

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters plain and distinct.

TODAY. Oh, heart, tired out with pain to-day. A thousand years to come Thy pain will all have passed away, Thy crying shall be dumb; A gently bird-wings o'er the river Shall gleam with life that once was thine, As if his wings, with pain entwined, Still leaped, with gladness half-divine: To thee, to all, it is an end, When once thy restless years are done."

DAISY. A clear and ringing whistle rose and fell and rose again, a pleasant sound to hear, upon the evening air; but the girl who stood knee-deep in clover beside the meadow fence looked somewhat wistfully at the joyous notes struck up by her.

"Poor fellow! dear fellow!" she said to herself. "It is so hard to go against him when he is as light-hearted as that."

"A moment more and Ralph Armstrong, her lover, vaulted lightly over the intervening bars and stood beside her. Straight, sturdy, brown, something of the contrast between himself, with his superabundant life, and the wee woman waiting there, seemed to strike him."

"Why, my little Daisy," he said, with a playful tone turning up her chin until he could look into the soft eyes, that straightway filled with tears. "Why, Daisy?" he repeated, in an altered, vexed voice, "I thought when I saw you out there that you were glad to see me, and that you would be glad when I tell you that I have found the farm, and there to be an end of your dragging your life away. No more cooking for lodgers, or sitting up half the night to look out for Rick. Is he not worth it to you, Daisy?"

"He was away all night," said Daisy, in a low voice. "He never got home until noon to-day. He is asleep, and oh, Ralph, I am afraid to have him wake up and find out that I have been here. Miss Winter is here."

"Didn't I tell you how that would be?" reminded Ralph, not very kindly. "But, luckily, it don't matter; you can get rid of her as soon as you please, and we will have the wedding—when?"

"Daisy turned her face away to the gathering dusk. "Oh, Ralph!" she cried, piteously. "Be contented to wait."

"To wait! What for? For Rick to drink himself to death? For you to grow old before your time with the hard work of taking care of a farmer and his wife? Daisy, once and for all, you'll have to choose between your lot of a brother and me. If you are bound to put him first now and forever—"

"The unfinished threat fell upon other ears besides those it was intended to reach. Miss Winter, who had been noisily peering at the thick grass almost noiselessly from the meadow, came down the lane upon which the meadow bars gave, and Dr. Lloyd, lifting his hat to Daisy, shot a keen glance at the young fellow standing sulkily at her side. He was gone in a moment, but he left a feeling of alarm, which kept him from the time from pressing what he had been about to urge. He turned and walked toward the house with Daisy.

It was a shabby, tumble-down cottage, with moss and broken breaking down, and a broken-down porch, with the rustic benches that long ago rotted away. The picturesque aspect of the old place had been Miss Winter's fancy, and she had, Miss Daisy had found the weekly addition to her income, and the reason for her dreading was all that now went into her shabby purse.

There was a muffled cry of "Daisy! Daisy!" as those two approached together, then once, twice, the report of a pistol, together with the sound of scattered glass, was borne to their ears.

He came whistling down the path to find Daisy standing by the gate. "Well, and here you are, made up your mind which one of us you'll take?" "Ralph, you know that I can't leave Rick."

"It's he or I," said Ralph, stubbornly. "He has no one else," pleaded Daisy. "Have I? There's no use arguing, it's got to be one thing or the other. I want a wife in my home, and if you won't have me maybe there are others that will. Sweetheart, say that you care too much for me to send me away."

"Oh, Ralph, you must wait." Ralph muttered an unpleasant word, and flung away without a good-night. An uneasy step came down the path. "Looking for me, Rick?" Daisy tried to speak cheerfully. "No; get away!" Rick spoke wildly. "You've been out with Ralph; you'll go off with him next. You're tired of me, and I can't do better than to make an end of myself. I'm going the straight road."

Daisy threw herself before the gate; she clung to him, pleaded with him, begged him to let her go. Half-crazed as he was, Rick was in no condition to go back to the village inn and the rough crowd which would be gathered there at that hour. But all of a drunken man's obstinacy was there, and while they stood there came again the roll of wheels that were checked suddenly, and Dr. Lloyd sprang down as he took in that scene at a glance.

"Do into the house, Richard," he commanded, and Rick, without a word, obeyed. "I'll give him a powder," said the doctor to Daisy. "You must sleep yourself tonight." He stood talking with her after he had seen Rick safely in his room. "So he has had the pistol again. Well, I don't think that need alarm you; Rick isn't one to do himself any harm. He has been drunk enough to hide it again, or I would take possession of it. He is never violent toward you?"

