

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Married in January's hour and rime, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's blest weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married when March winds shrill and roar, Your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeable skies, A checkered path before you lies. Married when bees 'er May blossoms fit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in month of roses—June— Life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, Lover and friend your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, Smooth and serene your life will be. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin. Married in veils of November mist, Fortune your wedding ring has kissed. Married in days of December cheer, Love's star shines brighter from year to year. —From Old Rhyme.

Unfortunates.

A clock can run, but cannot walk; My shoe has a tongue, but cannot talk; A comb has teeth, but has no mouth; A north wind blows the smoke straight south. Bottles have necks, but have no heads; And pins have heads, but have no necks; And needles have to hold their threads Right in their eyes—how it must vex. If I were a needle, comb or shoe, I never should know what to do; My head is really in a whirl I'm glad I am a little girl. —Boston Herald.

THE SOLVENT.

They ate their dinner almost in silence that night. "Let's come out into the park for a while," Orday suggested, excitedly, as they left the dining room. "We shan't have to start before nine." The seat overlooking the river where, in the summer season, they had always preferred to exchange their daily confidences, was empty. Dwight Orday threw himself into it with a sigh of relief, taking his hat off in welcome to the slight breeze that floated languidly over the water. His thin dark face was white with the fatigue of a long hot day, but a definite glow of happiness brightened his eyes and drew his lips into a constant succession of smiles. "Oh, have the flowers come?" he asked. "Yes, this afternoon." "Were they all right?" "Just what I wanted." He laughed a little. "I do want everything to be all right to-night. I know you're bound to make a sensation. If they only see you once at your best, I know they'll never forget it. Cecilia, I can't tell you how happy I am that the deadlock is broken. Aunt Anne's dictum, you know, is final." Cecilia's brow contracted painfully as she looked into the glow of the sunset. "If you only knew how frightened I am," she breathed. "That's nonsense," her husband insisted, briskly. "All you need is a chance to let them know you. It's lucky Aunt Anne invited us this year. I should never have given them another chance. I'd have taken you abroad." Cecilia shook her head. "I shouldn't have gone," she asserted, tremulously. "I never should have been happy anywhere until you had made up with your people. Never! Never!" Orday's eyes grew tender as he looked at her. "Then the laugh twinkled in them again. "I went into the store to see the girls to-day," she said. "Yes," her husband's tone was absent. "They'd heard—I don't know how—all about the invitation. "There was something in the papers the other night," Orday said, frowning. Cecilia sighed. "Oh, I wish the papers would leave me alone. Sometimes I think they will never get through with me. Other millionaires have married working-girls and been disinherited and after a while it's been forgotten. But they never forget me." "It's because you are different." "It's because you are different, I am different." Her knitted brows smoothed themselves out. "The girls were all so glad for me. They sent every message they could think of to you. They asked me about a thousand questions. They made me promise that I'd come in and tell them all about it." "You must be sure to do it." "I shan't forget. Oh—and, Dwight, I asked Delia Kelly to take up French with me next winter. She's crazy to learn. She thinks she could work into a buyer's position if she only knew French, and I guess she could. There's going to be a vacancy sooner or later, and if she's only ready—"

