

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A sunbeam to earth came straying,
Through valley and wood and glade,
Till it glanced on a tiny cottage,
And there for a while it stayed,
For it found a mother sighing,
With a weariness half-confessed,
That her child might see its playing,
And go for a while at rest.

All day she had worked unaided,
While her husband went to reap,
And she prayed, as she rocked the cradle,
That her child might fall asleep.
And the sunbeam, full of pity,
Sped to the distant west,
Bearing a shining tear-drop,
It had found on the mother's breast.

And it told the tale to a moonbeam,
That it passed on its journey home,
Then dropped the tear in the ocean,
To be lost in the seething foam,
And the moonbeam sped to the cottage,
With a message of love from the sun,
But it found the mother weeping,
For now she could only pray,
That her child might come back from
its long, long rest,
Back to the earth and play.
—Gordon Meggy.

Aunt Prickett's Dream.

By Helen Forrest Graves.

"Do you believe in dreams?" I started from the half doze into which I had fallen, in the old-fashioned country stage-coach, which rumbled so drowsily along the road. It was an evening in December; the gray, storm-threatening day closing into yet grayer twilight; the earth gleaming white in its mantle of snow, save where dense pine woods, like groups of black-draped monks, were huddled together, their gloomy booths thrilling in the bleak blast.

My only companion was an old lady in a quilted traveling dress of maroon merino, and a silk hood edged round with swansdown, through which her plump face beamed like a ripe winter apple. Old ladies are not always spectacled ogres, and this old lady was really and absolutely pretty, with her fresh complexion, her hands of smooth, silvery hair, and the blue eyes which, even now, were bright and sparkling enough for a damsel of 16.

She had entered the stage at the last stopping place, and was going on to Wharton, which place happened also to be my own destination, and we had been very chatty and social together, until the dusk, and the lulling motion, and my own weariness—for I had come from New York that morning—had somehow half-enticed me into that debatable land which is neither slumber nor waking.

"Do I believe in dreams?" I repeated. "Yes—no—I really can't tell."

"Well, I do," said my companion, who had previously informed me that her name was Prickett, and that she was a widow, and that her deceased husband was in the lumber business, and that she was going to Wharton to attend the wedding of a wealthy and favorite niece, together with various and sundry other items, equally interesting and miscellaneous. "I think they're sent to us like a kind o' warnin'." Prickett never could see the thing as I did. He always held out to his dyn't day, that if you dreamed a thing 'twas nothin' more than chance; and he hadn't no superstitious feelin's 'bout Fridays, neither—always claimed that one of the Lord's days was as good as another.

"I think he was quite right in that view of the matter," I observed.

"Maybe he was; but for all that, Mary Piner, my own second cousin's darter, was married on a Friday to a Gabrielson out in Iowa—a real stirrin', forehanded young fellow—and they hadn't been man and wife a year afore a tree he was a-cuttin' down fell on him and crushed his skull. And Susan Bean, she was born on Friday, and she was the onluckiest creatur. Fell downstairs afore she was two year old and hurt her spine; had smallpox; lost both her parents o' fever when she wasn't 10, and finally got killed in a railroad accident."

"All these might have been mere coincidences," I argued.

"That was just what Prickett used to say; but, good land! life ain't made up entirely of coincidences. But we was a-talkin' about dreams, and I was a-goin' to tell you a thing that most shook Prickett's obelief, two or three years afore he died. He died on a Friday, too," observed the old lady. "Well, it was the day afore Christmas, and he was goin' on a long journey by rail to see arter a lot of pine timber that was to be shipped somewhere down south. The 6.40 train he was goin' to take, so I laid out everything the night afore, so's to be ready—Prickett was always a dreadful punctual man. But in the night I had the most awful dream—dead bodies all lyin' round with their arms and legs broken, and great bloody gashes on 'em, and I waked up, all in a cold sweat, and says I, 'Prickett, for the good Lord's sake, don't go today! I've had such a dream!' And I up and told him; and he poobpoohed me, and called me a silly old woman to be disturbed by a dream. And he was goin' all the same. But the horse that was to take him down to the station broke his leg on the ice afore it ever got to our house, so he had to wait till the 12 express, and I felt so worried like about him nothin' would answer but I must get ready and go along too. So when Prickett saw how I felt about it, he didn't make no objection, for he was a dreadful considerate man, and we took the 12 express. And don't ye think, when we got to Dayton, there had been a awful railroad accident on the 6.40 train that very morning, and there was the cars all smashed up, and the people lyin' all round, just exactly as I had seen 'em in my dream, for help hadn't come till our train reached 'em! There—what do you think of that?"

