



Under Green Boughs.
I heard along the orchard,
All in the bright spring weather,
The pink and pretty people
Whispering close together:
"We're drawing royal juices
From the happy earth's completeness,
From the perfumed showers of summer
And the spicy south wind's sweetness."
"We're wizards of the moonlight
Weaving charms with dewy plunder;
And we're chemists of the sunshine
Changing form and working wonder."
"When all the leaves have reddened
With streaks and peaks and dapples,
Though folk may think us blossoms,
They'll find we're really apples!"
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

Wild Animals and Catnip.
A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene at the Zoo in Central Park, New York City, recently.
The tigers and the puma scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper; but the lion, the lioness, and the big leopard were boisterous in their manifestations of pleasure.
The lion planted a foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprawled upon it, and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniffs, and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her efforts to apply it to the upper part of her head, she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind.
From this experiment the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip is not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

The Mystery of Sound.
Sound is one of the simplest things in the world, and yet to many persons, young and old, it is one of the most mysterious. Tell them, for example, that the fall of a tree in a forest makes no sound in itself, and they smile incredulously; or, if they believe you, they confess that they cannot understand it. When you say that the presence of some person or some thing with ears is absolutely essential to the production of sound they seem unable to grasp the idea, and contend that the fall of the tree does make, and cannot help making, a noise, which is there, all the same, whether there be anybody to hear it or not.
But they are wrong, of course, for there is no sound except in the ear. In the making of a sound there are three essential conditions. Let us take this illustration of the tree in the forest. It falls and strikes the ground. That is the first condition. Its striking the ground sets the air around it into violent agitation. That is the second condition; but there is no sound yet, only a series of vibrations through the air, spreading out in every direction from the fallen tree. These vibrations, it must be remembered, are not sound. They are only the factors that produce it, and they cannot produce it until the third condition is supplied, which is the tympanum, or drum, of somebody's ear, against which they strike, and thus make a sound.
Sound, therefore, is nothing but the striking of air vibrations against the drum of the ear; it exists only in the ear, and cannot exist out of it. The conditions that produce it exist out of the ear, but the ear is absolutely necessary to complete it.

A City in Which There Are No Horses.
What American boy or girl ever saw a city that did not have more horses in it than one would like to count? Horses of all kinds and sizes, from the pretty little Shetland pony, the pride of his young owner's heart, up to the strong, heavy horses that pull the great rumbling loaded down wagons through the streets of the busy city.
Why, there are so many horses no one thinks anything about them. You cannot walk down the street or even look out of your window without seeing some of them. But there is a city in far-away Italy, across the wide Atlantic, where there is only one horse, and this horse is considered such a curiosity that it is kept in the public gardens. People there visit the gardens to see this horse just as you, perhaps, visit the zoo in Lincoln Park to see the lions and bears.
But how do the people in this city get along without any horses? Well, the city is Venice, and, as you no doubt know, this city is a very wonderful one in some respects, for it is built upon many small islands, and its streets are the canals between the islands. Water here takes the place of streets of earth and stone, and boats take the place of horses. How funny it would seem to go to school in a gondola, as they call their boats there!
Venice seems like fairyland at night, when the principal streets or canals are lighted up and the dancing waters reflect the many colored lights of the pretty gondolas that dart over the waters. Some of the buildings are tall and beautiful, and as you look at them from a distance they seem to rise right out of the water. If you ever go to Venice be sure to call to see its one and only horse, for that is a noted personage there, and one not to be slighted. And you may be allowed to ride around on its back, as children in New York City and Chicago ride on the backs of the elephants and camels in the parks.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Bag Bed.
"Just one more story, Uncle Frank," begged Beth, "something about when you were in Alaska."
Uncle Frank deliberately took out his watch.
"—I'm afraid it's time somebody I know was in bed." And he looked mischievously into Beth's dark blue eyes. "And a bed, too, more elaborate than one I had mountain climbing," he added.
Beth knew by Uncle Frank's twinkle that he was going to tell something interesting, if it wasn't a story.
"Was it one that folded up against the wall, like those they had when grandpa was a boy?" asked Beth, curiously.
"No, 'twas one I carried on my back; and it buttoned-up!"
Beth looked incredulous at the idea of a "buttoned-up bed."
"Yes," continued Uncle Frank, amused at Beth's mysterious expression. "'Twas made of skin, like a bag lined with very warm wool, with a flap that contained an air-hole made in it. This we could unbutton whenever we wanted to go to bed. We had to crawl in feet first. Then we would button it up, and sleep like a dog till morning. And I guess we looked more like a log than anything else in our queer, round beds."
"My! I'd like to have one to sleep in," exclaimed Beth.
"Well, you'd need one if you were on a snow-covered mountain, where the wind blew a gale for hours at a time. A tent would hardly stand such a blast for a moment, but in our bag beds one was safe and snug as you'll be in 10 minutes. Good-night!"
And Beth ran upstairs to dream of the queer little beds so often used on the Alaska mountains.—The Christian Register.