"Oh, no, never." "Not quite drunk enough for that," muttered the doctor, as he took his leave, and Daisy slept peacefully after her trouble. She did not believe that Ralph marked to Daisy, "I would have been flung with him before this if I hadn't supposed he belonged to you."

"Flirting! Oh, Miss Winter!" "He isn't a bad man! at the pastime himself," remarked Miss Winter, coolly. She understood the situation much better than she had at first. "I would have been flung with him before this if I hadn't supposed he belonged to you."

"Rick had avoided the lodger from the first. It was a revelation to Daisy when she came upon him one day holding a crushed flower which Miss Winter had worn. He had not been near the house since that time. He came with his light carriage and mottled horse, looking neither sorry nor cast down, Daisy observed with a throb of the heart.

"He isn't false, then; he'll come back some day when she is gone." Rick had been seen at the village. He was on his way home when, at some distance away, he saw the carriage standing at the parsonage gate. Ralph and Miss Winter were just taking their places in it, the minister stood on the steps, and the curious faces of the village were looking on. Daisy, who had been looking on from the roadside, saw him give a violent cut with his whip. The spirited horse started with a plunge, a buckle snapped, and then the next instant his driver had lost all control over him.

Rick had taken in the scene which his eyes rested on, and a sudden stillness rested over him. "They've been getting married!" he said to himself, aghast. "Been getting married, and he has cheated Daisy!" he shan't get away so easy as that."

His brain was clouded with liquor; some blind impulse of rage and revenge moved him, and his fingers clasped and brought out the weapon which he sometimes carried. They were close upon him now; he lifted his hand and fired—at the horse, he threw every reason to believe, for there was a dangerous embarkment near, toward which the runaway was heading. But he missed his mark and the next instant the steed's hoofs were trampling him down.

The horror of that time was a year old when Ralph opened the rackety gate and made a way again to the old house. Daisy was sitting in the porch, all in white, as he remembered her so well. That he was holding her hand and looking into her startled eyes. "My little white Daisy," broke over

his lips. "I never really loved any one but you, and I have come back to ask you to be my wife, after all." "Oh, Ralph, don't you know?" "Know what?" he asked. "That I am Dr. Lloyd's wife, was married a week ago?" "And—am you happy?"

"He wanted her to say no; he thought his own misery would be easier to bear if he knew she shared it. There was a sound of wheels nearing the gate. She turned her face that way; a beautiful flush tinged it, and that look answered him without the low-spoken words: "I am very happy."

Mr. and Mrs. Spoonpeydyke. "And so, my dear," observed Mrs. Spoonpeydyke, as she and her husband reached their room, and she stepped over the glass to arrange her crimps, "and so, my dear, the law is now a legislature, was it ever? Whoever expected that I should ever see a live legislature?"

"You didn't think it was going to be a dead one, did you?" growled Mr. Spoonpeydyke, who had just discovered a slip in the sleeve of his waistcoat; "you don't think I brought you up here at an enormous sacrifice of comfort and cash just to show you a stuffed legislature, do you?"

"N-n-n-o," faltered Mrs. Spoonpeydyke; "I didn't think it was exactly that, but I don't know what it was about, that's all." "Well, it was about time you got out, if that's all," retorted Mr. Spoonpeydyke, ripping away at the hole in his sleeve to see if the stitches were strong either side of the rent. "It was about making laws, that's what it was about."

"But that's just the part I don't understand," insisted Mrs. Spoonpeydyke. "A law is something about being arrested, but I can't get it through my head how they make them." "At the time of planting, broadcast, when plaster and manure are used, this is used to great advantage with this crop, as they are of a dry or arid soil, and they prevent disease as well as promote the growth of the tubers. On warm, dry, light land, such compost is not so much used; decayed leaves are excellent. In seasons of disease among potatoes, in fields where ashes have been used they have suffered but little from the rot."

Use of Plaster and Ashes. "To use plaster on any of our growing crops requires so slight a cast and so often proves very beneficial, that one can hardly afford to neglect the application, although occasionally no perceptible advantage is derived from it. As the best, we scarcely look for benefit except in the case of the manure crop. But in using ashes we are more sure of benefit, and its good effects are so lasting that after one application, say of from fifty to one hundred bushels per acre (though if leached ashes are used one could safely apply three times as much), the effect will show for five, ten, or even fifteen years by increased fertility. When applying plaster to corn, or plaster or guano, phosphate or hen manure, or even with a small quantity of ashes (in all cases from 100 to 200 bushels per acre), the ingredients should be prepared and well mixed on the barn floor, loaded into an open wagon, so as to have it along convenient to the work, and almost any time in the early growth of the crop apply a small handful to each hill; not, as some do, by throwing a sackful of ashes near the plant, but by the fingers give it an even distribution all about the hill. But after the corn is a little more advanced I believe it would do it more good, and without costing much if any more, to scatter a pound of fine ash near to both to be dry. It is important that the wood be thoroughly dry, as each ten per cent. of water or moisture will detract about twelve per cent. on its value as a fuel. It may be interesting to know the connection of the weight of one cord of different woods, which are thoroughly dry. These weights are about as follows:

Hickory or hard maple, pounds..... 4,500
White oak, pounds..... 3,800
Sycamore, red oak and black oak, pounds..... 3,500
Average of pine, pounds..... 3,000

The fuel value of these different kinds of wood, as compared with coal, is about as follows:

One cord hickory or hard maple equal to coal, pounds..... 3,000
One cord white oak, equal to coal, pounds..... 2,500
One cord sycamore, red oak or black oak equal to coal, pounds..... 2,175
One cord pine, equal to coal, pounds..... 1,600
One cord poplar, chestnut or elm equal to coal, pounds..... 1,000
One cord average of all woods equal to coal, pounds..... 925

It is supposed, of course, in both tables that all the wood had been air-dried, and the comparative values of woods not mentioned in the table may readily be approximated by the reader.

A Telephone for Farmers. To make a good and serviceable telephone, from any farmhouse to another, or to connect two farms, and two cigar boxes. First, select two cigar boxes and make a hole about half an inch in diameter in the center of the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect; then get five pounds of common rope, or a heavy wire, make a loop in one end and put it through the hole in your cigar box and fasten it with a nail; then draw it tight to the other box, supporting it, when necessary, with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with a nail across the window, and your telephone is complete. The writer has one that is 200 yards long, and cost forty-five cents, that will carry music when the organ is played thirty feet away in another room.—American Farmer.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. To insure success in the soil for potatoes must be finely sifted, well-drained and, moderately moist; the seed scattered evenly and dusted over with not more than one-eighth of an inch of soil at the utmost; then pressed down gently with the back of the hand, and have to be kept completely shaded and watered with a very fine sprinkler, enough only to keep the soil from becoming dry. The seeds germinate in from eight to twelve days, after which the shading should be gradually removed.—Progressive Farmer.

Peter's Culture. The potato, says Robert Buis, requires a rich, sandy loam, with very liberal and clean culture. Thoroughly decomposed manure is the best, and must not be abundant, but somewhat or guano. Old rod land turned under in the fall, and lightly plowed and harrowed in the spring, will produce a sound crop and often a large one. Clover soil is excellent, furnishing a large amount of vegetable matter, and is the best. When turned under in August or September, it is not by the following spring, and only a top-dressing of some well-established fertilizer will be required to carry through the crop. Wet land produces a coarse, unpalatable potato, and one that is not the law part right; it is little better to such land. Ground should never be plowed while wet and heavy; it injures the soil, and does more harm than the manure can offset; ground should be prepared as carefully as thoroughly for potatoes as for any other crop, and the fertilizer used requires but little manure, if the ground is rich, and that should be old and well rotted. By many, spreading the manure before plowing in the spring is thought to be the best mode.

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Robbers in a Minnesota farmhouse, being unable to find the money which they knew was hidden on the premises, placed a cooked revolver at the head of a baby and threatened to blow its brains out. This made the mother give up the other treasure.

FOR THE FAIR SEX. The Hands and Feet. The hands of the finest lady should be able to clasp with the full fervor of friendship and pull a child out of danger; and a hand upon which no dependence could be placed in an emergency by no means a credit to man or woman. The notion that any lady's hand should be of this kind is, in the real sense of the word, vulgar. Delicacy is delightful, but weakness must either excite pity or contempt, according as it is self-imposed or not. The Chinese mandarin allows his nails to grow till they resemble claws, priding himself upon this evidence that he never did, and is incapable of doing, any manly work; and many ladies cultivate their hands to suggest the same notion. It must be remembered that the longer and more pointed the nails the more delicate they are suggestive of claws. This is increased by the polishing of them. Surely it cannot be in good taste to rearly our animal origin at the expense of human capabilities. The Greeks, who accentuated all peculiarly and distinctly their characteristics, carefully avoided pointing the nails, though no Darwin had shown them whence the nails came; they also rejected smallness of hand, such as the ideal of modern taste demands. Proportion and fitness were to them ruling principles, outside of which they found no beauty. Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large, and the second too small. Tiny feet and hands are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement, and that the result is the destruction of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This unfortunate notion that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it till it becomes, in cases, a bunch of crippled deformity. It is a most common practice, alike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of the growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of the foot, which is not only painful, but, in the long run, leads to the inevitable bunions, the only remedy being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left.—Nineteenth Century.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of melted butter, one-half cup of sweet cream, one-half cup of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, two cups of flour and a little salt; dissolve the soda in a little hot water. Bake in a buttered tin.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—Wash and slice green tomatoes; to every pound allow quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and one lemon thinly sliced; put in a saucepan, and stew them gently in a pulp, taking care that they do not burn; cool them in the kettle, keeping it covered, and then put them into glass jars with air-tight tops; use them for making pies, or for the table in place of pickles.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, seventeen tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs; grate the yellow rind of the lemon and squeeze the juice of the lemon on the sugar; to this add the yolks of the eggs, which should be beaten till light; cover a plate with a rich paste, putting a lining of butter, and fill with the above mixture and bake till the crust is done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a little powdered sugar; spread this on the top of the pie when it is done and let it brown.