"It was a very singular combination of circumstances, certainly!"

"And that ain't the only queer dream I had as has come true. There was my sister Malina, that married Deacon Ritter. I dreamed one night I saw her a-coun'tin' gold pieces into a sarkers crock, coun'tin' up to 400, and it was

"Jump in," cried Mrs. Prickett, "There's lots o' room at our house, and you can go on tomorrow mornin'."

"But," I hesitated, "I am a stranger, and—"

"Aunt Prickett does not regard you as such," said Helen; "and we really cannot allow you to risk your life thus. My coachman shall drive you to Eden Hall tomorrow, if you will consent to become our guest for the night."

I doffed my cap and acknowledged this ready and gracious hospitality, not at all averse to entering the snug carriage, which speedily deposited us at the door of a handsome, spacious, country house.

The gray-haired coachman's counterpart, a turbaned mulatto woman, conducted me to a cosy chamber, where a bright fire blazed, and a pair of wax candles lent additional light to the apartment.

"Supper'll be ready in 15 minutes, sir," she said, after calling my attention to the ewer of hot water, and the well-arranged towels, and disappeared.

In considerable less than 15 minutes I had descended into the wide, square hall, where a vividly colored Turkey carpet covered the floor, and an open grate fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. Mrs. Prickett hurriedly entered through another door as I advanced toward the mantel.

"I've had a turn," she ejaculated, breathlessly, holding both hands over her heart, and then, for the first time, I discovered how very pale she was.

"Good Heaven, Mrs. Prickett! what is the matter?"

"It's the very man I saw in my dream—the slim, tall man; I recognized the face the instant I saw him, and it was all I could do to prevent Helen from suspecting. What shall I do?" and she wrung her hands spasmodically. "Helen must never marry that man, there will evil come of it if she does, and the weddin' day is tomorrow."

"My dear madam, surely you would never allow a mere dream—"

"It's more than a mere dream," she interrupted with intense eagerness; "it's a warnin', and we must give heed to it. Hush! they're comin'!"

The next moment the door opened, and Miss Powers entered leaning on the arm of her affianced husband.

"Aunt Prickett has not yet told me the name of her friend," she began, gaily; "but—"

"Charles Buckingham!" I ejaculated, staring into the face that was strangely familiar to me.

"Harry Kuyett!" he echoed, and then bit his lip, as if vexed at himself.

"We are no strangers," I said, feeling myself grow deadly pale and flush again; but calling all my self-possession to my aid; "on the contrary, I have known Mr. Buckingham all my life, and not only myself, but his deserted and neglected wife, now living not a mile away from my native place."

He ground his teeth savagely.

"It is a lie," he cried, "a foul fabrication!"

"It is the truth, and I am prepared to prove it to this young lady whose future you had so nearly blighted."

Aunt Prickett uttered a cry as she sprang to where Helen had fallen, white and senseless on the sofa.

"It's my dream! I saw her just so in my dream!" she cried hysterically.

Buckingham glared at me like a wild beast.

"You shall account for this tomorrow!" he hissed, and darted out of the room before I could reply.

But none of us ever saw Charles Buckingham again. His plots for ensnaring the wealthy heiress had been frustrated the very moment of their fruition, and he knew well that flight was his only safety.

The symbolical dagger of Aunt Prickett's dream had gone deeply into Helen's heart, but the wound was not fatal, as is proven by the fact that she is now my wife, and our two racy little ones are playing on the carpet at my feet as I write. Aunt Prickett lives with us, and is a full of omens, warnings and superstitions as ever, and believes most firmly in dreams. So do I, to a certain extent, for was it not indirectly Aunt Prickett's dream that won me my darling wife?—*New York Weekly.*

Lost His Trousers.

