

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. The Guildhall Library in London has refused to accept a bust of the late Joseph Whitaker, whose "Almanac" is one of the most useful books ever devised.

Daily newspapers are now published by students in ten colleges and universities in the United States—Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Brown, Stanford, Tulane, University of Pennsylvania, University of Wisconsin and University of Michigan.

The German agricultural papers say that the imports of American apples into the German Empire last year were more than twenty times as large as in any previous season, the shipments in 1896 having amounted to no less than 6,000,000 double centers—the center being equal to a hundred-weight.

A sensation has been created in Vienna by a young Bohemian physician, Dr. Enkula, who cures short-sightedness by means of a simple operation. The University authorities approve of his methods, but refused his application for a professorship, on the ground that he is not properly qualified theoretically.

Professor Munk, of the University of Berlin, famous for his discoveries in the physiology of the brain, says it is a great mistake to suppose that gymnastic exercises sandwiched in between school hours rest the pupils. On the contrary, he says, they still more fatigue the brain, which ought to have absolute rest. If both studies and gymnastics are to be indulged in on the same day, he says, they should be separated by intervals of rest.

The movement for the industrial education of the Southern colored people is about to be advanced, announces the Atlanta Constitution, by the building of a cotton mill at Concord, N. C. for the special employment and instruction of colored persons in this line of work. It is being built by W. C. Coleman, a wealthy colored man, and will be the first cotton mill in the country to employ colored operatives, although there is a spinning mill at Columbia, S. C., where they are employed.

Trustworthy advices indicate that Peru is soon to become an active competitor in the petroleum trade of the world. The Peruvian oil fields are enormous in area, occupying some 7200 square miles, and are almost as rich in their deposits as those of Pennsylvania, which consist of only 350 square miles. The territory is being developed rapidly; crude petroleum is now used exclusively on the locomotives of all Peruvian railways, and with the introduction of North American processes of refining and transportation, the Peruvian product will speedily become a powerful factor in the trade throughout the world.

Says the Baltimore Herald: The result of girls and women taking the places of men in occupations that do not call for physical strength must be a constant lowering of the average, and probably serves to prevent advances when the trade conditions enable employers to raise wages. What helps to keep down remuneration are the thousands of females out of employment. The fierce competition created by a surplus of this kind of labor prevents those who have work from receiving sufficient compensation to maintain them. The lot of this class is deplorable, and what to do for them constitutes one of the most difficult problems to the solution of which economists can apply themselves.

Wood pulp as the basis of paper for the present suffices, but it would be a nice thing to imitate the papyrus of the Egyptians and adapt it to modern usages. The question, however, is, Would papyrus stand press-work? We might call on the skillful writer and reconstruct the missal of the past. In England there was grown in the Victoria lily tank a great Egyptian papyrus, the foot of which was seven feet in diameter, and there were stems over fourteen feet long. The pith was taken, sliced, rolled into long strips, and these adhered when submitted to pressure. When a comparison was made between an Egyptian inscribed papyrus, which Dr. Birch said was 3000 years old, and the one just made, the two were found to be identical in texture and appearance, save that, through age, the Egyptian was darker. When New York has its botanical garden, suggests the Times, we may grow the Egyptian water plant and produce our own papyrus.

# AN EASTER STORY

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE

**N**EVER!" cried Bourguell, rising with violence and throwing his napkin on the table. "Never! Do you hear me? Never!" and the old mason paced up and down the cozy dining room, turning on his heel furiously, like a bear in a cage; while poor mother Bourguell, her tearful eyes lowered on her plate, was disconsolately nibbling almonds.

