

CUPID'S BOW.

Down in the gloaming, where the river makes a bend
There in the lane so narrow,
Cupid is wandering his bow to mend.
And share the point of his arrow.
Sing help!—A he lets it go,
Be sure the mark it will not pass by;
For deep in each heart may be found the dart.
Which Cupid sent when his bow let fly.

Down in the gloaming, when the stars were shining bright,
Bathing bloom and sorrow,
Cupid strayed in a sad and dismal plight,
And longed for the coming morn.
Sing helpho! for his bow he has let go.
It has fallen in the grass at his feet;
And his thoughts have flown to a love of his own,
Whom tomorrow he hopes to meet.

Picked up the bow and arrow,
Pointed it straight and stood in the grass,
In a patch of moonlight narrow.
Sing helpho! when she lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by;
For deep in his heart she will send that dart.
"Go straight," she said, as the bow let fly.

Al, little Cupid, methinks the tale is told,
You are in for a time of sorrow;
He who lays a trap, like the folks of old,
Will be caught himself tomorrow.
Sing helpho! as your arrows go,
But be sure that your heart is safe, you elf,
Or the story of old by you will be told,
And your bow will be used to shoot yourself.

—Ida Rowe, in Madama.

IN A TUNNEL

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice! will ye be affur comin' upstairs? An' sure she's dead intirely this time!" cried the frightened servant girl, rushing out on the piazza, where Alice Austin stood looking anxiously down the road.

Alice hurried upstairs and found her sister-in-law lying still and white on the floor.

"Bring me some water and the salts from the bureau, Betty; she has only fainted," said Alice, kneeling beside the prostrate form.

In a few minutes Mrs. Austin opened her eyes and said feebly:

"Has Edward come home yet? I feel so strangely sick!"

"We will send for the doctor presently, Margaret, when we get you to bed. Ned will be home soon, I hope," and with Betty's assistance Alice lifted the slight form on the bed.

Three weeks before Eddie Austin, the two-year-old idol of the household, had disappeared, and all search for him had proved fruitless. As the days passed on hope gave way to despair, and the heart-broken mother, weighed down by anxiety and the cruel torture caused by false reports of the discovery of her boy, sank into a state of apathy bordering on insanity. Daily was the cry heard through the streets of the little village of Fairfield: "Child lost! Child lost! Large rewards offered!" till all hearts sickened at the sound.

Mothers kept their little ones within doors, dreading far less the entrance of the Dark Angel than that fiend in human form should steal their household treasure to gratify a merciless passion of avarice.

"Betty, you will have to take one of the girls and go for the doctor," whispered Alice, in alarm, as she noticed a gray pallor, creeping over the woe face on the pillow.

"An' shure, miss, none of 'em be home but meself. And oh, Miss Alice, I niver can walk alone to Fairfield this dark, dark night."

The girl looked so frightened at the bare prospect of going that Alice said, after a pause:

"Well, Betty, then I shall have to go, and you must stay with Mrs. Austin. If Mr. Austin returns before I do, tell him I have gone by way of the tunnel," she added, putting on her hat and walking jacket.

"The saints deliver us! For Hivens' sake, don't ye be gone! Be the tunnel, Miss Alice!" exclaimed Betty, imploringly.

"Don't be frightened," replied Alice, smiling. "No train will pass for an hour, and it shortens my walk nearly a mile. It is just 6 o'clock now, and I shall be home a little after 7," and, giving the girl some parting injunctions about her sister, Alice ran downstairs. Opening her brother's escritoire in the library, she took from a private drawer a small pocket revolver and, opening the front door, stepped out into the darkness.

It was a damp, cold night in November. The wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees, and heavy clouds chased each other across the heavens, obscuring the moon. Crossing the road, Alice walked a short distance and, clambering over a stone wall, found herself in the narrow strip of wood which bordered the railroad cut. Following the narrow, beaten path through the trees, she soon reached the edge of the ravine, 15 or 20 feet above the track. The path continued its windings down the side of the cut, but the way was stony and in many places dangerous. The darkness, too, prevented anything like rapid progress.

