

The English Park Fawn.

"*Defence de chasser*" is probably the origin of the ancient term of venery which heads the notices during May and June at the gates of the Royal deer-parks, requesting that during the "fence months" visitors will prevent their dogs from disturbing the deer. It is reasonable that the respite formerly granted from the persecution of the hunter, should still be enforced to secure the deer from the yelping terriers of thoughtless London, for it is in the months of May and June that the fawns of both the red and fallow deer are born. In June, when Richmond Park is in its fullest sylvan beauty, and the young fern is up, the three main herds into which these seventeen hundred head of deer in the park usually divide, are broken up. The stags have shed their horns, and steal away in small parties into the quiet parts of the park until their new antlers are grown, and the does and hinds are severally occupied in the most anxious care of their fawns. It is not until some weeks after their birth that these beautiful little creatures are seen in any number by the chance visitor to the park. Though both the red and fallow fawns can follow their hinds within a few minutes of their birth, the careful mothers hide them in the tall fern or patches of rushes and nettles, and it is only the older fawns that are seen lying in the open ground or trotting with the herds. When the fawn is born the mother gently pushes it with her nose until it lies down in the fern, and then goes away and watches from a distance, only returning at intervals to feed it, or, if the wind changes or rain threatens, to draw it away to more sheltered ground. They are not only most affectionate, but also most courageous mothers. Not long ago, a carriage was being driven along the road which skirts the wooded hill upon which the White Lodge stands. There is a considerable space of flat, open ground between the wood and the road; but a young red deer hind which was watching her first calf was so excited by the barking of a collie dog which accompanied the carriage, that she ran down the hill and attacked and wounded the dog with her forefeet, until she drove it for refuge under the carriage. As she continued to harry the road, the carriage was turned round and driven back, but was all the way followed by the hind until it left the park by the Robin Hood Gate. (Gilbert White mentions a similar attack made on a dog in defence of her fawn by one of the half wild hinds in Wolmer Forest. "Some fellows," he writes, "suspecting that a calf new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went with a lurcher to surprise it, when the parent-hind rushed out of the break, and taking a vast spring, with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it.")

The oak-grove upon the sides, and the thick fern upon the flat top of the White Lodge Hill, are the most likely spots in which to find the hidden fawns. The red-deer seem to prefer the patches of tall rushes which grow among the oaks; and the fallow, the thicker shelter of the fern. There are also tall nettle-beds round the enclosure, in which the deer are fed in the winter, and where in summer lumps of rock-salt are laid for them to lick. These uninviting nettle-beds are, strange to say, favorite *layettes* with the fallow hinds, and in them the writer has more than once found a sleeping fawn.

It would be difficult to see a prettier picture of young sylvan life than a red deer fawn lying in one of the patches of rushes among the oaks. Unlike the full grown red deer, the fawns are beautifully spotted with white, and the color of the coat is a bright tan, matching the dead oak leaves which are piled among the rushes. If the spectator approaches from the leeward side, he may come within a few feet of the fawn, which lies curled up, with its head resting on its flank. Presently it raises its head, and looks at its visitor with grave, wide open eyes, and if not disturbed, will go to sleep again. Otherwise it bounds up and is at once joined by the mother, who has been standing "afar off to wit what would be done to him." As the hind and fawn trot away side by side, the greater grace of the young animal is at once apparent. The head is smaller, the neck and back straighter, and the ears shorter in the fawn, and the eye is larger and even more dark and gentle. The fawns of the fallow deer are quite as distinct in appearance from those of the red deer as are the full-grown animals of either kind, both in color and shape. There are three varieties of fallow-deer, and though these are often members of the same herd, the fawns of each seem generally to retain the color of the mother, the dark, mouse-colored hinds having dark fawns, the white hinds cream-colored fawns, while the young of the common spotted variety are white, mottled with light-fawn color, which gradually takes later

the dappled hue of the parent-hind. Occasionally a very light fawn may be seen, which is probably a cross between the white and dappled varieties. But none of the fallow deer fawns have the grace of the red-deer calf; they are less deer-like, and, in some respects, especially by their long, thick legs, they suggest a week-old lamb; while the head is more rounded, and the muzzle less pointed than in the red-deer. They seem to leave the fern and join their mothers earlier than their larger cousins, and are shyer and less easy of approach, a wildness which seems difficult to account for in the young of a species which has been domesticated for so many centuries. In order to approach them nearly, it is as well to take the precaution of walking up from the leeward side. Even park deer seldom become wholly indifferent to the scent of man; a score of hinds and fawns may be lying scattered under the oaks on the hill-side during a hot June day, enjoying the breeze and shade, and plainly unwilling to move. Yet if a stranger pass to windward of them, they will all rise, and when he comes in sight, move off to a distance. So when in the winter, the keeper whom they know brings the hay to their feeding enclosure, they will scent him from a distance, and gather round the feeding-pen almost like cattle, some even venturing to pick up the hay as he throws it from the fork. But if a stranger be with him, not a deer will enter the enclosure, and few will appear in sight. Like wild deer, they seem to have greater mistrust of the danger which they can scent than of any object which they can see.

