CARRY THEIR EGGS.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others Is Where They Sit Down—An Island In the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and, as the boat ran on to a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and oars, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.

The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with boathooks to push the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular stool-like objects about 8 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance the bird when approached shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.

Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, eying them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They watched her for a few moments and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.

One of the party attempted to catch an albatross, and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the running bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do at sea by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this very purpose.

The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in the nest, making no attempt to fly or move unless driven away by blows. This may be due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it resists.

This sly bird is called the molly mauk. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.

On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with its bill pointing directly upward instead of out, as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.

The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.

The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.

This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the nighthawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and uttering a moaning cry just audible to the listener. Then the mate arrived, and, after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared goatsucker of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a veritable trap when the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.

Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

THE BREECHLOADER.

Improvements In Guns That Conduce to Rapidity of Firing.

Let us examine a breechloader and see what improvements have been made which may conduce to rapidity of fire. We see that in the older pattern three motions were necessary to open the breech. First the bar which is fixed across the base of the block had to be removed, then a half turn had to be given to the block to free it in its bed, and then it had to be pulled forward. Lastly, it had to be thrown back on its hinge, so as to open the gun from end to end. We are shown that in later patterns the cavity or bed into which the block fits is made in the form of a cone, so that the breech block itself can be turned outward without any prodiminary motion forward. In artillery work time is everything, and any one motion of the gunner's hands and arms saved is a point gained.

Now let us look at the mechanism by which the recoil or backward movement of the gun is checked at the moment of firing. The gun slides into its cradle, and its recoil is counteracted by springs which work in coil, something on the fashion of the coil springs which we see on doors. Iron spiral springs push the gun back again into place. Another interesting piece of mechanism is the electric machinery by which the gun is fired. When the recoil has taken place, the wire, along which runs the electric current, is pushed out of place, so that it is impossible to fire the gun, even though it be loaded, until it has been again fixed in its proper position on the cradle. Truly a modern cannon is a wonderful machine, and yet it is only a development from the sort of iron gas pipe which was used in the middle ages.

Hard by is a gun which has come to grief. In experiments which are carried on at Shoeburyness guns are charged to their full, or, as in this case, more than their full strength. There is an ugly gash running down the outer case or jacket, as it is called, of the gun, and the latter has broken and nearly jumped out of its cradle. Nursery phraseology certainly comes in strongly in the technical slang of gunnery when we have to do with Woolwich infants.—Chambers' Journal.

X RAYS CAN BE SEEN.

Their Effects on Different Parts of the Human Eye.

Dr. Brandes of the University of Halle has succeeded in rendering directly visible the X rays discovered by Professor Roentgen. The observation made by Professor Salvioni, an Italian physicist, that lenses are in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, suggested to Dr. Brandes the idea that the invisibility might be due to circumstances connected with this fact. He accordingly resolved to test the effect of Roentgen's rays on lenseless eyes.

There are many people who have had the lenses of their eyes removed as a remedy for extreme shortsightedness or for cataract. A girl who had had this operation performed on both eyes, but in whose right eye a remnant of the lens had been left, allowed the experiment to be tried upon her.

Professor Dorn, whom Dr. Brandes had interested in the investigation, subjected the girl quite unexpectedly to the rays, and, when the strong current passed through the tube, which had been totally darkened, she declared that she saw light with her left eye. Professors Dorn and Brandes at first thought it possible that a spark had leaped across, but, when this had been rendered impossible, the girl continued to declare that she saw light.

On further trying the experiment the two savants saw the light too. They then continued their investigations and ascertained that Roentgen's rays really affect the retina. If we place our head, completely inclosed in an entirely opaque vessel, near the source of the rays, we see light even with the closed eyes, and we see it most clearly at the periphery. Moreover, we continue to see it even when a large aluminium plate, which would completely exclude electric rays, is placed between a Hittorf tube and the eye. Utter darkness, on the other hand, results if a thick pane of glass, which, as is well known, is only in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, is placed between the tube and the closed or covered eye.—Berlin Cor. London Standard.

Wedding Postponed.

Sharp Dame—I must frankly tell you, Mr. Meek, that my consent to your marrying with my daughter has been wrung from me under protest.

Mr. Meek—Eh? Protest?

Sharp Dame—Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything, we all have to give in to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets mad, especially if there is a flatiron or a rolling pin handy; and so I just give right up at once. Has the wedding day been set yet, Mr. Meek?

Mr. Meek—Um—er—not yet, and, in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry very soon anyhow. Goo-good day.—New York Weekly.

Her Varying Value.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, if I should cease to care for you and fall in love with some handsomer man, what would you do?

