

WHERE HUXLEY FAILED.

One "Art" in Which He Was Surpassed by a Porter. Rather a good story is told about Professor Huxley when he was delivering a lecture to the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

What was to be done? The professor asked Alexander to bring a pair of scissors. Lord Armstrong (then Sir William), Dr. Watson and several others were present at the time.

"I tell you they won't cut," said Huxley. "Try again," said Alexander. "They will cut."

The professor tried again and, not succeeding, said somewhat angrily, "Bring me another pair of scissors."

Sir William Armstrong then stepped forward and ordered Alexander to go and buy a new pair.

"Vera guid shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and, picking up the scissors from the table and placing his thumb and forefinger into the handles, he stepped forward and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut.

"I tell you they won't cut," said the professor. "Bring me a new pair instantly," said Sir William.

"A tell'er ther' vera guid shears, only the professor canna cut w' them," replied Alexander.

"Well, then, cut it there," said Huxley somewhat tartly, at the same time indicating the place with his forefinger. Alexander took hold of the paper and, inserting the scissors, pressed the blades together and cut off the required portion as neatly as if he had used a straightedge; then, turning to the professor, with a rather significant leer and a twinkle of the eye, said, "Seeance an' air' dinna gang thiegher, professor."

The professor and all present collapsed. Huxley put his hand into his pocket and, taking out a sovereign, gave it to Alexander, adding at the same time, "You have done me." The same evening Alexander related the story with great gusto to a friend. When asked how he dared to make so free with such a distinguished man, he replied with great emphasis, "Lord, mon, they bits o' professor bodies ken neathing at a' except their bulks."—Westminster Gazette.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Changes in Plumage That Are Puzzling to the Novice.

Most every one in America is acquainted with the goldfinch, but many people know the bird by the name of lettuce bird, on account of its bright yellow color. Goldfinch is a very appropriate name, as the bright yellow of the male, when in breeding plumage, is like burnished gold. The female goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate. The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and to the novice somewhat puzzling. Until the student becomes acquainted with the bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is, at this season the flocks of supposed female goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year. The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds. This renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by the 1st of May our resplendent bird is with us again. The song period with the male goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black livery, for it commences as early as the middle of March and ends late in August. Goldfinches are very cleanly in their habits and bathe frequently. Their nests are exquisite pieces of bird architecture, the inside being lined with the softest plant down. The mother bird is the builder, her handsome consort during the nest building time devoting most of his efforts to singing to cheer his industrious mate.—Philadelphia Press.

Heroines, Old and New.

Most modern heroines are married women, whereas the nice ones in Shakespeare and in novels before 1800 were almost always unwedded maids. You like Beatrice and Portia and, above all things, Rosalind. You do not lose your heart to Lady Macbeth (though a fine figure of a woman), and you do not desire to compete with Othello in the affections of Desdemona. This may be a too nice morality, but to Victorian taste even widows, in novels at least, come under the ban of the elder Mr. Weller. Nobody but Colonel Esmond ever cared for Lady Castlewood, and Dobbin is alone in his passion for Amelia.—Andrew Lang in London Post.

THE MOOSE HUNTER.

How He Entices the Bull With a Birch Bark Trumpet.

The moose calling hunter is one who with a birch bark trumpet imitates the bellow of the cow moose and tempts the bull forth into plain view for an easy shot.

Though the least sportsmanlike, it is the most effectual way of getting bull moose. Fortunately for them, it can be practiced only for a fortnight or so at the beginning of the season and in exactly the right weather and surroundings.

Dead calm is essential. If there be wind from the moose to you he cannot hear your call; if it be from you to the moose he smells you and flies to far regions. In a calm the call can be heard for miles, so far indeed that even if the moose came directly and quickly he might be an hour or more in getting to your stand. I once called from a hill at sunset and learned later that my friends four miles away heard me distinctly, and therefore a moose with his keen hearing might have heard it five or six miles off.

