

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

Doctors maintain that no more favorable medium for the culture of micro-organisms can be found than warm sewage. Cases are cited in which hot water and steam introduced into old cesspools have resulted in an epidemic of diptheria.

NERVOUS DISORDERS.—Natural hygiene, or the "Let Alone Plan," as an adversary of that reform calls the protest against the abuse of drugs, is really founded, writes a medical authority, on the fact that there is a self-regulating tendency in the constitution of the human organism, a healthward influence, which does not fail to assert itself as soon as the predisposing cause of the disease has been removed.

Health, in fact, in the normal condition of all living things, and nature never ceases to improve a chance for reverting to that original state of existence.

Asthma, catarrh, and consumption disappear on the removal of the patient from stuffy, city sick-rooms to the fresh air of the wilderness that formed the favorite-haunt of our sport-loving ancestors. Dyspepsia yields to a change from indigestible made dishes to plainer food, and the obstinacy of the ever-multiplying disorders of the nervous system seem to imply an altogether unexceptional combination of abnormal circumstances.

Indoor life and want of physical exercise may have a good deal to do with the aggravation of those troubles, but the principle predisposing cause is, no doubt, the constant increase of intemperance, not in the quality of stimulants only, but in their once-unheard-of variety.

The penalties of the stimulant vice are thus visited upon thousands of our fellow-citizens who would indignantly repudiate the charge of intemperance in the old-time sense of the word.

FOOD BEFORE SLEEP.—Many persons, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone. Dr. W. T. Cathell expresses the opinion in *The Maryland Medical Journal* that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

All things except man are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep; and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period it cries long and loud.

Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the twenty-four hours is, in quantity and quality, not beyond the physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating; but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that, instead of being consumed by bodily action, it may during the interval improve the lowered system. I am fully satisfied that the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to-nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.

The Band Saved the Boy.

Strineville, Penn., has a new brass band. It plays its first piece the other day. The band considerably went half a mile out of town to try its first tune. That delicate consideration undoubtedly saved the life of Jimmy Strong, a Strineville small boy, but it killed Farmer Fred Stauffer's valuable young Jersey bull.

At the time the band went out to play the bull was placidly cropping the fresh spring grass in his pasture, which was near the spot chosen by the band for its maiden effort. While the band was getting its collective lip ready to compel a tune from its horns Jimmy Strong was taking a short cut through the pasture to get to the spot where the band was. The bull had a reputation for a temperament that was entirely incompatible with the presence of small boys in his pasture, and he no sooner had taken note that there was one even then trespassing on his domain than he started in to hasten the small boy's trip across the lot. The small boy hastened amazingly, but the bull was gaining on him. The band was so much absorbed with itself that it did not notice the procession moving across the meadow, although the bull was mouthing his displeasure lustily as he bounded along, and the small boy was lifting up his voice in far-reaching tones.

The bull had got within a few jumps of the flying boy just as the band was ready to play. The band played. At the first burst and blast of sound that the band projected, the circumstance that the bull stopped short, threw up his head and sniffed and snorted. The horns left fly again. The bull turned and rushed wildly toward the stone wall. He reached the wall, stopped, and looked back with terror in his eyes. The band threw another installment of its soul into the horns. The bull gave one wild leap and went clear over the wall, fell into the ditch below, and broke its neck. It was not exactly a compliment to the band, but it saved Jimmy Strong.—*(New York Sun.)*

No Water on the Moon.

Every kind of life, whether animal or vegetable, requires both the presence of air and the presence of water; we do not of course say that in other parts of the universe there may not be types of life for which neither air nor water is essential; nothing is, however, more clear than the evidence which we are able to produce with reference to the presence or absence of the substances we have named.

First, with regard to water. There are, no doubt, some reasons for thinking that there may have been once water on the moon, but it is now certain that there is no liquid on its surface, nor indeed can I find much reason to believe that there is even frozen water there, as has been sometimes supposed. It is certainly a singular fact that two constituents which are so abundant here should seem to be entirely wanting in the moon, and it is an interesting subject for speculation, as to what has happened

to the water on the moon if it once existed there. It is generally believed that as our satellite cooled down the water penetrated into the interior, and was there seized upon by the minerals which required water in order that they might assume their appropriate crystalline forms. The water on the moon has therefore, according to this view, become transformed into a solid form, incorporated with the bodily texture of the globe. It has even been surmised that a similar destiny awaits the oceans on our own globe; broad and deep though they seem, they yet may be inadequate to quench the thirst for water possessed by so vast a mass of crystallizing minerals as must exist in the interior of the globe. But whether this be the explanation of the absence of liquid water from the moon or not, the fact of that absence cannot be questioned.

