THE HOME OF PAYNE.

DWELLING PLACE OF THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST FAMOUS BALLAD.

Lucy Cleveland Writes Feelingly About the Last Place That John Howard Payne Ever Knew as His "Home, Sweet Home."

"You ought to see it, lady!"

My quaint Amagansett charioteer pointed with his whip in the direction of an antique mansion half hidden in the shadows that the elm trees threw across its portal.

I had driven over to old East Hampton for an autumn afternoon's pleasuring along its elm embowered street of 100 years. Stretching from one antique windmill to another, each the somber guardian of graves, each the warden of the old village cemeteries, this grand old Main street of East Hampton unrolls its green ribbon of verdure the length of the little town and tempts the tourist to a lazy, lovely loitering in the sherry colored sunset in the sanguine air of seas. Afar the boom of the infinite ocean called. The arms of the old windmills tipped with the last tapestry of day, yearning aloft above the little graveyards, suggested the forever beyond the scattered white line of frozen sorrow far below.

"Yes, you ought to see it, mum!" And, "mum" consenting, my charioteer stopped at the antique threshold of the East Hampton dwelling. It was the house where John Howard Payne, author of the ballad that has sung itself into the heart of the world, passed his childhood.

It is a modest two story dwelling, standing a little way back from the village street, of frame, shingled and gable roofed. Though it has received, from time to time, some small adornment, the old house keeps its ancient, soothing spell as you face it from the main street. I know of nothing so quaint out of old New England. On one side of the doorway a board pleasant, weather beaten by time, mellowed by the years, fingered by the masses and pecked at by the little birds flying out for aye from their house, sweet home beneath the old gray eaves. The quaint placard tells you that within are

The town clerk,
The Bank of East Hampton,
The village notary,

and, as I learned afterward,

The undertaker
and
The furniture dealer,

all in one piece, or in one person—the genial owner today of the old house by the wayside.

Step in—but you won't go far afield or afoot, for the old staircase blocks the way. It winds and beckons up. It is thoroughly Revolutionary. It winds up so that you wonder it doesn't go off once and play a tune. Ah, you are in the upstairs now! The house is a double house, as we say. But then all the old dwellings of long ago were "double." Did you ever think of that? "Home, sweet homes" and married loves and firesides. Not apartments, like pigeon holes, on the installment system; not skyscrapers attempting that old plain of Shinar's tall ambitions; not "homes" whence you rallied to get your very dinner and when you got back thanked God up 19 flights that you didn't die from manna and starvation. But it is down stairs in the kitchen that the most charming bit is found. This kitchen seems older than the Revolution. It is Cinderellan. In one moment, as you step across its threshold, you are transported with a fairy waft and a fairy wand into the days and the ways that are older than that dear Mother Goose—into the days of Mother Wise. Mother Wise made all the fairy stories in the beginning, do you know? And Mother Wise lived in Egypt 6,000 years before we opened our wise eyelids. And Mother Wise knew Cinderella by heart and by head and wrote down all about her dear little slipper in the vocabulary of the Pharaohs, older than the great pyramid.

As you step into the antique kitchen in the house of John Howard Payne you almost expect to see an ancient Egyptian stalk around the corner and Cheops' sacred pussy cat in a hieroglyphic attitude on the hearth. How quaint—how quaint it is! Didn't I hear little Cinderella's laugh and see those dear little plump hands clapped together with joy? And is that glow flooding window and wall the silver ether that floats around the fairy and dissolves, slowly, in a revolving, radiant rainbow, all colors that the fairy takes and stars in the blue of her eyes and the frank, fresh cherry of her lips?

Really it is all so unreal that it frets you to be told that that is a Revolutionary musket hanging over the old, old fireplace. You mistook it for a club that those grand old Bible fellows brandished when they went down into Egypt and had a fight. How pert and new 1776 is!

It is sorrowful to think that, after he closed the latch of his old sweet home and heard for the last time the clink of the closing door and went out to face the world, John Howard Payne had no home.—Lucy Cleveland in New York Home Journal.

A Strong Room.

At Etham, the late Colonel North's seat, there is said to be one of the strongest of strong rooms in the world. Not only were his gold and silver ware stored here, but special arrangements were made for the security of the jewels of lady visitors during the nights of their stay. The strong room is floored with cement many feet thick and walled all round with mighty blocks of granite.

Weighing Living Fish.