The experienced hunter begins very low, as there is always a possibility of a bull lurking in some near thicket, and calls not more than once in ten minutes, some think every twenty minutes often enough. It is probably too fast once the response has come. The bull's answer is a deep, long grunt, varied by the snapping of branches as he plunges forward through the woods, but stopping at times to thrash some bush in his course.

It is indeed one of the most impressive sights in the animal world when at length in the last dim afterglow the much heralded monster leaves his bulk into view, overtopping the shrubbery like an elephant, looming huge and black against the last streak of red light. No matter how much we may be expecting it, the coming is always a thrilling surprise. We knew how big he was, yet how startlingly huge he looks, and those heavy antlers, a heavy burden for a man, he switches about as an Indian does the eagle feathers in his hair.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

Jackson and Polk.

One of the last earthly things that Jackson did was to read a note from Polk asking his advice about the appointment of certain federal officers in the south. Polk had been in office only a few weeks at the time, and he wanted to get the indorsement of Jackson for his administration. In order to win Jackson's favor Polk was called "Young Hickory" by his admiring friends, but "Old Hickory's" favorite for the nomination in 1844 was Van Buren and not Polk. Jackson was a Texas annexationist, as was Polk, while Van Buren's opposition to annexation was what caused his defeat for the candidacy. Yet personally he preferred Van Buren. Polk, after his inauguration, made war on Francis Pickens, who edited Jackson's and Van Buren's old organ at Washington, the Capital, and thus displeased Jackson, though the latter knew that Blair had been lukewarm toward Polk in the canvass. Blair was forced to get out, and the Capital was changed into the Daily Union, with Ritchie of Richmond as its editor. From the hour of his retirement until his death, through Van Buren's administration and in the opening days of Polk's, Jackson remained an influential figure in the Democratic politics of the time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Early English Lotteries.

Probably the first public lottery ever held took place in England in 1567, when 40,000 chances were sold at 10 shillings each, the prizes consisting chiefly of plate and the profits going for the repair of certain harbors. The drawing took place at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. In 1612 another lottery took place at St. Paul's. This was for the benefit of the Virginia company. The highest prize was £1,000, and £20,000 profit was gained. Again, in 1630, a lottery was promoted in order to bring water into London, and after the civil war another lottery helped to replenish an exhausted national exchequer. Private lotteries soon became very common, and, being generally conducted on fraudulent principles, an act of parliament was passed early in the reign of Queen Anne suppressing them "as public nuisances." In 1094 a loan of £1,000,000 was raised by the sale of lottery tickets at £10 each, and in 1710 £1,500,000 was raised by ten pound tickets, each ticket being entitled to an annuity for thirty-two years, the blanks 14 shillings per annum, the prizes varying from £5 to £1,000 per annum.

Old Inns in England.

There is an almost puritanical simplicity about many of the old English inns and alehouses often in keeping with the old world names of their proprietors, as, for example, Amos Gale, Shadrach Meade, Samuel Ward or Mary Ann Mulcock. The names of the inns would require a paper to themselves. The Three Horsehoes has for its rival across the road the Four Horsehoes. At Peters Green the sign of the Half Moon nods complacently across the heath to the Bright Star. A favorite name in many a village is derived from the number of bells in the tower of the parish church. Thus there is the Six Bells at St. Michael's, where Lord Bacon lies buried, and Hatfield and Luton have each their Eight Bells. The Bull, the Bell, the Plow, the Rose and Crown, the George and the Dragon, the Red Lion, are old staggers to be found everywhere, reminding one of Joseph Addison's delightful essay in the earlier Spectator on the signposts of London, in which he says that "four streets are filled with blue bears, black swans and red lions, not to mention diving pigs and hogs in armor."—Iboudon Spectator.

A CREATIVE VOCATION.

It is a Constant Tonic as Well as a Perpetual Delight.