BROWN STEW.—Take three pounds of good round of beef, cut it into slices, season with salt, pepper, and a little onion, and put in a stew-pan in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring it gradually in and stirring till the flour is brown; add a carrot, small, peel half a dozen small onions and put with the beef; season with half a dozen cloves, a bay leaf, a half pint of water, a half pint of port wine, a pinch of cayenne, a tablespoonful of mixed herbs, thyme, sage and marjoram; cover with boiling water and let it simmer steadily for three hours; just before serving a gill of tomato catsup can be added.

Thrilling Fight With a Lioness. Peter Marvin, an animal trainer employed at the winter quarters of a circus in Philadelphia, recently had a desperate encounter with a lioness named Juno in a close room filled on three sides with lions of beasts. The lion had become jealous of the attention shown to Peter Marvin, a pinch of directly opposite her own. After feeding the cubs the keeper patting them for a while, which threw Juno into a violent rage. Marvin turned to quiet her, and as he advanced toward the cage he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant she seized his right arm and the elbow. In her right grip his head and body the man fell and with his left hand grasped the bottom of the cage. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lioness then seized his right arm and tried to mangle it. Marvin's efforts only increased the ferocity of the beast. By this time every animal in the place was wildly excited, and their roars and cries were heard squares away. As there is a small army of lions in the place, the lioness house was soon surrounded with men. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvin's arm, struck him several wicked blows on the shoulder and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.

Just as the man reached the doorway they heard a sound of shrieking timbers, accompanied by the cries of roars. Juno had thrown her body against the bars and broken through. The interior of the building was dark, and no one dared to venture in. They looked upon around the place and they hesitated. They supposed that Marvin was dead. He, however, managed to reach the rack in which the heavy iron bars used to clean the cages are stored. Snatching one of the iron bars he boldly advanced on Juno, who crouched in a corner. Above the din of the their establishment, heard Marvin cry: "This reassured them and they started to enter. As the doors opened Juno sprang over Marvin's head and took refuge in a stall. Marvin shouted to close the doors, and, following the now cowed lioness, struck her twice with the iron bar. Then he poked her out and with an angry roar she vaulted back into her cage and the danger was over. Marvin's injuries were attended to by a physician, who said he would not lose the use of his arm.

Five Years of Fire. From carefully compiled statistics it appears that during the five years ending December 31, 1881, there were 763 fires in the United States, 2,270 country stores, 886 churches, 886 country stores, 1,870 hotels, including those at watering places, 1,366 liquor stores, 940 drug stores, 281 carriage factories, 382 bakeries, 268 newspaper offices, 243 printing establishments, 763 iron stores, 821 ice houses, 195 saw mills, 248 machine shops, 477 blacksmith shops, 977 fowls and grist mills, 489 planing mills, 174 wooden depots, 702 school houses, 288 railroad depots, 702 cotton-gin houses, 914 breweries, 185 tanneries and 329 foundries.

There will be at least thirty-six professional baseball teams the coming season. This means 860 professional players.

ACTS FOR THE CURIOUS. In England thirty swans are taken from the Thames and killed each year about Christmas time. The queen has four, the Prince of Wales two and the sisters, cousins and aunts of the royal family one each.

A Pittsburg detective observes that there are few fat men among the criminals. "Our most desperate criminals," he remarks, "are mostly men with light complexions."

Wales is the oldest part of Great Britain. Ages before England rose from the waters Wales stood an island trodden by strange monsters, misshapen lizards and reptiles, whose tracks are found in the solid rock to-day.