A visitor at the aquarium who had wondered how they managed to get the weight of a live fish learned that that is really a very simple thing to do. The fish is put into a pail of water, which is weighed with the fish in it. Then the fish is taken out and pail and water are weighed without it.—New York Sun.

The Good Samaritan.

The following tale, related to me by a friend, is absolutely true, says a writer in the London Sketch. A lady recently touring in the highlands—for obvious reasons I omit the lady's name and the name of the district—had the misfortune, while riding alone through a picturesque but scantily populated glen, to meet with an accident, being thrown from her machine, badly bruised and shaken and more or less cut and scratched about the hands. Upon recovering her equanimity she made her way to the nearest habitation, which chanced to be the manse, and asked to be allowed to wash the mud off her hands and then to rest awhile. The minister was absent, but his housekeeper received her kindly, and, having attended to her wants, offered and gave her a cup of tea.

Soon afterward the minister returned and was, of course, duly informed of the presence of the unexpected guest. Thereupon his reverence entered the kitchen, where the lady was resting, and, after surveying her critically with a suspicious eye for several moments, he addressed her in the following friendly manner: "Ma'am," he said, "I'm sure I don't know who you are, and I don't know where you come from, and, for anything I know, you may carry off some of my property, so I think the sooner you leave my house the better." The poor lady, in dire distress, promptly rose and complied with this inhospitable request and was shortly afterward found by a pleasant woman sitting by the roadside and in tears. This good Samaritan quickly led the wanderer to the nearest inn, where a dogcart was soon procured, in which the unfortunate lady and her damaged bicycle were conveyed home.

Chinese Jewelers.

There are two jewelers in Chinatown, but their establishments do not resemble the ordinary places known as jewelry shops. The Chinese jeweler is a manufacturer as well as a shopkeeper. His establishment is a tiny room up one or two narrow flights of stairs. The room in one place is divided by an openwork iron partition, with an arch and a counter near the window, where the jeweler stands at work. He is an elderly Chinaman, wearing glasses, and he works over a tiny fire in the window. All his work is done by hand, and some of it is beautiful. There are heavy silver bracelets, which open with a hinge and fasten with an odd little staple. The fine raised pattern is cut out, every bit of it, by hand. There are gold rings made in the same way. They are fine rings, made of 24 carat gold. Almost nothing is kept in stock. There may chance to be a few rings and bracelets, which are taken from a small safe. Most of the goods are made to order. When the manufacturer is asked the price of a ring, he weighs it before he answers. His scales consist of a slender stick of ivory, perhaps a third of a yard long, covered with Chinese characters. At one end is a small brass plate suspended from the stick by fine threads, and a very small weight, also hanging by a thread, is moved along to the balancing point by the jeweler as he holds the little machine in his hand. The front part of the little shop is filled with a stove, table, dishpan, dishes—as many things as could be crowded into it.—New York Times.

The Curiosity of Voting.

The Aberdeen system of electing a lord rector is a curiosity of voting. It is a relic of the mediæval system of Paris, long since abandoned by the Parisians and greatly modified by the other Scotch universities. For the purposes of voting all the undergraduates are divided into four nations, this, of course, being a meaningless remnant of the mediæval system by which the students of different nationalities elected as chairman a rector to defend their rights against civic interference. There are four nations at Aberdeen. Mar, Buchan and Moray represent students born north of the Grampians. Angus stands for the rest of the world! On the voting day each nation is locked up in a room by itself. But the students at Aberdeen do not give a direct vote for the rectoral candidates. They vote for a student who represents them, called the procurator. After the recording of the votes, which are given orally, the procurators meet in another room, and the successful candidate is he who has a majority of nations. If the nations are equally divided, the winner is he who has the numerical majority of votes.—London News.

A Bird of the Far North.

During Dr. Nansen' long voyage into the Arctic sea in search of the north pole he came upon a group of four islands in the neighborhood of Franz Josef Land, near which he saw large numbers of a very rare and beautiful bird known as Ross' gull. It is described as "the most beautiful of all the animal forms of the frozen regions," and as the "most markedly polar of all bird forms." It is distinguished from other species of gull by "its beautiful rose colored breast, its wedge shaped tail and its airy flight." Speaking of the discovery of these birds, Dr. Nansen says, "Hitherto it has only been seen by chance on the utmost confines of the unknown polar sea, and no one knew whence it came or whither it went, but here we had unexpectedly come upon its native haunt, and although it was too late in the year to find its nest there could be no doubt about its breeding in this region."—Youth's Companion.