For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple—just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son, Edward, who, in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter—just when he was about to take his degree as a lawyer, too. How they had loved him and petted him, this Edward—this long wished for child, who had come after ten long years of married life, when they had almost given up hoping for a son. The happy Bourguell, then only a simple builder, had rubbed his hands, saying to his wife: "You know, Clemeence, that smart fellow Hausmann is improving and changing the whole of Paris, from one end to another. Here is a good chance for me. If things go on this way, I can make a fortune in twelve or fifteen years. And I know one thing, the little rascal of ours won't be able to climb up into scaffolding, like his father, nor come home every night with spots of plaster all over his gray vest, and fit to drop with fatigue. We will make a real gentleman of him, won't we, Clemeence?"

All Bourguell's ambitions had been realized. At college Edward was a brilliant pupil, and the old peasant who had come to Paris many years ago, carrying his shoes on his back and a little silver tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and loaded with prizes by the Minister of Instruction himself. What a future the boy had before him! He would pass the most difficult examinations without any trouble—they would be a mere joke for him—and then choose any career he had a fancy for. "We will leave the boy a good 25,000 francs income," father Bourguell would say, cheerfully, slapping his wife's shoulder with his strong, broad hand. "And, superlatively! we will make him marry

right soon. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education like his, who will make him happy, and of whom we can feel proud!"

Ab, those lovely plans! where had they gone? The kind old parents had been foolish enough to furnish a room in town for their boy, that he might be more independent. Then he met that woman, and immediately his studies were dropped. At twenty-five he had not even taken his licentiate's degree. They were dreadfully disappointed, after having built such fine castles; still they did not give up all hope. They consoled themselves, saying: "He is so young! It will pass. Let him alone awhile."

But one day the imbecile had the audacity to inform them that he had adored this girl, and was determined to make her his wife. This was too much. If Bourguell did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy it was a miracle indeed; the veins in his neck were swollen like cords. He ordered his son out of the house and cut off his income.

"If you dare to give your name to that woman," the old man roared, crimson with wrath, "you need not expect a son from either of us as long as we live."

But the stubborn, ungrateful boy had outraged them to the end, and now he was married to this doll of his, and living in the suburbs of the city—like some vagabond! Poor old couple! How their son's conduct had made them suffer for these two horrible years! Life was a pleasure no longer, and lately the situation was getting worse every day. It was the mother's fault—she was too wretched and she had relented at last. Her sorrow had got the better of her resentment, and now she was actually inclined to forgive. One day she mustered up sufficient courage to mention the subject to her husband. But he fell into a frenzy of passion, crying, "Never!" with a force that shook the doors and windows, forbidding the poor woman to say another word about it. She had not the heart to obey him, and pleaded the cause of the guilty son

again and again. And at every new attempt Bourguell was furious and made a terrible scene. Their home became a purgatory. These two old people, who had nothing to reproach themselves with, who had loved each other faithfully, who had lived and toiled side by side for more than thirty years, became almost hostile. Every night at the dinner table the quarrel broke out anew, and it always ended with some of those stinging thrusts that wound the heart.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think, Bourguell?" the old woman would say. "You are without pity!"

"And you are a coward to want to give in," the mason replied, leaving the room with a stamp of his heavy foot.

Left alone in the soft light of the lamp in the comfortable parlor, the poor mother, who was still true to her white linen caps, would quietly drop burning tears on her knitting and pray for her boy. Bourguell had lost all love for his home, now that he had continually a sad face to look upon. He had got into the habit of joining some friends in a cafe close by where they waited for him for a game of manilla. In dealing out the cards the irritated mason made long and violent speeches against the present state of morals, where paternal authority was defied by children. But he swore that he, at least, would set a good example; he would be stern to the end. He could speak of nothing else, and his partners proclaimed him "a tiresome old fellow," as soon as his back was turned. In his presence, however, they deplored his ill luck in having such a scamp of a son, and highly praised his firmness. One man in the group, especially, invariably hailed the mason's impressions with an approving word or two: "Bravo! Father Bourguell, you are a Roman!"

Bourguell was from the province of Marche, and possessed very indistinct notions on antiquity. Still, he had some inkling of the story of old Brutus, and felt highly flattered to be compared to such a personage. Yet when he left the cafe and found himself in the cold dark night, he would say to himself—oh! very softly—that Brutus must have had a cruel, hard heart, and that it was a horrible thing to condemn a son to death.

