

A Familiar Path.

I walked, love, to-night in a well-known way, Through the shabby streets, past the poky square. Over sidewalks thick with snow trodden gray, Through the misty air in the chilly air— And thought as I walked in the wintry weather How oft we had trodden that path together. At first in the summer time fair and warm When the leaves were green and the grass grew high. Green leaves, and bright hopes—and swift summer storm I might find a moral, I think, if I'd try— But we had no thought in the summer weather Only that we walked in the path together. Again in the fall when the leaves were brown, And the grass was nipped by the white hoar frost. Still we walked side by side in the little town; Dead leaves—withered grass—their season was lost On us as we walked in the autumn weather, So happy, dear love! so happy together! And now the dead grass lies under the snow, I walk all alone in the icy street; Not leaves—not green grass—not soft winds that blow— No dear one with me—no sweet love to meet, And yet I rejoice in this drear winter weather, Even more than I did when we walked here together!

THE PRETTY ORPHAN.

"She's a great deal too pretty," said Mrs. Black, energetically twitching her needle through the stocking she was darning. Mr. Black looked puzzled. He was an excellent business man, but he did not understand the complication of domestic diplomacy. "Well, my dear, that isn't her fault, is it?" said he. "Her fault? No! Who said it was?" snapped his wife. "You don't understand, Black!" "No, I suppose I don't," he returned, meekly. "But I must confess I think it's rather hard to turn the poor girl adrift, after you have formally adopted her out of the asylum. And she such a good girl, too." "I thought it would be so nice to have a daughter," sighed Mrs. Black. "And wasn't it nice?" "Yes, but I never thought of her growing up so pretty, and Frank falling in love with her." "Wouldn't she make a good little wife for Frank?" "Black, you talk like a child. Our boys must marry rich. And Lilia must go away." "Where?" "I don't care; anywhere, so that she will not be a stumbling block in Frank's path. For I have set my heart on Frank marrying Priscilla Grant. She has property—she will be a suitable match." "Yes, but my dear," hesitated Mr. Black, "suppose your precautions come too late? Suppose she has already learned to care for Frank?" "Then she must unlearn, that is all," said Mrs. Black, sharply. "Lilia is a nice girl enough, but she must be taught to know her place. I shall send her to Aunt Agnew—she has written to me for some sort of a companion, and I think it is likely that Lilia will meet her wishes and ideas. At all events she will be gotten out of Frank's way. And Frank and Edward must be our first consideration you know." So Lilia Redburn was called in—a dimpled, dark-eyed girl with coral-red lips, and a shy, bewitching way of looking at you from under her long eyelashes, and told without much unnecessary preamble that she was to be transferred to the roof of Miss Abigail Agnew, her adopted father's aunt. She listened quietly; Lilia was not one of those who wear their hearts and tongues upon their sleeves—but her poor little heart sank down, down, like a lump of lead in her bosom. And that night she cried herself to sleep. Miss Abigail Agnew was sitting in her curious little room that evening when Lilia Redburn was announced. It was a quaint room—and Miss Agnew was a quaint woman, shriveled, ancient and bowed over, with gold spectacles gleaming before her eyes, and priceless yellow lace quilled after an antique fashion around her neck. "Come in Lilia, come in," said the old lady. "You see I know your name. Priscilla," to the maid, "bring the tea and toast. You can't eat anything? Pahaw, you must eat! I'm not one to be trifled with, and I say you must eat. What made my niece Black send you away? Naughty girl, eh?" Lilia colored scarlet and dropped her lids before the sharp, jetty fire of the old lady's eyes. "I hope not, ma'am. I tried to do my best—I-I don't know exactly why she sent me here." "I do then," said Miss Agnew, pouring the tea out of a chased silver teapot, into a china set as delicate and transparent as gilded egg-shells. "You were too pretty, my dear." "I ma'am!" "But we won't discuss the question any further, my dear," said the old woman. "Drink your tea and go to bed. To-morrow we will commence our duties." Lilia Redburn was very happy in her new home. Miss Agnew was peculiar, but there was a kernel of real honest kindness beneath the dry and uninviting husk of her outward manner, and