She finally reached the bottom of the ravine and had crossed to the right hand track, when a low sound among the bushes above her caused the cold drops to spring out on her forehead and almost stopped her heart's beating. Quickly crouching down under an overhanging rock she listened. Nothing was heard save the songing of the wind and the faint ripple of a tiny rill running down among the bushes near her. Suddenly the bushes overhead were stirred, and a stone fell directly in front of her. She scarcely dared to breathe, but crouched under the rock with her hand clasped tightly in her breast. The tunnel was but a few rods beyond her, but she dared not move.

"I'd like to know how much longer yer going to keep up this confounded tramp, Pete Johnson. It's been noblin' but marchin' and counter-marchin' this whole cursed day," said a low, coarse voice among the bushes.

"Why did yer enter into the bargain if yer going to back out so soon?" muttered another man, with an oath.

"Well, I'd be satisfied with half the ten thousand, for I'm nigh done up with these three weeks' work," said the first one.

"An' I tell ye I'll niver give him up till I git the whole twinty thousand. The father's rich, and his twinty thou-

sand dollars or the mother'll niver see her swate darlin' agin."

A brutal laugh grated upon the girl's ears; then the first speaker whistled:

"I reckon she'll niver know her boy in this little bag of bones, though no arms is wore out wid carryin' him the last three hours."

Alice could scarcely believe what her ears had heard. Her breath reeled, and she nearly fell from the rocky ledge on which she sat as the truth dawned upon her. Her brother's child, her golden-haired little pet, was just within her grasp, but two brutal men kept watch over him. As she began to realize the danger of her position, her mind became clearer, and she resolved, at all hazards, to rescue him. She heard the men step back some distance from the bushes, and then all was still. She waited a few minutes, and then, with the pistol grasped tightly in her hand, she crept stealthily on her hiding place and struck a narrow path which led to the top of the bluff. She knew the way, and the darkness favored her ascent. Reaching the summit, she looked cautiously around. The clouds had parted, and the faint shimmer of moonlight through the trees enabled her to observe her surroundings distinctly. A few feet beyond were the two men stretched out on the ground, their figures partially concealed by the trunks of two large trees and a clump of bushes. Between them Alice saw a little baby form with its golden hair pillowed on the cold, damp grass.

Creeping along behind the bushes she reached one of the trees, and, standing behind it, she waited for some minutes, hesitating what to do. The stertorous breathings of the men convinced her that fatigue had steeped their senses and that they would not readily awaken. If she should be successful in seizing the child, she could not return by the way she came. With Eddie in her arms she never could scale the precipitous side of the cut, followed, as she probably would be, by two relentless pursuers.

Again, if she should seek the shelter of the tunnel, the down express train would soon pass through, and an up train would follow but 10 or 15 minutes later. She resolved, nevertheless, to take the latter course, and, with this decision made she prepared to carry out her plans. Passing swiftly round the bushes, she stood before the sleeping group. The moon at that instant shone out brightly and fell upon the white, pinched face of the child. Not a moment was to be lost. Grasping the pistol more firmly, she glided between the men, and, seizing Eddie, she sprang past them, but in so doing struck the foot of one of the ruffians. Darting up, he saw the slight figure running swiftly down the path. He sprang forward, awakening his companion, and, with muttered curses, they followed in hot pursuit. With the child clasped closely to her heart, Alice sped down the rocky pathway. She heard the men close behind her; stones were hurled at her, and one struck her shoulder. Terror lent wings to her feet, and she soon reached the track, along which she flew and entered the tunnel. On—she sped; but her breath came quick and short, for her strength was failing. She heard the heavy patting of one close behind her. She almost felt his hot breath. Hugging the little form more tightly to her breast and with a despairing prayer for help, she ran on. A rude hand clutched her shoulder, and, with a shriek that ran through the tunnel, she turned and faced her pursuer like a wounded animal at bay, raised her pistol and fired. With a yell of rage and pain, the man leaped into the air and then fell with a heavy thud on the track beside her. Alice breathed more freely and ran on, though with feebler steps, through the darkness. Suddenly a low, rumbling sound smote upon her ear, and toward the opening of the tunnel she saw a faint glimmer in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and then the horrible truth flashed upon her. It was the headlight of a locomotive, and she knew that the 7 o'clock express train was thundering down the track.