some face and a beautiful one. Her gown was of a silk so thin and soft that it could be pulled through a ring—a lustrous, floating white. Her arms and neck were bare. Her only jewels were the pearls of a quaint necklace that fell away from her milky throat in a multitude of pendant strands. She held a huge bunch of sweet peas. "Oh, I am like them, I am like them!" she exclaimed, happily. "I'm not a bit afraid now, not a single bit." "I'm proud of you," her husband said, briefly. "Oh," she said later, in the carriage, "you don't know how I've tried these three years, Dwight!" Her voice vibrated with feeling. "I've never walked on the street once without studying the women—your kind, I mean—to see what was the difference. Whenever I've bought anything, I've made myself choose the simplest. And I've kept such a watch on myself, I've been so careful about bad grammar and slang, my voice and even my laugh. I have a little book at home, and I put down everything I learn in it. And I've listened so hard to all the things you've told me. Of course, the studying you've made me do was a great help, but my little book was a greater one. It's full now. Oh, it's so oldish; I was ashamed of it at first. I was so afraid that you might happen to find it. But now I love it." Orday had taken her hand. He watched her kindled face emerge from the darkness and then sink into gloom again as the carriage plunged through the silvery shafts of light flung, in parallel rows, from the street-lamps. Cecilia was silent after the sudden pour of her long monologue. She held her husband's hand the rest of the way, even after they had left the carriage and were walking down the long piazza of the huge old house. "Let's not go in yet," she begged, as they neared the flare of brilliant light and moving figures that indicated the doorway. "I want to look in one of the windows first. I want you to point out some of the people to me. I'll be sure then to make no mistakes with the people who would mind—and there are so many of them. See—here's a nice place." Her voice had sunk to a whisper. Orday silently slipped beside her into the nook formed by half a dozen tubs of small plants. The big room was away in the vibrations that the dancers' feet had loosened. Of these there were almost too many. Their beautiful forms formed a nacreous tint of color that the swift movement blended, then blurred. It concealed for intervals the row of stately chaperons watchfully encircling the dance. Through the closed window the strains of an inspiring two-step came dwindled and delicate. Suddenly these stopped, and the dance-hall, like a spent kaleidoscope, shook its scintillating lights to rest against the confining walls. "Oh, there's your aunt!" Cecilia exclaimed. "Isn't she stunning in that lilac? I've sold her gloves so many times. I wonder if she'll remember me. They say her memory is wonderful." "If she's seen you twice, she'll remember you, you may be sure." "And there are your mother and sisters," Cecilia went on. "How sweet they look! Oh, who is that pretty girl talking with them?" "The girl in blue? Oh, that's Natalie Osborne. She's engaged to that old duffer—the one that's just stopped dancing near her. It's an awful shame that they let her do it. But she had to—she hasn't a penny, poor thing. She's always been dead in love with Sears Winthrop, too, but he can't afford to marry anybody." "Do you mean to say she's going to marry an old man because the one she really loves hasn't money enough?" "There's nothing else for her to do. Sears hasn't a sign of a prospect. Do you see that tall girl in green? She'll be her stepdaughter. She's five years older than Natalie." "Oh, go to her," Cecilia said, breathlessly, "and tell her, Dwight, that you don't need money to marry. Tell her how little we've lived on and how happy we've been." Orday smiled a little. "My child, she wouldn't understand the language. She knows what she's doing—it's all of her own free will and accord. Do you see that pretty little dark woman? That's Mrs. Tom Chantry." "The one that was divorced?" "Yes. They're both married again. He took the boy and she took the girl." "Oh, why did they do it?" "Oh, they were just tired of each other. There was no special reason. I have heard that she wanted a bigger yacht." Cecilia made a little inarticulate sound in her throat. Her eyes had narrowed perplexedly. Her cheeks had lost their blaze. "Who is that queer-looking, elderly woman—the one with all the emeralds?" she said, after a pause. "Oh, that's 'Antiquity' Ballant. She's the second richest woman here. They say Sears will have to marry her sooner or later. She's tired of putting up for him." "Oh, don't let him; tell him, Dwight dear—how happy—"

Our Eastern Forests.