Lilia soon contrived to penetrate to it. Yet she sighed often—and Miss Agnew knew that she was not happy. "Lilia," she said one day, suddenly, "do you want to go back to my nephew Black's?" Lilia burst into tears and made her simple confession in one syllable. "Yes." "Why? Tell me honestly and truly, my darling," patting the blooming cheek with her withered hand. "Did you love Frank Black?" "Frank? O, Miss Agnew, no! I wouldn't care—only for Ned!" "Ned, eh," said the old lady, scratching her nose with the sticks of her pearl fan. "Ned, I know, I ought not to think of him," went on Lilia, hiding her face on Miss Abigail's lap, "because I am only a poor orphan and his parents are proud and ambitious of him, as it is right and natural they should be. I don't complain; pray, pray, dear Miss Agnew, don't think I'm complaining, but it's hard!" "Does he love you, my dear?" "He never told me so," faltered Lilia, taking refuge behind her long lashes. "Does he love you, say?" reiterated the old lady. "Yes, I think he does," confessed Lilia. "Well, it's a queer world we live in," said Miss Agnew, apparently addressing herself to the parrot, "when love can't hold its own against money. Get your hat, Lilia, and we'll go for a walk. I can't stay in the house when I'm irritated in my mind." Three days afterward Mrs. Black received a short note from Miss Abigail Agnew. "DEAR NIECE: You have not been to see Lilia since she came here. She is a good, affectionate girl, and I think she feels your neglect. But I write particularly to say that I have concluded to adopt a daughter of my own and settle all my little property upon her. [Little property!] ejaculated Mrs. Black, with a convulsive gasp, and she is worth a quarter of a million.] My lawyer thinks it is due to all my relatives to notify them of this fact, so no more at present from " "Yours very truly, "ANN ABIGAIL AGNEW." One minute Mrs. Black sat twisting the note around and around in her fingers, while her husband drew a long, low whistle—and then she had resolved upon her tactics. "Ned must go and see his aunt," she declared. "There spoke the woman!" observed her husband. "You want to make a match between Ned and this new whim of Aunt Agnew's. I dare say she's a little girl of six." "There is, at least, a chance," said Mrs. Black, decidedly. "He can make an excuse of bringing Lilia home to visit us." "I'd like to see dear little Lilia again," said the old gentleman. "No-body thinks about airing the newspaper and warming my slippers now that Lilia is gone." "She was a good girl enough," said Mrs. Black, "only a deal too pretty. But now that Frank is away at the White Mountains—" And she bustled away to attend to the summons of Malvina, the cook, her head full of vague matrimonial schemes, on behalf of her youngest son, and the fortunate damsel who was to inherit the golden showers of Aunt Agnew's wealth. Ned showed no unwillingness whatsoever to go to Aunt Agnew's. "Of course I'll go," said he. "And I'll bring Lilia back for a good visit. I say, mother, I've been intending to tell you for some time that I mean to marry Lilia Redburn!" "Ned!" "I do," stoutly asserted the young man. "She's good, and she's pretty, and I love her, and I believe she loves me!" "The ungrateful, audacious, scheming minx!" hysterically sobbed Mrs. Black. "Have I then been warming a viper in my bosom all these years?" "Mother," said Ned, "Lilia is the sweetest girl in the world, and I won't hear a word against her. We shall be poor, but I am willing to work for her." And he walked out of the room with the dignity and resolution of one who is thoroughly in earnest. And Mrs. Black began to cry and wonder whether Frank, away in the White Mountains was too far compromised to Miss Priscilla Grant to admit of his entering the lists for Aunt Agnew's heiress. Failing any more satisfactory method of solving the problem, Mrs. Black resolved herself to accompany the rebel, Ned, to Aunt Agnew's. "Dear Aunt Abigail," she sighed, as Lilia ran up stairs with her shawl and bonnet, "what am I to do? Here is Ned persisting that he will marry Lilia Redburn!" "Well, I guess the best way is to let him marry her!" said Miss Agnew. "You can't either lock him up or bind him over to keep the peace, so far as I see. But you haven't asked to see my adopted daughter." "I came on purpose to be introduced to her," said Mrs. Black. "How old is she?" "About eighteen." Mrs. Black heaved a spasmodic sigh. "Oh, Ned! Ned! if only you had kept that rebellious heart of yours safe

