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LILACS. The same sweet blossoms year by year. This little purple cluster here. Set all the public's wondering. Not with the passion it puffed. By the red roses' splendor. But with the memory of the smile. With Time, the true and tender. With these dear blossoms in my hand. Some miracle hath found me. I walk in childhood's happy land. With smiling all around me. The flowers bloom, the waters flow. With this my little purple. And these dear blossoms in my hand. The winds loom, fragrance treated. And while I look, the years glide on. And I a loving maiden. Again loom, the blossoms bloom. Stand in a lover's garden. Upon the bosom of my gown. While tender eyes in mine look down. And love is one with duty. When to his door a happy bride. I made my glad home-coming. The little path on either side. Was fragrant with their blowing. Ours with my feet have traced. Their footprints perfume fingers. They were the first to place. With my little purple. As all of life's delight they crowned. With their completeness. So in the hour of death they bound. Above the still and faithful breast. Where his own wishes had them. And left my heart and them. In all life's storm and stress, and fret. Its working and its waiting. Ours with my feet have traced. Their footprints perfume fingers. They were the first to place. With my little purple. Within your magic bloom they meet. Ours with my feet have traced. Their footprints perfume fingers. They were the first to place. With my little purple.

years ago, when we made a vow over a skull? A glance of intelligence was now discernible in Mr. Pevensey's eyes. He was getting interested. "That whichever one should die first must—"

Appear to the other," finished the ghost, nodding and blowing smoke from his nostrils. "Ergo, here I am." "I must say, Pembroke, that you chose the worst time you possibly could for the interview, to-night of all others; but, then," he continued, as if excusing Pembroke, "you didn't know." "But I did," answered the ghost, with difficulty keeping down a refractory chuckle. "I happened to be there myself."

"And saw me make an awkward fool of myself?" "Well, if you want to put it that way, I suppose I did; I was invisible then, you know, quite invisible." Mr. Pevensey groaned aloud. To make an awkward fool of one's self is bad enough, but to have disembodied spirits acting as invisible spectators of one's folly is maddening. "It's all right," continued the ghost; "I'm mum."

"Don't," said Mr. Pevensey, in a wheedling tone, "don't tell any one—I mean any other ghost; why, if they should get hold of it, I would be the laughing stock of—"

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of his street; he would seek his own house, and have an explanation of the affair. Yes, there it was at last. It had not changed, at least; the same steps, the same door were there that he remembered leaning against so often late at night, and observing the two whirling top-posts on the corner. He ascended the steps and tried the door. Not up yet. He must ring. At the summons a step was heard in the hallway, and a sleepy servant peered out from the half-open door.

"O, it's you, is it, Mr. Pevensey?" said James. "No," said Mr. Pevensey, "it ain't me, is it? Now, my friend, will you tell me what you're doing in my house?" James was astonished. Mr. Pevensey, receiving no answer, thrust the man aside, marched past him and entered the parlor. He was past being astonished, and simply regarded the furniture of the room with wild wonder.

"I'll just wait here till somebody comes; and then, may be, the deuce won't be in my foot; O, no!" He could hear foot-steps and whisperings in another room. Evidently James had aroused the household. After some time the door was timidly opened, and Miss Emory peeped in. Seeing Mr. Pevensey, she rushed in and flung herself upon him, said, hysterically, "O, Penny! what is it; what has happened? Explain this untimely visit. You are not drunk!"

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but if you will go to Miss Emory and explain the matter to her, lay all the blame on me—I can stand it, you know. Trust me, Pen, and try it." With these words the thin visitor became thinner still, and soon was quite dissolved.

Mr. Pevensey gazed at the chair which he had lately occupied for some moments blankly, and then meditated: "I might as well after all do as he suggested. It can't be any worse than this now." Accordingly, after making an elaborate toilet, he repaired to Miss Emory's house, from which, some hours later, he came forth, walking with an elastic step and smiling serenely, although it must be confessed his necktie and coat collar were rather disordered. And even to this day Mrs. Pevensey is really under the influence of Pembroke—or whisky—R. E. Ho., in Chicago Tribune.