The moon has been subjected to careful scrutiny for centuries, yet no one has ever seen any genuine ocean or sea, no one has ever seen any indication of the present existence of water, and we are entitled to assert that water, in a liquid form, is absent from the surface of our satellite.

The Original Filibusters.

The original filibusters were West India pirates. Their name was derived from a small fast-sailing vessel which they employed, called a "filibote" (originally fly-boat), and said to have been so styled from the River Vly in Holland. The term filibusters came to be applied to all military adventurers. In the United States it has two meanings. First, it is given to the members of the minority of a legislative body who seek to delay or defeat the adoption of measures obnoxious to them by obstruction and dilatory tactics, such as constant motions to adjourn, or calls for yeas and nays.

Secondly, the name filibuster is applied to the adventurers who organized expeditions in the United States to gain control of West India and Central American regions with the hope of having them annexed to the United States, and thus extending the slave territory of the nation. The first of these expeditions was organized by a Cuban, Narciso Lopez. After making two attempts in 1849 and 1850, which proved failures, he sailed from New Orleans with about five hundred men and landed in Cuba in August, 1851. His force was overpowered by the authorities, and he and several other leaders were executed. The next filibustering expeditions were undertaken by General William Walker. In 1853 and 1854 he attempted to conquer Lower California and the State of Sonora, Mexico, but failed. In 1855 he went to Nicaragua with a few followers. Profiting by internal dissensions in that country he gained several victories and had himself elected President. He re-established slavery and seized the property of the Vanderbilt Steamship Company. But his arbitrary acts created a revolution, and early in 1857 he surrendered himself to Commander Davis, of the United States navy, who took him to New Orleans. He was released under bonds to keep the peace, but in November he was found once more in Nicaragua. In December, however, he surrendered again, this time to Commodore Paulding, of the navy, who carried him to New York. Finding himself again at liberty, he attempted to start with a new expedition from New Orleans, but was prevented by the national authorities. His last expedition was directed against Honduras in 1860. In June of that year he landed with a small force at Trujillo, but was captured, court-martialed and, on September 12, shot. Since then no filibustering expeditions from this country have been known.—*(Detroit Free Press.)*

Bridlington's Odd Well.

Among Johnny Bull's oddities none is more peculiar than the well at Bridlington, which ebbs and flows as regular as does the tide. It is situated on the very edge of the harbor, within high-water mark. The bottom of the harbor is formed of a bed of clay, through which the well-diggers bored to the gravel bed below. When this task had been accomplished a tinned copper pipe was put into the cavity, the sides of the opening being thus securely secured. Since the day it was finished the well has regularly given a free and wonderful exhibition. When the tide rises to within about fifty inches of its mouth, the water from the well, which, by the way, is perfectly fresh, begins to overflow, the quantity of the flow increasing as the tide rises, and continuing until the water recedes to a distance of as much or more than the fifty inches. During storms, or whenever the sea shows any unusual agitation, the water flows from the well in jets or miniature waves, seeming to imitate in a feeble way the lashing of the whitecaps. Several explanations of this phenomenon have been attempted, but given one, that of Mr. Milne, has been considered as tenable by the scientific societies. He accounts for the flow in this wise: The whole bay, he believes, has a clay bottom. The water between the clay and the rocks can flow out nowhere except at the shelving termination of the clay bed, which, of course, is under the sea. As the tide rises in the harbor the obstruction to this mode of escape of the water will increase. Hence less will make its way below the clay, the residue being forced back by the waves and out of the mouth of the well.—*(St. Louis Republic.)*

Cucumbers are Greatly Maligned.

"Cucumbers are a greatly maligned vegetable," said a man who insists upon having vegetables freshly picked every day from his own garden during the summer. "They are considered by the majority of persons to be unhealthy; whereas if eaten within a few hours after they are gathered they are, on the contrary, very wholesome—quite as much so in my estimation as lettuce. My family are all fond of them, and partake of them freely throughout the season; but I should not allow them to eat them at all, unless I was sure of their freshness. It is just that that makes all the difference. My great-grandfather was hale and hearty at ninety-one, and I remember being told that his diet consisted chiefly of cucumbers and tobacco. But I won't recommend this menu as a rule for old gentlemen; I only cite it to show that my favorite vegetable has its sanitary value in some cases."—*(New York Tribune.)*

DIAMOND MINES.

