His Honor's Toothache.

A good story is told of Judge W. D. Greer, a prominent lawyer of Paducah. Once during a visit to St. Louis he had a severe attack of toothache. He sought a dentist's office and was met by a young man who was scrupulously neat and clean. The latter bowed suavely, and the judge began:

"I believe you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The judge was seated in the operating chair, and the last thing he remembers was the dentist inserting a small tube in his mouth. He got a dose of gas and became unconscious. When he came to, the young man was under a table, his erstwhile spotless shirt and collar covered with blood and his clothes torn almost beyond recognition. He was desperately waving the judge off, saying all the while: "Get out of here. Get out of here."

He seemed very anxious to have the judge get out, but he couldn't be induced to leave his retreat under the table.

"Say, young man, what's the matter?" asked the judge, who didn't understand the situation, in surprise. "If I've done anything, I'm willing to pay for it."

The young man obtruded his head for a moment, gazed reproachfully about at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment and then exclaimed: "Pay hell! You get out of here!"

It seemed that the judge, under the influence of the gas, had cleaned out the establishment, and the dentist didn't get the tooth either.—Paducah Standard.

The Stone Forest of Florissant.

The silicified trees of the Florissant basin are a marked curiosity of the United States. They are less known than the "stone forest" of Arizona or than the similar mausoleum of the Yellowstone region, but it is only because they have not yet been brought to the attention of the tourist. The trees are at the present time represented only by their stumps. In wandering over the green meadow the eye here and there rests upon a seemingly "bald" spot. Over it are scattered white and yellow chips, and, for anything that the eye can itself distinguish, these could easily be the chips left in the path of work of a recently passing woodsman. The deception is absolute, and it belongs to the stump as well. The knots and grain and annular rings are perfectly preserved. The bark stands in prominent relief both by ruggedness and color, and all this not in wood, but in the monumental substance of stone. The precise manner in which the substitution of silica for wood was effected cannot now be learned, but in a general way we know it to have been brought about as the result of a slow infiltration into the tree trunks of heavily silica-bearing waters.

The specimens are fully numerous, but what [illegible] with special astonishment is the great size of some of them. Diameters of [illegible] feet, seven and eight feet are by no means uncommon, and we measured three specimens which spanned ten feet or more. In some instances the stumps hardly rise above the surface, coming up flush with it; therefore without excavation it is impossible to say at what height above the roots the measurements were taken.—Popular Science Monthly.

Chimneys Are Fickle.

"The hardest problem the builder has to wrestle with," said a well known member of the profession, "is the chimney. What the heathen Chinee is to the human race and the left handed mule to the animal kingdom the chimney is to the various appurtenances that go to make up a human habitation. There is no safe rule for the construction of chimneys. You can build a chimney all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor and construct them exactly on the same principles. One may draw all right and the other one smoke like a Choctaw. Yes, sir, the chimney is beyond all understanding, and any builder will tell you so."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Original Definitions.

A teacher in the mountain field gives in a recent letter some of the answers that came in from the pupils in their examination papers. Some of them are as follows:

"Climate is the combined space of heat and moisture."

"The solar system is situated in that part of the heavens called the milky way."

"The polar circle is parallel, running slanting round the earth."

"It is the wind's duty to refresh and cherish the earth."

"A volcano is the safety valve of an earthquake."

Digestive organs are termed "dijective orgues," and the different races of men were given as "Indians, negroes, whites and French."—American Missionary.

The Kaiser and England.

The British throne descends to the eldest son of the sovereign and to his sons in order and after them to his daughters; in default of them, to the second son and his sons and daughters, and so on through the sovereign's sons. In default of sons, it descends to the eldest daughter of the sovereign and to her sons and daughters and so on. Thus the emperor of Germany has a right of succession to the throne, but it is very small. There are 23 persons between him and the British throne.

The first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., in 1775.

Italy has 6,850,000 women of marriageable age.

A Turkish Lady.

Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard for her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change and that as the men have dropped their oriental garb the women will in time part with the yashmak and ferejeh, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris and Vienna, before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs.

On the Bosporus their caiques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters occasionally, accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up. The police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this de rigueur when any member of the imperial harem passes.—Longman's Magazine.