A Relic of the Age of Ice.

One of the largest glacial bowlders lying above ground in the state of Pennsylvania is on the farm of Enos Stump, near Quakertown, in Bucks county. This monster relic of the great ice age is 56 feet long, 46 feet wide and 14 feet thick.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I am ignorant." He was another Ah Hung Chang.

A PUZZLING PARIS HOUSE.

It Has Two Spiral Stairways Which Look Like One at Times.

One of the greatest curiosities of Paris is the house with the double staircase. It does not figure in the guidebook and is not among the places of interest that are photographed, but, for all that, it is of greater interest than many of the things that come within this class.

This house has entrances at 85 Rue Radzivill and at 18 Rue de Valois. It is in the quarter of the Palais Royal—that palace now given up largely to restaurants and cheap jewelry shops, and once the residence of the most licentious of French princes, the regent d'Orleans. The quarter is one of the most central in Paris, and all Americans who have been in Paris know it, but the house, which is a few steps from the Palais Royal, the Rue de Rivoli and the Louvre, escapes general attention because it faces on dark and narrow streets.

Each staircase begins on opposite sides of the central space of the house and is continued separate right up to the roof. They are in a graceful spiral form. The house is nine stories high, a very considerable height for one so old. As you look up the wall you can hardly realize that there is more than one stairway.

The result of this arrangement is that one stairway takes you to the first floor apartment on the right, the second floor on the left, and so on. The other stairway takes you to the first floor on the left, the second floor on the right, and so on. You must be very careful to choose the right stairway when you are going to an apartment, otherwise you may mount as far as the sixth floor and find yourself on the wrong side of the house. It is just as well then to go to the top and come down by the other stairway.

It is difficult to describe the puzzling effect of this contrivance on those who see it for the first time. No more ingenious contrivance for exciting profanity and causing confusion was ever designed by architect. The beauty lies in its simplicity, which gives it an advantage over secret doors and such laborious devices.

It is a favorite trick with those who know the house to take moderately intoxicated friends to see it. The man who knows tells his friend to go up stairs. Then he goes up himself by the opposite stairway. When he has gone up about two stories, he leans over the balustrade and tells his friend to join him. The inebriate endeavors to do so, running up and down stairs, but never able to catch the other.—New York Journal.

GREAT GRAPE INDUSTRY.

The Shores of Lake Chautauqua Supply Half the Country.

The management of the vineyard is an interesting study and one which to be successful requires technical knowledge. In the large vineyards, as a rule, the owner himself gives personal supervision to every detail. Sometimes a manager or overseer performs these duties. One of the largest growers in this section tells me that the most successful grower is the foreigner, who, with his family of eight or ten, comes and leases or buys 25 or 50 acres of land, each member of the family having his or her part in the work to perform from spring until picking time, while the winter is devoted to the making of the baskets. Thus no outside expenditure is incurred, and when the grapes are sold the proceeds return to the family as the profit on the individual labor of each member, quite in contrast with the large owner, who is compelled to hire help to do each little thing in addition to buying his baskets.

The Concord grape is the only variety of any consequence raised in this region, and some idea of the magnitude of the business carried on may be had when it is known that the shipments for one year from Chautauqua county alone will amount to 8,500 carloads, 8,000 baskets of 10 pounds each in each car. These are taken from the grower by some one of the numerous growers' associations, whose business it is to find a market. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that three-fourths of them go to points west of Chicago, while the other one-fourth travels eastward.

The making of baskets is an important item. Many factories are employed. The price ranges from 2 to 2½ cents per basket. Thus the grower who would find his business in any way profitable must, in addition to the cost of the basket, realize at least 1 cent per pound for his grapes, while today it is a common thing to find a ten pound basket on the retail market slow sale at 10 cents. Thus we find that the utmost care must be taken in the management of a vineyard to make it profitable.—Chautauquan.

Her Train.

"How did the queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked the teacher of her Sunday school class of little girls.

No one ventured an answer.

"If you had studied your lesson, you could not have helped knowing," said their teacher. "Now look over the verses again."

"Could she have gone by the cars?" asked the teacher, beginning to lose patience as the children consulted their books, but appeared to arrive at no conclusion.

"Yes'm," said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam cars."

"Did she, indeed? Well, Louise, we would like to know how you found that out?"