SEARCHING FOR THE GEMS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

How They Are Dug For, Cleaned, Sorted, Valued and Sold—Precautions Against Theft.

The Kimberley diamond mines, at present the most productive in the world, have thus far placed on the market 2,500,000 carats of these precious stones. It is the policy of the company in charge of their consolidated interests to restrict the production of the gems, so as not to make the supply exceed the market demand. Thus it maintains the price of the carbon crystals. In the work there are employed about 1,300 Europeans and 5,700 natives. Two of the excavations made in search of the blue clay, which is the matrix of the diamonds, are described by Lord Randolph Churchill as "probably the biggest holes that greedy man has ever dug into the earth," the area of one of them being thirteen acres, with a depth of 500 feet. The gem-bearing clay, when extracted, is spread over an enormous space of level ground, from which the grass and bushes have been removed.

The ground is covered to the depth of about one foot with the blue clay which is simply permitted to undergo the influence of sun and moisture. These have the effect of making it soft so that big chunks, which were as hard as ordinary sandstone when taken from the mine, soon begin to crumble. At this stage the getting of the diamonds assumes more the nature of farming than of mining, the clay being continually harrowed to assist pulverization. After three months this part of the process is considered complete, and the blue clay is carried to very large, elaborate and costly washing machines, in which, by means of running water the precious stones are separated from the raw material. By this performance 100 loads of the clay are concentrated into one load of diamondiferous stuff.

This stuff, which in appearance is a mass of blue and dark-colored pebbles of all shapes, is passed over to another machine to get rid of more of the waste earth. Then it is placed in large gobs on tables, where it is sorted while wet by white men and after it is dry by natives. The sorters work with small trowels, and their accuracy in separating the diamonds from the other substances is remarkable, inasmuch as the gems are comparatively dull in their natural and uncut state. They occur in all shades from deep yellow to blue white, from deep brown to light brown, and in a great variety of greens, blues and pinks. The most valuable are the pure white and deep orange. They vary in size from that of a pin's head upward, the biggest one yet produced weighing 428 carats. It was cut and exhibited at the Paris exposition, weighing after it was cut 228 carats.

After being sorted the diamonds are sent daily to the general office of the mines under an armed escort and are there delivered to the appraisers in charge. First they are cleaned by boiling in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, after which they are carefully sorted again in respect to size, color and purity. The room in the company's office where they are then displayed offers a most striking spectacle. It is lighted by large windows, underneath which runs a broad counter covered with white sheets of paper. Upon the latter are laid out ever so many glistening heaps of precious stones of indescribable variety. In this room are kept 60,000 carats, the daily production of the mines being about 5,500 carats. On an average 100 tons of blue clay will yield 100 carats of diamonds.

When the diamonds have been valued they are sold in parcels to local buyers, who represent the leading diamond merchants of Europe. The size of a parcel varies from a few thousands to tens of thousands of carats. In one instance, three years ago, nearly a quarter of a million of carats were sold in one lot to a single purchaser. The company sustains a loss of from ten to fifteen per cent of its production by stealing, it is reckoned. Some loss is unavoidable where articles of such highly concentrated value are concerned, but in order to check it as far as possible, extraordinary precautions are resorted to.

The natives engaged for a period of three months, during which time they are confined in a compound surrounded by a high wall. On returning from each day's work they are obliged to strip off all their clothes, which they hang on pegs in a shed. They then proceed to the searching room, where their mouths, their hair, their toes—in fact, every part of their bodies—are subjected to elaborate examination.

White men would never submit to such a performance, says Lord Randolph Churchill, but the native sustains the indignity with cheerful equanimity, feeling himself repaid by the high wages he earns. After passing through the searching room the workmen go, still in a state of nudity, to their apartments in the compound, where they find blankets to wrap themselves for the night. During the evening the clothes which they have left behind them are carefully and minutely searched and are restored to their owners in the morning. A law of exceptional rigor punishes illicit diamond buyers in South Africa. Under the statute the ordinary presumption of the law in favor of the accused disappears, the accused person having to prove his innocence in the clearest manner.