THE CORRECT WAY OF SHUFFLING OFF MORTAL INTEGRITY IN THE DOMAINS OF THE SHAH. The sick man lies in extremis on a thin mattress upon the floor, covered by a quilted silken coverlet. Twenty or thirty persons are in the room where he is dying. The smoke of many hubble-bubbles clouds the air; whispered conversation is general. The doctors have declared their patient's condition hopeless, and as a last resort, certain charms suggested by a weird-looking dervish have been tried. But the crab brood, prepared from the tiny crustaceans that inhabit the streamlets round Shiraz, the patient has been unable to swallow; and the dervish points out to the relatives of the dying man that his pancea has only not proved infallible because it was not used to the patient's woman, the wife of the dying man, sits weeping at the side of her husband's pillow. She frequently holds to his face a moistened piece of mud torn from the wall (this wetted mud is supposed to have a very reviving influence, and is used by Persians as we use smelling salts).

The wife yields her place by the bedside. Moistened cotton-wool is placed in the mouth of the dead, in the orifices of the nostrils, and in the ears. A moollah begins to read aloud the prescribed portion of the Koran, commencing: "O man, I swear by the instructive Koran that thou art one of the messengers of God sent to show the right way," etc. This portion of the Mussulman sacred book was called by Mohammed himself "the heart of the Koran." And now all present witness aloud that the dead man was a good and pious Mohammedan. The limbs are composed, and a cup of water is placed at the head of the corpse. No sooner is this done than a moollah ascends to the flat roof of the house and begins to read in a shrill monotone certain verses from the holy book. This announces to the neighbors that the man is verily dead; and at the same moment his relations shriek and wail: "Woe, woe! he is dead; he has passed away." These are the expressions of a real grief. But presently the professional mourners arrive and rent the air with their shrill screaming, which is like the "keening" of the Irish.

The house is soon filled with friends and neighbors, who add their cries to the screams of the mourners. The women of the family hasten to array themselves in "bitter" (i. e., sombre) garments—not in actual black; but in colors of faded recollection of sea-green, blue, and purple, and the air is washed or dressed their hair until the funeral and the first days of mourning are over. The male relatives do not literally rend their garments, but give them the right appearance by opening certain seams of their coats and cloaks with a penknife; and instead of casting dust upon their heads they dab mud on their hair.

And now come the washers of the dead. To each parish are attached a family of these people, who get a despised livelihood by performing the last offices for the dead. The corpse having been washed at an adjoining stream, the hands are placed across the chest, and the shroud of cotton cloth that the deceased has probably had by him, as a sort of memento mori, for years. Camphor (real vegetable camphor) is placed beneath the shroud, and the body is laid in a rough coffin made of thin planks and brought back to the house. The coffin in Persia is of a thin and unsuitable kind, and the burial always takes place within twenty-four hours of decease.—St. James' Gazette.

Wet Land. The plowing of wet land does a mischief which remains for years. The owner of a stiff clay farm who turned over a field to too much of a hurry ten years ago has not since been able to get the soil into the same condition it was in before. When a plowshare becomes smeared with mud as it turns the furrow slice, and the earth is plastered, as a mortar is when a trowel is drawn over it, clay land becomes hard for many years. Even light land is spoiled by it, but the clay is toughened and dries in hard clods which are very difficult to reduce to a fine condition again. One may easily make haste too fast in plowing in the Spring. The test of fitness in the soil is that a spade may be put into it and withdrawn without any smearing, and the spade of soil when dropped will fall apart into a loose mass.—N. Y. Times.

MATRIMONIAL.

