

### IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Two shapes were walking on the strand  
One starlight night in no man's land;  
Two shapes that during mortal life  
Gave hate for hate, in deadly strife.  
They met. Swift forth their falcions flew;  
Each pinned the other through and through;  
But neither fell. Again they strove  
For mastery, and madly drove  
To right and left their falcions bright,  
Nor sound nor cry profaned the night.  
Through corselet, casque, and visor, too,  
As through the air their swift blades flew;  
Until, amazed, they stood aglath,  
And on the sands their weapons cast.  
Then laughed they both at mortal strife,  
The passing dream of earthly life.  
And clasping each the other's hand,  
They walk the shades of no man's land.  
—James Clarence Harvey, in the Academy.

### All's Well That Ends Well.

There is always a beginning to an end. What it is in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks-Brown I do not pretend to know. What I know most about is the end and the appendix. Of course all the differences leading up to the last act were thoroughly aired in court and in the newspapers; but it was the final act of brutality on Mr. Hicks-Brown's part that was especially dilated upon, and for weeks this "fiend in human form" was execrated by dames and damsels all over this broad land, and Mrs. Hicks-Brown was an object of heart-felt commiseration on all sides.  
I am inclined to think that if Mr. Hicks-Brown had been more like the men who are held up as model husbands by the knowing members of certain ladies' societies, he and Mrs. Hicks-Brown—she whom only two short years since he had promised to love and cherish—would be living in peace and amity, to say nothing of conjugal happiness, even unto this day; and if Mrs. Hicks-Brown had been anything but the only child of a very rich and foolishly indulgent papa, things might have been different. But Mr. Hicks-Brown was just as much used to having his own way as was his pretty spouse; and the natural result was family rows, more or less insignificant in character. At first Mr. Hicks-Brown was inclined to give in, just as all dutiful husbands are; but he saw the shoals of trouble on which this course was causing him to drift, and concluded, after mature consideration, that it was his will that should dominate in the Hicks-Brown family, and he fixed his plan of procedure and governed his actions accordingly. Mrs. Hicks-Brown, with feminine insight, perceived, at an early stage of the game, what her lord's intentions were; and, as she had always been accustomed to have her own way, she decided that it was too late to begin knocking under—and there you have what was presumably the beginning of the end.  
It was a dog—not only a dog, but a young lady dog—not only a female canine, but what Mr. Hicks-Brown termed a "meanly dogged pug"—that caused the climax. If there was any creature on earth that Mr. Hicks-Brown especially despised it was a pug, and especially one of the rather sex, and his better half, aware of this antipathy, had, with characteristic feminine perversity, availed herself of the first opportunity to possess herself of one of those interesting animals, which speedily won, it seemed, first place in her affections and made Mr. Hicks-Brown's life miserable.  
He stood it, however, as long as he could; but the end had to come.  
Mr. Hicks-Brown was an architect, and it came to pass that he had, on one occasion, been invited to prepare the plans for a public building. The plans were drawn and accepted by the committee, which, however, returned them to him for certain important alterations, and they were laid on the table in his den to be attended to when he returned home in the late afternoon of a certain day.  
Now, it so happened that Vic, the pug aforementioned, was of an inquiring turn of mind, and she chose this very afternoon for an exploring tour in the upper part of the house.  
When Mr. Hicks-Brown entered his den about 5 o'clock he saw at once that portions of his plans were missing, and, supposing that his wife had taken them to show some visitor, he hurried downstairs.  
"Where are those plans?" he asked.  
"What plans, dear?" softly inquired Mrs. Hicks-Brown, sliding her caramel eye on a particularly thrilling page of the yellow-back novel in her lap.  
"What—what plans? Do you mean to say you didn't take those damnable building plans from my table?" asked Mr. Hicks-Brown in some agitation.  
"Oh-h!" said his spouse, mildly surprised. "Why, it must have been those that Vic had."  
"That—Vic—had?" howled Mr. Hicks-Brown. "And pray where are they now?"  
"Don't get excited, dear. Were they anything in particular? Vic had some old, soiled pieces of cloth, playing with them awhile ago; but I supposed they were some you had thrown into the wastebasket, so I burned—Henry! What are you going to do?"  
But Henry did not answer. He strode over to the cushion whereon the offending Vic was taking her afternoon siesta, gripped her firmly by the nape of the neck, and, despite his wife's hysterical protests, opened the door and kicked the howling animal into the street, and, not satisfied with this, when Mrs. Hicks-Brown would have rushed to rescue her pet, he took her by the shoulders and forced her into a chair, noting with grim satisfaction as she did so that a couple of street Arabs were making off with Vic.  
That day Mrs. Hicks-Brown went home to her mother, and two weeks later she was a member of the divorce colony in a western city, seeking freedom from matrimonial bonds on the ground of "cruel and inhuman treatment," which she expected the court, when her case was presented, to understand as having been applied to her instead of to Vic.  
In the state where Mrs. Hicks-Brown sought her divorce, it takes only three