Furry with Wings.
It was a troublesome question! No wonder it proved too much for Pusscat's little mind to settle. Pusscat's mind was only about as big as your little doubled-up fist! It was covered over with pretty silky black fur, and there were two big pointed ears pricking up on top.
This was the question. Why is it good and clever to catch little furry things with four legs, and naughty to catch little feathery things with two legs? If here were four feet, Pusscat was patted and praised and called a nice kitty and a good mouser. Sometimes they gave her milk to drink, for a desert, after she had eaten up the four-legged thing.
But, if there were only two legs, it was all very different. She wasn't allowed to eat it at all. They took it away from her and hid it; and, if she showed it to a certain person, she had her ears boxed, too. Sometimes the smallest person cried, and all the persons scolded and called her a bad cruel cat to catch the poor little bird.

Now what was it that made such a difference between the things with two legs and the things with four? One kind—the furry kind—had little round ears, to be sure; and to be sure the other kind—the feathery kind—had big wings. The furry one had a nice long wiggly tail, while the feathery one's tail was flat and stiff, and not good to eat. But both the things tasted very nice, and both were hard to catch.
Pusscat thought upon these questions a great deal, especially when over the persons boxed her ears; but she never succeeded in understanding it. Still, as the family always made such a disagreeable fuss about it, she learned to be very particular in her proceedings.
Whenever she caught one of the four-footed furry kind, she brought it up on the veranda and was very proud of it, curling her long tail and purring and step-stepping with her forepaws. But if it had but two feet and was feathery, she carried it under the hedge, out of sight, and ate it up as quickly as she could.
Somehow the family found out about this practice of Pusscat. And one day, when Pusscat came in at the gate with a thing in her mouth, they all came out on the veranda to watch her and see what she would do this time. Pusscat started up the path; but she trotted slower and slower, and soon stopped short. Then she turned and looked toward the hedge, and after a moment started to go that way, then stopped again.
Then she laid the thing down on the ground, and stood still and looked at it. She was thinking. She was wondering whether she had better risk losing the pleasure of showing her prize or risk having the prize taken away from her. It was the worst puzzle Pusscat ever had had.
She started first one way, then the other way, several times. At last she came on toward the veranda, but very slowly and all ready to run away like a flash, should she find she had made a mistake. When she laid the thing down on the top step, the family saw just what the trouble was, and how they all laughed at poor Pusscat!
No wonder poor Pusscat was in a puzzle! It was a furry thing, so it must be right to catch it. But it had wings, also, so probably it was naughty to catch it. When she tried to settle the matter by counting its legs, she found it hadn't any legs at all!
It was a bat. And a bat has soft fur like a mouse; but it also has wings. The family laughed at poor bewildered Pusscat. And then the smallest person took her up and carried her around to the kitchen and gave her a big saucer of milk, because, she said, a bat couldn't be good to eat.
But Pusscat ate both the milk and the bat.—Edith Frances Poster, in Little Folks.

Something to Be Thankful For.
Bill—When a dog wags his tail, what is it a sign of?
Jill—Why, it's a sign that he's glad.
"Glad of what?" "Glad that he's got a tail to wag."—Yonkers Statesman.

Higher Than Mount Everest.
Mount Everest, the famous Himalayan peak, is a little upward of 29,000 feet in height, and the loftiest yet discovered on earth, but according to a statement recently made at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, the moon has mountains that reach a height of 35,000 feet, 6,000 feet higher than Mount Everest. The discovery was made, it is said, by an English observer of the eclipse of the sun in May, 1900. During totality he noticed a point on the edge of the moon where the sun was shining through a very deep valley, and he estimated the height of the mountain forming the valley at the figures just given.

The Ohio Convict Labor Commission is making an investigation of the employment of convict labor in the Southern States. The report of its investigation will form a basis upon which the Legislature of Ohio will enact laws for the purpose of eliminating competition against free labor.

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Soreness and Stiffness

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What brings to every home delight, And serves to tempt the appetite, To brace the nerves and do it right? **LION COFFEE.**

What is the odor—fragrant—rare— At meal-times borne upon the air— A sweet aroma ever there? **LION COFFEE.**

What is that package—just a pound— On which a Lion head is found— Inside, a Premium List renowned? **LION COFFEE.**

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