Opportunity.

He who shuts his eyes repining, When a shadow dims the day; May not see the sunlight shining When the clouds have passed away.

Only when the clouds are cloven, By the tempest passing by-Is the rain with sunshine woven, Then the rainbow spans the sky. -Monthly Advance.

NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A lovely afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the · ladies made a gala day even on Broadway.

Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly-fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions-whether to go for his usual uptown stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminister, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right hand glove, that the cherrie ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk.

But he knew of a far better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it too Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable access of fraternal affection, and little Nona Zabriska herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, that the wearer might clasp the haads of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart or eyes could desire to see.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry-trees and the evening-star probably know; but it was very delightful, and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries at all, and presently there was a great deal of handshaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cher-

But as the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became uppermost. , Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginian springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did. That would perfectly satisfy him, he thought. Yes, Nona Zabriska dresssed like Jessie Mabin would leave him nothing to desire.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's, and a modest check "just for spending-money,' made his sister Cecelia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecelia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why do you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh, loving heart." "It seems to me -. " But here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next d fficulty was to make Nona delicately understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent her by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or explanation became neces-

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you Philip. I am

quite well, thank you." "Oh! but I don't mean about your health, Nona. You little witch! who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well! I mean about dress and deportment, and those kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood so far. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must behave and dress as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, homely in his eyes.

familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as--well, as Jessie Mabin."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?" Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, was said, but nothing in it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but

also all that had been left to be inferred. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few day's visit to the springs, and in the intervals be refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of let-

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still he did not feel much troubled. He thought he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays in his own proper person could not fail to make.

This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie—a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners. He was on the piazza when they, returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain-first, that her interest was pretended, and second, that Jack's conversation was foolish.

Then he felt unaccountably and, as he very well knew, unreasonably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawling out the while a pretty little assurance of being "30 glad to see Mr. Hays," with the information that 'Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train."

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. 'And you too, Nona?"

"Oh dear no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and so, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know that she is really the belle? Jack Christie and Ed. Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are,

"Very kind of them, but-"

"Well, so it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audably declared to be "just the thing," yards of satin and lace makiag a track of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat, and her wrists.

All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

He bade his mother and Cecile good by, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his

As they passed out of the parlors Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poer Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough; but in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one imploring whisper of "Nona!"

"Philip!" Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled aprons, never more looked

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when Philip is in the "opposition," reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way if he got it, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do. -Harper's Weekly.

· Crow and King Birds.

Crows are loved neither by farmers nor by other birds. "All a crow is good for," said a Norwich (Conn.) farmer, is to hang up by the feet in a cornfield and skeer off other crows with." It is un unsettled question whether crows love best to suck other birds' eggs or pull up young corn. Spunky little king birds are their most dreaded foes. They are not so big as a robin, but they have long sharp bills and are full of fight. They are the natural watchmen of the fields. Even cats and dogs are afraid of them, and the mere sight of one balancing himself on the top of a bar post or on the cone of a mullein will make a crow to quake and flounder away to the woods with absurd manifestation of prodigious terror. King birds had rather fight for feathered friends than for their own sake. A few days ago at East Great Plain, in this town, a couple of king birds caught a crow breaking eggs in a robin's nest in an orchard. It was half a mile to the woods, and the crow knew as soon as he saw his enemies that he was in for the bitterest experience of his life. He flapped heavily into the air, and his bitter foes went at him. They slugged him in the head only, pecking at his eyes on either side, and in a few moments one of his eyes was closed or destroyed, and he floundered about in the air like a steamboat without a rudder. He had not gone more than thirty rods before he had to tumble to the ground in a meadow to gain a breating spell. On the ground his assailants could not get at his head so well, but they made the feathers fly from his back. Again he arose, and as he winged across the valley, driving up and down and plunging and half turning his big body in the air, all the little birds in the neighborhood-robins, bluebirds, wrens, sparrows and ground birds-gathered and chaffed and mocked him. He was forced to drop to the ground two or three times before he got away from his foes. As he passed over a dusty road at the edge of the woods, flying not more than thirty feet high, three big splashes of blood fell on the clear sand. Every feather had been pecked from his head, and the expression in his swollen and bloody visage indicated repentance and a resolve never to steal eggs again. The kingbirds kept at him until he flopped through the thick branches of a spreading chestnut, and then they turned back, evidently satisfied that he would never be much of a crow thereafter. They could not get at him in the follage of the forest. They alighted on a fence rail, and as they cleaned their bills of blood and feathers the other little birds celebrated with song the triumphant termination of the aerial mill. -N. Y. Sun.

