

of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way."

At once the object of his visitor was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him, in very quick retreat, from the study to the street door, these words escaping, among others:

"Not a penny, sir; not a penny. It's too bad; it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedec!"—*Life of Chalmers.*

THE STONE-MARTEN.

MARTENS are now rarely seen in the more cultivated counties of England, but in some of the wooded districts they are still tolerably numerous, and are sometimes hunted like foxes.

The marten is a tree-loving animal, climbing the branches with wonderful activity. It is a sad robber of nests, and by its rapid and silent movements is sometimes able to seize the parent bird while on the nest. The damage which a pair of martens and their young will cause in a poultry-yard is almost beyond belief. If they can only gain an entrance into the fowl-house, they will spare but very few of the inhabitants. They will carry off an entire brood of young chickens, eat the eggs, and destroy the parents. A pair of martens, which had taken up their abode in Tullymore Park, in Ireland, killed a number of lambs, sucking the blood of their victims, but not eating any of the flesh:—they were seen in the morning going home from their destructive work.

If taken while young the marten can be easily tamed, but when arrived at maturity is apt to exhibit its natural fondness for poultry. A marten, in order to escape the dogs that were chasing it in hot pursuit, leaped over a precipice, and fell from a height of forty or fifty feet. It lay on the ground as if dead, but on being picked up, began scratching and biting so fiercely that its captor