Faint and bewildered, the horror-stricken girl had lost her reckoning. She knew not on which track she was and stood staring with terror-strained eyes as the thundering mass came tearing down the rail. Its great red eye lit up the black walls of the tunnel with a fearful glare. Still the girl moved not; fright had chained her to the spot. The monster was close upon her; she heard its horrible breathings. Was she on the right track? The roar of a Niagara deafened her, and, with a shriek of despair, she fell senseless to the ground.

Mrs. Austin fell asleep soon after Alice's departure. Seven o'clock came, and Betty began to be alarmed. As that instant the bell rang. Bush-

ing down stairs she opened the door, and Mr. Austin stepped into the hall, accompanied by a stranger.

"How is Mrs. Austin?" asked the former, anxiously.

"An' shure she's asleep, sir. But, oh, Miss Alice—hiv ye seen Miss Alice?"

"No; where is she?"

"An' oh, she wint affur the doctor, sir, and she wint be the tunnel; an' I'm shure she's kilt, for the thrain's jist affur goin' by!" cried Betty, excitedly.

"Good heavens! the tunnel!" exclaimed Austin, turning white.

"Yes, sir. She said it was shorter that way," sobbed the girl.

"Hush! Get my lantern, Betty, while I run upstairs. I'll be down directly, Dana," turning to the fine-looking man he had brought with him.

He hurried to his wife's room, pressed a kiss upon her white brow and returning to the hall took the lantern from Betty, saying:

"Don't leave Mrs. Austin an instant. We may be absent some time, but you need not be alarmed."

The two gentlemen did not utter a word as they left the house, but following the path through the woods clambered down the cut and entered the tunnel, swinging the lantern right and left as they walked on. Suddenly Dana stopped. Directly in his path lay a dark heap. Throwing the light of the lantern upon it, the gentleman stooped and then started back with an exclamation of horror, for before them lay a bleeding, mangled, shapeless mass of human flesh and bones.

"Some poor fellow has gone to his doom," muttered Dana, striding away from the sickening spectacle.

They had walked some distance further when a deep groan broke the ghastly silence of the tunnel. Flashing the lantern on the other side of the track, Dana discerned another man's form close to the dripping wall. As he was about to raise him, Austin uttered a hoarse cry, and, springing forward, the two men stood over the prostrate form of a woman between the tracks. A pistol lay on the ground beside her, which Austin instantly recognized as his own. He trembled so violently that Dana pushed him one side and raised the slight form. As he did so, his companion bounded past him and in a voice in which joy, pain and incredulity were blended cried out:

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy! She has found my Eddie!" and he caught the little form to his heart and fairly sobbed aloud.

"Oh, heaven, he is dead! Gerald, look at him!" and the father's eyes burned with anguish as he looked on the white baby face pillowed upon his breast.

Dana laid Alice on the ground and looked earnestly at the child.

"Cheer up, Ned. The little fellow has been drugged. Listen; his heart beats!" and, putting his ear down, he heard the faint flutterings which told of the spark of life still remaining in the wasted form.

"And Alice, is she—"

"She is in a swoon, and the sooner we get her to the doctor's the better. It is quite evident that she was pursued by those scoundrels while rescuing your child, and that fellow yonder has somewhere in his body a ball from this pistol," picking it up as he spoke.

Lifting the insensible girl in his strong arms, Dana strode down the track, followed closely by Austin, who held his boy wrapped warmly under his coat. After some minutes' walk they were out of the tunnel and reached the depot, where they drove directly to a doctor's. For an hour Alice lay insensible in the doctor's office, and when she opened her eyes Austin whispered in alarm:

"Why does she look so strangely, doctor?"

"There has been such a terrible strain on her nervous system that I fear she may have an attack of brain fever unless a reaction takes place," he replied with some anxiety. "A good hearty cry would do her more good than any of my remedies."