On the Ferry.

Blossom (to Italian sitting beside a large valise)—My friend, that valise is taking up considerable room. Will you kindly move it and allow me to sit down?

Italian—No mova noth.

Blossom—But I want to sit down.

Italian—No cara.

Blossom—But I do. Will you take that valise off the seat?

Italian—No taka noth. I tole yo' afora.

Blossom (getting warm in the collar)—If you don't take that valise off the seat I will. Do you understand me?

Italian—I unstana what yo' talka. I no taka eat offa.

Blossom (throwing valise off the seat)—There, now! If you want your luggage, you can go and get it.

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea.

Blossom—Eh?

Italian—Eat no belonga to mea. Yo' seea thata beegar mana—

Blossom (as he replaces the valise)—Why didn't you say so before? I don't mind standing up. It's only a short distance across.

Italian (to himself)—Eat no belonga to mea, eat no belonga to th' beegar man. Eat belonga to mya leetel sis in th' cit; I taka eat to hera.—San Francisco Wave.

Singular Deathbed Scene.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but occasionally more amusing than the jests of the humorist. Writing of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist and Quaker minister, Mr. Hare, in his biography of "The Gurneys of Earlham," tells an almost incredible incident.

During her frequent visits to Norfolk, Mrs. Fry by no means ceased from her ministrations, but even in her family she often had to trust her seed to very stony ground. It is recollected with amusement how, when she was summoned to the deathbed of a Norfolk squire, who was nearly related to her, he received her with this greeting:

"I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee, but thee must just wait till these have done."

On the other side of the bed were two cocks fighting.

That occurred in England 64 years ago, and the man was one of the landed gentry. The world moves.

Sandow Got Mad.

Sandow, the strong man, tells how once, on a holiday in Paris, he went with an old school friend into a billiard room, where some Frenchmen tried to fasten a quarrel on him because he was a German. The Parisian went so far as to slap him repeatedly in the face. Newfoundlandlike, he let the terrier snarl until he tried to bite, when at last he lost his temper. He took the man by the collar and the trousers near the knee. Then, holding him up, to the astonishment of the gallery, he knocked his assailant's knees into his teeth till he was nearly senseless. The Frenchman was taken to a hospital, while Sandow was walked off to a cell. But there were so many witnesses to the provocation that Sandow got off. The Frenchman himself was so astonished that when he recovered he sought Sandow's friendship and presented to him a magnificent watch, which he still possesses.

Not His.

"Hello! Is this your bank?" said Dinwiddie to Van Braam, who was making out a deposit slip at a desk in a Fifth avenue banking establishment.

"No," replied Van Braam. "This isn't my bank."

Dinwiddie seemed surprised, for he could see Van Braam's bankbook, with several checks and some money, when the latter added:

"No, it is not my bank. I wish it were. I am merely a depositor here."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Cargoes of Dead Cats.

Liverpool receives some curious cargoes at times—cargoes of turtles and other live and dead animals, casks of leeches, shiploads of bones from battlefields, of human mummies from the Egyptian tombs and of dead cats from the cat cemeteries of the same country.

The Best Detectives.

A Frenchman naturally thinks the Parisian detectives the best. Englishmen swear by the shrewdness of Scotland Yard men, and Americans, of course, swear by the New York detectives. After three years' residence in China (says a traveler), I do not think either of the three bodies is entitled to the credit given it. The Chinese beat them all.

They are at one time the most expert thieves and at another the most skilled detectives in the world. A Chinaman can steal your watch while you are looking at it, and he can catch the man who stole it, if it happens to be some other man than himself, when a French detective could not.

I have seen evidences of detective ability among the Chinese which would startle even Lecoq. It is impossible for an evildoer to long elude the Chinese detectives. They scent a crime and follow it to the last before civilized detectives would know of it.

The Chinese detective force is a secret body, and the best organized in the world. They have an eye upon every man, woman and child, foreign or native, in China, and in addition watch over each other.

Informers are encouraged, and collusion is impossible. The head of the Chinese police is not known, but there is one, and a very active one too. I have heard that the present head was once an ambassador to a European country, but really I do not believe that any one knows who he is. There are said to be over 60,000 men under him and his assistants who control the various districts.—Pearson's Weekly.