Why the Decline of the Estate is So Marked at the Present Time. The present extravagant way of living probably has much to do with the present falling off in the matrimonial field. Girls brought up to every luxury, men with no idea of honest work, but only of pampering their own luxurious tastes, are not the people to join hands for the tremendous responsibilities of wedlock and the vicissitudes of life. What in the name of all that's reasonable could the modern dude do to support a family in comfortable circumstances, or more, to keep the wolf from the door? But he has no thought of matrimony; he puts all his small brain upon the fit of his clothes and the insipidity of his drinks. He enjoys the society of ladies; yes, he affects the girls very much, but into his small brain there never creeps more than a milk-warm liking for them. And the girls? Let them be ever so dally bred up, let them be ever so carefully reared of all germs of common sense as they grow, yet there is an innate love of the noble in every girl's heart that would forever prevent her from falling in love with a dude; but if she did happen to, there is not one dude in a thousand would have the courage to find it out. And again, the higher education of women makes them more independent, more capable of a choice. With it their happiness is more in their own hands, and thus it is found that most divorces are among the class of people who still hold to the custom of an idle life for women. In older times, to marry was considered almost as sure a fate as to die. The farmer's poor daughter spun the flax or patted the butter into shape with a sweet smile playing about her pretty lips, for soon she knew she would in her own home pat her own butter and spin her own flax. In the city, the belle lounged through the day among flowers and perfumed notes from many admirers, unable to decide which she would give her choice; yet positively certain of choosing one. But in "ya olden time" it was considered a point of extreme honor to be true to one's sweetheart. If one were false to every one else, one must be true to one's lover. In these days honor is almost a lost art. To be able to deceive is considered an evidence of delicate excellence. To believe what one is told, to trust the honor of a given word, is considered almost imbecile innocence and simplicity. To-day there is no consideration but advantage. Will it be a step further on to a worldly way—is the question which presents itself. Sometimes the answer is positively in the negative, if I may be allowed the term, and very often it is doubtful. The love-after-marriage literature of the day is a fair sign of the times. To marry for advantage or convenience, and afterward to love "for love's sake only," is the most accepted plot of the more recent works. And this reacts upon society with a subtlety equal to that of the flower poison which has been discovered by Dr. Mackenzie to be the cause of ag-fever. One can not see its action, yet the result is there. The want of trust and sanctity in the marriage tie, the free opening to women of other interests and sources of happiness, and her increasing ability to stand alone, are some of the causes which are filling our land with single, but capable and useful women.—Margaret Madden.

THE SICK MAN LIES IN EXTREMIS ON A THIN MATTRESS UPON THE FLOOR, COVERED BY A QUILTED SILKEN COVERLET. Twenty or thirty persons are in the room where he is dying. The smoke of many hubble-bubbles clouds the air; whispered conversation is general. The doctors have declared their patient's condition hopeless, and as a last resort, certain charms suggested by a weird-looking dervish have been tried. But the crab brood, prepared from the tiny crustaceans that inhabit the streamlets round Shiraz, the patient has been unable to swallow; and the dervish points out to the relatives of the dying man that his pancea has only not proved infallible because it was not used to the patient's woman, the wife of the dying man, sits weeping at the side of her husband's pillow. She frequently holds to his face a moistened piece of mud torn from the wall (this wetted mud is supposed to have a very reviving influence, and is used by Persians as we use smelling salts).

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A New York man advertises troches for dogs, which are guaranteed to make the breath of poodles and pugs as sweet as Desdemona's. Disease itself may be a blessing, for it appears that in Philadelphia "entirely new cases" hire themselves out to clinical lecturers at from twenty-five cents to two dollars, according to the "instructiveness of his malady."—Chicago Tribune.

Germany has contributed to the world artificial cheese made of one part oleomargarine and two parts skimmed milk, mixed to the consistency of cream and subjected to the usual process of manufacturing the genuine article. The Yankee manufacturer of spurious products is not alone bad. A Spartanburg (S. C.) young lady advertises in the local paper for a husband. She describes herself "young and pretty, charming and witty, petite and piquante." Either there are no young men in Spartanburg or the damsel has overrated her charms.—Chicago Tribune.

Two negroes of Wheeling, W. Va., had an affair of honor the other night and engaged in a butting duel. After fourteen rounds, in each of which their heads crashed together like rocks, they were satisfied, both being covered with blood and severely wounded.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Jacob Trugonwitz, of Philadelphia, has discovered that catfish skins may be tanned to resemble serviceable leather. His first experiment was on a skin of a fish weighing about 160 pounds. He has now been engaged in the business for several years, and finds it very profitable.—Philadelphia Times.