With the first session of the new Congress the attention of every part of the country should be called to the various proposals which the National Forest Service and the various forestry boards of the several States have prepared. It will be well if every citizen can remember that such study and action as are proposed are exactly what western Asia and northern Africa needed when their decline began. Because no such action was taken, because the forests of Asia Minor and of Syria and of northern Africa were destroyed, those lands are now a President Roosevelt, in his address at Raleigh, N. C., called attention to this failure of those countries, and he gives also the instance of China, an immense empire which owes its present desolate condition to the destruction of its forests. The nations around the Mediterranean were the centre of the civilization of the world. No cities were more prosperous than theirs, no people were more proud or successful. And now, what were rivers then are but winter torrents, what were cities then are straggling villages. A generation ago, when the American Forestry Association was formed, Dr. Geo. Bailey Loring, the head of the Department of Agriculture, said that he regarded the formation of that association as the most important movement which the American people had started in those years. Thirty years have justified his statements and prophecies. Indeed, the increase of our dangers has awakened men from the indifference in this matter which marked the middle of the last century. As the readers of this journal know, everyone who joined in the great conference at Washington last January, who saw that assembly or who heard the addresses made there, knows now that a general national interest has been awakened in the preservation of our forests. Railroad men, water-power men, representatives of half a dozen great industries, met together in the same great interest. What is especially important to be remembered is that the preservation of our forests in the Rocky Mountain watershed, but in that of the Allegheny and the ranges eastward. Nothing shows the generosity of the nation more than the magnificent provision which it has made for what was the Louisiana of the French, which is now that half of the United States west of the Mississippi river. In every territory, the general government has already established a magnificent forest reserve—in some instances more than one. Nothing shows the lavishness of our generosity and the indifference of the majority to merely local selfishness more than the fact, which is well known, that on the coast of the Mississippi, so the Atlantic ocean, there is no such reservation. At this moment the government is expending more than \$20,000,000 for the proper irrigation of the arid regions of the West. But at this moment the general government is not expending five cents for the regulation of the irrigation of the Old Northwest States, or of the States born from them east of the Mississippi river. Yet the injury inflicted upon commerce, upon travel, upon manufacture, and upon agriculture, by the destruction of the forests of the eastern half of the continent will be, for a hundred years at least, greater than injury to the kindred interests in the western half. And these are injuries which affect the whole nation. The farthest state on the Pacific is injured if the Pennsylvania railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh is injured, the man who wears a flannel shirt in Montana is injured when the woolen manufacture of Lawrence or Holyoke is injured. Take that special instance: the water power at the city of Holyoke is said to be the second water power in the United States. The water power of Niagara comes first, and the next power among those developed is the power at Holyoke. It is not absurd to say that the preservation of that water power should be left to the legislation of the State of New Hampshire, to which the town of Holyoke does not belong? The water which drives the mills at Holyoke comes from the forests of New Hampshire, of Massachusetts, and of Vermont. The paper and other fabrics which are made at Holyoke go over the world. As I said, the ranchman in Montana feels an injury in Holyoke, and the nation to which that ranchman belongs, one might say, owes a debt to Holyoke. Speaking simply, the whole matter of water-power is a national and not a local affair. It is a fact that this sort of men settled in Idaho, in Wyoming, and Montana, and in other states which are called "irrigation states," of the western half of the continent. But it is just as true of Rhode Island, of New York, of the Carolinas, and of Tennessee, as it is true for Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. It is now proposed that a considerable body of land shall be reserved in the highlands of the Carolinas, of Tennessee, of Virginia, and perhaps of Kentucky, where the nation shall make sure that the forests are not destroyed. It is not proposed that these holdings shall necessarily make one connected territory, but it is proposed that the national authorities shall control the cutting of timber there. This can only be done if the nation holds the property as the King of Prussia holds the property in the Bavarian forests. There is ample experience which shows that the national investment in such forests will produce a steady revenue quite sufficient to justify such expenditure, even if it were regarded simply as an investment. In the case of Prussia, for instance, in the year 1902, after the forests had paid for their national administration by the state, they paid into the general treasury of Prussia, as a part of the annual revenue, \$6,000,000 marks. But the results of the control of the American forests is sought, not for a poor matter of revenue, but as a matter of policy extending forward, if you please, for a hundred years. The necessity in the case of the White Mountain Reservation is even stronger. The present processes of lumbering strip every shrub and tree which is larger than a blackberry bush. This means that in the snows of winter and the consequent freshets of spring the soil itself is carried away. The harvest from that soil in the year 2,000, if you carry them on in such recklessness as now reigns, will be a harvest of blackberries instead of a harvest of white pine. You cannot sit back in your chair and say that the twenty-first century may take care of itself. On the other hand, you are making sure that the twenty-first century shall not take care of itself. You are making it impossible to reproduce the magnificent pine forests which once covered the Presidential Range. The proposal which will be definitely brought before the new Congress is a provision for the gradual purchase of the Appalachian Reserve at the President and the New Hampshire Reserve around the White Mountains. The New Hampshire Reserve as surveyed by an intelligent commission under the direction of the United States Forest Service, might amount in the whole

to fifty square miles. No possible expenditure could be of greater benefit, not simply to the states of New England, but to the nation. And everyone must see that such preservation and cultivation as is proposed is much safer in the hands of the national authorities than it would be under any local charge.—By Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in the *Forestry and Irrigation*.