Easter Sunday has come—a joyous, bright, happy day, merry with the chiming of bells and the promise of warm spring days. The city itself looks gay and coquettish. Women are coming home from church, and all are carrying a bunch of box plant that fills the air with sweet, fresh odor. Even the old cab horses have a bit of it stuck behind their ears!

Bourguell, who sat up last evening at the cafe till midnight, wakes up very late. He is in a horrible mood; and what man would not be, I should like to know? Last night, at the usual hour, he had again to listen to his wife's absurdities. She again mentioned Edward, and tried to soften him, Bourguell! She had made inquiries, she said, and learned that their daughter-in-law, for she was that in spite of all his anger, was not the bad woman he had first thought. A poor girl? Yes; she had worked in a store. But what of that? What were they themselves but simple working people, even if they had become well off? Could they expect their son to marry some rich marquis' daughter? And ever since Angelina—an ugly name, but it wasn't the girl's fault after all—ever since Angelina had been his wife, no one could breathe a word against her. She was a model little wife. "Can it be that you will not have pity on these poor children?" the old mother had asked him tearfully. "They are poor, very poor. What do you think Edward earns in that insurance company where he has found a place? It breaks my heart to think of it; only 200 francs a month! As much as you spend on your cafe and your cigars. I don't ask you to see them; but won't you help them, just a little? We are living in plenty, while they—" and receiving no answer from Bourguell, who was pensively turning the glass he had just emptied between his fingers, the old woman had risen from her seat and come up to him putting a trembling hand on his shoulder, silently pleading. Vain effort! Bourguell, suddenly remembering that he was a Roman, had again poured forth maledictions and his formidable "never."

And on this lovely Easter morning he is more than usually sad and ill-tempered—this strong minded old mason. He feels very nervous; he has not his chin twice while shaving. Oh, no; he will not be weak enough to pay an income to his unfaithful son. Would old Brutus have relented? Of course not. And last night he was on the point of yielding! That is what comes of listening to women. They haven't energy for two sons, the women haven't. Bourguell is firmer than ever in his resolutions as he puts on a white shirt and his gray holiday suit. He goes into the parlor, that cozy, pretty parlor he was so proud of when things had still some interest for him, and looks at the clock. It is only 11 o'clock and Bourguell, who has a fine appetite this morning, feels cross at the thought of eating only at 12. Soon Mother Bourguell returns

from church with a large bunch of box plant. She places it on a little side table, and suddenly the whole room is filled with the strong, fresh odor. Bourguell is no poet; he has not a very refined nature. Yet he is impressionable for all that—like you or me—and the sight of the green branches recalls far off memories. While the old woman is busy taking apart the twigs to decorate the rooms with them, the penetrating perfume affects his old heart. He remembers a certain Easter morning—ah, so long, long ago—when he was still a workman, and his young wife a dress-maker's apprentice. It was their honeymoon, for they had married a few days before Lent. Then, too, she had returned from church with a fragrant burden and made their only room bright and festive. How pretty she looked, and how he loved her! And by a rapid effort of imagination he recalls in an instant their long years of married life; she has ever been so industrious, so thrifty, so devoted. And now he tortures her—this good, brave woman—he makes her suffer on account of his wicked son.

But is Edward really so wicked as all that? Of course a fellow ought to honor his father and mother, and obey them; but then, are not youth and love sufficient excuses for many a fault? He watches Mother Bourguell with moist eyes, as she goes to place a spray of box above Edward's picture on the wall—a picture of their boy in his college suit, when they felt so proud of him and of his studies.

"What is the matter?" The old mason hardly knows what he is about. His head swims; it is the strong odor of the plant, doubtless. But his heart fills with something that seems very much like mercy and pardon. He goes up to his wife, takes her hands, and, looking at the picture, mutters, his rough voice grown strangely soft: "Say, Clemeence, shall we forgive him?" Ah; the cry of joy that bursts from the mother's lips! And he has called her "Clemeence," just as in their young days. He has not given her that name for more than fifteen years. And she understands that he loves her still—her husband, her old companion.