The Fish of the Jordan.

The most characteristic fishes of the Lake of Galilee belong to the family of Chromidae, three species of which are figured in Dr. Tristram's work. Chromis Tiberiadis is peculiar to the Jordan and its affluents alone. It is found in the most amazing numbers from the Lake Huleh to the head of the Dead Sea. "It is by far the most abundant of all the species in the lakes." "I have seen them," continues Dr. Tristram, "in shoals of ovea an acre in extent, so closely packed that it seemed impossible for them to move, and with their dorsals fins above the water, giving at a distance the appearance of a tremendous shower pattering on one spot of the surface of the glassy lake. They are taken both in boats and from the shore by nets run deftly round and enclosing what one may call a solid mass at one swoop and very often the net breaks. They are also taken in large quantities by poisoned crumbs thrown from the shore on to the surface of the water. By casting nets hundreds are often taken at once." When they reach the Dead Sea, which they do in thousands, they do not get further than a few yards when they become stupefied and turn over on ther backs, "while cormorants and kingfishers perched on the snags of floating logs gorge themselves light a large cat. He fired twice in rapwithout effort, and often heaps of putrefying carcasses washed on the shore poison the atmosphere and afford a plenteous feast to the ravens and vultures."-Edinburg Review.

In the Jewelry Trade:

Magistrate (to new policeman)-Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighborhood?

New Policeman-Shure, yer Honor, I saw but one mon an' I asked him what he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he: "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in this vicinity later on." At that I sez: "I wish you success, sorr."

Magistrate (disgusted)-Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in that vicinity and stole seventeen gold watches.

New Policeman (after a pause)-Begorra, yer Honor, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no loiar. -New York Herald.

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

The Biggest and Most Power. ful of Wildcats.

Able to Whip Grizzlies and to Leap Tremen dous Distances.

In the course of an article on the mountain lion, a prespondent of the San Francisco Caul, writing from Southern California, says: The power of the puma is not exaggerated, and many instances are on record where grizzlies have been found dead, and torn in a way that showed that the mountain lion must have done the work. Instances of their remarkable jumping powers are very common in the East, and South, and in this country near the McCloud River, where the animals are very common, Mr. Livingston Stone followed their tracks to the foot of Mount Persephone, where they converged to the foot of a cliff twenty feet in height, showing that to reach their home the lions must have taken this leap directly up.

The mountain lion is remarkable for its wide geographical range. When I was on the Florida reef some years ago, the wreckers on the key complained fish of whose ocean history little is that a panther, as they called it there, had swum across from the main land and carried off a pig, while another shoat had its ear bitten off. In the Adriondacks it is comparatively common, and known as the painter among the woodsmen. In fact, it ranges both continents, from the Straits of Magellan north to Canada. In South America it is known as the they first make their appearance near puma; in California the American lion or enough to the mouths of rivers to be cougar, while the carcajou or quinquajou and catamount are other titles given it in various lands. The American lion, however, is its true title, as it is the largest cat in this country, and takes the place of the lion there. Long, slender, and graceful in its motions, lithe and it is only in their journey to the rivers' powerful, it is the type of agility and mouth that they have to run the gauntstrength; and if it does not possess the let of seals and sea-lions, for they probcourage of the African cats it has quite ably have a capacity for standing deepenough when hemmed in, to give the er water than their just mentioned enchunter a good fight. I have been informed that a specimen has been killed in this State six feet in length, including the tail, and this may be considered the maximum size. In such an animal the height at the shoulder would be about two feet and one or two inches. A puma It first proceeds at its leisure to the was kept at Woodward's, in San Francisco, that was nearly as large as an awhile and seems to play about between African lioness, measuring four feet from | fresh and salt water. Whether it shrinks the tip of the snout to the root of the tail. In contrasting the puma with others it will be noticed that its head is smaller in proportion to the size of the body than all other cats except, perhaps, the leopard. The skull is about eight inches long and five and three-eight inches wide. The color of all the pumas that it has been my good fortune to see has been a uniform reddish, becoming lighter below. There are no markings except in the young, upon which there are several rows of stripes and spots on the back and

many thrilling adventures, in books, but ment, out of a great many thousand e never been able to find a single in stance in the East where one of these animals voluntarily attacked a human being, though when wounded they make a savage resistance. So, too, the books contain accounts of the roars of the panther when it was wandering about the camp at night, and while I have spent considerable time in the most impenetrable parts of the Adirondacks, where these sounds are supposed to be frequent, it was never my good fortune to hear the roar of the American lion; and, moreover, I found that all old hunters said that it was an extremely quiet animal, following