Supervisor George Jones of Monguagon township, who was a delegate from the second district to the Republican national convention at Chicago, a few days ago returned from a St. Louis trip and tells a story on a fellow delegate who also made the St. Louis trip. Jones and the delegate, who was from western Michigan, occupied respectively the upper and lower berths of a Pullman sleeper. The western Michigan delegate had removed his trousers in which was a handsome \$60 watch, and placed them on the sill of the open window at the foot of the berth. During the night the delegate kicked his trousers out of the window and it was not until he awoke near St. Louis next morning that he discovered his awful dilemma. Although Jones came to his assistance and hunted through the car for a spare pair of trousers, none could be found, and the delegate had to stay in bed until St. Louis was reached, where a porter sallied out and purchased a pair. The missing trousers and watch have not been found to date, although the delegate telegraphed to all stations along the way. The delegate, however, rejoices in the fact that before retiring he took his well-stuffed pocketpouch from his trousers' pocket and transferred it to a waistcoat.—*Detroit Journal.*

In a parliamentary answer the secretary of the British admiralty gives the average cost of maintaining a first-class battleship of 13,000 tons as 94,500 pounds sterling.



The Mighty Explorers.
Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see 't'other side of the moon.

Not a word! not a sound! it was very late—
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its rane,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten,
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!
—John Ernest McCann, in St. Nicholas.

An Odd Nesting Place.
Not all the delights of spring are for the country boy. We who live in the city have a host of them, and can see many a strange and pleasing sight if we keep our eyes open. A few days ago, while riding my bicycle down Madison avenue, in New York city, I heard the twittering of sparrows, and, looking up, saw in the mouth of the stone lion on the corner of the building on one of the city's prominent clubs, the remains of a last year's nest, and two sparrows getting ready to build a new one for this year.

It was such a novel place for a bird to choose for housekeeping that I stopped and made a sketch of it. While standing on the opposite corner sketching, the policeman of that "beat" came over to talk with me. He seemed pleased that I should have noticed the birds. He said that the sparrows had been keeping house there for several years. He had often stopped to watch them build their nests, and later feed their little ones, which later, would play around the lion's head, sitting on his nose or eyebrows as saucily as could be, as such as to say: "You may look very fierce, but—who's afraid?"—*George W. Plecknell, in St. Nicholas.*

A Remarkable Candlestick.
A very strange candlestick, surely a glass of water; but, peculiar as the arrangement seems, you will acknowledge that it forms as good a candleholder as any other.

Weight one end of a candle with a nail, calculating the size of the nail so that the candle may be put entirely in the water, allowing the water to touch its upper part, but not the wick.

Now light your candle, and notwithstanding the unfriendly medium in which your illuminant is placed, it will burn "to a finish," for, while combustion is continually shortening the candle, on the other hand, its weight diminishes in proportion and causes it to forge slowly to the surface. Again, the stearine, or fat of which the candle is composed, will melt toward the centre more slowly than in the air, and the wick will burn in a sort of little well.

The hollow space will contribute to the lighting of the candle, which, as we have prophesied, will burn on to the end.

The practical side of this experiment is worth a word of mention; contrary to the experience with ordinary candles, the flame of a candle thus suspended will be a luminous point as stationary as the surface of the liquid, which will not vary as the candle burns away; a matter that might prove of advantage in photometric experiments, whose object it is to ascertain the relative intensity of various lights.

—*Alfred H. Loeller, in the Birmingham City Herald.*

How Teddy Helped.
Teddy's papa owns a large cattle ranch. One summer there was a drought. The spring dried up and the streams became trickling rills or disappeared altogether. The cattle wandered restlessly over the range in search of water. Teddy's father sent to the nearest town and had men come with steam drills and iron pipes to bore an artesian well, so that there would always be plenty of water for the cattle. They bored down several hundred feet in hopes of finding an underground stream, but they could not do so, and had to give up the quest. They went away, taking their tools with them, but leaving—what greatly interested Teddy—a deep hole lined with iron pipe. He would take the board off the pipe and peer down, and then drop in a rock to see how many he could count before it struck the bottom.

One night after he had gone to bed he heard his papa talking to his mamma. He said: "Last winter's blizzard killed scores of the cattle, and now this drought comes. They are suffering for water and better pasture. It is all outgo and no income. I don't know how long we can keep it up. In a few years Teddy will be old enough to help me, but I can't put a 10-year-old boy on the rump-up, nor keep him all day in the saddle, looking after the cattle."