She throws herself in his arms and kisses him frantically, all over his face, takes his head in both of her hands, and whispers in his ear. The other day—she couldn't help it, really—she went to see their boy. He is so unhappy to have offended them. And if he has not come a hundred times to beg their forgiveness, it is simply because he did not dare. "You know," she adds—and her voice becomes soft and caressing—"you know I have seen his wife, and you really cannot blame him for loving her, she is so sweet, and as fresh as a rose. She just worships our Edward—one can see that at once; and she keeps their little home in such apple-pie order."

Bourguell feels oppressed—he is choking. Putting a trembling finger on his wife's lips: "That will do!" he says. "Send for a cab. Let us take some of these sprays to them in sign of peace, and bring them home with us!"

And while the old mother, stunned by joy, falls sobbing on her husband's shoulder, Bourguell—the Roman, the old Brutus—begins to cry softly, like a child.

**Easter Thoughts.**

It seems clear that a pure spirit will arise from the seed of a pure body, and a loving spirit from the seed of a loving body. If the body we sorrowfully put aside has been one full of charity, helpful, kindly, and eager to speak tender, pitying words—one that has thought no evil, and has believed all things, and hoped all things, and endured all things—can any one doubt what should come of such a seed planting? The natural comes first, and after that the spiritual. But "as is the natural, so is the spiritual." It is far more glorious, but after all—the same!

So we may bring Easter, with its wonderful deep meanings, into the life of every day. How? By teaching ourselves to comprehend the truth that while we live this human life, and develop this natural body, it is not alone the natural body we are creating, but the seed of the spiritual body which is to come after.

This is not a mystical doctrine. All those who in this life have attained some knowledge of their spiritual natures will testify to its truth. The change from a natural to a spiritual living is like the growing of a plant whose seed we have sown. The right plant surely grows in a man who has sown the right seed.

As the spiritual nature of such a man begins to develop, the purer, higher elements in him grow stronger, and one by one the baser sort die. Hate dies, and revenge, and anger. Cruelty dies, and all unkindness. Narrowness of mind dies, and contempt for the frailties of others.

The part that lives and grows stronger is love. Purity and truth and courage are but parts of love, and, as it grows greater, by and by comes the sureness of knowledge, and faith itself is swallowed up in fruition.

This is the daily burial of the old man, who was "earthy," and the daily rising of the new, who is the "Lord from Heaven." To such a heart Easter comes every day.—Harper's Bazar.

**Easter Pleasantries.**

Like all other holy days, Easter soon became a holiday. In some countries the people dance about a heap of flowers at Easter; in others they distribute colored eggs and have great "egg-fights," in which the owner of the hardest egg wins and the other egg is eaten by the victor, so a man or boy with a very hard egg is able to accumulate the basis of an Easter Monday headache.

## HIDING EASTER EGGS.

Climbing o'er the great straw stack,  
And hunting thro' the hay,  
Finding all the new-laid eggs,  
Then hiding them away  
In the queerest kind of places—  
Boxes, baskets, holes and kegs;  
Stoically they come and go,  
Hiding Easter eggs.

From the eldest, twelve years old,  
Down to the youngest born;  
Striving whose the greatest store,  
Laid by for Easter morn;  
Drinking youthful happiness  
To the very dregs,  
In the early, chill spring days  
Hiding Easter eggs.

To who finds another's store,  
He may add it to his own,  
So, throughout the lengthening days,  
The secret fan goes on.  
Old Speckle, and the top-knots, proud,  
White Leghorns brought from Cleggs,  
Cackle most exultantly  
Laying Easter eggs.