At the end of summer, when the fawns are weaned and the stags have grown their antlers, the herds re-unite, and in September the battles begin among the stags for the mastery of the greatest number of hinds. Then among the oaks of Richmond Park there are forerunners of the fights between the stags which are seen a month later on the Scotch mountains. The writer once witnessed a struggle of the kind, when belated in Richmond Park, about 9 o'clock on a moonlight night in September. The moon was up over the Wimbledon hills, and the scene near the pool by the Sheen Gate was beautiful, and he sat down by a tree to watch the night. In a few minutes a stag came up to the pool and challenged, and was answered by another from the valley, which soon trotted up to the other side of the pond. In a few minutes they charged, and the crash of horns was loud and startling in the still autumn night. After a long scuffle the newcomer was defeated and chased down the slope towards the brook. It is on the flats by the brook between the Roehampton and Robin Hood Gates that the most formidable battles usually take place. A large stag generally takes possession of the ground on either side of the stream, and any invasion of his territory is so keenly resented that the keeper of the Roehampton Lodge has occasionally preferred to make a very wide circuit by the southern path to crossing the small bridge that leads directly over the brook to his usual beat in the park. When a stag is seen to put out his tongue and let it play rapidly round his lips, it is safe to infer that his temper is dangerous, and in that case it is always well to avoid disturbing the hinds. When the red-deer stag reach a certain size they are removed from Richmond and placed in Windsor Park, for greater safety to the public. There, in September, the writer has seen as many as eighty hinds kept in sole possession by a single stag. At Richmond there are no such predominant masters of the herd, but no one can return from a day spent in observing them without feeling grateful to those who prevented the park being turned into a vast volunteer camp during the "female months."—[London Spectator.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

The Washington correspondent of the *Globe*, after warning the public against supposing that all the experiments now being made by the Navy Department are with plates made of nickel steel, and pointing out that the purpose of the department is to experiment with all plates that seem available and appear to be at all adapted to the purpose, says: "Thus far the plates from Canadian nickel have given most satisfaction." This will be welcome news to Canadians, who have just now more nickel than they know what to do with. Should future experiments confirm the trials already made, it is certain that a great impetus will be given to the Canadian industry.

The Ideal Pastor.

Clergymen and the relations that exists between them and the people of their congregations has always been a fruitful subject for discourse, and wide apart have been the opinions of writers in all ages. The chief point of contention has been as to whether the ministers should confine their labors to the spiritual, or whether they should go beyond and interest themselves in the temporal welfare of their people.

The Rev. Dr. Hermau Adler is out with an article on "The Ideal Jewish Pastor," and he offers some suggestions that have a direct bearing to the minister of creed. Dr. Adler says: "It has been truly said that the worth of a man in relation to his fellows depends upon the ideal which he cherishes. A pastor to do his duty must ever meditate but he must not judge of events and decide upon his course of action with the assumption of sacerdotal infallibility. He must humbly bring the cause before God, so that striving for the divine light he will not be wise in his own conceit; before him who is the son of righteousness so that despising the soft flatteries of an easy popularity, he will consider not what will be the easiest and pleasantest policy, but what line of action will stand the scrutiny of heaven; before him who is the God of mercy and loving kindness, so that the poor and oppressed will confidently look to him for help and for defence; before him who worketh great things, so that he will not fold his hands in idleness, but will be forever striving and toiling, acknowledging no master above him save the Lord his God.

"Momentous and paramount as are the spiritual interests of his flock, he will not confine his activity to these, but devote much anxious thought to their temporal condition. His sympathies and his energies will not be pent up within the narrow limits of his own pastorate, but will extend far beyond to the lot of his brethren in countries afar off. Imbued as he is with a fervent love for his country, he will work with gladness energy in every cause that can tend to add to his country's welfare and alleviate the miseries of his fellow-men.

"But it is to the spiritual claims of his flocks that the ideal pastor will devote his chief solicitude. He will watch over God's house, imbued with the anxious desire that the divine service held within its walls shall enable the worshiper to realize the lofty ends to which his communion with his father in heaven shall serve, to purify, to consecrate, and to elevate to a higher plane his life outside the church. He will therefore strive that every service be characterized by dignity and reverence, by fervor and devotion. He will teach that a mere blind and mechanical fulfillment of priestly ordinances will not be acceptable in the eyes of the supreme, unless they serve as a stimulus to a higher life—a life of self-control and abstinence, a life of uprightness and integrity.

"The cause of the children he will most earnestly bear in his heart, eagerly solicitous that they may be won for God and his law. To attain this end he will watch over the schools that they may ever remain nurseries of genuine piety and sterling virtue. Nor in his care for the children of the poor will he be unmindful of the sons and daughters of the leisured classes, who stand in need, not less, but rather more urgently, of the wise and wholesome restraints of religion. His ear will not be confined to the young during the brief period of schooling. He will watch over the pupils at that critical period when they are launched upon the world with all its lures and enticements, endeavoring still to instruct, to guide, to mold.