Air Bubble Nests.

Paradise fishes come from Japan, and their nests are very odd, indeed, for they are composed of air bubbles. Unlike goldfish, they will breed and raise their young in an aquarium or even a glass globe, and, as they raise three or four broods each year, the girl or boy who owns a pair of the interesting pets is almost sure to have a large fish family in a few months.

Ordinarily the male paradise fish is of a dull silvery color, but when he goes a-courting he puts on a brilliant coat, striped with streaks of red, blue and green. When the female fish is ready to lay eggs, she builds her nest by swallowing air and making bubbles, which are held together by a sticky secretion that comes from her mouth.

The eggs rise in the water and find a resting place among the air bubbles, to which they cling. The female fish tries to swallow the eggs, but her husband drives her away and keeps guard until the eggs are hatched. If the air bubbles burst, the male fish blows some more, so that the nest is always floating on the surface of the water.

At the end of five days the young are hatched out. They cannot swim, but cling like tadpoles to the air bubbles. If one falls, the father fish catches it in his mouth and blows it up among the bubbles again. He does not leave his little ones until they are able to swim, and then they take care of themselves.

The paradise fish grows to a length of three or four inches and thrives best on chopped up angleworms. If they are kept from the cold, they increase rapidly and make fine pets.—Chicago Record.

Consanguineous Marriages.

With regard to deaf mutism, statistics show, for the most part, that the closer the degree of relationship between the parents, the more numerous are the number of the deaf mute children born. For example, one marriage between an aunt and nephew produced 3 deaf mutes. Four marriages between uncle and niece produced 11 deaf mutes. Twenty-six marriages between first cousins produced 28 deaf mutes. Sixteen marriages between second cousins produced 28 deaf mutes. Forty-seven marriages between blood relatives produced 72 deaf mutes. These are important facts, which leave no measure of doubt as to the influence of the intermarriage of blood relations in causing deaf mutism. But just in the same way as consanguineous marriages should be avoided so also should the intermarriage of persons tainted with hereditary disease be discouraged.—London Medical Press.

Are Our Laws Just?

A man was accused of having stolen a pair of trousers. There were several witnesses, but the evidence was rather meager, and so the accused was acquitted. He was told that he could go, but he remained. His lawyer, to whose successful defense he mainly owed his liberty, hinted to him again that he was free to depart, but still he stayed.

There being no more cases to be heard the court was getting empty, when the lawyer, growing impatient, asked, with some asperity, why he didn't go. The injured man whispered in his ear: "The fact is, sir, I did not like to move till the witnesses had left the court."

"Why so?"

"Because, sir, I have got on the trousers that I stole."—London Tit-Bits.

Failed but Once.

"Don't be afraid. Come right in. My wife's out. Have a little something? Here's a nice quality of old"—

"Good heavens, man! You've got the wrong bottle! Look at that label. Don't you see it's marked 'Poison?'"

"Oh, that's all right. That saves it from the hired girl. My own invention, you know. Clever, isn't it? Never failed but once."

"How was that?"

"Hired girl couldn't read."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sorry Fate of Japanese Girls.

When a Japanese woman marries, her teeth are blackened by a process so tedious and painful that some girls for this reason refuse to be married.

In 1784 an explosion and fire occurred in the government dockyards at Brest, in France, which occasioned a loss of $5,000,000.

New Plants Are Dangerous.

Our beds and our borders become crowded, and yet we are always meeting with plants we should like to possess and might easily grow; while, as if in despair of keeping pace with the times, societies are formed which devote themselves to the cultivation of some particular flower; firms associate themselves primarily with roses, lilies, chrysanthemums or orchids and are recognized as authorities, and costly illustrated books make their appearance in such frequent intervals that in some directions they bid fair to develop into libraries, with the varieties of one flower as their subject. No pains or ingenuity or money is spared, and unique specimens are searched for in the most distant parts of the world. The outlay in some cases is enormous.