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Five Years of Fire. From carefully compiled statistics it appears that during the five years ending December 31, 1881, there were 763 fires in the United States, 2,270 country stores, 886 churches, 886 country stores, 1,870 hotels, including those at watering places, 1,366 liquor stores, 940 drug stores, 281 carriage factories, 382 bakeries, 268 newspaper offices, 243 printing establishments, 763 iron stores, 821 ice houses, 195 saw mills, 248 machine shops, 477 blacksmith shops, 977 fowls and grist mills, 489 planing mills, 174 wooden depots, 702 school houses, 288 railroad depots, 702 cotton-gin houses, 914 breweries, 185 tanneries and 329 foundries.

There will be at least thirty-six professional baseball teams the coming season. This means 860 professional players.

ACTS FOR THE CURIOUS. In England thirty swans are taken from the Thames and killed each year about Christmas time. The queen has four, the Prince of Wales two and the sisters, cousins and aunts of the royal family one each.

A Pittsburg detective observes that there are few fat men among the criminals. "Our most desperate criminals," he remarks, "are mostly men with light complexions."

Wales is the oldest part of Great Britain. Ages before England rose from the waters Wales stood an island trodden by strange monsters, misshapen lizards and reptiles, whose tracks are found in the solid rock to-day.

FOR THE FAIR SEX. The Hands and Feet. The hands of the finest lady should be able to clasp with the full fervor of friendship and pull a child out of danger; and a hand upon which no dependence could be placed in an emergency by no means a credit to man or woman. The notion that any lady's hand should be of this kind is, in the real sense of the word, vulgar. Delicacy is delightful, but weakness must either excite pity or contempt, according as it is self-imposed or not. The Chinese mandarin allows his nails to grow till they resemble claws, priding himself upon this evidence that he never did, and is incapable of doing, any manly work; and many ladies cultivate their hands to suggest the same notion. It must be remembered that the longer and more pointed the nails the more delicate they are suggestive of claws. This is increased by the polishing of them. Surely it cannot be in good taste to rearly our animal origin at the expense of human capabilities. The Greeks, who accentuated all peculiarly and distinctly their characteristics, carefully avoided pointing the nails, though no Darwin had shown them whence the nails came; they also rejected smallness of hand, such as the ideal of modern taste demands. Proportion and fitness were to them ruling principles, outside of which they found no beauty. Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large, and the second too small. Tiny feet and hands are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement, and that the result is the destruction of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This unfortunate notion that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it till it becomes, in cases, a bunch of crippled deformity. It is a most common practice, alike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of the growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of the foot, which is not only painful, but, in the long run, leads to the inevitable bunions, the only remedy being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left.—Nineteenth Century.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of melted butter, one-half cup of sweet cream, one-half cup of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, two cups of flour and a little salt; dissolve the soda in a little hot water. Bake in a buttered tin.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—Wash and slice green tomatoes; to every pound allow quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and one lemon thinly sliced; put in a saucepan, and stew them gently in a pulp, taking care that they do not burn; cool them in the kettle, keeping it covered, and then put them into glass jars with air-tight tops; use them for making pies, or for the table in place of pickles.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, seventeen tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs; grate the yellow rind of the lemon and squeeze the juice of the lemon on the sugar; to this add the yolks of the eggs, which should be beaten till light; cover a plate with a rich paste, putting a lining of butter, and fill with the above mixture and bake till the crust is done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a little powdered sugar; spread this on the top of the pie when it is done and let it brown.

BROWN STEW.—Take three pounds of good round of beef, cut it into slices, season with salt, pepper, and a little onion, and put in a stew-pan in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring it gradually in and stirring till the flour is brown; add a carrot, small, peel half a dozen small onions and put with the beef; season with half a dozen cloves, a bay leaf, a half pint of water, a half pint of port wine, a pinch of cayenne, a tablespoonful of mixed herbs, thyme, sage and marjoram; cover with boiling water and let it simmer steadily for three hours; just before serving a gill of tomato catsup can be added.

Thrilling Fight With a Lioness. Peter Marvin, an animal trainer employed at the winter quarters of a circus in Philadelphia, recently had a desperate encounter with a lioness named Juno in a close room filled on three sides with lions of beasts. The lion had become jealous of the attention shown to Peter Marvin, a pinch of directly opposite her own. After feeding the cubs the keeper patting them for a while, which threw Juno into a violent rage. Marvin turned to quiet her, and as he advanced toward the cage he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant she seized his right arm and the elbow. In her right grip his head and body the man fell and with his left hand grasped the bottom of the cage. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lioness then seized his right arm and tried to mangle it. Marvin's efforts only increased the ferocity of the beast. By this time every animal in the place was wildly excited, and their roars and cries were heard squares away. As there is a small army of lions in the place, the lioness house was soon surrounded with men. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvin's arm, struck him several wicked blows on the shoulder and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.