If you want to be contented and happy, if you want to experience a perpetual satisfaction as you go along, choose a creative vocation. A routine life where there is nothing new, nothing special to be learned, is discouraging, paralyzing to ambition, but creative work, which makes a perpetual call upon originality and individuality, is a constant tonic. Nothing gives greater satisfaction than the daily feeling that you have created, that you have brought something new into the world from your brain—something which has taxed your ingenuity and which makes you feel that you have added to the real wealth of the world; that you have not been merely working over what somebody else started or created, but that you have brought something out of the mysterious realm of mind, made it tangible and effective and started a new impulse in the world.

We get closer to nature when we are creating, whether in art, in literature, in invention or in working at new and progressive ideas. We can feel our mind reach out into infinity and grasp and bring back something fresh, new, something never seen on this earth before. It is perpetual delight and a consummate satisfaction.

This is why brain workers are longer lived than other people. Creations keep the creator always young, since we are perpetually in contact with the new, the youthful, when we are creating. When we are stretching the mind into the unknown and calling out something new we seem to touch hands with the Creator himself.

People who never think or do anything original—mere automatons, cogs in the wheels of the great world's machinery, the mere routinists, do not know the exhilaration which comes from the consciousness of creating something new and fresh every day. The creator feels that he is accomplishing something worth while; that he is doing something which the world needs, which will make it a little better place to live in, and the very newness, the novelty, the mystery of creation, makes it the most fascinating thing in the world.—Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine.

Heart Burials.

The body of Louis IX., after his death at Carthage in 1270, is related to have been boiled in wine and water in order to preserve it for transportation, and it was then shipped by Charles of Anjou (L) to Sicily. Here the flesh and viscera were deposited in the Benedictine Abbey of Monreale, near Palermo. The heart and the bones remained, by desire of the soldiers, in the camp. Later his son Philip (Le Hardi) having carried them and those of his brother, Tristan, into Italy, they were taken to Paris in 1271. On March 21 of that year the bones, reduced to ashes, were deposited temporarily in Notre Dame, whence they were presently borne in state to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Denis, and at each spot by the way where the bearers passed, seven in number, Philip subsequently caused a cross to be raised.

Charles of Anjou dying at Foggia, 1285, his heart was sent to Angers, while his body was entombed in San Gennaro, at Naples. His viscera remained in the Duomo at Foggia. Philip III. (Le Hardi) died of pestilence at Perpignan Oct. 5, 1285. His flesh was buried at Narbonne. His bones were transferred to St. Denis. His heart was given by Philip IV. (Le Bel) to the Dominicans of Paris.—London Notes and Queries.

Not a Safe Rule.

"I believe," said the enthusiastic young author, "that the first thing a man should do when he proposes to write a paper of any kind is to get full of his subject." "I disagree with you," replied his more mature friend. "In fact, I shudder to think of what might result if I followed your advice." "What are you working on?" "An address on intoxicating liquors to be read before our temperance society."

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Lincoln's advice to Lawyers.

"Discourage litigation," was Lincoln's advice to lawyers. "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up a litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

It has been truly said that those words should be posted in every law office in the land, and it will be seen when Lincoln's record is fully examined that it was not a mere theorist who wrote them, but an active practitioner of wide experience who lived up to his own teaching.—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Samuel Johnson and Women.

Of marriage in the abstract Johnson highly approved. "Every man," he said, "is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state." He approved of a man contracting a second marriage and considered it as a compliment to the first wife. He acknowledged, however, that he had once been on the point of asking Mrs. Johnson not to marry again. She might well have granted his request without any fear of being tempted to break her promise. Johnson ridiculed the idea of a man being unwilling to marry a pretty woman lest he should have cause for jealousy. "No, sir," he said, "I would prefer a pretty woman unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another, and that is all." He had, in fact, made a profound study of women from every point of view. And yet Johnson never took women quite seriously and would not hear of their assuming an equality with men, either in mental or bodily pursuits.

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