its prey silently. In South America the natives tell many stories of its cunning that are to be received with some caution. One of these tales is that it imitates the bleating of the deer so accurately that these animals are

lured within its reach. The greatest pest in Southern California to the farmer is the wildcat. It attains quite a large size among the foothills, and commits great depredations in chicken yards. A friend recently caught one that had a record of forty chickens before it was finally trapped; and that the creatures are vicious and will fight when cornered there is little doubt. The same friend heard a noise in his chicken coop one night some time ago, and going out, revolver in hand, saw in the dim id succession, when the animal sprang, but caught the third bullet in mid air, and dropped dead at his feet.

The coolness of these creatures is proverbial. A few weeks ago I followed the Arroyo Seco down the mountain on horseback with Professor Wheeler of the University of California, when as we turned up a road leading to Orange avenue, not a stone's throw from the thickley settled portion of Pasadena, the largest wildcat I ever saw, indeed, I was inclined to think it the spotted lynx, stepped out of the bushes in front of our horses, sat down on its haunches and ductive energy of the country can pay. gazed at us, and finally, after each party and satisfied its scrutiny, it leaped into the bush and disappeared down the steep him, but with many more below him; tides of the canon, neither of us having any weapon to stay it. It is, as I have auggested not impossible that it was the its crusade, who owns \$2500 worth of

Grande country and into Southern California. It is, however, quite rare, and I have never heard of a specimen having been caught here. This animal, while it seems to differ from the common lynx, is And wagging his tail outside the ring, in reality only a variety, the animals varying in a remarkable way in color and the arrangements of spots. Wildcat hunting may be included in what is called doubtful sport. Good dogs are needed to tree the animals, when they can be picked off like ripe oranges with the ride. The difficulty in the way of good, honest sport in this country lies in the fact there are no good hounds, and by nounds I mean foxhounds. After finding that it would cost from \$30 to \$40 to bring a dog from the East by express, I made an attempt to find a thoroughbred foxhound, but up to date I have failed to discover him in Southern California, though my quest developed some of the most remarkable dogs called hounds it was ever my good fortune to see.

California Salmon.

A scientific work just published under the auspices of the United States Government, on the fisheries and fishing industries of this country, has this to say about the California salmon, a known: "We know that salmon leave the mouths of the rivers at stated times and return to their rivers at other stated times, but where they go, or how they fare, or what motive guides their course in their mysterious ocean sojourns, no one knows. They are found to have deep-sea fish in their stomachs when captured, which points to the deep sea as their ocean feeding-ground. They are often caught with marks of seals' and sea lions' teeth upon them, which show that they are preyed upon in the sea by these enemies, though, perhaps, mies. But if their ocean history is little known, their inland career is interesting enough to make up for it. From the moment the salmon enters the river, which it is sure to seek once in one or two years, its progress is one of interest. head of tide-water. Here it stops from encountering the sudden change from salt water to fresh, which is probably the cause of dallying, or for other causes, it usually spends two weeks or more hovering about the border line between sea water and river water. When it has overcome its apparent repugnance to making the change to fresh water, it makes a rapid charge up the river for the clear, gravelly streams. Now, paradoxical or unreasonable as it may seem, it stops eating. Nothing is ever found inside of a California salmon to show that it has caten a particle of food The panther has been the subject of in fresh water. As a proof of this state- in the country." specimens that have been examined, no food has been found in the stomachs of

America's Wealth.

The total wealth of our country, now the richest in the world, is reported at \$43,500,000,000, in a population of 50,000,000, makes a total of 17,-500,000 producers, says the Rev. Dr. Behrends. An'enormous sum in the aggregate, representing, however, the accumulations of 250 years, much of it in land, buildings and machinery.

An equal division would give to each man, woman and child a capital of only \$870, much of it relatively worthless to the individual owner, or of \$2,500 to each producer. The latter sum represents the limit of average wealth attainable. There is no more to be had.

The same results is emphasized by analyzing the annual production. The most careful estimates place this at \$10,000,-000,000 annually. From this must be deducted \$700,000,000 paid in taxes, \$1,300,000,000 to make good the annual wear and tear of the means of production, leaving \$8,000,000,000 to be divided among 50,000,000 consumers, without allowing anything for interest on invested capital or for its increase. Allowing 5 per cent. for these, the net production is reduced to \$5,725,000,000.

Throwing capital out of the account, there is only \$160 a year for each inhabitant, or of \$115 if capital is entitled to a dividend—an average of from 31 to 44 cents a day.