Mr. Ferguson (with some fierceness)—I'd sue the scoundrel for $100,000!

Mrs. Ferguson (applying the corner of a handkerchief to her eye)—And yet when I told you the other day how dearly I'd love you if you would only buy me that $13.99 vase at Spotcash & Co.'s you only said, "H'mph!"—Chicago Tribune.

The New Craze.

Photographer—Photograph, sir?

Customer—Yes, please.

Photographer—Inside or outside, sir?—Pick Me Up.

EFFECTS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Terrifying to Some Birds and Beasts, but Not to Others.

The human voice may or may not be terrifying to wild animals. Two Adirondack boys once hid behind a little bush on the banks of the West Canada creek and yelled, screamed and howled at a big blue heron across the stream, with no other result than to make the bird stare about in curiosity. It was only when both boys leaped to their feet, waving their arms and did some high kicking that the bird flew away.

Woodchucks, red squirrels, muskrats, mink and various others of the small animals seem to fear the human form, but not the voice. Perch flee at a lively gait when a man yells, but deer have been known to almost run over men that were talking in loud voices. Logging teamsters in the woods yell and swear at their horses in voices audible a mile away, but deer lie in their beds comfortably less than half a mile distant. Bears do not usually monkey around in the vicinity of men, except during berry time, when they are sometimes on one side of the bushes while human berry pickers are on the other.

The human voice is very soothing to wild birds of various kinds, such as robins. They will often come very close to a person who talks to them, and turn their heads from side to side, much as caged birds—canaries, for example—do, but if a person is robbing the bird's nest the voice adds greatly to the terror of the birds. It is related of a swallow that it had in some manner broken its leg, which was observed by a woman as the bird flew about. She went out, called to it and spoke to it, and after a while the bird came so near as to be taken in the woman's hands, who then put the leg in splints, setting it properly and putting on a soothing ointment. The bird flew away and was soon chirping with the rest of the birds in the air, its leg having been relieved of pain evidently by the bandages.

The old story of a lion that allowed a man to pick a thorn out of its inflamed foot and dress the wound, then refused to eat the man, may be truthful, since dogs, cats, elephants, horses and a good many other animals have remembered kindness as well as evil.—New York Sun.

FANCIES OF INVALIDS.

Queer Longings of People Who Make Business For the Doctors.

About the manner of serving their food patients sometimes have curious fancies. In one case a woman flatly refused to take her beef tea unless the bread which accompanied it was cut in the shape of diamonds, while in another it is always necessary to serve the food in a blue bowl, for out of nothing else whatever will she take nourishment.

A boy who was attacked with scarlet fever showed great disinclination to take his food, but finally agreed to swallow what was necessary provided he was fed in the following way. The beef tea, or whatever was to be given him, was put into a silver teapot, the spout was placed in his mouth, and in this manner the food was poured down his throat.

An elderly gentleman who spent much of his time hunting in Africa, on being asked if he fancied any particular dish, replied that he would like a bit of elephant's foot. Under certain circumstances this dish is a dainty and nourishing one, but the price of elephant being prohibitive, this elderly nimrod was forced to content himself with beefsteak instead.

A clergyman with a broken leg had a great longing to put on a pair of stilts, a pastime which he had never yet tried, while a man whose leg had been amputated, although admitting the impracticability of the wish, declared that a passion for skating had so seized upon him since the loss of his limb that he regretted being operated upon chiefly on that account.—Philadelphia Times.

Where He Was.

A visitor from Manchester had been invited to address the Sunday school.

"I am reminded, children," [illegible] "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was 16 years old, learned to drink, smoke tobacco and play cards. He went into bad company, frequented stables and low taprooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, and one day, in a fit of drunkenness, he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" cried the children, as with one voice.—Sketch.

A Chestnut.

Much bewildered Lady Landholder (who has been struggling for quite an hour with a land tax form, to elderly stand-on-my-dignity landlady)—Can you tell me, Mrs. Neall, how many perches go to a rood?

Mrs. N. (with severity)—No, I cannot; but I can tell you it's not original, for I've heard it before somewhere.—Sydney Bulletin.

She Had Been There.

Mrs. Neuvo Reesh—She called me a barmaid, and I flew at her and pulled her hair.

Mrs. Toplofty—Oh, how terrible! Still, even that didn't justify you in fighting her.

Mrs. Neuvo Reesh—Yes, but if you had ever been a barmaid you would understand how mad it made me.—Clips.

The proportion of women to men in the United States is greatest in New England, where the women are in excess. It is least in the far west, where the number of men exceeds that of the women.