An old actor who has been interviewed on the subject gives as his opinion that nobody without a good long beard ever played tragedy acceptably. However that may be, there is no question that a good long nose and a disposition to poke it into other people's business has led to a great deal of real tragedy.—Chicago Tribune.

The best quality of charcoal is made from oak, maple, beech and chestnut. Wood will furnish, when properly charred, about twenty per cent. of charcoal. A bushel of charcoal from pine weighs about twenty pounds, one from hard wood weighs thirty pounds; one hundred parts of oak make nearly twenty-three of charcoal, red pine about twenty-two, white pine twenty-three.—Chicago Herald.

Professor E. C. Marshall says the French have more suspension bridges than any nation on the globe. Their engineers are putting up suspension bridges everywhere, and at least one of the structures approximates to the size of the Brooklyn bridge. So numerous are such bridges in France that it is impossible to secure an accurate list of them on this side of the water. A large black granite block, highly polished, was landed at Castle Garden recently. It was sent to Washington to be placed at the base of the monument. It is a gift of citizens of Wales, and was quarried at Mount Anrari. All letters on the face, in Welsh, is the following: "My language, my country, my people. Wales forever."—N. Y. Times.

A Bath boatman saved an Italian organ-grinder from drowning Thursday. There was nothing objectionable in that, but when a long-suffering public reads the additional statement that the boatman rescued the hand-organ, too, from a fiery grave, there will be no disposition in the public mind to award the boatman a medal. Bath boatmen evidently lack discrimination.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Village Officers.

COMMON COUNCIL meets on Wednesdays at 8 and 10 o'clock P.M. at the Village Office, 100 N. Main St. President—H. Kinsley. Clerk—E. E. Kinney. Treasurer—V. P. Cash. Attorney—B. R. North. Marshal—James Kelly. Constable—Horace Wisner. Street Commissioner—Jacob Zimmerman. Assessor—D. Van Dyke. Health Officer—Dr. A. G. Sheldon. Pound Master—B. L. Rose. Trustees—Warren K. George, Nile, C. F. Kapp, U. W. Case, G. O. VanDegrift, Michael Dealy.

BOARD OF EDUCATION meet on call of the Director, at Dr. C. F. Kapp's office. Director—Dr. C. F. Kapp. Supt.—C. W. Kapp. Assessor—Wm. Neuling. Finance Committee—Dr. A. Conklin, O. D. Morfitt and Dr. C. F. Kapp.

Societies.

RAISIN RIVER LODGE, No. 27, I. O. O. F., meets at their hall over George J. Hausler's drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. W. B. LOVETJOY, M. W. G. J. LACELLE, Recorder.

WOMAN'S WELFARE SOCIETY meets in their hall, over Doty's store, on the first and third Monday evenings of each month. JACOB BONNEL, Secretary.

DOMINION COUNCIL, No. 24, R. S. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings of each full moon. ARTHUR CASE, T. M. M. G. J. LACELLE, Recorder.

METHODIST CHURCH, No. 48, B. A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evenings of each full moon. F. BLOSSER, R. P. G. J. LACELLE, Secretary.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 148, F. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evenings of each full moon or before each full moon. Visiting brothers are invited to attend. LIBERT CASE, W. M. E. E. BOOR, Secretary.

CHURCHES. CATHOLIC (St. Mary's) Rev. J. Stanes, Priest. Meetings every alternate Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Front streets, every alternate Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 A. M.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN (German)—Masonic Hall, every alternate Sunday. Meetings every alternate Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday school after services.

REPUBLICAN—Exchange Place. Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Meetings at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10 o'clock A. M. Meetings every alternate Sunday at 10 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place. Dr. B. Manger, Pastor. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Meetings every alternate Sunday at 10 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Beaufort street at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Meetings every alternate Sunday at 10 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

NOTARIES. J. D. CORRY, Co-Recorder and Notary Public. Collections, and all other business left with him will receive prompt attention. Farm and Village property for sale.