Forty cents a day must suffice, on the average, to feed, clothe and shelter the people of this country. Or, dividing the actual production among the actual work-

and \$475 a year. must buy bread, raiment, pay house rent, and provide a margin for saving in every family of three persons; \$2 a day is far above the average income that the pro-. He who secures it belongs to the privileged classes, with many, perhaps, above and every man belongs to the bloated plutocracy, against whom Socialism urges spotted lynx, that ranges south as far as property, or who receives more than \$400 he City of Mexico, along the Rio a year for his work.

go for the dog, the nice old dog, That knowingly takes his ease. Keeping always his bone in sight, Cares not a pin in his sound old head or either dog in the fight. Not his is the bone they are lighting for And why should my dog sail in With nothing to gain, but a certain chance To lose his own precious skin? There may be a few, perhaps, who fail To see it quite in this light; But when the fur flies I had rather be The outside dog in the fight.

know there are dogs, injudicious dogs, That think it is quite the thing take the part of one of the dogs, And go yelping into the ring. But I care not a pin what all may say In regard to the wrong or the right, ly money goes as well as my s ng, For the dog that keeps out of the fight. -Philadelphia Call.

The Outside Dog:

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,

Or of any dog that you please,

HUMOROUS,

Hard luck. A big ice crop. The greatest satirist is the blacksmith, or he is so extremely ironical.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say neigh, but he don't mean it.

Wives who are always blowing up their husbands are domestic magazines.

Our country's best resources are undoubtedly its women; but its resources should be husbanded.

The proper course to pursue on being informed that somebody has threatened to pull your nose is to procure some tallow and grease it.

A writer says that a woman is a silent power in the land. To this a cynicle old bachelor editor responds:--"That will be news to thousands of husbands."

"Papa, if three wheels is a tricycle, and two wheels is a bicycle what is one wheel?" "One wheel, my son? Well, let me see? One wheel must be a unicycle." "No, it ain't papa, it's a wheelbarrow!"

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "if you can say that 'people run for office,' why can't you say that people walk for office?" Because they are in two big a hurry to walk," explained the intelligent father.

At a time of great excitement in this country growing out of our political relations with France and England, a man in Vermont named daughter "Embargo." It suggested that the name might have been given ironically, for when read backward it expresses more than a mere willingness to be taken.

He Found Out.

There was a group of striking painters at the corner of Michigan avenue and Griswold street, when a farmer with his whip in hand came up and queried:

"Is this a strike?" "Yes, sir," replied one of the men.

"What seems to be the trouble all over the country just now?"

"Well, sir," replied an oldish man with many spots of paint on his vest, "the trouble is there are too many men "All bosh, Jim! exclaimed a

man who was cleaning his nails with a putty knife, "I tell you the whole thing comes about from the efforts of a few to build up an aristocracy,"

"Well, you must be green!" sneered 8 third one. "This crisis was precipitated upon us as a combined effort of capitalists to drain us of our life-blood."

"Life-blood be hanged!" exclaimed a fourth as he came to the front. "Any man with brains knows that the trouble started with Jay Gould. He wants to own the United States."

"Did I ever see so many fools together?" sarcastically remarked the last of the group. "The trouble is all caused by politicians who want to wind us around their fingers. We won't be wound; hence this excitement."

"Then that's the trouble, ch?" queried the farmer.

"Yes, sir, that's the trouble," answered the ave together, each one speaking for his own theory.

"Glad to know it. Much obleeged, gentlemen. I knew it must be sunthin' or other, and I'm glad I found out."-Detroit Free Press.

Friends of the Farmer,

There are two kinds of weasels in the Eastern States. The smaller kind feeds chiefly on mice and insects and is not known to kill poultry. The larger preys also mainly on mice and rats, but in addition sometimes Itills rabbits and poultry. Both species are friends of the farmer, for the occasional loss of a few chickens is a trifling consequence compared with the good that these animals are constantly doing in checking the increase of mice. You ask my orinion in regard ers, the average income will between \$327 to the beneficial and injurious qualities of the hawks and owls which inhabit Three hundred and fifty dollars a year | Pennsylvania. Our hawks and owls must be ranked among the best friends of the farmer. With very few exceptions their food consists of mice and insects, meadow mice and grass loppers predominating. The exceptions are the fierce goshawk from the North and two smaller resident hawks, Cooper's and sharp-shinned, which really destroy many wild birds and some poulary. These three hawks have long tails and short wings, which serve, among other chargeters, to distinguish them from the beneficial kind .- Forest and Stream.