The home secretary, the secretary for war and the secretary for India receive each a salary of $25,000 per year.

WARTIME LODGERS.

POLITICAL CARICATURES NOW IN A PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

Comic and Uncomplimentary Allusions to Abraham Lincoln—Caricatures Bearing on the Confederacy—Use of the Expression "Up Salt River."

Enshrined in several huge scrapbooks, and in the custody of Stewart Culin of the University museum, Philadelphia, is the valuable collection of political documents owned by the Numismatic and Antiquarian society of Philadelphia. They relate to the period of the civil war and that directly preceding it, and include election posters, campaign documents, political brochures, caricatures, together with an exceedingly interesting set of envelopes with patriotic devices, such as were used during war times.

There is also a lot of "Salt river tickets," these, indeed, although of little historical importance, forming to the casual observer one of the most entertaining divisions of the collection. There have been several explanations given of the origin of the slang political phrase, "Up Salt river" as applied to a defeated candidate for election. One of the most likely of these is found in a story that was told of Henry Clay during his presidential candidacy in 1832. Clay, it is said, was to speak one evening at Louisville, Ky., and in order to reach his destination hired a boatman to row him up the Ohio river. The latter, however, happened to be a Jackson Democrat, and, pretending to lose his way, steered the orator up Salt river, as a confluent stream was called, and so spoiled the meeting. Since that time "Up Salt river" has become a synonym for defeat, and it used to be considered a pleasantry to give a political opponent a pass up Salt river as a prediction of political oblivion.

These tickets were freely used by both parties and proved a boon to the job printers, who, with great impartiality, printed the cards for each side and sold them on the streets for a cent apiece. Some of the designs are indescribably coarse, some are witty, some are vulgar, and the majority of them are crudely printed.

The oldest in the collection dates from Nov. 4, 1856, and is a simple yellow ticket ornamented with a rude woodcut of a steamboat and bears the announcement that the dilapidated steamer Opposition—Captain Fremont, Pilot Fillmore—will leave this day for the Lead of Saline waters.

At a little later period Salt river was varied to Saline springs, and in 1863 the steamer Copperhead was pictured as a snake. The same year a pseudo railroad ticket was printed which invited the holder to accompany the peacemaker's excursion to a quiet retreat on Salt marsh, which was described as a "place well adapted for copperheads, but no other kind of snakes."

The Democrats, too, used like devices, and some very severe caricatures were directed against Lincoln. A crude design of this character represents Columbia, looking not unlike a wooden jointed doll, kicking Lincoln, bag and baggage, on board a black steamer about the same size as himself, which is about to set sail on a stream of printer's ink flowing up hill to the upper left hand corner of the card. This bears the date of Nov. 10, 1864, and the motto inscribed upon it is: "For Salt river on the steamer Abolition; King Abraham, captain; A. Johnson, pilot. The fate of Abe, homeward bound via Salt river."

Another card issued in opposition to Lincoln, which does not properly belong to this category, but is classified with it in the collection, is got up like a business card, which announces:

A. LINCOLN,
Attorney and Chancellor at Law,
Springfield, Ill.

To Whom It May Concern:—

My old customers and others are no doubt aware of the terrible time I have had in crossing the stream and will be glad to know that I am on back on the same side from which I started on or before the 4th of March next. Then I will be ready to swap horses, dispense law, make jokes, split rails and perform other matters in a small way.

A card printed in April of the same year is entitled "The End of Jeff Davis," and depicts the Confederate leader as just disappearing up a tunnel, supposed to represent the "underground railroad."

Still another shows the public bellman and advertiser as lost "the old codger, Democracy," who is described in the text as wearing a cotton suit of southern manufacture and a soft hat twined about with a copperhead snake.

An adaption of a comic English print personifies the south as a belated traveler who lost his way in the rain, and after tramping through mud and slush encounters a signpost pointed in the direction from which he had come, which bears the legend, "To Union," upon which he is exclaiming, "Lord a' mercy! I'm going wrong and get to walk way back again."

More stinging is the sign in which the north and south are depicted as lion and jackass, and labeled, "One of us must conquer." To this class belongs the designs in which the gallows figures as the end of the Confederates and those in which the devil is shown as inspiring the southern gentry. Rather a witty conceit is the motto applied to the Union flag, "These colors won't run," as well as that in which the coils of a rope form a death's head, which is labeled, "The end of secession."—Philadelphia Record.

She Seemed Familiar.

An English paper tells a story of the late Earl of Portarlington, who was always forgetting the names of people whom he had met. Once, on receiving a gracious nod from Queen Victoria at a Marlborough House garden party, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam. Your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I cannot remember your name."