Sentences from five to fifteen years' imprisonment are frequently passed on persons convicted of purchasing diamonds from others who have stolen them. In that region such a crime seems to be regarded as about as bad as homicide. Nevertheless, as has been said, great numbers of the gems are stolen, the great outlet for such contraband stones being through the Transvaal to Natal. Most ingenious ruses are adopted by illicit dealers for conveying stolen diamonds out of Kimberley. The boundary of the Transvaal approaching within a few miles of Kimberley, thieves can quickly get across it and be safe. Recently one of them, a very notorious person, was seen leaving Kimberley on horse-back for the Transvaal. He was seized on suspicion by the police on the border and was thoroughly searched. Nothing was found on him, and he was perforce allowed to proceed. No sooner was he well across the boundary than, while yet under the eye of the detectives, he deliberately

shot and cut open his horse, extracted from its stomach a large parcel of diamonds, which, before starting on the journey, had been administered to the animal in the form of a bolus.—*(Washington Star.)*

WHY HE SWORE OFF.

A Game That Meant Ruin for One Stopped by Death.

"No," said the old drummer fiercely, "I play no games of chance any more, not even the simplest kind, for money." "Won't you pitch pennies?" persisted his companion.

"That's the least of all," he said, visibly affected.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Do you see this dollar?" he said, taking a cart-wheel from his pocket. "Well, thereby hangs a tale. Listen, Ten years ago I was, and had been for five years, travelling for a big diamond importing house in New York and as usual I carried with me a large number of gems, often having as much as \$50,000 worth. One day four of us, all in the same line, met in Denver, and that evening we were drinking and matching dollars in my room. It was a hobby of mine, as it was of one of the other men, Frank H., who was as inveterate a matcher as ever the late John T. Raymond was. Well, we drank and matched, and kept at it until we began to toss up at \$7 a toss, and the other two soon backed out and watched us. I guess we were both pretty drunk, for before I knew it we had made a pot of \$100 and were tossing best two in three for it. I lost, and lost again, and then, having no more money, I put up a diamond against his pile. I lost that, too, and then put up two against his money and what had been my diamond, and that time I won. I think we were both half crazy now, for Frank pulled out one of the pocketbooks from the inside of his vest and laid it open on the table and asked me angrily if I dared to match it. Of course I dared, and I dared more. I put down beside it all mine, valued at wholesale rates at \$50,000, and he emptied his other vest pocket to an equal amount. Our two friends tried to stop us, but we were wild and would listen to nothing. Frank threw first and I called 'tails.' It came 'heads.' It made me shiver. Then I threw 'heads' and he called 'tails,' and we were even. I don't know how I felt as he picked up the dollar and I looked at those glittering gems, for I don't know anything clearly, though I had a vague idea that somebody would be ruined forever on the next throw. Frank tossed the dollar to the ceiling, and I called 'heads.' It struck the floor and rolled over towards the register. All four of us made a rush for it, and Frank fell headlong. The dollar had dropped through the grating and was lying on the closed shutters of the register, just below.

"Get a match!" I almost shrieked.

"I stepped back and my foot struck Frank. He did not move. I bent down and shook him. He was still. I tried to cry out, but could not. The other two men caught hold of him then and turned him over. His face was blue and the blood was gushing from his mouth. He had died in an instant. The three were sober now in a second and at once alarmed the landlord and sent for a physician, but he might as well not have come. He told us death had been instantaneous. I put my diamonds back into my pockets and took care of Frank's, and the balance of the stakes I divided, taking what I had put up and setting his aside, and the next morning we started home with poor Frank's body."

"How about the dollar in the register?" asked the listener. "Who won?"

"Oh," said the old drummer with a start. "I almost forgot that part of it. I never thought of that dollar till just before we left, and going back I fished it out and put it in my pocket and that is it. It was 'heads.'"

"No wonder you don't gamble any more," exclaimed the listener with a sigh of relief. "Let's go and take a drink as a forgetter."

"And I don't drink any more, either," said the old drummer quietly.—*(Detroit Free Press.)*

How Men Fall When Shot.

The manner in which men fall depends also upon the nature of the action in which they are engaged. Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death-shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically, and goes down like a log toppled over from one end. Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot yet the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall. As a rule, a man who is hit above the hips goes down. The slightest wound the wound the more comotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance, and men sink at once, or reel and tumble with very little self-control.—*(Popular Science Monthly.)*

The Child's Habits of Speech.