They never, do their very best,  
Can fill a nest a day,  
Some dimpled hand or dirty fist  
Performs their right away.  
No matter where they hide themselves,  
In haymow, boxes, kegs,  
Sharp eyes will find, as soon as laid,  
And hide again their eggs.

High, the younger, five years old,  
Fills gran'ma's smending bag;  
Joan and Sam have an old box,  
Together 'neath the ead;  
In the old, abandoned stable,  
High on the harness pegs,  
Hangs "Ole Charlie's nose basket  
With Jennie's Easter eggs.

Down on the sloping hillside,  
Way out behind the barn,  
Where, underneath a patch of sod,  
Sung and safe from harm,  
He'd hollowed out the sandy soil,  
And hid some old paint kegs;  
John slyly goes from day to day  
Hiding Easter eggs.

Fair and bright dawns Easter morn,  
And ends the secret strife.  
Each one brings out his hidden store—  
Old emblems of new life.  
A corn basket full to the brim!  
No longer mother begs  
For eggs. All have their fill  
Eating Easter eggs.

## EASTER-EGG LORE.

**Curious Customs the Origin of Which is Lost in Antiquity.**

The distribution of eggs at Easter has descended to us from the greatest of the Chinese Spring festivals, inaugurated more than seven hundred years before the Christian era.

The custom was particularly popular during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in England. The Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter egg in a silver case.

In Russia it is common to exchange visits and eggs on Easter day.

In Italy dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the center of the table.

In Spain and Germany the eggs are not blessed, but they are highly colored and are distributed among callers to be eaten or taken away according to the taste of the individual.

The custom, in one form or another, exists among the Jews, Greeks, Turks and Persians.

"Paas" was the ancient name for Easter, and the eggs were often called "paas," "pach" or "paas" eggs.

In Scotland eggs are taken to church to be blessed. They are afterwards distributed among the members of the household and are either eaten or saved as keepsakes.

The decoration of ordinary eggs originated in England. Gilding the shells was the first step. This was followed by the addition of ribbons, pictures and various other devices to please the little folk.

These eggs were given and received with the familiar Easter greeting, "Christ is risen!" and the answer, "He is risen, indeed!"

Germans first introduced games into the Easter celebration. Eggs were hidden about the lawn or grounds or in the house. Then the children hunted for them, the finder of the greatest number receiving a prize.

Sometimes the eggs were all put in one nest over which a rabbit was placed on guard. How this animal became identified with Easter is not known, but in time the young children began to believe that the colored eggs were laid by the rabbit.

Egg racing is a favorite amusement of Russian, German and French children. The eggs are rolled down hill, and the prize goes to the boy whose egg rolls the greatest number of races without damage to its shell.

This game is played by Washington children in front of the White House on Easter Monday.

In Germany there are tracks made of twigs down which each egg may roll without interference from any other one. The boy whose egg arrives unbroken at the foot of the hill collects "toll" of his opponent whose egg is cracked.

Another game is played by two boys who stand, each holding an egg, and suddenly strike them together. The owner of a heavy-shelled egg can, if he possesses skill, break the eggs of several players before his own is injured. Then he is a "cock of one, two, three or four eggs," as the case may be.

Eggs are colored by means of aniline dyes. By the addition of horns, ears, tails, legs or fins eggs may be transformed into many grotesque figures.

## FROG FARMING WOULD PAY

NOT MUCH WORK, VERY LITTLE TROUBLE AND GOOD RETURNS.

Uncle Sam's Fish Commission Has Been Investigating the Project—Not a Farm in the United States.

**T**HE United States Fish Commission just now is investigating the subject of frog farming. It is believed that there ought to be money in the business, considering the large demand for the hind legs at high prices. The principal market for them is in New York City, where they are gathered from all parts of the country, Fulton Market alone selling from 75,000 to 100,000 pounds annually. To furnish such enormous quantities of legs must require several millions of frogs having an average weight of half a pound. Only a small outlay of cash and labor should be required for establishing a frog farm, and, once started, the enterprise would run itself, the batrachians feeding themselves and attending to their own propagation. But, notwithstanding frequent stories about successful frog farms printed in the newspapers, the Fish Commission has not been able to discover the existence of a single such farm in this country, though there is one in operation at Bensford, Canada, owned by a man named Wedlock.