Fraud in Fur.
As a people, we are very fond of fraud. We don't much care for law, and love to be fooled. In no line of commerce are we more regularly fooled and defrauded than in the retail fur trade. The ermine coat which my lady buys for the opera coat cost her some dollars a skin. She may pay \$1.00 for the black tip of the tail of one single ermine skin. The trapper who caught the one from which came the ermine got, perhaps, 10 cents for the skin; perhaps 5, perhaps nothing. That is not so bad, and no one could object to a commercial transaction of that kind. A great many persons know that ermine is weasel. How many know that muskrat, pulled and dyed, is sold as seal; that nutria, similarly treated, is sold as seal or beaver; that rabbit so called is sold as seal or beaver; that skunk, so called Alaska sable, the American sable is sold as Russian crown sable; that monkey and lynx and dog and fox and polecat are sold as sable; and all sorts of high-sounding names; that white hairs are regularly inserted in fox skins, and sometimes in sable skins? Surely, not all of our readers were advised to these details. There is a vigilance committee appointed by the London Chamber of Commerce whose duty is to spread information against these trade frauds. We presume we here do not mind being fooled.—*Field and Stream*.

Saying Good-by.
A writer describes the different methods by which the various nations say "good-by." The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell. The general Jap will take his slipper off as you depart, and say with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying—I regard thee!" In the Philippines the departing benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing one's friend's face with one's hand. The German "Lebe wohl!" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing than the Hindoo's performance, who, when you go from him, falls in dust at your feet. The Fijian Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange cloths. The Burmese bend low and say "Hib! Hib!" The "Auf wiedersehen" of the Austrians is the most feeling expression of farewell. The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's white teeth necklaces. The Sioux and the blackfoot will at parting dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk." In the islands in the Straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stoop down and clasp your foot. The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Otahite Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his own bands three times.

His One Ear Enough.
Judge Wilbur, who retired from the Rhode Island bench last June, when the new Court and Practice act went into effect, says the Boston Herald, had for many years previous handled the criminal business of the State. He was perfectly familiar with the law, and excused men who sought to evade jury duty, and showed them little consideration. A venemur gave as his reason for desiring to get out of Grand Jury service physical disability. "What is the nature of your infirmity?" asked the Judge. "I am deaf in one ear, your honor," replied the man. "You'll do," said the Judge. "Don't you know you only have to hear one side of a case in the Grand Jury room?"

"Shoddy."
It is old wool redressed by scientific and clean methods. It is a component of most of the woollen garments of today. The world does not grow enough wool to enable us to have a constant supply of new woollen garments, except with the aid of shoddy. It is shoddy that has enabled the man to buy a new suit of clothes at the price of a week's wage. In the olden days an all-woolen garment was so expensive that it had to last its owner many years, unless he were a wealthy man. It is better hygiene for a man to buy two new shoddy suits a year than to buy an all-woolen garment which must last him two years. The cost of the clothes we wear, in fact, contains an element of shoddy, and so far from being the worse for it, are the better.—*The Magazine of Commerce*.

Diamond Production.
Everybody knows that the productivity of the diamond mines in South Africa is, comparatively speaking, enormous. The output of the Kimberley and DeBeers mines is restricted to 200,000 carats a month, but statistics published by De Launay show that by June, 1896, India had produced, as far as was known, ten million carats, and South Africa (in less than thirty years) fifty-seven million carats, or more than twice the other two places—indeed, than all others—put together. He estimated then that all diamonds in the world would form, if uncut and packed tight, a cube measuring 45 metres (just 14 feet 9 inches) each way, and be worth about 108 million pounds sterling!—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Does your husband complain because you belong to so many clubs?
"Well, no. He's too busy complaining about the food and the way the children are neglected."

Husband—I saw the doctor to-day. He advised me to take a rest trip.
"Did you show him your tongue?"
"Husband—No, but I told him about yours."

A Valentine Sacketh Shower.