months to establish a residence, and the legal formalities consume very little time; but, strange to say, Mrs. Hicks-Brown did not find it easy to pass the time. The first three or four weeks, in her flurried state of mind, she did not notice—but, after that, time passed very slowly, indeed. Strange as it may seem, life apart from Mr. Hicks-Brown was very, very dull—and lonely. Yes, she had been hasty—too hasty—but there was no turning back now. She had burned her bridges, and besides, had ever a Lovedale retraced a step once taken? No! And she held her pretty nose a little higher and tried to look haughtily down-careless, all the time feeling very miserable, indeed.  
Everything seemed to conspire to add to her load of sorrow. She was pointed out on the street as a "colonist;" and, although she met, through the pastor of the church she attended and at the home of her attorney, many of the nicest people in the city, she was almost entirely ignored in a social way and galled her immeasurably. She, a Lovedale—yes, and a Hicks-Brown; for even if the man who had bestowed the last name on her did work for a living, it was a name to be proud of—to be ostracized by these insignificant country people, half the men among whom attended balls in Prince Albert or cut-away coats! The idea! As if she cared! And yet she did care, a great deal.  
And Mr. Hicks-Brown? He was working away as though fighting time. He never gave himself a moment, if he could help it, for thought. Not a word had passed between him and the Lovedale family since the day his wife had flung herself out of the house and returned to her parents. He heard she had gone west for a divorce and it made him wince, but he shut his mouth more tightly and went at his work still harder. There were times when he had to think and they were not pleasant times. There was one in particular. A few months before he had begun to build, unknown to his wife, a handsome new house in her favorite suburb—and the time came for him to occupy it, and she was not there to enjoy it. His younger sister, an orphan, who had just finished school and had come to live with him, was delighted with the new house. She ran all over the house, fairly gushing with pleasure, and did not know that her brother, sitting amid the confusion of furniture in the front hall, was thinking of how much some one else would have been pleased. And there were two big tears on his cheeks when he remembered himself and arose to superintend the work of arranging furniture.  
Everybody who reads the papers remembers the Hicks-Brown divorce trial—how the defendant paid no attention to the suit; how the judge, in granting a decree without alimony, scored the fair plaintiff for seeking a divorce on such trivial grounds, and assured her that he allowed a decree only because it was plain to be seen that it was a case of incompatibility; and how two days after receiving her decree, the plaintiff left suddenly, and everybody said, "I told you so—I knew she'd go as soon as she got it."  
But everybody doesn't know that the reason she left so suddenly was that she received a telegram announcing her father's death, or that when she reached home she found that he had died a bankrupt.  
Hicks-Brown knew it, and his heart ached with a longing to go to her aid—and then the Hicks-Brown pride came to the surface and his heart hardened with a cold snap and he bent himself to his work harder than ever.  
One morning, as he rode into town, Henry Hicks-Brown was thinking how lonely his sister must be, sometimes, out there in that slow little suburb, and an idea struck him. "By Jove!" he thought, "it's the very thing. There are lots of fine girls who would jump at the chance to be companions to so jolly a girl as Lotie." And he stopped at the Sol office and left a "Want" advertisement, which stated that a young lady desired a companion who was able to speak French and possessed sundry other accomplishments; must furnish best references; would receive liberal salary, etc. "Apply in person at residence, — Grove street."

