curious fact about them is their preternatural tameness where there is no cat or dog on board, and the crew show no disposition to molest them, as exhibited by their apparently seeking rather than avoiding the presence of man.

Another curious fact about them is the recovery of all their native wildness and their instinctive avoidance of man's presence on approaching the land. The first time I noticed this fact was with a pair of olive-coloured ring-doves, which, from their remarkable tameness and familiarity, I was led to believe had been bred in a domestic state and perhaps on shipboard. I kept them in the skylight in the cabin, where they seemed to be quite contented; but on approaching the land they became the wildest of the wild. One of them escaped and flew away. I succeeded in taking the other into port, where I gave it its liberty. Now, I am certain that these birds could not have been apprised of the approach to the land through the medium of any of their ordinary senses. This curious circumstance led me to notice more particularly the conduct of other varieties of these little wanderers upon the ocean so far from their native habitat, and I find that they nearly all exhibit to a greater or less extent the same curious characteristics.—George W. Grim, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

HEALTHFULNESS OF MILK.

If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken on retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones. Although we see a good many fleshy persons now-a-days, there are a great many lean and lank ones, who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their figures be rounded with good solid flesh.

In a case of fever and summer complaints, milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is feverish has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to scrimp the milk pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milk-man; have large-sized, well-filled milk pitchers on the table each meal, and you will have sound flesh and save doctors' bills.

WINTER SLEEPERS AND THEIR FOOD.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But those

that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then he eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The wood-chuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it!

For THE RURAL CANADIAN.

THE COMMON CAUSE.

BY R. H. MANCHÉE.

The town was wrapt in darkest gloom,
Save when a pale moon-beam
Peeped through the clouds, then left, and made
The darkness darker seem.

In all the air there brooded, too,
A sense of mystery,
And nothing broke the silence
Save the May-bugs' minstrelsy.

Naught else, I trow, disturbs the hour
When ghosts and goblins walk,
And skeletons come from their graves
To have a friendly talk.

When out the gloom nrope a scream
That pierced the affrighted sky,
And roused the townsmen from their dreams
And made their babies cry.

Quick 'thwart the windows flashed the lights,
And heads popped out in fear
To see if some assassin had
His trade been plying near.

Again the wail! each asks his mate
In timorous tone, "What's that?"
The moon shines forth, reveals the cause—
Drat the infernal cat!

MAGIC SQUARE.

9-8-5-4-3-6-4-7-4-4-9-8-6-2-4-1.

Place these sixteen figures in the sixteen vacant squares of the diagram in such a manner that the sum of twenty-one may be obtained by combining four of the figures in fourteen different ways, namely:—

The figures in each of the four lines reading across to amount to twenty-one;

The figures in each of the four lines reading up and down to amount to twenty-one.

The four corner figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) above and (2) below the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The four figures (2) right and (2) left of

* Mark Twain's "Sketches."

the central figures to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner to amount to twenty-one.

The diagonals from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner to amount to twenty-one.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.

There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlour, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon want cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to further his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her chief aim and the theatre of her exploits, the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or workshop.

It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils in its train.—*Christian Advocate*.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I thought I would take a run up and see if you didn't want to buy a sewing machine," said the agent to farmer Grimes.

"I don't know as I do," replied the farmer, "I've got most of my spring sowing done."

"But won't you need it for sewing in the summer?"

"Look here, young feller, we don't sow in the summer. We cuts, an' gathers, an' binds."

"Oh, well, this machine gathers and binds."

"Mebbe you'll be telling me next that your machine will haul in the crap an' put it in the barn. Don't come around here with any of your big stories."

"Don't be ruffled, my dear sir; I thing you do not understand me. I mean a machine to sew cloth, not grain."

"Ahem! you do, do you? Then you'd better go talk to the wimmin. It's a good thing you didn't mean the other kind, for if you'd kept on telling me about your wonderful machine for plantin' an' reapin', you'd got me rippin' and tearin' 'til I'd basted you."—*Texas Siftings*.

HERE is a fair sample of a small boy's diary, as given by an exchange: "Got up and washed me—had breakfast—slid down hill—had a fight with Willie Smith—we won't speak any more—wore a hole in the toe of my new boot steering my sled—eat supper—pa spanked me about the boot—went to bed—bully good day."