"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says 'she came with a very great train.'"—New York Advertiser.

Before the Effects Were Off.

"Say, you're the fourth feller that has come here to try to trade hosses today," said Farmer Shortcrop. "What's got into you all?"

"Why," said the visiting farmer sheepishly, "the story got out someways that you'd got religion at the revival last night."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Boarding School Food.

In The Martian, Du Maurier tells of the sort of food supplied at French boarding schools, and by no means overrates its superior excellence. In no other country outside of France does the nutrition of growing youth receive higher consideration. If the meals served at schools there be compared with those given at similar institutions in England, the merit of the French system will be apparent. The simple first breakfast of coffee and rolls, the second consisting of hors d'œuvres, a dish of meat or fish, one vegetable, salad and a sweet, and the dinner at 6 o'clock of similar composition, with the addition of soup, supply just what is needed to encourage mental effort and satisfy physical well being. In England an entirely different system is in vogue. Breakfast at an English boarding school is a substantial meal, served at 7 o'clock. In most cases it consists of fish, ham or bacon, eggs and porridge three or four times a week, with plenty of milk and sugar. Dinner at 1 o'clock is a most solid repast, lacking, however, in a sufficiency of green vegetables. Supper at 6 o'clock is mainly farinaceous. It consists of tea, bread and butter. Dr. Savory, medical officer of Haileybury college, in England, in a paper treating of this subject, says that it is the complaint of English teachers that the work done by schoolboys after dinner is not of much use.

The doctor thinks that it is unfortunate that they cannot have a half holiday every day to digest their dinner. He would also allow a glass of mild beer. He found that about one boy in four drank two glasses of it in summer. He thinks it unwise to absolutely forbid alcohol, as a boy always craves that which is forbidden. At French boarding schools the pupils drink light claret mixed with water at every meal except the first, breakfast. The nutrition of French schoolboys is thoroughly adapted to their habits and environment. The English in feeding theirs believe in bulk in food as more conducive to digestion and the demands of intense muscular effort exacted by the athletic exercises in which they indulge.—New York Sun.

Du Maurier and Morris.

One of the most extraordinary parallels in chronology is the almost exact coincidence of the time spent in the world by two men who had so much to do with the molding of the literature and art of their day as George Du Maurier and William Morris. Du Maurier, the elder of the two, was born exactly 16 days before Morris, on March 6, 1834, and he died but four days after him; so that these two great men, who lived more than 62 years, were on the earth for exactly the same time, with the exception of less than three weeks, both being born in March, 1834, and dying in October, 1896. Similarly, both Sir John Millais and the archbishop of Canterbury, who have died within a month or two of each other, were born in 1829. It is one of the most striking events in the long history of the archbishops of Canterbury that the late archbishop, who was one of Mr. Gladstone's appointments and afterward diverged from him in political opinions, should have been stricken while sitting in the squire's pew of his old friend at Hawarden. It is a most merciful thing that Mr. Gladstone did not happen to be in church. To a man of his years the shock must have been most dangerous. What an archbishop of Canterbury Mr. Gladstone would have made himself! He would have rivaled even Dunstan or Becket and not improbably proved the greatest prelate of them all.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Care For Your Shoes.

Never try to wear a shoe too small or that does not fit when you first put it on. There is no misery more nearly distracting than a shoe that hurts the foot. Never let your shoes get hard and dry. Don't let them run over. Don't let the heels run down. Don't dry a wet shoe till you have rubbed it well with a flannel cloth and then with vaseline. Never put near the stove. Half a peck of oats, kept in a small box, will be the very cheapest and best foot form for a wet shoe. Fill the shoe and shake the oats down, after having rubbed and oiled it, and set in a dry place to dry gradually. When dry, pour the oats back for further use. Do not "black upon blacking" more than a week at a time. Take a wet rag and wash the shoe at least once a week and oil overnight to keep in good condition. Never handle patent leather until you have warmed it. Never wear rubbers with good shoes. Put on old shoes in wet weather. There is no part of the apparel of a lady or a gentleman which should be more scrupulously neat or that is so often scandalously neglected.

He Was Anxious.

"Your wife's just met with an accident, Wilkins," said a man who rushed into the grocery. "She ran over a dog while riding her bicycle, and they've carried her to the hospital."

The man sitting on the cracker barrel rose to his feet excitedly, and his face turned pale.