Mabel Hicks-Brown, discussing ways and means with her mother at their slimly-furnished breakfast table next morning, saw this advertisement.  
"It's the very thing, mamma, and I'm going to see about it to-day. Something must be done, and I am the one to do it, so—"  
"But, Mabel, it seems so—so—why, the idea of—"  
"There, there's no use saying a word, mamma. We can't be choosers any more."  
And so it was settled.  
At 4 o'clock that afternoon Mabel Hicks-Brown rang the door of the house in Grove street indicated in the advertisement and was admitted by a trim maid, who seemed to know her errand, and ushered her into a pretty drawing room on the right.  
Somehow the room had a familiar look. At least there were things in it that seemed familiar. That picture in the dark corner—she must have seen it before. She rose to look at it, and as she did so, some one came hurriedly into the room. Turning, she stood face to face with Henry Hicks-Brown.  
For a full half-minute they stood staring at each other, stunned. Then Mabel, weak from the strain of the weeks and months just passed, gave a shuddering sob and sank to the floor.  
Ten minutes later she found herself upon the divan in the corner, with a pair of strong arms about her and a very dear face close to her own, while a deep, tremulous voice whispered: "Mabel, can't you see—we can't make it all up? Tell me, little girl."

She told him, right then and there; and half an hour after that they stood in the study of the parsonage close by—Hicks-Brown would have it so—for all the world like a pair of elopers, and what had taken nearly five months to untie was retied in five minutes.  
And that was the real end of the celebrated Hicks-Brown divorce case—the part that only a small minority of the newspaper-reading public knows about.—[Argonaut.

### London's Cabs and Cabmen.

London is so vast that it is difficult to realize the immensity of its every-day statistics. The capital contains sufficient cabmen, cabdrivers, and others engaged in the hackney carriage trade to populate a large town.  
Here are the latest figures: 3,000 proprietors, 15,500 cabdrivers, 4,000 washers, horsekeepers, and stable-helpers—total 23,100. It is estimated that the value of the 24,000 horses and the 11,500 licensed cabs employed, and the appliances, exceeds \$5,000,000.—[New York Journal.

### OLLA PODRIDA.

OFFICIAL SLANG.—Official slang and political slang have a tendency to use the fewest number of words to express an idea and the fewest number of syllables to make the word. There is the use of the word "made" instead of "promoted," "broke" instead of "dismissed from the service," "got at" to mean that some one has been successfully induced to do something, "pull" to signify influence, favoritism and official friendship; "pulled" to sum up what happens when a squad of policemen make a number of prisoners at once from the same place; "fell down" to show that there has been a final failure in what was undertaken. "done up" in the sense of the demolition and crushing of some one. These are a few samples. A little thought will enable any one to add a number of others. They show the tendency of one class of public slang to brevity and sententiousness.

WOOD THAT SINKS IN WATER.—There are 413 species of trees found within the limit of the United States. Of these, sixteen, when perfectly seasoned, are so heavy that they sink in water. The heaviest is the black iron wood (Condalia ferrea), found only in Southern Florida, which is more than 30 per cent. heavier than water. Of the other fifteen, the best known is the Lignum vitae (Guaiacum sanctum), and the Mangrove (Rhizophora mangle). Texas and New Mexico, lands full of queer, creeping, crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak (Quercus grisea), which is about one and one-quarter times heavier than water and which, when green, will sink as quickly as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found as far westward as the Colorado Desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000. All the species heavier than water belong in Florida or the arid South and Southwest.

CAPACITY OF THE EYE.—The capacity of the human eye for special training would appear to be even greater than that of the hand. A young woman employed in Burrelle's Bureau of Press Clippings tells us of a wonderful faculty she has acquired, which enables her to see certain names and subjects at a glance at the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have read column after column to find—and then might miss—she sees at what seems the merest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her. "They stand right out," she said laughingly, "just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn't help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a few matters and drop an old one it bothers me a little—the latter by being in my mental way all the time and the former to be hunted—but in a few days one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way. I can't tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and clerks were a remarkable set of people, but I now find that the eye is much quicker than the hand, and is susceptible of a higher training."

