

fevers which had resulted; the pain in his side. "We have used all our money," she ended, with a touching little catch of her breath,— "if it had not been for Mr. Arbuthnot—Mr. Arbuthnot—"

"Yes," said Tom, wofully, "he'll have to go without a pair or so of gloves this month and smoke fewer cigars; and I couldn't have believed that there was a man living I could have borne to take money from, but, somehow, he made it seem almost as if he owed it me."

When Mrs. Sylvestre went away she left hope and comfort behind her. Kitty followed her into the passage with new light in her eyes.

"If I have the sewing," she said, clasping her hands, "it will be *such* a load off Tom's mind to know that we have a little money, that he will get better. And he knows I like sewing, so, perhaps, he will not mind it so much. I am so thankful to you! If Tom will only

get well," she exclaimed in a broken whisper, "if Tom will only get well!" And, suddenly, in response to some look on Agnes's face, and a quick, caressing gesture, she leaned forward and was folded in her arms.

It is very natural to most women to resort to the simple feminine device of tears, but it was not often Mrs. Sylvestre so indulged herself, and there were tears in her eyes and in her voice, too, as she held the gentle, childish creature to her breast. She had felt a great deal, during the last twenty-four hours, and the momentary display of emotion was a relief to her. "He will get better," she said, with almost maternal tenderness, "and you must help him by taking care of yourself and giving him no cause for anxiety. You must let me help to take care of you. We will do all we can—" and there was something akin to fresh relief to her in the mere use of the little word "we."

(To be continued.)

## A MOLE, A LAMPREY, AND A FAIRY.

### A MOLE.

WALKING through the fields one May morning, I surprised a mole above ground,—a very large specimen, one of the giants of his kind. It was an unwonted spectacle, something I had never seen before; this purblind, shovel-footed, subterranean dweller, this metaphysician of the earth, groping his way along in the open daylight. Had he grown tired then of the darkness, of the endless burrowings that lead nowhither, of undermining the paths and the garden, and cutting off the tender rootlets of the plants? He was ill equipped for traveling above ground; he was like a stranded fish; the soil was his element, and he knew it as well as I did. The moment I disturbed him he began to go into the ground as a diver into the water. When he moved, his tendency was downward, like a plow. It was amusing to see his broad, naked, muscular front feet, which turned outward and upward instead of downward, shovel their way through the grass into the turf. In less than half a minute he would nearly bury himself from view. Then by the tail I would draw him forth, and see him repeat the attempt. He did not look or feel about for a hole or for a soft place, but assaulted the turf wherever he touched it, his slender, sensitive nose feeling the way, and his huge, fleshy hands opening the passage. He was indeed a giant in these members;

they were to him what the wings of a bird are to the bird; all his powers and speed lay here; his hind legs were small and feeble, and often trailed behind him as if helpless or broken. Fancy a race of savages by some peculiar manual occupation developing an enormous hand, a hand as long and broad as a scoop shovel, usurping the wrist and the forearm, with the legs and feet proportionately small, and you have a type of this mole. This creature was a cripple at the surface, but a most successful traveler a few inches below. His fur was like silk plush, finer and softer than that of any creature known to me, excepting, perhaps, the bat. Why should these creatures of darkness have such delicate vestments? Probably because they *are* creatures of darkness. The owl is softer clad than the hawk, the hare than the squirrel, the moth than the butterfly.

I looked in vain for the mole's eyes. I blew open the fur, and explored the place with the point of a pin, but no eyes or semblance to eyes could I find, and I began to think that Aristotle was right in saying the mole is blind. Then I dispatched him, and stripped off his skin, and the eyes were revealed: two minute, black specks, that adhered to the tissues of the head after the skin was removed. It was only by the aid of a pocket glass that I was able to determine that they really were eyes. There was no eye-



socket, and I wondered that they had not come away with the skin. Probably the only use the mole has for eyes is to distinguish daylight from darkness, and for this purpose these microscopic dots may suffice, but as regards any other and more specific visual powers, he is practically blind.

## A LAMPREY'S NEST.

ONE day late in spring as I was passing over a bridge I chanced to see two lampreys, or "lamper-eels," as they are usually called, engaged in building their nest in the creek below me. It was one of the most curious spectacles I ever saw in our stream. They were a few yards below the bridge, just where the water breaks from the still pool beneath it, and flows with a rapid current over its roughly paved bottom. They were distinguishable from the yellowish brown and black stones and pebbles amid which they were working only by their motions. They were tugging away at the small movable stones with great persistence. I went down to the water's edge where they were within reach of my staff, the better to observe them. They would run up to the edge of the still water and seize upon the stones with their suction mouth and drag them back with the current and drop them upon their nest. I understood at once why their nests, which I had often observed before, were always placed at the beginning of a rift; it is that the fish may avail themselves of the current in building them. The water sweeps them back with the pebble in their mouth, their only effort being in stemming the current to seize it. They are thus enabled to move stones which they could not stir in still water.

The stones varied in size from a walnut to a goose egg. When one of them was tugging away at a stone too heavy for it, I would lend a helping hand with my staff; I would move the stone along gently, and the lamprey seemed entirely unconscious of the fact that it was being helped; it would drop the burden at the proper point, and run up for another. Indeed my aid and presence did not disturb them at all. From time to time, the larger of the two, which was the female, would thrust her tail with great violence down among the pebbles at the bottom of the creek and loosen them up, and set free the mud which the current quickly carried away. The new material thus plowed up was carried to the nest. Twice in the course of the half-hour that I observed them, the act of spawning took place.