A FARING SONG.

O tired little mariner!
Yoo-ho! Yoo-ho!
Unto the strand of slumberland
A sailing we must go.
This is the time when children fare
Away from home
So we'll seek the good ship Rocking Chair
Afar to roam.
Oh, yoo-ho!

A sleepy little voyager!
Yoo-ho! Yoo-ho!
The pleasant breeze of drowsiness
Beginning to blow,
And soon the isles of Nod are
All safely past,
And now, o'er dreamland's harbor bar
We're safe at last.
Oh, yoo-ho!

—Portland Transcript.

PLASTER CASTS.

One Need Not Be a Great Artist to Be Able to Take a Mask.

Making a plaster cast of the hand is a simple and easy process, and one which requires only care and a little patience to attain a perfect result.

The hand or other object to be cast is thoroughly greased. Vaseline is the best for this purpose, as it is a little gummy and sticks well. Plaster of paris is mixed to a batter consistency and a little color added (indigo will do), the object laid in position and the batter poured over it and allowed to harden.

When the matrix or mold is set the hand is wriggled out, plain white plaster batter poured in, after the mold has been thoroughly greased, and when this white filling is hardened the mold is broken away, the difference in color assisting one to see what must come off.

As to the manner of making casts. Do not take a hand flat and stiff. Grease a cloth, push it up into graceful folds, lay the hand upon it in an easy position, disposing the fabric under any bent knuckle so that there will be as little as possible of what the carvers call "under cutting," which would make the mold hard to get off.

Casts, however, need not be limited to hands. A daring amateur may attempt a life mask if she can find a courageous subject willing to submit to her experiments.

In this case the eyebrows and lashes must be thoroughly greased, as well as the skin of the face, and the hair covered, so that no plaster can possibly reach and adhere to it.

The subject is laid upon her back, a couple of goose quills fixed in the nostrils for her to breathe through, and she is told to relax her features to a calm expression and keep perfectly still until the mold hardens.

These casts have to be finished and touched up a little after they are taken with a sharp knife or chisel, and any roughness there may be smoothed away with fine sandpaper. Then, mounted on a square of dark red or old blue plush, they are handsome wall ornaments, as well as the most faithful of all portraits.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Industrious Yellow Hammer.

William R. O'Neill of the Pacific vinegar factory noticed a yellow hammer industriously at work one day on the siding of the factory building. Mr. O'Neill watched the bird for some time, and inside of an hour it had cut a round hole two or three inches in diameter through the inch planking. Mr. O'Neill is not a mean man and if the bird cared to make its home in his vinegar factory—why, it was all right. Next day, however, he noticed that the yellow hammer was engaged on another hole. "It's for a back door," thought the owner of the building. But after it had finished the back door it cheerfully went to work on the other holes, probably for windows. By the time there were 15 holes in the side of the factory Mr. O'Neill concluded that the yellow hammer was taking liberties with his property. So he obtained permission from the chief of police to shoot it. For a whole day the office boy and Mr. O'Neill's brother banged away without feeding the little bird, and it was finally necessary to employ an expert marksman to bring it down. The marksman charged 50 cents for his services, and Mr. O'Neill also lost the best part of a day nailing boards over the holes in the planking.—Portland Oregonian.

Silenced.

A man who certainly must have tipped the beam at 240 and who looked as if he could have handled Sandow with ease stood on a street corner the other afternoon with a scrawny, brow beaten, pale little woman about 4 feet 9 in stature and not above 80 pounds in avoirdupois. A gentleman who was waiting for a car at the same corner heard the giant say to his pygmy:

"Gimme 10 cents, Mattie."

"See here, Bill Morrison," was the boy's reply, "I've told you over an over ag'in sence we left home that I wouldn't give you 10 cents to fool away on this trip, an if you say '10 cents' to me just once more you'll wish you hadn't! I sh'd think you'd been married to me long enough to know that when I say a thing I mean it. Now, you give me any more trouble an we'll take the next car for home, you tormentin thing'"—Detroit Free Press.

Life In the Deep Sea.

In many of the soundings made by Sir John Ross sea worms, or annelids, were brought up from depths varying from 119 to 1,000 fathoms. At a depth of 800 fathoms his nets caught a beautiful specimen of the caput Medusa. The specimen was preserved and is now in the British museum in London.—St. Louis Republic.

Fault Finders.

There would not be half so many grumblers in the world if people did not think that fault finding was a proof of superior intelligence.—Milwaukee Journal.

The first applicant for an invention or device receives the patent in Great Britain, whether he be the real inventor or not.