"Let her see the child. That baby's face ought to be enough to melt a heart of adamant," said Dana, compassionately.

Austin laid Eddie beside her. She looked at the little, white, emaciated face with a troubled, sorrowful expression for an instant and then, clasping her arms tightly around the child, burst into a passionate, uncontrollable flood of tears.

By this time the news of the child's rescue had spread like wildfire through the town. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and men, women and children rushed to the doctor's house, crowding the street and sidewalks. The entire village had turned out, and yards, doorways and stoops were alive with an excited populace. The crowd was clamoring to see the little hero of the hour, and cries for "Eddie Austin!" filled the air.

"Ned, you will have to take him on the stoop to satisfy them," said Dana, as the shouts and cries were redoubled.

Austin took the child out on the steps, and as the bright light of the torches fell upon them, cheer after cheer rent the air. When the father raised the little inanimate form so that all could see it, the excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Women cried aloud for joy, boys shrieked and hurrahed, and many a tear coursed down the hard, weather-beaten cheeks of stalwart men in the crowd. Alice stood beside her brother, leaning on Dana's arm, but, overcome with agitation, was led back fainting to the sofa.

Roused to indignation by the sight, some one shouted out: "Death to the child-stealer!" In an instant the cry was caught up by the excited throng, who rushed in frantic haste

toward the railroad. Dragging the wounded man from the tunnel, they would have lynched him on the spot had not Dana, with the sheriff and one or two others, arrived to prevent them. The wretch was groveling on the ground in an agony of pain and terror. With haggard face and blood-shot eyes he looked up and cried aloud for mercy, but he saw no pity in the white, inexorable faces surrounding him. A rope was around his neck, he was dragged to a tree, when Dana hurried to the spot.

"Untie that rope!" he demanded, sternly.

"We'll string him up to high heaven first!" answered an angry voice near him.

"However deserving the fellow may be of death, it is not for you to take the law into your own hands," replied Dana.

"The deuce take the law and you, too! What right have you to interfere between that man and justice?" said the man, clinching his fists threateningly.

The excitement had now reached a fever heat. The crowd had quickly gathered around Dana, who stood beside the wounded man; threats and curses were freely hurled against both, and the state of affairs began to look alarming.

"If the man is guilty he has a right to be tried, and I'll shoot the first one of you who dares to touch him!" said Dana, coolly.

His quiet, commanding tone, and still more the menacing gleam of the pistol he made no effort to conceal, quelled the tumult, and the miserable man was carried to the village jail, followed by an angry, hooting crowd, clamorous for his death.

An hour later Eddie Austin was in his mother's arms. For days death hovered over the darkened home, threatening to carry away first one and then the other. But when over the little village of Fairfield the sun shone brightly, it smiled, too, upon the happiest home in all the land. For a golden-haired boy, with rosy cheeks, was playing near his mother's chair, and Margaret looked up with a proud, happy smile to her husband's face as the little fellow laughed in baby glee and rolled and tumbled over the good-natured hound who lay stretched on the rug before the blazing wood fire.—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Spanish Armada consisted of 132 ships, 3165 cannon, 8766 sailors, 2088 galley slaves, 21,855 soldiers, 1355 volunteers.

The Princess of Wales has a pair of opera glasses of platinum set with rubies, sapphires and turquoises and valued at £2000.

Reed pens, split at the end like quill pens, have been found in Egyptian tombs, dating probably 2500 years before Christ.

The largest theatre in the world is the Grand Opera House of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground and cost 63,000,000 francs.

Go-dish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a large lake near Mount Tsienting and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Mme. de Pompadour.

Chanucey Osborne and his brother John, aged residents of Nuda, Livingston county, are happy in the ownership of a sweet-toned violin made by Gaylord Duffio in Italy in 1527. It has been in the possession of their family for 140 years.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

A man who went to do some gas-fitting in a Baptist church in Honesdale, Pa., fell into the baptismal pool, which had been filled for Sunday, and, not knowing how to swim, would have been drowned had not the sexton heard his cries and rescued him.