in your own possession!" she thought, adding aloud. "And pretty?" "Well, people say so. Here she comes now." Mrs. Black stretched her neck this way and that, to see behind Lilia, who just then came into the room, blushing and lovely. "Where? Pardon me—I may be dull, but I don't see?" "I have adopted Lilia Redburn," said Miss Agnew, dryly. "And Lilia Redburn has promised to be my wife," said Ned Black over the new heiress' shoulder. "So I don't see but that Aunt Abigail will have to adopt us both!" "I'll take the matter into consideration," said the old lady. "But I hope you are satisfied now, Niece Black!" "Perfectly," cried the maneuvering mother, "perfectly!" For luck had borne the little vessel of her hopes and fears safe into a golden port.—N. Y. Daily News. Reasons for Migrations. By what strange and mysterious psychological mechanism does the swift learn that the period for migration has actually arrived? Simply, I believe, by a natural see-saw, dependent only on the alternations of the seasons. For when the swift is not in Great Britain he is off on his other alternative residence in Cape Colony. As some people keep up a house in England and a winter villa at Cannes or Mentone, so the swift has always a summer nest in Europe and a winter nest in temperate South Africa. Or, rather, they are each in their own time summer nests alike; for, of course, whenever it is winter here it is sunny midsummer in the southern hemisphere. Unwise admirers of the swift have ventured boldly to assert that he knows when cold weather is coming, and therefore goes away from England in autumn before it arrives. When men speak so to you believe them not. This is nonsense (with all due deference to its propounders); the swift knows not when it will be cold, but when it is cold—a much easier matter—like all the rest of us. The reason he leaves so much earlier than our other summer migrants is simply because food fails him. There is nothing miraculous in knowing when you are hungry; the merest infant well knows that much. The cold upper air begins to feel the chilling effect of autumn long before the basking lowland meadows, and when the supply of flies falls short in the high circles where swifts habitually move, the swifts are prompted by an inner monitor (other than conscience) to flit southward. So they make tracks for Africa in a formed body, devouring the remaining insects as they go, and, in the words of the poet, otherwise applied, "swallow, swallow, flying south." At the same time I do not deny that the swift is a bird of delicate constitution, and that a marked aversion to cold for its own sake is one of his most obvious personal characteristics. A member of an essentially tropical family, he visits the northern and southern temperate regions only during the very height of their summer season, and probably loiters long on the way, breaking the journey in Morocco and the Sudan, like those wise invalids who leave Egypt or Algeria early in February and only reach the admiralty pier at Dover when the English spring has fairly reached the summit of May hill. Then in autumn he is off again about the middle of August, and if by any chance a few stragglers linger on too late in September they are not unfrequently overtaken and numbed by the first frost, in which case they fall helplessly fluttering on the unfamiliar ground, and are left to the cruel tender mercies of the village children.—Cornhill Magazine. Only Wanted Five Minutes. "You were speaking of Stephen Field as a grave and sedate justice now that he is full of years and honor, and occupies a seat in one of the greatest judicial bodies in the world," said another of the party, "but I remember him when he was as gay and rollicking a lad as the best of us." "When the mining camp at what is now Nevada City was first organized young Lawyer Field was elected a justice of the peace. Probably the toughest member of the camp was a noted desperado, Jack Reynolds by name. One day Reynolds was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing. It was a trial by jury, with Justice Field presiding. The evidence was not strong enough to convict, but as everybody was anxious to get rid of Reynolds the verdict was 'We find the prisoner at the bar not guilty, but if he is wise he will leave the camp in thirty minutes.' The verdict amused the young justice immensely, but he repeated it to Reynolds with due solemnity. "Reynolds, whose sense of the ridiculous was quite as keen as those of the jury, calmly replied, as he gave his trousers an extra hitch: "Gents, if the mule don't buck I'll be out in five."—Washington Letter. The other day at Oxford a man who had insisted on keeping bees was plainly told by a local dignitary that his bees must be sent away because a gentleman commoner had just been stung. He replied instantly: "Mr. Dean, I assure you that you are doing us a great injustice. I know that bee well. He is not mine at all, but belongs to Mr. Bigg, of Merton."