"Did you notice," he asked in a trembling voice, "whether it was a liver colored dog, with two white spots on his fore shoulder, or not?"—Detroit Free Press.

Beards.

The plays, poems and treatises of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I are full of amusing allusions to the variety of fashions in beards. We learn from them the various styles that were adopted by different wearers, such as the French, Spanish, Dutch and Italian cuts, the new, old, gentlemen's, common, court and country cuts.

When I write a poem, I am so excited, so carried away from the world, that I seem a stranger to myself.—Johanna Ambrosius.

In England there are 114 widows to every 33 widowers.

COCOONS THAT JUMP.

They Can Throw Themselves Several Inches Into the Air.

The curious movements of jumping beans have lately attracted some attention, though in style the spasmodic jerks of the beans jumps is to court disappointment. Some "jumping cocoons," described by Dr. D. Sharp in The Entomologist were, however, remarkably good athletes, for they could spring out of a small vessel, such as a tumbler, in which they were placed. These cocoons were from South Africa, but in spite of their exceptional gymnastic efficiency Dr. Sharp hardened his heart and sacrificed them upon the altar of science, in the hope of discovering something unusual that would explain the powers of jumping.

The cocoons looked like a piece of oval pottery, about 5 millimeters long, and having a rough surface. In each of the two investigated a pupa was found. The two were similar in every respect, and they no doubt belonged to the larvæ that made the cocoons. "This little pupa," says Dr. Sharp, "is shut up in a remarkably hard, thick cocoon, and it has to get out. Nature has not provided it with caustic potash for the purpose, but has endowed it with a mechanism of complex perfection to accomplish this little object. On the front of the head it has a sharp, chisel edge, and with this it has to cut through the pottery, contracting itself to the utmost in the posterior part of the cocoon and retaining itself in this position by the hooks on the mobile part of the body. It is a condition of elastic tension in consequence of the other side of the body being so differently formed and immobile.

"Therefore, releasing the hold of the hooks, the pupa is discharged forward, and the chisel piece strikes the front part of the cocoon. Repeating this an enormous number of times, a circle may be gradually inscribed on the inside of the far end of the cocoon, which gives way when sufficiently weakened and the insect becomes free. In both the specimens the inside of the cocoon is about half cut through. Either this is done as the result of a prolonged series of wriggles or of shocks such as I have described. It is by no means improbable that the early part of the performance is carving the groove by wriggling, the latter part knocking it off by jumping against it." The pupa is thus a most interesting one to entomologists. The order of insects to which it belongs appears to be somewhat uncertain, but Dr. Sharp thinks it will prove to be an anomalous lepidopteron insect allied to trichoptera, and possibly somewhere near to adela.

A PURITAN THANKSGIVING.

The Model Bill of Fare For Their Annual Feast.

We have no record of just how the Puritans' Thanksgiving tables were set, but from contemporaneous pictures we can judge that there were few, if any, forks, each guest being supplied with a knife. They sat on benches and chests, ate from pewter platters, and the table was in most cases literally a board placed on wooden horses. They had few chairs or tables, but were plentifully supplied with chests containing their linen and wardrobes, and these served in the place of chairs. In later colonial times chairs and tables became more plentiful and forks were more common, but all preferred to eat with their knives on account of the dangerous, sharp, steel points of the two pronged forks. The table and dishes were arranged as follows:

THANKSGIVING DINNER OF THE FIRST COURSE.

At the upper end of your table a pike roasted with a pudding within it, which you must afterward remove (set the pudding on the side), for your gravy, scoup (brown soup).
Under that a venison pasty and
Under that a gilded pye.
On the further side of which place a fine boiled pudding in rolly poly or suet pudding.
On the nearer side of the gilded pye place some Scotch collops; croquettes of larded veal fried in butter and served with spanish oyster sauce flavored with white wine.
At the bottom of the table place a dish of roast beef, with horse raddish and pickles round.

SECOND COURSE.

At the upper end of the table a turkey roasted, with an oyster pudding within it.
Under that a tansy (a sort of baked custard) garnished with orange. On the further side place a hare, with savory pudding. On the nearer side wild cocks with toast.
And at the bottom of the table place a pumpkin pye.

—Boston Herald.

Municipal Time at Glasgow.