It is stated that the most crowded spot on the earth's surface is the "Mauderagia," in the city of Valetta, in Milan. Upon a spot in this place about two and a half acres in extent no fewer than 2574 live. This is at the rate of 536,000 a square mile, or 1017 to an acre.

A cultivator in Aubervilliers, France, found a superb Lycoperdon, commonly known as the puff ball. It measured two metres (over six and one-half feet) around. In order to develop it well, its owner covered it with muslin and watered it three times daily. Fresh puff balls are eaten cooked.

The sugar crop of the world amounts in a normal year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which the larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, and the remainder, 3,500,000 tons, from sugar cane. Of the latter the largest proportion comes from the West Indies, and a large amount from the Island of Java.

In the reign of Edward III there were at Bristol, England, three brothers who were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material, which has ever since been called by their name, and which was then used for peasants' clothing.

A Mixed Nationality.

The Duke of Manchester, who attained his majority on March 3, is half English, a quarter German and a quarter Spanish. His father, whom he succeeded in 1892, at the age of fifteen, was English; his grandmother, now Duchess of Devonshire, is a German; while his mother is a Cuban Spaniard.

Children's Column



Dolly Takes Tea.
When Dolly sits down to the table,
And everything's ready, you see—
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.

We nibble and chatter with dolly,
And offer her "tea" from a spoon,
And often our meal is so jolly,
It lasts through the whole afternoon.

Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry
And says that she really must go,
And I say, "Oh, truly, I'm sorry."
And dolly's enjoyed it, I know."

Then gaily we clear off the table
When dolly has finished her tea,
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in St. Nicholas.

Pipeless Soap Bubbles.
Here is an appliance for making soap bubbles that you can carry in the corner of your pocket and have no fear of breaking or harming it, as you might the pipe that is generally used.

Take a piece of heavy wire and wind it once around a broom handle; then twist the ends together till a ring is left that is large enough barely to slip on and off the handle. To make bubbles by use of the ring, prepare a solution of soap and water and dip the ring into it, holding the ring by the wire ends that are twisted together. When a film of soapiness has formed across the opening in the ring carefully lift it in front of the mouth and blow softly through the ring. By this method a bubble will gradually form and will finally cut loose from the ring and float away.—Chicago Record.

The Radish Trick.
When you are sitting at the breakfast table and somebody asks you to hand him the radishes it is the easiest thing in the world to take hold of the plate containing them and to pass them to your neighbor at table. But if you learn the trick here explained you can surprise him by taking hold of the radish and causing the plate to cleave to the vegetable.

It is similar to the old trick of taking a piece of upper leather and moistening it with water. Passing a string through the middle of the sucker knotted on one end it will bear a thousand times its own weight. There is this advantage with the radish trick—nature has provided both the string and the moisture. All you have to do is to hollow it out and to deftly substitute it, while you are not observed, for one of the good radishes on the plate.

Painful Toothache Cures.
Before the days of dentists and when people generally believed in the value of charms there were ever so many ways of preventing toothache.

One of these was to rinse a newly baptized child's mouth in the sanctified water. Another much in vogue was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save (?) their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear. The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives, and wearing them, is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking twelve miles, no more, no less—to get a splinter of the toothache tree that grows particularly well in Canada and Virginia will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a poor tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world, hence this cure: Reduce several different kinds of herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing cinder into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water and the worm will be gone forever.

The Royal Fern.
A legend has been handed down from the time of the Danish invasion of Britain, explanatory of the generic name of Osmunda—an island, covered with large specimens of this fern, figuring prominently in this story. Osmund, the ferryman of Loch Tyne, had a beautiful child, who was the pride of his life and the joy of his heart. In those days, when the merciless Danes were making their terrible descents upon the coasts of Great Britain, slaughtering the peaceful inhabitants, and pillaging wherever they went, no man could say how long he would be free from molestation and outrage. But Osmund, throughout the troublous times, had lived quietly in his country home with his wife and beautiful daughter.