A LAKE OF BOILING WATER.—There is a lake of boiling water in the island of Dominica, lying in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many solfataras, or volcanic sulphur vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little better than a crater filled with scalding water, constantly fed by mountain streams and through which pent-up gases find vent and are ejected. The temperature of the water on the margins of the lake ranges from 180 to 210 degrees Fahrenheit; in the middle, exactly over the gas vents, it is more than 300 degrees.

Where this action takes place the water rises two, three, and sometimes as high as four feet above the general level of the lake, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are legions in number. The commotion over the gas jets causes a violent disturbance of the lake, great waves of the boiling water continually lashing the shores, and though the cones appear to be the special vents, sulphurous vapors with equal density over its entire surface. Contrary to what one would naturally suppose, there seems to be no violent action of escaping gases, such as explosions and detonations.  
The water is of a dark gray color, and, having been boiled over and over for thousands of years, has become thick and slimy with sulphur. "The Boiling Lake of Dominica" is justly reckoned as one of the greatest natural wonders of the world and is yearly visited by thousands of sightseers.

### Rams in Naval Warfare.

Naval authorities assert that rams will be the most effective weapons in the naval conflicts of the future. In the building of every battleship nowadays much attention is given to making the stem as powerful as possible, in order that she may ram an adversary off civily. Methods of conflict on the sea are reverting, curiously enough, to those practiced 2,000 years ago, when Rome was mistress of the waves. Then vessels of war were propelled by two or three banks of oars; now they are driven by two or three screws.  
Then, as now, the most deadly blow was struck with the ram. Then, as now, the commanding officer stood in "conning tower," directing the movements of the ship, issuing orders for the launching of missiles against the enemy, and at the critical moment "giving the stem" to an opposing craft. In order to concentrate the power of the modern ram, imagine a ship weighing 5,000 tons driven at a speed of fifteen miles an hour against a floating antagonist.  
"Is this a healthful portion of the State?" asked a traveler in Arkansas.  
"Well, I should say it is. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

#### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Reader of Women—The Correct Reading—Value of Small Boys—Anticipated Him, and He Was Mad, Etc., Etc.

A READER OF WOMEN.  
"I don't think there is any chance for me with Miss Daisy."  
"Why not?"  
"She doesn't seem to care anything about me."  
"How does she treat you?"  
"Jolly and laughingly. Every other fellow she treats kindly, but me—well, I guess there's no chance for me."  
"Why, man, you are the one she loves. You're in luck if you only knew it."  
—[New York Press.

THE CORRECT READING.  
Prisoner—Say, Judge, I can't get the hang of morals in this country. I am arrested for helping myself, ain't I?  
Judge—You are.  
Prisoner—And yet I've been taught when I was a boy that "God helps them who help themselves."  
Judge—The application is easy; you have helped yourself, and you are now about to be helped in return to a couple of years' board and lodging at public expense.—[Boston Courier.

VALUE OF SMALL BOYS.  
Mrs. Watts—Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dirty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair rails are as clean and as smooth as glass.  
Mary Ann—Yis, mem. She has 'trec shmal boys.—[Indianapolis Journal.