A man intimately acquainted with the nature of things has seldom occasion to be astonished.—Henry Home.

ARTIST SIGN PAINTERS.

Men of Genius Who Have Engaged In Humble Employment.

Commonly there is not a great deal of real artistic value in the signs that distractingly illuminate the streets of our cities and towns. It is, however, interesting to note that there have been in the annals of art not a few instances of noted artists whom stress of misfortune compelled at times in their career to take to this employment—at least temporarily. Some of the old masters did not hesitate to turn their brushes to work of this kind when necessity commanded, and there have been many swinging signs of old taverns throughout Great Britain painted by men of genius whose talents had otherwise failed to fill their pockets with guineas. Du Maurier once painted signs, and more than one of his contemporaries could if he would tell a tale of similar employment of his brush.

In the history of American art there have been some cases of men who found sign painting more remunerative than work of a higher character. Perhaps the best known was Matthew Pratt of Philadelphia, a talented portrait painter, who, having a family to support, honestly turned his hand in intervals of leisure to the production of tavern signs and banners for political conventions.

On the other hand, there are not a few instances of sign painters abandoning their craft for a higher sphere in art. And of American artists especially a number have begun in this humble line. J. G. Brown at the outset of his career painted the signs of the landscape pictures with which the old New York Broadway stages were decorated. Henry Smith Mount, a brother of the more talented William Sidney Mount, though a sign painter, executed some creditable pictures of still life and became an A. N. A. in 1832. W. S. Mount, first associated with his brother, showed a capacity for a higher order of art. He was one of our early genre painters, devoting himself mainly to depicting the humorous side of American rustic life. Francis A. Silva and Arthur Quartley, the marine painters, now dead, began their careers as sign painters. So did William McGrath, the clever genre painter, who of late has been painting subjects a la Alma Tadema. Worthington Whittredge and William Louis Sonntag, both now well known as landscape painters, were painting signs together in Cincinnati a little more than 40 years ago.—Detroit Free Press.

The Irish Laborer In England.

It is asked, Why should the Irishman come over to make the hay and reap the crops in England and Scotland, and how is it that he goes home again and does not stay? That he comes over is evidence that he is not unwilling to work. He is sent for by the farmer because his wages are low. That he returns home is not a matter of sentiment alone, nor due to the fact that he returns to a Roman Catholic country. The winter is milder than in Scotland, the rent is cheaper than paying for lodgings in Scotland, the turf fire is warmer and more cheerful than the small coal he must buy at high price in Scotland.

The turf fire costs him perhaps £3 for the family for all the year. While the man works abroad the family live cheaply at home and till the potatoes and fatten the pigs. There are thus good reasons why migratory labor should pay the Irish peasant best, and the change is welcome to him when life would otherwise be very monotonous. Boys and girls look forward to the end of their school days and to the time when they may go to the harvesting; or, still better, to the "oil works," where some 30 shillings a week may be earned. The Irish peasant requires no one to teach him his own interests in this respect, and he works hard for a spell, looking forward to the idle winter before him at home.—Blackwood's Magazine.

They Didn't Smoke.

In his boyhood Judge Charles B. Andrews of the Connecticut supreme court was much more lively than his brother, President Andrews of Brown university. A writer in the Springfield Republican tells a story of the way he got ahead of some of the college boys when he was a freshman at Amherst. It was the custom then to smoke out the freshmen. A party of a dozen or more of the fellows would enter the room of an unsuspecting boy, light their pipes and smoke until the victim gave in and offered a treat. When they came into Andrews' room, they were without their pipes and had no tobacco about them, but with a stern voice one fellow handed Charles $1 and ordered him to go out and procure pipes and tobacco for the crowd. Charles went out and soon returned with 90 pipes and 1 cent's worth of tobacco. What the boys did to him for his audacious act is not related, but it is a fact that they did not smoke him out that night.

Wanted—A Husband.

A good joke was played on the girls of a provincial town recently by the young men of the place. The boys had been rather remiss in their attentions to the young ladies, and had been going to the theaters, parties and so on until the girls grew tired of being left out in the cold and decided to show their independence.

Consequently 13 of the girls hired a box at the theater and made a very charming theater party. The play was "Wanted—a Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the wicked boys had taken one of the largest flaring posters, "Wanted—a Husband," and fastened it in front of the box so that all the audience might read.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Characteristics.

Visitor—Who do you take after, Bobby, your papa or mamma?

Bobby—That depends. When Aunt Jane is here, ma says I take after her folks and when Uncle Jones is here, ma says I'm a regular Jones. They're both so rich.—London Tit-Bits.