The peaceful calm of his life was, however, destined to be broken. One evening the ferryman was sitting with his wife and child, on the margin of the lake, after his day's work. The setting sun was tinging with roseate glory the fleecy banks of clouds, piled up against the horizon, silencing the surface of the rippling lake and adding a richer hue to the golden locks of Osmund's darling child. Suddenly the sound of hurrying footsteps startled the quiet group. Men, women

and children came hastening from the neighboring village, and breathlessly, as they passed, they told the ferryman that the terrible Danes were coming. Quick as thought Osmund sprang to his feet, seized his wife and child and hurried them into his ferryboat. Away he rowed with them—pulling for very life—in the direction of a small island in the loch, densely covered with the tall and stately fronds of the royal fern. He quickly hid his precious charges amongst the clustering fronds, and then rowed rapidly back to his ferry place. He had rightly divined that the Danes needed his assistance, and would not hurt him.

For many hours of the ensuing night he worked with might and main to carry the fierce invaders across the ferry. When they had all disappeared on the opposite bank Osmund returned to his trembling wife and child and brought them safely back to his cottage. In commemoration, it is said, of this event, the fair daughter of Osmund gave the great island fern her father's name. Those who care not to accept this fanciful origin of the name Osmunda, will perhaps incline to another suggestion which has been made, that the generic name had been derived from an old Saxon word signifying strength, the specific name including its royal or stately habit of growth.

The Opossum.
This animal inhabits North America, and is hunted with almost as much perseverance as the racoon, not, however, for the sake of its fur but of its flesh. When it perceives the hunter, it lies still between the branches, but if disturbed from its hiding place, it attempts to escape by dropping among the herbage and creeping silently away.

Its food consists of insects, birds, eggs, etc., and it is very destructive among the hen-roosts. The opossum uses its tail for climbing and swinging from branch to branch as the spider monkeys use theirs, but the opossum uses its tail in a manner that the monkeys have never yet been observed to do, that is, making it a support for its young, who sit on its back and twist their tails round their mother's in order to prevent them from falling off. Lawson, in a passage quoted in the Museum of Animated Nature, gives the following quaint account of this animal: "If a cat has nine lives this creature surely has nineteen, for if you break every bone in their skin and mash their skull, leaving them for dead, you may come an hour after, and they will be quite gone away, or, perhaps, you may meet them creeping away. I have for necessity in the wilderness eaten them. Their flesh is very white and well-tasted, but their ugly tail put me out of conceit with that fare."

In Audubon's delightful work is a passage exhibiting exactly the same character on the part of the opossum: "Suppose the farmer has surprised an opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls. His angry feelings urge him to kick the poor beast, which, conscious of its inability to resist, rolls off like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resistance; at least there it lies, not dead, but exhausted, its jaws open, its eyes dimmed; and there it would lie until the bottle-fly should come to deposit its eggs, did not its tormentor walk off. "Surely," says he to himself, "the beast must be dead." But no, reader, it is only "possoming," and no sooner has its enemy withdrawn, than it, gradually gets on its legs, and once more makes for the woods."

The length of the opossum is about twenty-two inches, and its height about that of an ordinary cat. When disturbed or alarmed it gives out a very unpleasant odor.

Sparrows' Light Housekeeping.
"Sparrows build their nests in peculiar places," says a man who has a small fruit stand down at the Union depot, "but the birds who sit about this old building have chosen the oddest home I ever heard of."

As he spoke he pointed to an electric light that was sputtering and flaring under the iron covered roof of the depot porch. A brood of little sparrows were flying in circles around the light and suddenly one of them darted toward it, only to disappear into the cone-shaped iron hood which overhangs the big white china globe.

"That's where the birds live," the man said. "They have nests in the top of that iron reflector or hood, whichever it is called. It must be hot up there, very hot," he continued, "and I can't understand why the sparrows have selected such a place to build nests in."—Kansas City Star.

Why Cannibals Eat Human Flesh.
According to a French writer named Petrie, twenty per cent. of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; nineteen per cent. eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; ten per cent. partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and five per cent. feast for hatred in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as eighteen per cent. In short, deducting all these, there remains only a proportion of twenty-four per cent. who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other means of alimentation.—Medical News.