One of the prettiest entertainments given for a bride-elect, who had been showered with linen, kitchen utensils, china and miscellaneous articles of all kinds, was a sacketh shower. The charming idea originated with a young woman who heard the prospective bride laughingly express a wish for a hundred perfume bags. Twelve girls were asked to contribute, and to make the gifts still more acceptable they were informed of their friend's favorite perfumery and flowers, roses and violets. They were likewise invited to a luncheon on the 14th of February where everything was made harmonious with the occasion. On the walls of the dining-room hearts and cupid's were conspicuous in the decorations, the hostess having found at the paper-hanger's a small remnant of a cupid frieze with the little god of love surrounded by a circle of pink roses. The adornment of the table was so lovely that all gave an exclamation of delight when they beheld it. Long-stemmed roses reposed carelessly on a cloth of open-work embroidery lined with pink; delicate green smilax studded with violets wreathed the crystal candlesticks which held pink tapers under shades of the same tint. The doilies, instead of being of linen, were fashioned from heavy white paper edged with painted hearts shaded to a rosy hue, and glued to every one was a lovely heart-shaped holder for relishes, bonbons, and small cakes that were flavored and frosted in pink. But the crowning feature of all was Cupid's bush in the centre of the board, a thifty rose-bush from every limb of which depended delightfully pretty sachets of white silk filled with sweet-scented cotton and generously bedecked with rosettes and bows of pink ribbons. The tops of the bags were gathered about the necks of dolls having jauntily perched above their golden locks hats of silken rosettes tied with ribbons, a long eave extending to every plate and generally to a cluster of violets. Just before the coffee was served one after another pulled her ribbon and secured a doll as a souvenir. Instead of place-cards were flower sachets, the outside out and colored to imitate a full-blown rose, the name in the centre lettered in gilt. At the close of the repast, and after the hostess had led her guests back into the living-room, they were provided with sharp-pointed pencils and cards ornamented on one side with a sketch of a bride bidding her friends farewell; the reverse side resembled valentines adorned with floral designs, and in the centre was a blank space left; here the girls were expected to write some advice befitting the future life of the guest of honor. To the girl whose effort was voted best as well as most humorous was presented a bunch of violets. Later the cards were enclosed in an envelope that had been embellished with roses in water-colors and lettered in gold, *Helps for the future*, and with ceremony were handed to the young woman for whom they were composed. No longer the surprise for the expectant bride, who had no idea of the real nature of the entertainment until two tiny nephews of the hostess made their appearance. They were picturesquely arrayed in white wings, quivers and bows, their roguish dimpled faces making ideal cupids. In their hands they held pink ribbon lines attached to a small cart piled high with sachets of all sorts.

Snow Sculptures.
There is some ground for the statement that snow is the most widely used material for modeling, though the latter, it is true, is generally of a very primitive description. In practically every country where the snowfall is sufficiently heavy, the boys of the cities, as well as their brothers of the country districts, at the arrival of winter proceed to form the glittering white masses into coarse shapes, which an active fancy will recognize as the representations of men or animals. In some localities this sport is developed to a fairly high degree, and entire communities, young people and old, often take a hand in the healthful pastime. In the Harz Mountains of Germany, for instance, attractive groups of snow sculptures are sometimes encountered, though these productions never attain the level of true art. An Italian sculptor, Signor Achille Carrea, of Genoa, who has become famous through his Columbus monuments designed for certain South American cities, was one of the first to accomplish the task of producing snow representations of truly artistic value. The southern home of the artist bids fair to surpass parts even of the north of Europe in the rigidity of its climate, and with the first heavy snowfall Signor Carrea quickly installs his studio on the neighboring Piazza San Gero, and surrounded by the wondering crowd, he produces these charming examples of the plastic art, which by their delicacy of design and execution are little inferior to marble sculptures.—*Scientific American*.

They Come High.
"Which is the higher—a Count or an Earl?" asked the girl who had just come out. "I don't know," replied old man Scaddles. "The only one we have in our family is a Count, but if an Earl's any higher I'm mighty glad we took the first one that happened to come along."

A Host in Themselves.
"Have much of an audience for the opening performance of your new extravaganza?" asked the first manager. "Pretty fair," replied the second manager. "All the collaborators on the blamed thing were here."

Possession.
It so falls out that what we have we prize not to the worth while we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost, why, then we rack the value. Then we find the virtue that possession would not show us while it was ours.

Green (after dinner)—Your wife is a handsome and brilliant woman, old man, I should think you would be jealous of her.
Brown (confidentially)—To tell the truth, Green, I am. I never invite anybody here that any sane woman would take a fancy to.