ANTICIPATED HIM, AND HE WAS MAD.  
The day was hot; no breath of air  
Our glowing faces fanned,  
And every hour we breathed a prayer  
For breezes soft and bland.  
We saw him coming up the way  
And knew at once what he would say;  
So we, with smiles addressed him thus:  
"No; 'tist hot enough for us."  
—[New York Press.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.  
"Then you positively refuse my love, Alicia, and we are henceforth and forever to be strangers to each other," he asked, sadly.  
"Yes, Mr. Oldboy, I cannot marry you, and it is therefore better that we should part."  
"Then, Alicia, if this is to be our final parting, I must ask if you will—will—"  
"Be a sister to you? Oh, yes, Mr. Oldboy, with pleasure."  
"No, no," he answered wildly, "you misunderstand. Will you please return my—"  
"Can you ask for the few paltry presents you have given me?"  
"Suspenders!" gasped the unhappy man, "my new blue suspenders you borrowed to wear with your yachting suit."  
But she hung her head in despair. How could she tell him they were "busted?"—[Detroit Free Press.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.  
"Harry, love," said Mrs. Noopop, when her husband came from the office one afternoon. "I received a lovely letter from papa to-day."  
"Ah!" replied Noopop.  
"Yes, he congratulates us on the birth of our dear baby."  
"That's good."  
"Yes, and he says it will cost us more to live now—that babies are expensive."  
"I suppose that is very true," the happy father assented.  
"And so dear papa sent us a check for \$1,000. Wasn't that good of him?"  
"I should say it was!" exclaimed Noopop, enthusiastically. "I'll sit right down and thank him for his generous contribution to the Fresh Hair Fund."  
—[New York Life.

A FINANCIER.  
The Bank Cashier—You insist on my having a fortune before I marry your daughter?  
The Bank President—I do, sir.  
The Bank Cashier (leaving)—Very well, sir, I shall have one before evening. And—by the way—You will have no objection to the ceremony taking place in Canada?—[Life.

THE PLEDGE.  
I took the pledge the other day—  
Alas! I kept it not.  
'Twas the pawnbroker that kept it,  
And still that pledge he's got.  
—[Judge.

TOO SMART FOR CHOLLY.  
"Girls know too much now-a-days."  
"What makes you say that?"  
"You remember when I asked Miss Brown to copy me some verses? In reality I only wanted her handwriting to read her character by."  
"Well!"  
"Well, here are the verses, but she's copied them on the typewriter."  
—[Brooklyn Life.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.  
Hungry Higgins (reading the display line of a patent medicine advertisement in a newspaper he has picked up)—Does what you eat distress you?  
Weary Watkins—Naw. Not near so much as wot I don't eat.—[Brooklyn Life.

ALWAYS POPULAR.  
There is an old, old story,  
Which many a heart has stirred,  
And no one murmurs "Chestnut,"  
Whene'er this tale is heard.  
HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.  
"Say, Bill, why don't you marry Miss Smithers?"  
"Oh, I can't."  
"Yes, you can. You're well off and she's willing, I'll bet."  
"But—"  
"Oh, I know all about bachelors' rights, but you've no idea of the comforts of a home. Now go in for her like a man."  
"Can't think of it possibly."  
"And you won't marry her?"  
"No."  
"Sure?"  
"Yes."  
"Why not?"  
"I've already married her."  
—[Chicago News.

NOT ENOUGH.  
"A kiss for each violet," I said,  
Pointing to those she wore,  
And her eyes divine looked into mine  
And grief and pain they bore.  
Then as she turned her sweet face away  
I thought I saw a tear,  
And I bent my head as she softly said,  
"There are but two dozen here."  
—[New York Herald.

DID YOU EVER THINK OF IT?  
When like the furnace shines the sun,  
Some folks swear like a felon;  
And yet it brings the green upon  
The Georgia watermelon!  
—[Atlanta Constitution.

A REMINDER.  
"You refuse to change that counterfeit bill for me, and yet you call yourself a Christian?" he said.  
"What's that got to do with it?" asked the other.  
"You should always return good for evil."  
—[Puck.

SHOOK HIM OFF.  
Brace—A footpad followed me last night, but I shook him off.  
Bagley—How?  
Brace—Struck him for a dime for a night's lodging.—[New York Herald.

RUTHER HAVE A GOAT.  
Jamie's father had taken him in to see the baby.  
"There, my son," he said, "is a nice little sister for you. Won't she be a nice present?"  
"Yes," replied Jamie, "she's nice enough, I reckon, but I'd rather have a goat."  
—[Chicago Tribune.

IN THE SEA.  
One day with glee I sought the sea,  
Got into it with vim;  
But, ough! the sea got into me  
Because I couldn't swim.  
—[New York Herald.