Besides helping move the larger stones with my staff, I several times plowed up the

bottom with its point, thus relieving the female of that duty. The fish took it all as a matter of course, and seized upon the pebbles I had loosened with great alacrity. When I thrust my cane beneath them and tried to lift them out of the water, they would suck fast to the stones and prevent me; but they did not manifest any alarm. The lampreys become much exhausted with the spawning and nest building, and large numbers of them die when it is over. In June it is not unusual to find their dead bodies in the streams they inhabit.

## A LIVE FAIRY.

WHEN one makes long journeys, or penetrates remote and difficult places, he naturally expects to find strange and curious things, but one of the keenest pleasures the walker has, is in discovering, under his very nose, beside his familiar paths, and in ground that he thought he knew as he knows his own chimney corner, some creature, the like of which he has never before heard of, and which his neighbors and friends have never seen or heard of, yet which has disported itself there year after year, and which science has long known and has put old Rome under contribution to name. Such was my experience when, one April day, as I was peering into a little pool where I had peered a hundred times before, I suddenly discovered a creature—not one, but scores of them, disporting themselves in the clear water—creatures that were as new to me as a veritable nymph would have been. They were partly fish-shaped, from an inch to an inch and a half long, semi-transparent, with a dark brownish line visible the entire length of them (apparently the thread upon which the life of the animal hung, and by which its all but impalpable frame was held together), and suspending themselves in the water, or impelling themselves swiftly forward by means of a double row of fine, waving, hair-like appendages, that arose from what appeared to be the back, a kind of undulating, pappus-like wings. What was it? I did not know. None of my friends or scientific acquaintances knew. I wrote to a learned man, a great authority upon fish, describing the creature as well as I could. He replied that it was only a familiar species of phyllopodous crustacean, known as *eubranchipus vernalis*.

I remember that our guide in the Maine woods, seeing I had names of my own for some of the plants, would often ask me the name of this and that flower for which he had no word; and that when I could recall the full Latin term, it seemed overwhelmingly convincing and satisfying to him. It was evi-

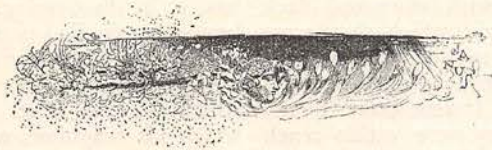


dently a relief to know that these obscure plants of his native heath had been found worthy of a learned name, and that the Maine woods were not so uncivil and outlandish as they might at first seem: it was a comfort to him to know that he did not live beyond the reach of botany. In like manner I found satisfaction in knowing that my novel fish had been recognized and worthily named; the title conferred a new dignity at once; but when the learned man added that it was familiarly called the "fairy shrimp," I felt a deeper pleasure. Fairy-like it certainly was, in its aerial, unsubstantial look, and in its delicate, down-like means of locomotion; but the large head, with its curious folds, and its eyes standing out in relief, as if on the heads of two pins, were gnome-like. Probably the fairy wore a

mask, and wanted to appear terrible to human eyes. Then the creatures had sprung out of the earth as by magic. I found some in a furrow in a plowed field that had encroached upon a swamp. In the fall the plow had been there, and had turned up only the moist earth; now a little water was standing there, from which the April sunbeams had invoked these airy creatures. They belong to the crustaceans, but apparently no creature has so thin or impalpable a crust; you can almost see through them; certainly you can see what they have had for dinner, if they have eaten substantial food.

Crabs travel backward, and these phyllopods show the family trait by swimming on their backs; the position of the fish is reversed; mud is their mother, yet they turn their backs on it, and face the light and air above.

*John Burroughs.*



#### THE DECLINE OF FAITH.

As in some half-burned forest, one by one,  
We catch far echoes on the dreary breeze,  
Born of the downfall of its ruined trees,—  
While even through those that stand slow shudderings run,  
As if Fate's hand were sternly laid thereon:—  
Thus, in a world smitten by foul disease—  
That Pest called Doubt—we mark by sad degrees,  
The fall of lordliest faiths that wooed the sun:  
Some, with low sigh of parted bough and leaf,  
Strain, quivering downward to the abhorred ground;  
Some totter feebly, groaning, toward their doom;  
While some, broad-centuried growths of old Belief,  
Sapped as by fire, defeatured, charred, discrowned,  
Fall with loud crash and long, reverberant boom!

Thus, fated hour by hour, more gaunt and bare,  
Gloom the wan spaces, whence—a Power to bless—  
Upbourgeoned once, in grace or stateliness,  
Some creed divine, offspring of light and air:  
What then? Ah! must we yield to bleak despair,  
Beholding God Himself wax less and less,  
Paled in the skeptical flame-cloud's whirl and stress,  
Till lost to love and reverence, hope and prayer?  
O Man! When trust is blind, and reason reels  
Before some fiery, fierce Iconoclast,  
Turn to thy Heart that reasons not, but feels;  
Creeds fall, shrines perish! "Still" (her Instinct saith),—  
"Still the soul lives; the soul must conquer Death!  
Hold fast to God, and God shall hold thee fast!"

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*