MOOSE-HUNTING. The moose seeks his food where the yellow water-lily is found. It is not, however, the leaves nor the blossoms which are sought, but the roots. These extend in a perfect network through the mud in which they grow, attaining a thickness exceeding a man's arm, and an indefinite length. In color they are a pale greenish or yellowish white, smooth on the exterior, except for a number of eyes like those on a pineapple, somewhat elastic to the touch, and pithy within. There is no disputing about tastes, and consequently we will not criticize the moose for being so fond of this vegetable. But to the human palate, it is dry, insipid, and pucker. To obtain this he will wade out into the water, and submerge his head beneath the surface until even his ears are submerged. Then, having wrenched a chunk of greater or less length from its bed, he withdraws his head, and dripping water from each of the numerous angles which characterize his ugly physiognomy, he stands the picture of pure animal enjoyment, chewing away at one end of the root, while the other sticks out of his mouth like a cigar. To catch him in the middle of this performance is the constant burden of the hunter's prayers. Should the night promise to be still, warm, and dark, the hunter scours the reflector of his jack until it shines like silver, and breathes upon and wipes its glass lens until it is speckless. The lamp within should emit a powerful light; but the casing must be so constructed that not the faintest glimmer can escape until its aid is required, and a hinged cover, which caps the glass, is dropped. For though a deer will almost always tempt fate by standing stock-still, gaping at a light like a backwoodsman in a city, the moose is no such fool. If he has any curiosity, he recognizes the great principle that there is a time for all things, and that the time to study an unusual phenomenon comes only after he has betaken himself to cover. In this, as in most other forms of moose-hunting, two form the company—one to do the work, while the other takes in the fun—and, as in many other things in this life, ultimate success depends more on the skill of the former than on that of the latter. After the jack has been lit some twenty minutes, so that the maximum of light possible without smoke is assured, the pair betake themselves to the canoe. Blankets are spread on the bottom of the boat to deaden any motion of the feet. He who is to shoot seats himself in the bow, while his companion first wraps him in blankets, and then arranges the jack. This is best suspended from a frame behind the rifleman; but it should be so connected with his head that the beam of light will follow its every motion when the jack is open. With the glass uncovered, the rifle is thrown to the shoulder, and the connection of the jack with the head-gear is so adjusted that when the most convenient aim is taken, it will be directly in the center of illumination. Thus both sights of the rifle are perfectly visible, and the difficulty is no longer to shoot with accuracy, but only to obtain a sufficiently distinct view of the object to be hit. When this is complete, the other takes his place in the stern, folds his blanket over his lap, and grasping his paddle, pushes from the bank. The jack is then closed, and complete darkness and silence follow. As noiseless as the shadow of a cloud, the canoe steals along, and hour after hour its occupants, relying solely on the sense of hearing, strain every nerve to detect an indication of the near neighborhood of the game they seek. It is not so hard on the paddler, since the exercise keeps his blood in circulation and his nerves in some sort of condition. But the man in the bow fares differently. Aches and pains declare themselves in all sorts of places, together with the most insane desire to cough, or sneeze, or blow his nose, or do something else equally inopportune. He strains his ears till they almost crack; he thinks he hears all kinds of noises, until his confidence in his ability to distinguish the real from the imaginary is almost destroyed. He suffers, but he suffers in silence, and with patient resignation. Should a sound be heard near, but not on or in the stream, the canoe pauses, and minute drags after minute; perhaps even an hour is passed without sound or motion, until it is certain that it was a false alarm, or that the animal has betaken itself elsewhere. At last comes a slow and measured sound—slosh, slosh, slosh; and then all is still again. The heart of the hunter shrivels within him to the size of a lemon, and flies into his throat, where it keeps up such a thumping that it seems impossible the noise should escape the quiet ear of the game. With the utmost caution the rifle is brought to the full-cock, and the left hand freed, ready to open the jack at the preconcerted signal, which it is the duty of the paddler to give. Every ache and pain is at once forgotten in the all-absorbing question, Will he remain in the water, or take to the bank, and burying himself in the woods, escape? For he is still far beyond the range of the jack, and not till it will surely show him up must it be opened. If the motion of the canoe was slow before, it seems doubly so now, and minute after minute, each