Teddy did lots of serious thinking during the next few days. How he wished he could help his papa in some way! And the opportunity came in a way Teddy least expected. One day he walked over to where the men had bored for the artesian well. He peered into it, but it was as black as night. He gathered a handful of long, dry prairie grass, rolled it in a small piece of birch bark in which he had placed a piece of rock, lighted it and dropped

it down the well. Then he put his face close to the edge and watched it blaze as it fell down and down.

Suddenly a long red column of flame leaped upward with a rushing noise. Before Teddy had time to pull his head away, the force of the explosion sent him rolling over and over away from the mouth of the well. The flame shot high up and blazed fiercely for a moment or two. Teddy was terribly frightened. His eyes smarted, and he could see a bright red flame dancing before him in whichever direction he looked. With screeched hat and slung hair, he ran home as fast as he could. He told his papa what had happened. His papa went to the well, and when he came back he said: "Teddy, my boy, I think your accident is going to make our fortune. Our well has tapped a small vein of natural gas, and I think if we go deeper we shall strike oil."

So the well-diggers came out again and resumed drilling. Before long they came down to the oil. The oil came rushing out faster than they could save it. Teddy's papa sold the oil well to an oil company for a good price, and with the money he bought a ranch in another state where there was plenty of pasture and water, and shipped his cattle to the new ranch.

Teddy is learning all he can about managing a cattle ranch, because when he is old enough his father is going to take him in as a partner.—*F. Lockley, in St. Nicholas.*

Monkey Shines.
You know how monkeys sit up and look wise, then make a face or give you a wink to indicate that they know a thing or two, and that they know that you know it. That is what is so fascinating about a monkey. You keep wondering how much he does and what he is going to do next.

Very often the monkey keeps his own secrets, and surprises humans in a way that it not always agreeable. A young lady was staying at one of the big hotels on the Pacific coast a few years ago, and had brought with her several trunks full of pretty dresses, hats and all the fancy fripperies that girls wear. She took them from her trunk and spread them out on the bed, chairs and tables. Then she went down stairs to the dining room. While she was eating she looked out of the window and saw a monkey arched in her best picture hat and a lace jacket. He was grimacing and chattering, and evidently admired himself greatly. When she caught sight of another monkey attired in other apparel belonging to her.

"Oh, oh," she cried, running out on to the porch, "these monkeys have on my best clothes."

Several of the hotel attendants started in pursuit of the monkeys, but they ran higher up in the trees screeching with excitement. When the clothes were finally secured they were very much the worse for the monkeys' wear, and the hotel proprietor had to pay damages.

Not long ago some monkeys escaped from a show near New York. They went to a hotel, and without registering or paying any board began to make themselves very much at home. They broke six dozen eggs, throwing many of them against the wall and seeming to take great delight in the froscing they were able to do. They also stole some steaks that had been cooked for guests, and played all kinds of pranks. When the hotel people endeavored to catch them, they would run away out of doors and hide. Later they would come back and renew their depredations.

At last they got so thirsty from drinking several bottles of catsup and other sauces that they wandered off to the beach and began to drink salty ocean water. There the most of them were caught and carried back to the show.

Many children who live in New York, or who go there in the summer, visit Coney Island, a great beach where there are all kinds of shops and shows, men doing tricks and all kinds of schemes for luring your money from your pocket. One of the most interesting sights is the animal show, and one of the great attractions of the show is baby animals. Most children would prefer to view the animals from the outside of the cage, but there is one little girl who loves to play with the baby lions. Her name is Isla, and she was born at Coney Island last August. She was christened in the lions' den, and 27 lions stood roaring their ascent as Isla's godfathers. The baby has been with animals so much that she does not know what it is to fear them, and would rather play with baby lions than with little boys and girls. There are several little lions at Coney Island that have been born within a few months, and look like very large cats, very soft and furry.

Besides the little lions there are other clubs. Hoogan and Danny are baby bears, and when they don't mind their trainer he spansks them. They cry and pout a little like naughty children; then they get up and do as they are told. There is a baby leopard and a baby wolf, and half a dozen other kinds of babies that gambol and play, get mad and fight, get over it and make up again just as little folks do. After all, children aren't so different, one from the other, whether they have two feet or four.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Severe.
"Smudge's favorite motto is 'Life is short, but art is long.'"

"Well, there isn't a doubt that Smudge will live a blamed sight longer than his art."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Every person in England consumes, on an average, 12 1/2 pounds of cheese per annum, and more than half of it is from abroad.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MEAT.