There are few things more necessary in the education of a child than to control its habits of speech. Nervous children are quite likely to acquire eccentricities of speech, which should be carefully guarded against. It is amusing at times to note how many people have pet phrases which they fall back upon in a sort of apologetic manner on all occasions. This is a kind of aphasia, using the term in a broad sense to mean heterophemy as well as failure of speech. Instance upon instance might be enumerated of this strange weakness. A tutor in one of our largest colleges attracted the attention of all his pupils by the irrelevant way in which he used the phrase "In that way." In geometrical demonstrations, if there was nothing to criticize, this phrase almost invariably followed "Well demonstrated—in that way," leaving the impression on a nervous pupil in an indefinite way that there had been something not quite right in the method until the phrase became known as a set one. Still another person uses the phrase "Not

necessarily" in most absurd places and it is easy to see that the phrase is one susceptible of many misapprehensions. Young people are especially apt to acquire such phrases, and when once acquired the habit may last for a lifetime and procure for the user no end of mischance. As a matter of fact, certain forms of aphasia dispose the sufferer to the use of set phrases which are the very opposite to what he intends to say. One of the most curious cases of this sort was that of a good and reverend clergyman who felt impelled by some irresistible power to add to the first line of the Lord's prayer: "And I hope he will stay there." And so impossible was it for him to overcome this strange habit that he found it expedient to resign his curacy.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

PIES AND BISCUITS.—To make pies or biscuit a nice color, moisten the top of them with a little sweet milk just before they are put into the oven.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Boil together until they thicken half a teaspoonful of rich milk, the yolk of one egg, and one-fourth of a cake of chocolate. Set aside and when cold add one teaspoonful of sugar, or such other quantity as the chocolate may require and the taste demand, one tablespoonful of butter and half a teaspoonful of milk. Thicken with two teaspoonfuls of flour, into which has previously been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Make into four layers and when cold, put together with boiled icing.

HOW TO BOIL POTATOES PROPERLY.—It is odd how few people really know how to boil potatoes. When they come up to the table sordid and heavy the fault is generally ascribed to the potato. "When I first commenced housekeeping," said a lady who was speaking of the difficulty of getting cooks to boil potatoes properly, "I was told that after they were thoroughly boiled the lid should be taken half-way off the pot and the potatoes dried for about fifteen minutes. This I found a great improvement; but it is only lately that I learned that chemically potatoes required a saline steam to develop them into the delicious mealiness that makes them at once so palatable and so easy of digestion, and that potatoes should never be boiled except in their skins and with a good handful of salt. This seems a very simple thing, but you will find on inquiry that not one cook in ten ever boils her potatoes in this way. Then, after they are boiled, try the fifteen minutes' drying, and you will have perfectly cooked potatoes which may be eaten as they are (and with good butter there is no more delicious way), or prepared in the numberless different fashions in which we are wont to serve this vegetable of vegetables."

Human Electric Currents.

Take two shallow vulcanite troughs and fill them two-thirds full with a three-fourths per cent solution of common salt. Dip a perfectly clean slip of platinum into each trough, and lead wires from the strips to the galvanometer. Connect the two troughs with a strip of clean white blotting paper wet with the salt solution. As a rule, if precautions have been taken to have everything absolutely clean, no current will pass through the galvanometer. Then wash the hands thoroughly and place one in each vulcanite trough. At first there is usually a swing of the galvanometer, but it soon comes to rest. Then contract powerfully the muscles of the right arm. There will be a swing in one direction, say to the right. Next throw the muscles of the left arm into contraction. The needle of the galvanometer will now swing in the opposite direction. By alternately contracting the muscles of the right and left arms the needle of the galvanometer can be caused to swing rhythmically.

This experiment, first made by DuBois-Reymond, demonstrating what he calls the man current, is of great interest. Careful examination shows that when the muscles of the right arm are contracted an electrical change passes through the body from the right to the left arm, out from the left arm to the galvanometer, and back from the galvanometer to the right arm. When the muscles of the left arm are contracted the reverse occurs, or, in other words, a current passes through the body from the contracting to the passive arm, and through the galvanometer from the passive to the contracting arm. Some have supposed that this is a skin current, or rather a current due to a change in the cutaneous secretions; and it has been stated that it will not occur if the secretory nerves have first been paralyzed by atropine. As excitation of secretory nerves gives a positive variation, it is difficult to account in this way for the negativity that occurs in the actively contracting muscles, while the remarkable uniformity in the results that one, by careful experiment, obtains by alternately and rapidly contracting the muscles of the two arms is in favor of the view that the man current is due to electrical changes occurring in the muscles themselves.—*(Fortnightly Review.)*

One Way to Gratify a Toad.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of his chase.—*(Our Dumb Animals.)*

Drove Wild Geese Like Rabbits.