A CONJUGAL SPAT.  
"I'm getting gray, Maria."  
"Well, you don't need to remind me of it if we are getting old. I think you're c-c-cruel!" Sobs herself sick.—[Chicago News.

CONTINUED HIS CONVERSATION.  
Watts—Did your barber shut up on Sunday?  
Potts—No. He merely closed his shop.  
—[Indianapolis Journal.

AN INDEFINITE REQUEST.  
Baldhead Customer (in barber shop)—I want a hair cut.  
Affable Barber—Yes, sir; which hair?  
—[Philadelphia Record.

CONSOLING.  
Disappointed Bard (in newspaper office)—What's the trouble about my work?  
Office Boy—"Tain't no trouble at all, mister. The boss just looks at your signature, an' then chucks the stuff over for me to keep."  
—[Puck.

THE INFANT CLASS.  
"It's the little things in life that count," said the philosopher.  
"Yes, indeed," said the primary teacher; "you should come to school some time and hear them."  
—[Puck.

CHANGING HIS TUNE.  
Mrs. Newwed—My dear, as you said we must do everything possible to economize, I have been at work turning my old dresses, and I can make most of them do another year. It won't take me over six weeks to get through, and then I'll reshape and trim my old bonnets.  
Mr. Newwed—That's very sensible, I must say.  
Mrs. Newwed—I have also been trying some waxed thread and a coarse needle on my old shoes, and I believe they'll last six months longer, and I've turned that old carpet we bought second-hand, and given it a thorough washing, so that it will do very nicely; and I'm going to make some curtains for the up-stairs windows, to avoid buying new ones.  
Mr. Newwed—Eminently sensible, my dear.

Mrs. Newwed—And I've sent off the washerwoman and discharged the hired girl. I will do all the work myself.  
Mr. Newwed—You're an angel, my love.  
Mrs. Newwed—And I took that box of imported cigars you bought, and traded them for two boxes of cheaper ones.  
Mr. Newwed—Now, see here! Economy is a good thing, but there is no need of your becoming an unreasoning, fanatical monomaniac on the subject.  
TO WHOM?

She was a spectacled young woman from Boston visiting in Virginia for the first time. In the evening an owl in an old tree down the road began to hoot.  
"To whoo! to whoo!" came the weird and lonesome call.  
The young woman stepped to the open window to listen.  
"To whoo! to whoo!" came the call again.  
"What's that?" she inquired.  
"An owl," said her hostess.  
"Indeed," and her spectacles went up critically. "Well, all I have to say is its language is frightfully ungrammatical."  
THE SAME TROUBLE.

Philanthropic Visitor (at the jail)—My friend, may I ask what brought you here?  
Bad Dick (from the slums)—Yes, sir. Something that brings you here. Poking my nose into other folks' affairs. Only I generally went by the way of the basement window.—[Chicago Tribune.

NOAH OUTDONE.  
Jenny—Isn't it nasty to have such frequent rain?  
Belle—Yes; but then it's much nicer here than in England.  
May—How so?  
Belle—Because they have had a steady reign there for sixty years.  
KEPT HIM UP.

Mrs. Bingo—What made you stay out so late last night?  
Bingo—I went to a christening with Bitter.  
Mrs. Bingo—Why, he hasn't any children that want christening.  
Bingo (meekly)—No. But he has a new suit.—[New York Herald.