NUTRITIVE DISHES OF FISH, EGGS AND CHEESE.

Nuts, if Eaten at the Proper Time, Are a Good Substitute for Animal Food—Mushrooms Are Wholesome. Meat Very Much Overvalued.

The threatened famine of meat spurred the wise housewife to look about for something to take its place. The substitute must, of course, be equal to meat in nutritive value, and cost no more than it did before prices began to soar. This is fortunately an easier matter to face in summer than in winter, though in some families it will be difficult to find anything that will really be as acceptable as meat.

Although meat is strengthening and stimulating, its nutritive properties are exaggerated in the mind of the average person. Too much meat clogs up the system, making an unnecessary amount of blood. It is said on good authority that only laboring men who work outdoors need the blood making qualities of meat three times a day. Among the peasants of Europe, however—and they are a hardy people—meat is not much used, eggs, cheese and milk taking its place.

Attractive dishes of fish, cheese and eggs dressed in new ways are good substitutes for meat. Nuts are very nutritious, and if eaten at proper times there is no better substitute for animal food. Some physiologists go so far as to assert that nuts contain more elements of nourishment than butter and meat combined. When there is a scarcity of meat it is a good plan to serve nuts quite freely, with plenty of salt or in cooked dishes. They are, of course, not good in quality at present, and not an especially cheap substitute. Mushrooms are also wholesome. Peas and beans are rich in proteids. An appetizing way of serving baked beans is to place a small onion in the bottom of the pippin and bits of butter on top of the beans to give them a very rich, brown crust.

Rich fish, like salmon, bluefish, mackerel and others, in which the oil is about evenly distributed through the flesh, are more nutritious than codfish, halibut and the dried fish. When most of the oil centres in the liver, as in the cod, cusk and others, the flesh of the fish deteriorates rapidly. When it is evenly divided through the body, it gives the fish a rich, fine flavor, and tends to preserve it.

Among the many rich, cheap fish, bluefish must be considered as one of the best. Cod, halibut, haddock, Kennebec salmon, Restigouche salmon, common mackerel and Spanish mackerel are also abundant and in their best condition. There are numerous other good fish from the lakes and streams, as well as from the ocean. In selecting a fish the fish must be firm and bright, never limp or dull looking. It should be washed in clear, cold water, but not be allowed to stand in it. If fish is not washed whole before the flesh is cut into, it loses its flavor in the washing.

Cheese is rich in nutritive elements. There has been a popular belief that it is not easily digested. This objection, however, applies only to poor and new cheese. Cheeses that are old and rich are not only easily digested, but promote the digestion of other foods. Cook books usually contain an abundant supply of recipes for rich and wholesome cheese dishes—roasted or toasted cheese, souffles, Welsh rabbits, omelets, etc. Therefore there should be no lack of variety.

In the height of summer fancy and wholesome dishes of eggs, which are rich in proteids, may take the place of meat very satisfactorily for a while at least. A novel way of serving eggs is the following: Poach them until tender and firm throughout. Just before sending to the table place them on delicate slices of toast and cover each egg with rich grated cheese. Serve with a little spicy sauce or ketchup. Sometimes the eggs and cheese are placed in the oven for a few minutes before serving, until the cheese is softened.

Another way of serving eggs is in the form of a Spanish omelet. Make a large omelet, using six fresh eggs. Beat them thoroughly together, adding about half a cup of milk and plenty of salt and pepper. Just before folding the omelet spread on it some tomato sauce. Then fold and place on a platter with a little parsley, and if desired, serve a tomato sauce with it.

An excellent tomato sauce for this purpose is the following, which does not demand meat stock in its make-up: Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. When melted add a tiny white onion and three slices of carrot, minced fine; half a sprig of thyme, half a bay leaf, half a sprig of bleached celery, cut in small pieces, two sprigs of minced parsley, and, if convenient, a tablespoonful of boiled ham, also finely minced. Let the herbs and vegetables cook for five minutes, then stir in a large heaping tablespoonful of flour, and when this browns add a quart of canned or ripe tomatoes. Select tomatoes which possess a large proportion of pulp to the seeds. Cook this sauce 45 minutes, season with a scant teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar. When cooked strain through a sieve (a Scotch cap sieve is the best). This sauce, if placed in a covered earthen jar near the ice in the refrigerator, will keep for several weeks. It is delicious served with eggs, macaroni and many other dishes.