ATTORNEYS. E. W. MORRIS, Attorney at Law, Attention given to collections and conveyancing. Office over Fottler's store, Manchester.

PHYSICIANS. A. TAYLOR, M. D., Office at residence on An Arbor street, Manchester. Calls by day or night will receive prompt attention.

DR. G. H. WALLACE, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon. Calls by day or night will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to the treatment of acute and chronic diseases. Office in his new brick stable of North Main street, Manchester.

MISCELLANEOUS. CHARLES YOUNG, Tinsmith, Tinsmith, Artist. Shaving, shampooing, hair cutting, etc. Neatly executed. Good House Block, Manchester.

TOM'S FLINN, Auctioneer. Will attend sales for \$2-50. Office at the Exchange place will receive prompt attention.

HUBBARD, Auctioneer. Sells and appraises real estate, furniture, etc. Office at the Exchange place will receive prompt attention.

A. G. SHELDON, DENTIST. Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered. Office: Over William Dexter's store, Manchester, Michigan.

B. P. KEYHOLD, Licensed Auctioneer. Sells and appraises real estate, furniture, etc. Office at the Exchange place will receive prompt attention.

S. DAVIS, PHOTOGRAPHER. Produces first-class work in PHOTOGRAPHY. Sells, fitting caps, frames, etc. Office at the Exchange place will receive prompt attention.

AN ANNOYING VISITOR.

A Recreant Bachelor Tormented by a Mischievous Ghost. Mr. Pevensey entered his bachelor apartments on —th Street in a leisurely manner, carefully hung up his coat and hat in the hallway, and, setting aside his dripping umbrella, glanced about the luxuriously furnished room with visible satisfaction. Then, drawing before the cheerfully glowing grate an arm-chair, he seated himself with one of those sighs which one gives vent when conscious of having gone through something disagreeable, and anticipating a quiet rest.

Mr. Pevensey had, indeed, gone through a very trying experience. On that very evening, at precisely half-past nine, he, a bachelor of eight-and-twenty, and not ill-looking (which fact added in no small degree to his self-complacency), had proposed to the charming Miss Emory, and was even now trying to regain his scattered ideas and explain to himself how it had all happened. (On that time he was in a fever, and could no longer proudly boast of his freedom from the gilded chains of Hy-men; Mr. Pevensey, as he thought of this, involuntarily heaved another and a deeper sigh, and slowly shook his head several times. It was plainly to be seen that he was not in that lovesick condition which young people are supposed to acquire after a long and unrequited love affair, and a superficial bachelor observer, merely knowing the fact of his engagement, would have sworn that he had been bewitched and entrapped by means of those subtle arts and devices known only to females. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Mr. Pevensey was in a fever, and in a most comfortable and agreeable mood, and after musing on his impending fate for half an hour, he lighted a cigar and opened the "Reveries of a Bachelor," with the desire to extract a few drops of consolation therefrom.

The rain beat dolefully against the window. The clock, to offset this, kept up a most pleasant ticking, and at intervals a equally pleasant and melodious chiming, all of which sounds fell upon Mr. Pevensey's ears unheeded, for he had gradually fallen into a dreamy state of half-consciousness. The fire burned low, and the red-tinted globes overhead shaded and subdued the light, as it revealed the half-reclining figure of the bachelor thus passing from reverie to slumber. Patter-patter, tick-tick, patter—"Ahem!" said a voice at his side in a precatory way. Mr. Pevensey started up and looked about him. Close by, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out, lay a man in a most comfortable and agreeable manner, was seated a ghost of the male persuasion—a transparent semblance of a man—a veritable spirit. Mr. Pevensey gazed and each hair began to look about for its individual end on which to stand. The ghost noted these signs of trepidation at first frowning, but in a most comfortable and agreeable manner, was seated a ghost of the male persuasion—a transparent semblance of a man—a veritable spirit. Mr. Pevensey gazed and each hair began to look about for its individual end on which to stand. The ghost noted these signs of trepidation at first frowning, but in a most comfortable and agreeable manner, was seated a ghost of the male persuasion—a transparent semblance of a man—a veritable spirit.