Orchids being a very special branch of the gardener's art, it is well we should refer to the enormous sums that are expended in forming a collection of these fascinating flowers. Syndicates are constituted for their importation and a number of skilled collectors, who often carry their lives in their hands, are always at work in the East Indies, in Mexico, in the hot, steamy swamps of Brazil, in Madagascar, searching for new specimens. Twenty thousand pounds and more, it is said, may be easily spent upon a collection; 310 guineas have been paid for Cypripedium stonei, 300 for Vanda sanderiana, 235 for Phalænopsis leucaea, 220 for Cattleya mendelli [illegible] and the prices of a large number of others range from 100 to 200 guineas a plant.—Saturday Review.

Wanted, a New Kind of Humorist.

So far from its being possible to "internationalize" humor, we may think ourselves lucky if we can manage to preserve even a national type. The Dickensian humor, it would seem, is "off;" the American droll, after a rogue of a good many years, is apparently ceasing to amuse; the "inverted aphorism" had but a short popularity and ultimately perished in calamitous and indeed unmentionable circumstances, and nothing seems growing up to take its place. The new generation "knocking at the door" rat-tats with no portentous gravity. This is, no doubt, an improvement on the older generations, who thought it a first rate joke of wit to wrench off the knocker, but their successors are surely carrying virtue to excess.

It seems a pity that they should be unable to laugh, but the most respected and "intellectual" among them cannot. It was the way of certain frivolous contagios a few years ago to twit them with their supposed taste for what was then called the new humor, but there was really no foundation for the taunt. The new humor turned out to be simply the old buffoonery "writ small," and whoever its patrons are or were they are not to be found among the thoughtful young men who represent the generation with its hand on the door knocker.—Fortnightly Review.

Uses of Wild Rice.

Few know more of the reed of our river mud flats than that it furnishes the food on which fattens for the epicure the reedbird of autumn dinner tables, the bobolink of other seasons. But as wild rice, Zizania aquatica of science, it has played no mean part in the service of man. It was the staple food of the Indians that formerly inhabited northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the plant abounds on the margin of lakes. Dr. Elliott Coues says that it is still the chief recourse of the Objibway Indians on the reservations of Minnesota. They not only gather it for their own use, but for the purposes of trade. A common name is Indian rice, and the lakes along which the plants abound are known as rice lakes. Whole Indian villages will be tenantless in autumn, the inhabitants having gone "ricing," as the harvesting is termed. The Indians push their canoes into masses of rice, bend the heads of rice over a crotched stick and thrash the grain into the bottom of the boat.—Independent.

The Rhinoceros Bird.

Among the birds not commonly found in the rhinoceros bird, from the Transvaal. Buffel pikker is its Dutch name. Its habits are remarkable and its plumage unusual. Small flocks accompany most of the large antelopes, the buffaloes and the rhinoceroses, in South Africa, and run all over the creatures' bodies, picking off flies and insects. When an enemy approaches, the buffel pikkers sit in a line with heads raised on the back of the animal they are attending, like sparrows on a roof ridge, and signal "the enemy in sight." The plumage is curiously close, uniform and compact, so much so that the bird has an artificial look, as if covered with painted satin and not with feathers. The general tint of the body is cinnamon brown, with yellow beak and legs, giving the color effect of a brown and yellow iris.—London Spectator.

Mounting Photographs on Glass.

To mount photographs on glass, take 4 ounces of gelatin and soak for half an hour in 16 ounces of water; put the jar into a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatin. When dissolved, pour into a shallow tray. Have your prints rolled on a roller, albumen side out; take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatin, taking great care to avoid air bubbles. Hang up with clips to dry; when dry, squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of glass, the finer the effect.—New York Ledger.

The earliest year consisted of 12 months, having each 29 and 30 days alternately, thus making 354 days. This being found too short, it was lengthened to 360 days and afterward to 365¼.

Starched collars and cuffs are good barometers. In dry weather these articles are stiff and hard, but when rain is coming the moisture in the atmosphere makes them soft and pliable.

A Modern Sindbad.

Some imaginative writer tells the tale of a sailor who was shipwrecked three times, was in four collisions and two fires at sea, suffered from sunstroke and yellow fever, lost a finger or two by frostbite, had one eye gouged out in a fight at San Francisco, came home, married a shopkeeping widow, who henpecked him, got out of his course one foggy day and walked into the river, where he was found next morning still clewed up in the overnight fold of telegraph, but without his glass eye. Take to the novelist's tipple and perhaps somewhat highly colored fact it may be compared with some recent cases.