The following recipe is recommended by a New England housewife: "Take a pint of stewed tomatoes which have been cooked for half an hour and season with salt, pepper and butter. Having broken six eggs into a dish

slide them carefully upon the tomatoes, and as the whites stiffen slightly pull up the edges. When they have become opaque prick the yolks, allowing them to run out over the whites and the tomatoes. When they have become the consistency of cream turn the mixture out upon a platter on which are arranged slices of buttered toast.—*New York Tribune.*

THE ORIGIN OF "KICKERS."
Supposed to Come from an Occupation in Cornish Mines.

"I believe that the origin of the expressive bit of slang 'kickers' may be found in the very lowest form of occupation any member of the human race follows," Mr. W. M. Robinson states. "Between Wormsley's and St. Helen's, in Cornwall, is an underground canal connecting the lower levels of the coal mines at St. Helen's with the surface station at St. Helen's, which saves a great deal of money for the mine owners in handling the coal, which is simply loaded on the barges in the mines and transported by the canal under the mountains to the harbor at St. Helen's. When the canal was devised, however, how to provide for locomotion for these barges was a problem.

"Mules couldn't be used, and there were circumstances which made steam impossible, but an inventive genius finally solved the riddle by suggesting that cross pieces of timber be placed along the roof of the canal, which was very low, and men could lie on their backs on top of the loaded barges and 'kick' the vessel along. After the barge was once started this was found to be feasible.

"The men could easily keep the load in motion by the means suggested, and it has ever since been in use. There is no question about the low grade of this sort of work, and even the men who follow it are constantly 'kicking' around the villages where they live. They were known at the mine as 'kickers' because of their work, and their vocal complaints, continually indulged in, caused every one at Wormsley's or St. Helen's, no matter what their station or enjoyment, who indulged in complaints to be called 'kickers.' I presume that the origin of the word, as we use it, is just what I have suggested."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.
Wearing monocles, the latest fashion for ladies, a craze recently started in Paris by ladies of the Servian colony, is extending to London.

The largest book in the world is in the British Museum. It is an atlas, measuring 5 feet 10 inches by 3 feet 2 inches, and weighing close upon two cwt.

At Manurewa, in New South Wales, a young woman has trained a number of huge eels to answer her call, to climb the bank, and permit her to lift them.

Chinese firemen seem to be immune to the fierce heat of the fire room on ocean steamers, and stand up to temperature that would prostrate white men.

General Joubert's chair, made of ebony, bok horns and hides, and captured from the laager at Lisaban, near Lydenburg, is now treasured by Lieut. Col. Urinston, at Glenreaven, second of Mull.

That meteors contain gold has been demonstrated before the Royal society of New South Wales. This suggests that the thousands of tons of meteoric dust which falls upon the earth each year deposits gold everywhere.

Ritasto, a Japanese microscopist, first showed that the pin-shaped microbe of lockjaw lives in the earth. In order that it may multiply and poison the blood it must be deep in a wound so that the air does not reach it.

In the automatic apparatus for making altitude and temperature tracings in balloons sent aloft to heights in which ink would be frozen, Professor Osman has invented a pen which writes red with saltpetre ink on lamp-black paper.

When he was but a school boy in the Jesuits' college at Dijon Jacques Bossuet was known as one of the best classical scholars in Europe. At eight Louis de Bourbon, prince of Conde, was a perfect Latin scholar. Three years later he published a work on rhetoric, and at seventeen he was appointed governor of Burgundy.

The Mexican postal department has taken a new and novel means of informing the public of weather bulletins given out by the weather bureau. Every letter which passes through the office is now stamped with the indications for the next 24 hours. This stamping is done at the same time that the postage stamps on the letters are canceled and the receiving stamps affixed.

The habitat of the elder duck, whose down is so highly valued, practically coincides with that of the polar bear. It is found on all arctic coasts, but also lives considerably south of the southern limits of the polar bear. The time was when the elder duck grided all the northern coast lines of the world with its myriad nests; but the bird has been so mercilessly hunted that it has now disappeared from thousands of beeding cliffs along the sea where it was formerly known.

A full-blooded Pima Indian is employed in the office of a New York life insurance company.