So here is a promising industry as yet unborn in the United States. The frog crop at present is wholly wild, and the bulk of it is marketed in New York. Missouri is the greatest frog producing State; the town of Kennett alone ships 60,000 pounds of dressed frog legs annually, and New Madrid is second with 25,000 pounds. The swamp lands of Missouri and Arkansas are the finest frog growing areas in the world, the frogs found there being of the real bull species. They are caught in all sorts of ways, some with a hook and bit of red flannel, and others by spearing and shooting. The frog season begins about the middle of March and lasts three months. At night men go out in small boats which are provided with lamps and big reflectors. The light so blinds the frogs that the boat can be paddled right up to them, and they are readily speared. Exceptional specimens weigh as much as two pounds apiece.

The experts of the Fish Commission say that the plant required for a frog farm is exceedingly simple and cheap. Shallow ponds may be found almost anywhere, and they need no preparation unless the planting of bushes around the edges. These serve as a protection against enemies to some extent, and have the further advantage of attracting insects. Frogs feed mainly on insects; the reason why they bite at a bit of red flannel is that they mistake it for a gandy bug. It is a good idea to build a low board fence around the pond in order to keep out snakes and small mammals that are fond of frogs. The fence should be close to the water, so that birds can not stand on the inside of it and pick up the poillings.

Naturally, the first thing to do is to secure some frogs for breeding. Any old frogs will not do. Some people imagine that a frog is a frog, and that that is all there is to be said. But there are in fact a good many species of frogs, and the real bullfrog is the kind whose large and muscular hind legs are so esteemed as a delicacy. The pond once stocked, the frogs will take care of themselves and multiply rapidly if they get enough to eat. But it should be remembered that no insect is of any use from their point of view unless it is alive, and meat of any kind has no attraction for them. They want live bugs. Another point well worth mentioning is that the bottom of the pond must be of soft mud, because when winter comes the frogs go to sleep until spring. They burrow into the mud and there remain in a torpid state as long as cold weather lasts.

When the last of the ice has gone, the frogs come out of the mud and again take an active interest in life. Spring is the season when Mr. Frog goes a-wooing. He is monogamous in habit, and he employs the allurement of song to excite the tender emotions of his lady love. He has a fine bass voice, by means of which he entices the coy Miss Frog. A lady frog does not sing. In the course of time the female frog deposits in the water a small glutinous mass of spawn; it looks like so much jelly, with black spots in it. The spawn may be hatched artificially in a suitable hatching box, but this is hardly worth while, inasmuch as it will hatch itself just as well.

If gathered for transfer to another pond, care should be taken to break it as little as possible. It will hatch in a week or so.

Mr. Lucas, the estologist of the National Museum, says that the frog is just about the most wonderful animal in the world. It starts in life as a vegetable-eating fish, with gills and a tail, and turns into an air-breathing land animal, developing teeth, and becoming a carnivorous quadruped. The toad is a higher birth directly to the frog, because it gives birth directly to the frog-lays eggs that produce fish-like tadpoles. Mr. Frog has a skull-like brain cavity. He has only nine vertebrae in his backbone—fewer than any other animal—and possesses no ribs at all. Thus he is obliged literally to swallow by gulps the air he breathes, instead of projecting his chest like a human being and creating a vacuum for the atmosphere to pour into. He has a joint in the middle of each foot, and also a joint in the middle of his back. These extra hinges help him immensely in jumping. If a man could jump as well as a frog, in proportion to his size, he would be able to leap at least 300 yards at a bound.