One of the men we have in mind fell from the main yard and broke his left arm before he had been at sea a month on his first voyage as an apprentice. On the return voyage from San Francisco he fell from the same yard and broke one of his legs. The vessel was wrecked in a gale off the southwest coast of Ireland, and this unhappy youth, into profugus, was saved, with three others, out of a crew of 26, only, however, to find that his next ship, laden with coal, took fire on the other side of Cape Horn and had to be abandoned by her crew, who were six days in their boats before a homeward bound ship picked them up.

His third vessel ran ashore at the entrance to Hongkong harbor in her hurry to get inside before a Yankee with whom she was in company. When our friend found his fourth ship dismasted in a cyclone in the Indian ocean, he came to the conclusion that sea life, which he had been quite prepared to like, was too exciting for him and he decided forthwith, provided he got safely out of that scrape, to leave it to those with better luck.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Charles Reade on Bare Walls.

I had the honor once to know in London Charles Reade, a most remarkable and great man, as well as a great novelist of the higher realistic school. Reade was, above all things, a practical man. He had the eye of an eagle, and no things that needed reformation escaped it. One day, when I dined with him at his house in London, his rus in urbe, as he called it, he said that he had been an examiner at a board school examination that day and that he had been again struck by the barrenness and unattractiveness of the average public school room. "I suppose," said I, "that it is a realization of the American idea. By giving the scholars nothing to look at but their books their attention is supposed to be concentrated on their lessons." "Just so," he said, "but it isn't. The brain works through the eye. Those infernal bare walls do not stimulate the mind. They stupefy it." Here is the statement of an absolute fact which, fortunately, wise teachers are now recognizing the world over.—Collector.

How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet [illegible] and with a straight edge. [illegible] saw will answer the pur[illegible] a windy day on which to [illegible] experiment, paying no attention [illegible] spheric conditions, for such [illegible] can be as successfully [illegible] a clear day as it can on a cloudy [illegible] and the results will be equally good in summer or winter. The only thing you need to look out for is that you do not attempt to "see the wind" on a rainy or murky day, as conditions are then very unfavorable. When everything is in readiness, hold the metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is in the north, hold the metal east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about 45 degrees to the horizon. When this has been done, sight carefully along the edge of a sharply defined object for some moments and you will see the wind pouring over in graceful curves almost like water.—St. Louis Republic.

Forgot the Violets.

Among the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor, the famous author, were his absentmindedness and his passionate love for animals and the vegetable world. On one occasion, having suffered not long before from leaving the key of his portmanteau behind him, he took special precautions before starting on a journey to see that his keys were in his pocket. When, however, he produced them in triumph at his journey's end, he found that he had left the portmanteau behind. Landor, though he often handled his fellow men somewhat roughly, hated to see an old tree felled and even shrank from plucking a rose. One morning he collared his man cook and flung him out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering on what bed in the garden the man would fall, the flower loving Landor exclaimed: "Good heavens! I forgot the poor violets!"

Macaulay's Wit.

Macaulay who was in the habit of shaving himself, and badly, too, it would seem, once patronized a first class barber. After obtaining an easy shave, he turned to the tonsorial artist and inquired:

"How much do I owe you?"

"Whatever you have been in the habit of giving the man who shaves you, sir," replied the barber.

"I generally give him two cuts on each cheek," replied the celebrated English historian; "but you, sir, being a superior workman, deserve to fare better."—Washington Times.

An Old Pawn Ticket.

An old pawn ticket which has been unearthed at Florence is creating considerable stir in the literary world. The ticket was found in a curiosity shop in a portfolio of drawings and old letters. It runs as follows: "I, the undersigned, herewith acknowledge the receipt of 25 lire from Signor Abraham Levi, for which he holds as security a sword of my father, four sheets and two tablecovers.—March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

SOME OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED BY NATIVES OF THE TROPICS.

Artificial Swamps of New Guinea—India's "Floating Villages"—Subterranean Dwellings of the Syrians—The King of Siam's Glass House.