### MOSQUITOES AND THEIR BITES.

#### Timely Hints About One of the Greatest of Summer Pests.

There are very few people who attempt to deal with mosquitoes as they do with other insects. Suffice seems to be the general rule. In many places in the mountains this insect disappears early in July, but in lowlands near the sea shore, he takes up his quarters for the season. There appears to be no remedy quite so effectual for this pest as the odor of pennyroyal. The essential oil sold in the drug stores is hardly so effectual as the fresh herb itself. A bouquet of these fragrant herbs will usually drive away this troublesome pest. When mosquitoes attack a community in force, they are best exorcised by a smudge, or smoldering fire of pine boughs or fragrant wood, smothered to give forth a thick smoke. This smoke is not especially disagreeable to people in the open air, but its effect in driving away mosquitoes is remarkable. The best antidote for the bite of a mosquito undoubtedly is ammonia, weakened with a little water or salt water. Some people go so far as to press the poison out of the bite with some small metal instrument like the point of a watch key, before applying the antidote. This prevents the painful swelling that sometimes occurs. As in other cases, "One man's meat is another man's poison," and the same remedy will not apply to all individuals. Some find camphor most efficacious and salt and water will not avail. Ammonia, however, seems to be generally successful as a neutralizer of the mosquito poison. Where there are large quantities of mosquitoes and no reason for their appearance is apparent, it is well to look about the premises for something which attracts them. An uncovered barrel of rain-water will bring them in hordes, and damp places and stagnant pools are spots where they delight to congregate. There are a great many objections to mosquito bars, the chief of which is the sense of suffocation which their use engenders. They keep out mosquitoes, but they also keep out the pure, fresh air. It is better to endure the presence of the pests or to use other remedies against them than to keep one's self fresh air by the use of nets at the windows and doors or in canopy over the beds.—[New York Tribune.

#### Dogs That Talked.

A Lawrence (Kan.) dispatch to the Memphis Commercial says: "Probably the most convincing and remarkable evidence that animals can talk to each other was witnessed near here a few days ago on the farm of William Seymore. Seymore has two dogs which are accustomed to remain in the barns and have been the firm friends of the horses. To such an extent has the friendship progressed that when any of the horses or either of the dogs have been away from home any time, immediately on their return they rush together and rub noses and give other evidences of delight at meeting."  
"The dogs and horses go to the pasture together and return home at evening in company. This remarkable and close friendship has been noted by many and much commented upon, but the climax was reached when one of the dogs came rushing from a small piece of timber about half a mile from the barn. He ran hurriedly up to the other dog and whined and barked in a queer manner and then ran to the house."

"The second dog at once jumped to his feet and started off on a run to the woods as fast as he could go. The first dog hunted around the place until he found Mr. Seymore and then by barks and strange antics attracted his attention and started back toward the timber."  
"Mr. Seymore paid little attention to him until he was told what had occurred at the barn, where the two dogs apparently held conversation, and then he followed to the woods. The dog went straight into the woods and there Mr. Seymore found the one of his horses had fallen down in a small water course which was so narrow and steep that it was impossible for the animal to rise."  
"The horse was lying perfectly still, while the second dog was sitting by its head licking its face and showing by its attentions that it intended to comfort the horse all that was in its power. The fact that the horse was lying in an out-of-the-way place, with the additional fact that the second dog did not hesitate, but went directly to where it had fallen, was plain evidence of the fact that the first dog had told the story and given directions for finding the horse that was in trouble."

#### Did the Pelican Count?

Houzeau de la Haie tells of a pelican living in a fisherman's family at Santo Domingo that fed upon the refuse of the fish-cleaning. Every weekday it would go to the shore looking for the food which the boats were sure to bring in. Now the owner of this pet pelican, although a rough fisherman, was of a pious turn of mind and always observed Sabbath. The pelican was not long in learning this and the fact that he was unwillingly made to observe a forced fast every seventh day. Within a very short time he had such a clear idea of the regular return of the day that he would sit motionless all day on Sunday on a tree near the house without once attempting to go to the beach for his daily allowance of refuse fish trimmings. Mmc. Royer, in commenting on this remarkable exhibition of reasoning faculties in a bird, says:  
"It is not necessary to suppose that the pelican had learned to count the six days, at the end of which time its masters would not go fishing; but, while it really estimated daily the time when it must make its excursions to the beach, it was informed of the return of Sunday by what was going on at the house, as for an instance, the fisherman putting on their Sunday clothes. In the same way a dog knows when his master is ready to start on a hunt by seeing him with gun and game bag."  
"In such instances animals show that they have the faculty of associating ideas and of observing consecutive facts. Thus they show that they are capable of establishing correlative connections between things, which demonstrates not less intelligence than actual acquaintance with the six or ten signs which express the first six or ten number, or the use of a system of enumeration to express large numbers."—[St. Louis Republic.