

HAVE YOU NOTICED IT.

The Robin is Learning to Walk—He No Longer Hops.

Of course you all know the robin. Whether you live in city or country, he is the only bird, except perhaps the intruding house sparrow, that is sure to come into your yard, if you have one, or into the nearest park or garden.

But as you watched him gliding over the lawn, I wonder if you have noticed that the fine fellow has a thought beyond his hunting, and that, even while he works, he is endeavoring to perfect himself in a new accomplishment?

For generations unnumbered his ancestors have taught that hopping is the proper and dignified gait for a bird, and even now his first cousins, the wood thrush and the veery and the hermit thrush, are uncompromising hoppers.

One morning, when I had gone to the park for a stroll, there suddenly flitted before me a robin whose whole manner and bearing seemed to say, "Watch me!" He alighted on the ground just ahead, gave his wings and tail a flirt, and, seeing that my eyes were upon him, he started forward and actually ran perhaps thirty steps without a suspicion of a hop.

I applauded the feat as it deserved, and assured the fine fellow that his feet should be heralded to the world. I feel bound to add that even this advanced student of the art of walking paid very little attention to worms while he was making his feet work independently.

If this statement sounds improbable, go for a walk and watch Master Robin yourself; but it would be folly to predict how long it may be before his old-school cousins, the wood thrush, the veery and others, will even attempt to follow his example.

Canonization of Santa Zita.

Santa Zita, who resided for the greater portion of her life in Genoa, Italy, has been canonized. She was a very pious churchwoman, but always very domesticated. She remained longer than usual at church one day, and quite forgot that there were to be a number of people at the house that day for dinner.

A German Peasant Poetess.

Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant poet, whose works have been compared to all that is classic in German literature, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, was the second child of a workingman, and, as her mother was an invalid, Johanna and her sister, while yet mere children, were compelled to do all the housework for the family.

In Gorgeous Headgear.

It seems to me that the hat must become part of every horse's wardrobe, judging by the effects the recently tropical weather had upon these poor creatures. Numberless cases of sudden illness, which was bad both for the animals themselves and for the people who were riding or driving them, were brought to light last week.

Princess Maud Carves Meerschaum.

Princess Maud is entitled to consideration from the point of view of the great tobacco trade, according to report, because she is an expert carver in meerschaum. In the German language, which all the members of her house speak so well, she would be called a Bronstindrechslerin. Her cousin, the German Emperor, has a very fine pipe on which was carved by the Princess the figure of a warrior.

One Day's Experience.

It was on an electric car, bound from Harvard square to Boston. He was a susceptible Harvard student, she a pretty girl as you could wish to see. He wore an immaculate white scarf and was arrayed like a lily of the field. She had brown eyes that extended back to her soul, and she knew how to use them.

An hour later he was strolling through West street viewing the shoppers with a critical eye. Suddenly, from the mysterious interior of a dry goods store, a bundle in her hand, her cheeks flushed with the ardor of the chase, she came forth fairer than before, and underneath the immaculate scarf he felt a joyous commotion.

At 1 o'clock he was at the Adams House, and, as in duty bound, made a cursory examination of the ladies' dining room. He had inspected scarcely half the tables when his heart stopped and his eye was riveted. Just underneath a mirror she sat, divested of her wraps and nothing short of ravishing.

"It is fate," said he, and stared at her until there was danger of the head waiter calling the police.

At 4 o'clock he was hurrying up Tremont street in the overture of a threatening rainstorm, bound for Park square. In front of the Tremont theatre he thought of his immaculate scarf and fine raiment and sought shelter in a doorway.

Another moment and the world around him grew misty. She stood beside him, her skirts in hand and despair in her face, without mackintosh to shield her from the rain.

He glanced at her a moment, roiled up his twelve dollar trousers and departed on a run. A few doors down the street was a furnishing store. He dashed into it.

"Give me an umbrella, quick," he said.

"Here is one," said the clerk; "\$4.50, genuine natural wood and"—

"Hang the wood," said he. He dived into his pocket. A two dollar bill, two ones and forty-five cents in change.