During the late storm a wholesale slaughter of wild geese took place up at Big Bend. It was very soggy one night and thousands of geese lit in the vicinity, and the fog being thick they could not see, and several parties went out with clubs and in less than an hour had succeeded in killing an even 5,000 of the birds.—*(Redding (Cal.) Democrat.)*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"NOT ACQUAINTED."

"Ben is a sweet little year-old girl; Ben is a bright little three-year boy; They romp together, with locks awhirl, And hearts brimming over with love and joy." Wistfully spoke little Ben one day: "O mamma, I hope my Nell won't grow up into a girl, like Grace or Kay!" "I don't like girls, I don't, you know!" "But I'm sure," said mamma, "my boy likes me, and I was a girl once, dear little Ben." Quick came the answer: "Well, you see, I wasn't acquainted with you then!" —*(Youth's Companion.)*

WISDOM FROM A CHILD.

A story is told of a Harvard professor who entertained a number of advanced students at his parlors with a learned dissertation upon the expansion of heat and contraction of cold. He gave numerous illustrations of an interesting and convincing character and his guests were evidently greatly edified and pleased, while he appeared in the best of moods with his success. As he took his seat his little-daughter, who was sitting in a corner with her doll, asked: "Papa, if cold contracts, why did the frozen water break my glass last night?" The great scientist and the clever students were alike dumbfounded by the question. No answer was attempted. Which was the greater teacher—the college professor or his little child? —*(Troy Press.)*

A PRETTY PANSY FAIR.

The pansy has five petals (petals are leaves of a flower) and five sepals (sepals are the leaves of the calyx, and the calyx is the green outer covering or leaf-like envelope of a flower.) In most pansies two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each and the fifth, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair between them; the two small gay petals are the daughters with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife with two chairs. To find the father you must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare, and you will find they have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders unshaved and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother.—*(Detroit Free Press.)*

THE GARDEN BIRD.

There is a little bird in England called the garden bird which we have been learning about in school, and I thought some other children would be interested in it, too, writes little Edith Jackson.

The little husband and wife not only build a house for themselves, but they also make a garden around it. After having made up their minds to build the first thing they do is to find a nice spot of ground with some kind of shrub growing near the center of it. Then they pile green moss on the ground, all around the shrub. Next the birds bring long green twigs, which they have broken from off the branches of trees, and stick them into the ground so that they will lean against the top of the shrub like the framework of a small tent. One side is left open for a door.

When the little house is built the birds at once set to work to make their garden. The husband bird does the heavier work, and all around the house he clears off a space for a lawn, carrying away every stone and stick and bit of soil that is in the way. He then covers the space with the finest green moss that he can find and upon the velvet lawn he lays many pretty berries and pink flowers, and as often as the flowers fade he takes them away and brings fresh ones. This house, which is three feet long and more than a foot high, is very large for two little birds. Indeed the house is ample enough to accommodate a family of twenty. The garden, too, is large in proportion and is sometimes six feet long and even longer. It is said that the people in that far-off country think so much of these birds that they never harm them. And now you may wish to know how this little warbler is dressed. The top of his head, his back, his wings and his tail are brown and his breast a greenish red. In size he is about the size of a robin.—*(New York Mail and Express.)*

A Nice Legal Point.

The magistrates of Toulouse, in France, are about to have a case brought under their notice which will test their discernment and legal wisdom to decide. It originated with a curious incident which occurred, we read, a short time ago in the refreshment rooms of the Toulouse railway terminus.

A customer, having finished his breakfast at the table d'hote, drew a hundred franc note (\$20) from his pocket and tendered it to the waiter. The latter being a little too far off to reach it, an obliging neighbor took it with the object of passing it on to the waiter. Accidentally, however, he let it fall into a sauce tureen that was being handed around at the same moment.

Another gentleman picked it out of this receptacle, holding the sauced bank note delicately by the corner. Before he could give it to the waiter a large dog, smelling the sauce, seized the note and swallowed it. All the witnesses of the incident went to the police commissary's office, the customer to whom the note belonged demanding that the dog should be killed, so that he might recover his money.

The dog's master, however, objected that the dog was worth far more than a hundred francs, and the matter was left in suspense till the following day. By a singular coincidence, in the course of the night the dog, taken with some sudden illness, died. The carcass was opened, but no trace of the bank note was visible. The magistrates of Toulouse have been called upon to decide who ought to sustain the loss of the bank note.—*(London Tit-Bits.)*