apparently an hour, drags on, and still the noise, repeated at intervals, seems to nearer. At length, after a seemingly endless delay, comes the signal to open the jack, and the light streams forth. There he stands, middle-deep in the water, dim, shadowy, and monstrous, his eyes glaring green in the light, with the malevolence of a demon. He will stay but for a second, and only decide which way to retreat. Raise the rifle slowly, but lose no time. Draw as carefully as though shooting at a two-inch bull's-eye, and give it to him right through—not behind—the middle of the fore-shoulder. For a second the smoke obscures the result. Is he down or up? In either case, does he again if you can; but if you cannot, close the jack at once. Now is no time to ask your companion, Do you think I hit him? If you were silent before, be doubly so now, and listen. Does he burst into and tear through the woods as though he had gone into the kindling-wood business and was laying in a winter's stock, and do you hear him crashing and smashing until the sound dies away on the distant mountain-side? It was a clear miss, or at best a graze. But no; the uproar dies away, and a silence you can almost feel ensues. What sound is that from the neighboring woods? There he is! You can hear him breathe, and wheeze at every inspiration. It is well. The shot was a little too far back, but it was pretty well placed, all the same. Now withdraw with the stillness of death itself, and not until at least half a mile intervenes whisper to your companion, "Well, I guess that's our meat; what do you think?" For if from any act of yours he discovers what has hurt him, particularly if you attempt to land, he will either attack at once, in which case you will be in desperate peril, or he will travel till he drops, perhaps miles and miles away, and the foxes and other marauders of the forest alone will profit by his death. Whereas, if you leave him to attribute his distress to a stroke of lightning or a fit of indigestion, or to any cause other than the agency of man, you will find him in the morning.—Henry P. Wells, in Harper's Magazine. The Color of Birds' Eggs. Many birds make their nests in lofty trees or on the ledges of precipitous cliffs. Of these the eagles, vultures, and crows are conspicuous examples. They are, for the most part, says Nature, too powerful to be afraid of the marauding magpie, and only fear the attacks of beasts of prey, among which they doubtless classify the human race. They rely for the safety of their eggs on the inaccessible positions of the nest. Many of them also belong to a still larger group of birds who rely for the safety of their eggs upon their own ability, either singly, in pairs, or in colonies, to defend them against aggressors. Few colonies of birds are more interesting than those of herons, cormorants, and their respective allies. These birds lay white or nearly white eggs. Nature, with her customary thrift, has lavished no color upon them because, apparently, it would have been wasted effort to do so, but the eggs of the guillemot are a remarkable exception to this rule. Few eggs are more gorgeously colored, and no eggs exhibit such a variety of color. It is impossible to suppose that protective selection can have produced colors so conspicuous on the white ledges of the chalk cliffs, and sexual selection must have been equally powerless. It would be too ludicrous a suggestion to suppose that a cock guillemot fell in love with a plain-colored hen because he remembered that last season she laid a gay-colored egg. It cannot be accident that causes the guillemot's eggs to be so handsome and so varied. In the case of birds breeding in holes secure from the prying eyes of the marauding magpie no color is wasted where it is not wanted. The more deeply nature is studied the more certain seems to be the conclusion that all her endless variety is the result of evolution. It seems also to be more and more certain that natural selection is not the cause of evolution, but only its guide. Variation is the cause of evolution, but the cause of variation is unknown. An Angelic Deceiver. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb was a devout as well as a brave man. He believed in the efficacy of prayer. Col. Tom Hardeman tells a story concerning Gen. Cobb in the opening days of the war. Gen. Cobb had related that he had prayed very earnestly before retiring, and after he went to bed he had a sort of vision in which an angel came down and told him that there would be no war. The story made a great impression on the boys, and when the convention met at Montgomery, Ala., it had not been forgotten. During the discussion one fiery actor got up and told how the dogs of war had been turned loose, and the heel of the invader was on our shores, etc. Turning to Gen. Cobb, one big-mouthed fellow bawled out: "Say, Tom, don't you think now that that 'ere angel told you a d—d lie!" Governor Marmaduke and Supreme Court Judge Norton of Missouri often indulge in wrestling bouts, for which they are well matched.