"Call it \$4.45. It's all I've got."

"All right," said the clerk.

He threw down the money and rushed back to the doorway.

She was gone.

Then he raised his umbrella and started to walk to Cambridge.—Boston Herald.

The Game They Played.

"Saw a funny thing on a train out of New York not long ago," said the drummer, fixing himself comfortably for story telling.

"What was it?" asked a Cleveland man.

"A couple of card sharps sat across the aisle from me and time hung heavily on their hands, for there wasn't a man aboard they could work, and they were disconsolate. After awhile they began to play with each other, but they quit pretty soon and relapsed into their former condition of discouragement. They saw that I had been watching them, and after a few minutes I called across and asked why they didn't keep on with their game."

"It ain't no good," said the one next the aisle gruffly.

"Why not?" I inquired. "You're both good players."

"That's it, pardner," he explained with a short laugh; "both of us hold the same hands every deal."—Detroit Free Press.

Here is a diamond, here a piece of charcoal. Both carbon; yet between them stands the mightiest of magicians—Nature. The food on your table, and your own body; elementally the same; yet between the two stands the digestion, the arbiter of growth or decline, life or death.

We cannot make a diamond; we cannot make flesh, blood and bone. No. But by means of the Shaker Digestive Cordial we can enable the stomach to digest food which would otherwise ferment and poison the system. In all forms of dyspepsia and incipient consumption, with weakness, loss of flesh, thin blood, nervous prostration the Cordial is the successful remedy. Taken with food it relieves at once. It nourishes, and assists nature to nourish. A trial bottle—enough to show its merit—10 cents.

Laxol is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of Castor Oil.

The champion hunter and trapper of central Pennsylvania is John P. Swoope, of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, who devotes his entire time to the exciting sport. And well he may, for if reports are true, he makes quite a nice thing out of it at the county's expense, as for instance: During the ten and one half months of the present year of noxious animals alone Mr. Swoope has killed 939 foxes, 13 wild-cats and 1,296 minks, on which he received a bounty of \$1,087.50.

Why Trade Doesn't Boom.

Some disappointment is expressed in trade circles that the activity which followed quick on the heels of the election has not been maintained, and the disappointed are asking why the good times promised as a result of McKinley's election have not been realized.

When the election was held, the fall wholesale and jobbing season was already over. The retailers throughout the country had already purchased the stocks, meagre though they were, they thought were actually necessary. They are not likely to purchase heavily until they lay in stock for the spring trade.

There has been a general revival of production, however, and many long idle manufactories are now running full time to produce the goods that will be wanted for the spring trade. Those who are complaining of dull trade in their own particular staples have lost sight of the fact that between the manufactory and the consumer a considerable period must elapse at the best and that factories may be busier than ever before and goods still move slowly in jobbers' hands.

The goods will be wanted and the consumers will have money to pay for them. This has been a year of bountiful crops and of good prices, and the money which has been paid and is still to be paid for the country's wheat, cotton, corn and other agricultural staples is certain to find its way into the avenues of trade and quicken business into healthy activity in the near future.

The disappointed should make due allowance for the season and the time necessary for goods to pass from factory, and cultivate the grace of patience. The farmer who plants his corn doesn't dig it up the next day to see if it has begun to grow.

William Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," says that he used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and owes to it his splendid hair, of which he is justly proud. Mr. Ott has ridden the plains for twenty-five years, and is well known in Wyoming and the Northwest.

The True Moral Standard.

The moral motive arises not by contemplation of the gratification given by a certain line of conduct to God or by recollection of superimposed pleasures, secular or supernatural, present or future, or by any reference to the social habits or conventions with which the said line of conduct may or may not accord.

The fastest time ever made over the line of the Pennsylvania railroad west from Philadelphia to Harrisburg was made last week by T. Jeff. Gillman, engineer of limited express. The train ran the distance of 107 miles in one hour and fifty-four minutes, including two stops.

The first machine for the manufacture of cotton was invented in 1786. It was designed to card, rove and spin the raw cotton into thread.

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