One of the most interesting of Glasgow enterprises is what may be described as municipal time for the entire city. Some years ago the experiment was tried of placing municipal clocks in prominent positions all over Glasgow and regulating them by synchronization. The present scheme is much more elaborate and is nothing less than the establishment of a system of standard time, by means of electrically controlled clocks, regulated every second from the stellar clock at the observatory. A regulating clock, directly controlled from the observatory, has been placed in the city chambers, and this in turn controls three circuits of public clocks at various points in the city. In the meantime only about a dozen clocks have been provided, but if the trial proves successful the corporation intends to erect from 200 to 300 18 inch dials, thus providing a reliable system of standard time for all parts of the city. This extension of the circuit will involve the laying of 61 miles of wire. It is hoped also to include time keeping in private houses.—Westminster Gazette.

Morley and Dogs.

John Morley is fond of dogs, especially of a diminutive fox terrier which is frequently seen at his heels on the Thames embankment or in Battersea park. This recalls the fact that when in the heat of a political canvass an opponent denounced Mr. Morley as a dog, the orator and statesman replied, "I have known dogs who for fidelity, friendship, affection and devotion would contrast most favorably with some human beings."

Molasses Going Out.

"The old fashioned molasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce," said a prominent grocer, "and in its place have come a number of sirups, which are more costly and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in having 'lasses on their bread.' Most of the molasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England states and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquor in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. The dark brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are never likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf, cube and crushed and differs from them only in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some molasses in them.

"Housekeepers have difficulty these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more it may be well for them to remember that they can simulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household recipes that call for brown sugar as the article itself, and, besides, it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market."—Washington Star.

This Setter Hunts Frogs.

"Talk about your dog stories," said a prominent sporting man the other day. "I saw something out at Cutoff like which beat anything I ever heard of. I was out there hunting snipe and saw a man riding around on horseback, and in front of him was circling an Irish setter. As the fellow did not have any gun, my curiosity was aroused to know what he was doing, but I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand, and the horseman proceeded to jab a pole he was carrying down into the ground, and, bringing it up, took something off the end of it. My curiosity was greater than ever, and, circling around, I came up with the horseman and asked him what he was doing.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the reply.

"'What is the dog doing?' said I.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the laconic answer.

"'You don't mean to tell me that the dog will set the frogs, do you?'

"'I don't mean anything else.'

"A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had scent his master hunting around in the grass for frogs and spearing them and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was a thoroughly trained hunter of birds, and he soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observations of his movements confirmed the statement."—Omaha Bee.

This Man Could Split Hairs.

Lucius Poole, whose den is Springfield street, Boston, is famous amongst amateurs, and no more wonderful things with a sheet of paper than any one else in America,—perhaps in the world. [illegible] can be [illegible], sliced, spliced, [illegible] out in [illegible]. That is the most difficult [illegible] in the whole art of [illegible]. Mr. Poole will take a leaf from any of the current magazines and slice it three times through its entire length and width, thereby making four sheets instead of one, each of just one-quarter the thickness of the original. Splitting hairs is rough work beside a job like that.

One of Mr. Poole's tricks is to cut an imperfect picture from a page and then insert one in its stead so deftly that only the closest scrutiny will discover that a fiber has been disturbed. Another is to "plant" a photograph on the page of a book so that one cannot tell that it was not printed there originally.

When Mr. Poole is asked to tell how he performs his feats, he says: "Oh, it's just by work, partly natural and partly acquired. It would take a year to explain the details."—New York Press.

A Gymnastic Pig.

A Kentucky pig has suddenly developed a genius for gymnastics and engineering which eclipse the proudest previous achievements of his race. This eminent pig was recently placed by his owner in a pasture surrounded by a high wall and ornamented by elm trees festooned with wild grapevines. The walls, however, could not confine his bold and vagrant spirit. Selecting a tree standing near the western wall of the pasture, he carefully bit loose the lower end of a stout grapevine, which was attached by its tendrils to a limb on a tree, and, taking this improvised rope in his mouth, swung himself in the air until he gathered an impetus which sent him entirely over the wall and landed him in the next field. Though often recaptured, he has constantly repeated this extraordinary feat, and his intelligent owner, instead of cutting down his elm trees to restrain his pig's wandering propensity, has decided to educate him for the trapeze business.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Primitive Wales.

It is an interesting fact, and one showing how little have been the surface changes wrought in secluded Wales, that a well defined feudal code exists to this day in the district of Llandinam [illegible] Wales. [illegible] be [illegible] a [illegible]—London [illegible].