If people will only profit by example they can keep cool. Just see how the other fellow, who lives where it is always hot, manages to be comfortable, and then you will have struck the keynote.

For centuries the inhabitants of the tropics have been devising ways to keep cool. Not only have the natural resources of their own countries been converted into methods of cooling schemes, but the mechanical skill of modern science has also been introduced by the fabulously wealthy rulers of these semibarbarous lands.

The natives of New Guinea, who are compelled, owing to the intense heat, to go almost naked during most of the year, have hit upon a scheme that is claimed to make life not only bearable, but highly enjoyable during the long, hot days when the broiling sun is sending down seeming rays of fire.

While their plan does not tax the brains of modern science, it is, nevertheless, unique and involves the labor of an enormous army of workers. Their method is to take a broad stretch of land adjoining their large villages and convert it into a swamp. This is done by clearing the land thoroughly of all vegetation and underbrush, only the trees being left standing. By months of patient labor, in which all inhabitants of the village, both men and women, join, they dig a canal from the nearest lake and drain it into their artificial marsh. The depth of water in these marshes varies from 10 to 20 or 30 feet, according to the excavation done beforehand.

Trees are then cut and carefully stripped of both bark and branches and driven in groups in numerous parts of the marsh, leaving about 10 or 15 feet above the water. On the tops of these stilts, or piles, the houses are then built and so overhang the marsh.

In some parts of India "floating villages" have been constructed with great success. The inventors of this mode of keeping cool came from inland tribes of natives, where the heat killed off hundreds every year. These men journeyed to the river shores and there built their houses on large flat rafts. Some of these villages have now grown to large proportions, and one near MacCluer's inlet, or gulf of Ouin, as it is now called, numbers over 800 houses. They are all connected by ropes, with some 30 feet of water between, and move with the current. This huge excursion fleet, as it appears, lazily floats from one shore to the other and up and down the stream, catching all the air that comes from the neighboring forests. The difference in temperature between the land and the rafts averages 25 degrees.

In Syria the latest and most effectual scheme of escaping the stifling heat has been found in the subterranean passages, of which the country has many. Large forces of Syrians have made mammoth excavations in the passages, and here, deep down in the bowels of the earth, built abodes. It is very cool down there, the rocks oftentimes being actually cold. This is largely accounted for by their contact with the numerous subterranean waterways, which flow along under mountains and rents in the rocks caused by internal volcanic eruptions.

Down there, hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface and in, as it were, a gigantic tomb, the Syrians pass the heated portion of the day in quiet seclusion and peaceful rest.

The Chinese, although a backward and unprogressive race, have nevertheless tried many experiments for keeping cool, and think they have solved the question by their "tree dwellings." At least it is the most satisfactory method that has ever been put in operation in the Flowery Kingdom.

Taking advantage of the tremendous growth of trees in some parts of the yellow empire, the natives have built their houses, like nests, in them. This they do by splitting the large and topmost branches and fitting the foundation of these houses securely in these splits.

Perched up there, a hundred feet in the air and in the direct sweep of the wind when there is any, the Celestials dream away the tedious summer day. The type of architecture is more pretentious than that displayed in the simple log cabin. The walls are decorated with curious designs, and the interwoven latticework of palm and bamboo which form the houses give them a delightfully cool and airy appearance. It is an ideal nest, and one in which the Celestial never tires of lingering.

The king of Siam has a scheme on which that swarthy ruler labored for many years, and which, besides being wholly original, represents an expenditure of money that would make a dozen men wealthy for life. In substance, it is a mammoth glass room, measuring some 30 feet square by 15 feet high, constructed on the surface of a lake, into which it is submerged on hot days.

With the exception of the floor, it is entirely of heavy plate glass closely fitted into steel frames. It took over five years of steady labor to make this remarkable room, and so jealous of the secret was its imperial inventor that each particle of the room was manufactured in a different place and by workmen entirely unfamiliar with the other parts of the structure.—New York Journal.

Minks Banish Snakes.

Water moccasins were formerly numerous in the region close to Taylor, La. In recent years they have become scarce, while minks have increased in numbers. Old hunters there say that the mink is the deadly enemy of the snake, and that in a fight the quadruped always comes off victorious.