Forty species of frogs are known in the world. The largest is the gigantic "bellower" of the Louisiana swamps, which is said to attain a weight of four pounds; the smallest is the tree frog. Ordinarily only the hind legs, of the bull frog are eaten, but in New Orleans and also in France and Germany the animal is served whole quite commonly. Anybody who has eaten frogs' legs will testify to their delicious flavor, which is somewhat like that of very tender spring chicken, only more delicate. The legs, after being skinned, should be placed in fresh, cold water. Next they should be drained, dried and put to soak for a while in the white of eggs, well beaten up. Finally they must be powdered over with flour and fried in plenty of olive oil until they are crisp and brown. Frogs' legs fetch ordinarily about twenty cents a pound, but extra big legs are worth from thirty to forty-five cents a pound. They are considered best in the autumn, just before the frogs go into the mud, and after they have spent a long season in fattening themselves.—New York Sun.

## WISE WORDS.

Love is a disease, and marriage is generally its best anti-toxin.

Somehow the wittiest girl isn't the one a man picks out to marry.

A man never knows surely that he is in love till he thinks that she isn't. Give until you feel it, and you will feel more like living than you did before.

It is hard to believe that there is death in the sin that wears a mask of gold.

Some men would rather win a dollar on a wager than earn five at honest labor.

The man who is too poor to lend his friends money will never have many enemies.

Most men view all public questions through spectacles colored by party prejudice.

The happiest man is he who adds to the happiness of the largest number of other men.

When doctors disagree it helps to swell the population of one of the other places.

The man who goes about wishing he was never born is not the only man who regrets it.

Silence may be golden, but plenty of silver will shut a man's mouth just as effectively.

It is curious that a thing which will lose a man a woman's friendship won't lose him her love.

A man's enemies never kick him when he is down; they stand aside and let his friends do it.

As soon as a man shows that he knows much about women a girl begins to think he has a past.—The South-West.

**Military Carrier Pigeons.**

Following in the footsteps of all the other European Governments, England has arranged for the use of carrier pigeons in the army. In the time of war it is urged that these swift couriers of the air can be used when railway, telegraph, messengers and other usual means are cut off, and pigeon lofts will be established at suitable places where they will prove most effective. In the beginning England will have but few birds, but more will be added as time and money will permit.

Germany has the most complete carrier pigeon service of any country in the world. There is hardly a town of any importance in the German Empire that hasn't a pigeon loft, and the German Emperor annually distributes numerous prizes for long and rapid flights. The annual appropriation for the pigeons in the army budget is about \$9000. France has more birds than Germany and spends \$20,000 a year in maintaining them, but they are not so well distributed. There are scores of private lofts in Germany that will be at the service of the Government in time of need. France learned the value of pigeons during the siege of Paris, when they were used to convey messages to the seat of government at Tours. Nearly fifty messages were successfully despatched during the siege, and since then the value of the pigeons has not been questioned.

It seems that carrier pigeons are not able to make the speed that is popularly supposed. German experts say that the average pigeon can fly thirty-five miles an hour and more.

**Snake in a Lump of Coal.**

An Oakland (Cal.) dispatch to the St. Paul Globe says: Peter Zaballa, fireman at the waterworks at Livermore, while trying to shovel a lump of coal into the furnace made an astonishing discovery. The piece he desired to place in the furnace was by the side of a larger piece. He tried to pick up the smaller lump on his shovel. He succeeded in getting the lump on his shovel several times, but every time he endeavored to toss the lump toward the furnace door it would roll off the shovel and back to its original position, just as if there was a string tied to it. Zaballa made several ineffectual efforts to get the coal into the furnace, but each time it seemed to snap back to its original position. At last the man became frightened and came to the conclusion the coal was bewitched. Then he cooled down and began a systematic and eminently practical investigation.

He began working at the lump of coal with a crowbar. The crowbar settled the lump of coal and the creature that inhabited it in a very short time. There was found imbedded in the larger lump of coal a snake. The reptile had coiled its tail around the smaller lump, and that is what had prevented Zaballa from getting the smaller lump away from the larger one.

The snake was alive when taken out, but lived only a short time after being exposed to the air.