Haskell—What's Tommy crying for? Mrs. Haskell—Oh, the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door. Haskell—H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time.

Mollie—"I hear that you and Jack had a falling-out the other night, Grace."
Grace—"Yes, Mollie, you heard right." "Was it anything serious?" "No; the sleigh tipped over, that was all."

Fire Fighting Successful.

How successfully a well-trained and efficient ranger force may fight dangerous forest fires is well shown by the achievement of Supervisor Slosson and his rangers in putting out the recent forest fire in the Santa Barbara Forest Reserve in southern California. This fire broke out the first week in October and was quickly reported to the supervisor. A strong wind blew the flames into the reserve and made the work of the fire-fighters extremely difficult. For several days the fighting force under the supervision and his best rangers fought the fire with great energy and skill, until it was at last extinguished. The fire was reported by two rangers, who rode thirty miles to bring the news. The wind is said by residents to have been the most violent in years. Within three hours the fire had traveled four miles along the south border of the reserve and south of the reserve. Meantime, another large fire was reported from Northhoff, but this was prevented from entering the reserve by the diligence of rangers stationed at that point, who secured help from the nearby settlements. Within the reserve the constant work of the supervisor and rangers was required from October 7th to October 17th. Mr. Slosson is said to have collapsed when it was assured that the reserve was safe. The efficiency and devotion to duty of the reserve officers in fighting and extinguishing these fires has called forth congratulations from the Forester.

A Good Thing.
Mrs. Newbyde—I got some hams here last month that my husband liked very much. Have you any more of the same kind?
The Greener—Yes'm. Got about a dozen left, from the same pig.
Mrs. Newbyde—Oh, that's nice! Give me six of them.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Jerry—Why did Stella break her engagement with you?
Tom—Merely because I stole a kiss.
"She must be crazy, to object to having her fiancé steal a kiss from her."
"Oh, I didn't steal it from her."
"What would be the first thing you would do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?"
"The very first?"
"I'm not sure, but I think I'd buy another pair of suspenders."

Jones—Did you hear about that man who had his arm pulled off?
Little Miggs—How dreadful! How did it happen?
Jones—He had it round a girl's waist, and the girl's mother pulled it off.
"I notice Nurich is just beginning to blow about a family tree."
"Yes."
"But does it amount to anything?"
"Oh! yes, it's all right as trees go. I believe it's shady."

Bills—You made a funny break in congratulating the bride's father instead of the groom.
Willis—No, I didn't. I've a daughter too, and I know what they cost.

Customer—Say, you are getting soap in my mouth.
Barber—Sh-h! Keep quiet. Don't let the boss hear you and I won't charge you anything extra.

Caller—"Whew! This office is as hot as an oven."
Editor—"Why not? It's where I make my daily bread."

Little Girl—"My uncle eats with his knife."
Little Boy—"My uncle is rich enough to eat with a fire shovel if he wants to."

"A few years after people give too old to believe in Santa Claus," said Uncle Eben, "deys apt to staid in believin' in race boss tips, which is wuss."

Better have the whole side of the house open than a crack or a knobole in the wall, through which the wind can blow on the head of a fowl on a perch.

Daughter—"Mother, could I love two men at the same time?" Mother—"Not if one of them gets wise."

Sleeping With Open Eyes.
All fishes which sleep do so with their eyes open, as they are not provided with eyelids and cannot therefore close their eyes. From experiments made it was discovered that some fishes have no preference for the nighttime, but sleep equally well during the day. They may be observed resting quite motionless for periods, apparently in sleep, except that, having no eyelids, they are unable to close their eyes or exclude all influence from without. The hare also sleeps with its eyes open, for the simple reason that its eyes are unprovided with eyelids. Instead of these there is a thin membrane which covers the eye when asleep. This membrane, as in the case of certain birds, folds like a curtain in the corner of the eye and by an instantaneous action flies back when sight is required, leaving the eye immediately and fully open for the exercise of sight. Some birds, such as the eagle, also have this membrane, which, when at rest, lies in the corner of the eye, folded up like a drawn curtain.

Made a Strike Too.
In an imperial city a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at ninepins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "I have won the game!"—*From the German*.