"He will rally round the poor and uncultured, sympathizing with them in their struggles, mitigating their troubles, and advising them in their perplexities. Nor will he hold aloof from those who are accounted the spoiled children of fortune, but seek to shame them out of their wasteful luxury and hard selfishness.

"And thus in accordance with the scriptures he will be at one and the same time a shepherd and a watchman. A shepherd who goes out before his flock; a leader, not one who allows himself to be swayed by every passing wind of doctrine; a man of tender heart who guides his sheep to green pastures and cooling streams, carrying the young, the weary, and the footsore in his arms. And a watchman, a sentinel standing on the lofty tower, patrolling the battlements, ever alert with eye and ear, a vigilant guardian of the citadel of religion and morality against the surprise of every foe; to spread the knowledge of the unity of God, the supremacy of virtue, and the brotherhood of man."

These are the requirements that Dr. Adler considers necessary for the making of a true Jewish pastor; and it would seem that his

words may be fittingly applied to the candidate who essays to preach the doctrine of any religion upon earth.

The Coming Woman.

"What will the coming woman do
To plague, perplex and interfere with us?
Will she forbid the festive cheer?
And cupidons for acres dear with us!
Will she invade with uplifted nose,
Retreats where female foot ne'er went till late
Barroom cosy and courtroom close,
And force reluctant man to ventilate?"
Brother, and so I hear.

"Will the dear haunts where manhood played
At euchre bold and frisky seven-up—
Haunts where so oft our reasons strayed—
To conversation tens be given up?
Must we then, all go home to dine?
And must a friend in soda pledge his mate?
How shall the coming man get wined
At all, if she's allowed to legislate?"
Brother, the case looks queer.

"Speak, O friend! has the woman's sphere
The soft-soap rainbow sphere we kept her in,
Burst and vanished, and left her here
With the world at large to wield her sceptre in
Is she up to our little game?
And can she blind us, in reality,
Down to the precepts, much too tame,
We've preached to her for pure morality?"
Brother, the worst I fear.

"Friend of my youth, I can no more,
Only with me this land iniquitous.
Nay, for I see, from shore to shore
The enfranchised female rise ubiquitous
Partner in purse she'll claim to be,
Logic of business she'll outwit us;
Lost from life is the dead late-key,
And lost from earth the white male citizen!"
Brother, the end is near.

The Emperor's Broken Knee.

The French papers have been printing all kinds of stories about the Emperor of Germany, one avowing that he was drunk when he injured his knee-cap recently, but the following told by *Paris Eclair* eclipses them all:

On the night following the departure of the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern from England the crew was beaten to quarters and was surprised to find the quarter-deck brilliantly illuminated. An altar had been erected on the deck bearing the Old and New Testaments and the Kaiser stood by, wearing a white chasuble with a crozier in his hand and a black and white mitre on his head. He read the most warlike passages from the Testaments and invited the crew to respond. He then preached a long sermon on the duty of sovereigns to their people, the whole service lasting from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. The crew was then piped together. At 5 a.m. the Kaiser appeared on the bridge in the uniform of a high admiral, looking extremely haggard, and, addressing the commander, said: "Sir, retire to your cabin; I shall take charge."

The commander replied: "Sire, permit me to observe that we are in a dangerous passage and that it is advisable for your Majesty's safety, as well as for that of the crew, that a sailor remain in command."

The Emperor responded: "Never mind, God will inspire me."

The commander bowed and retired. The second officer remaining, the Emperor angrily bade him retire, the officer respectfully protesting.

The Emperor then said: "You resist, wretched creature! You trouble the spirit of God which is in me. This is the vengeance of God upon you!" dealing the officer a heavy blow on the cheek.

The officer turned crimson, but remained until the Emperor seized him by the throat and tried to throw him overboard. In the struggle that followed the Emperor fell and broke his knee cap.

The sailors watched the scene, paralyzed with fear. The occurrence was one that cannot be forgotten. The Emperor howled with pain, his eyes started from their sockets, he foamed at the mouth, he swore terribly, and in fact displayed all the symptoms of madness. The officers, after a brief consultation, carried him into a cabin padded with mattresses. Nobody was admitted except the doctor and the Empress. Men were necessary to help restrain him until his leg was bandaged and a straight jacket was put on him. The crisis lasted three days.

No class of human beings suffer so much from the poison of foul air as infants. Older children and grown-up persons are seldom so much shut up, and the diseases by which so many infants die, infantile diarrhoea, convulsions, and infantile pneumonia, strongly suggest the irritation likely to be produced by breathing these waste-poisons; though improper food must also bear a large share of the blame. Of all the evil consequences, however, of foul air none can be traced, more surely than phthisis or pulmonary consumption.