"How did I come here?" he muttered. "Well, I don't know, but I was sitting in a white room with a white wall and a white door." "This last exclamation was called forth by the discovery of his own gold watch and chain. "Ain't she a beauty?" he asked himself, taking it out and examining it closely. "The Hooker must come down handstands for that—handstands!" "Well, I don't know, but I was sitting in a white room with a white wall and a white door." "This last exclamation was called forth by the discovery of his own gold watch and chain. "Ain't she a beauty?" he asked himself, taking it out and examining it closely. "The Hooker must come down handstands for that—handstands!"

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As on the previous morning, Mr. Pevensey was awakened by a sunbeam streaming on his face; but instead of sitting through the rich curtains of his own apartments as it did then, it shone between the rusty bars of an ordinary cell. He surveyed the surrounding walls with a wondering gaze, and he did before, and as he realized where he was and caught the offensive odor of stale beer which pervaded the atmosphere of the cell, he began to be indignant. Then the truth began to dawn on his mind and the episode with his old friend Pembroke recurred to him like a nightmare. He started after her rapidly, at the same time calling to her to stop. She turned hurriedly and looked at him, then walked faster, and as he increased his pace and seemed determined to overtake her she gave a scream and in a moment Mr. Pevensey was roughly seized by a passing policeman and borne away in spite of his protestations that it was his daughter, and he merely wanted to speak with her a moment. His sullen manner was not softened as he was thrust into the somewhat narrow and uncomfortable room appointed for such characters as the station-house and informed that his trial would occur at nine o'clock in the morning.

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MONKEYS.

The Family Life of Our Simian Progenitors. Among other mammals the female element yields the scepter in family life, but in the realm of apes the male is invested with the sovereign power, not by force of suffrage, but by the right of gender. The oldest and strongest male of a troop proclaims himself chief and leader after having vanquished all his competitors. The longest teeth and the strongest arms decide in the question of supremacy. All those who show reluctance to submit are chastised till they come to reason. To the strongest belongs the crown; in his sharp teeth resides his wisdom. This ferocious tyrant understands his duty as a leader, and performs the same with dignity. His subordinates flatter and fondle him in every way. As a genuine Caesar, he accepts of flattery and a great deal of languid acquiescence. In return he watches carefully over their welfare and security. He orders and directs minute details in daily life. The female monkey gives birth to one young one, very seldom to twins. The new-born monkey is a little grey creature, bare of hair, with shining limbs and a small, snail face. But the mother is passionately fond of her monster, and caresses and nurses it with remarkable devotion. She does not leave it for a single moment, she presses it to her heart, rocks it to and fro, and takes the utmost care to keep it absolutely clean. In the first period of life the baby is apathetic and almost insensible, but begins gradually to play with urchins of his age. The mother is a patient observer of the first steps of her beloved, and watches carefully that no harm may befall it. In the meantime she trains it, and the first virtue inculcated in the mind of the youngster is obedience, obedience in the strictest sense of the word. Men have ridiculed the maternal affection of the brute, and the tenderness exhibited by monkey may have a ridiculous side, but where is the man who could, without deep emotion, witness the sick child of a mother-ape nursing her sick child. I must confess that, to my eye, in such cases, she is at least the equal of the human mother. If the young ape dies, the spectacle is a piteous one. The mother refuses to separate from the dead body, refuses all food, and frequently perishes from grief. In such crises the ape proves certainly his congeniality with the human race, and in his moral affections could stand as an example to many men.—Nature.

The rare sight of an ostrich with a wooden leg might have been seen on a California ostrich farm some time ago. The ostriches first hatched were deficient in bone structure, a deficiency which has now been supplied, it is supposed, by a certain element in the food of the parent bird. The bones in the legs of these young chicks were very soft and breakable. As an experiment, the broken leg of one of the birds was amputated and a wooden one strapped on. Those who have seen the ugliness and miening gait of the ostrich when it has been carried on for a period of thirty-one years is still pursuing its way without any more signs of a matrimonial termination than there was over a quarter a century ago.—Lark and Bird.

