Snake Hypnotism.

By Graham Peck.

THERE is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate.

Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by a black gopher snake. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spellbound. When the gopher snake was within two or three inches of the squirrel it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no doubt broken the very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come.

I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Blacksnakes, gopher snakes and racers have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the Southwest. The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once. The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does its deadly work, and the bird falls. Any one who comes up, not having seen the attack, might be readily deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall.

Suicide is Hereditary.

By Coroner Moses P. Jackson, of New York.

IS there such a thing as hereditary suicidal impluse? Is it curable? Medical authorities answer both questions affirmatively. If I had never read a medical work, I could answer the first question affirmatively out of my experience in the Coroner's office. Examples of inherited suicidal impulse are frequent. The existence of suicidal impulse as a form of insanity and its transmissibility have been positively established.

The question grows in importance as suicide increases. It does not follow to be sure, that because one or the other of one's parents commits suicide that the suicidal impulse exists in the offspring. The exact contrary may obtain. But when it does exist, what is to be done? Consult an alienist. That is the only common sence advice. If your eyes are impaired, you consult an oculist. If you find your mind manifesting tendencies which are beyond the control of your will, you don't need a surgeon, but an expert in mental diseases.

The cure for inherited suicidal tendency is very much the same as for melancholia. The alienist will work to build up the general system, insist on hygienic surroundings correct dieting and cheerful environment. The tendency is hardest to fight when it is developed by chronic illness. Then the cure is most often solely wrought by strong mental influence.

Dr. Maudsley, the noted English alienist mentions a remarkable method of treatment. He was consulted by a patient who had a history of inherited suicidal impulse through five generations. When he reached the age of thirty-five, he became subject to spells of intense depression in which the tendency to self-destruction was almost irresistible. Dr. Maudsley, after studying the case, decided that the periods of depression were augmented by the patient's excessive application to his business. He advised him to take a daily nap in the middle of the day.

The man protested he could not spare the time from his business. Then the physician told him promptly at noon to lean back in his chair, close his eyes and doze off with a dinner bell in his hand. When he fell asleep, the bell would drop from his hand and awaken him.

The man tried it and, though his nap often lasted but a few moments the mental relaxation proved of immense benefit and within a short time his fits of depression entirely passed away. He overcame his suicidal tendency and was the first of his line for five generations to die a natural death.

The Summer Sneeze.

What Happens When a Particle of Ragweed Invades the Olfactory Region.

By Walter Beverley Crane.

THE philosophy of sneezing should be thoroughly understood by hay fever victims. It is a well known fact that a sneeze always indicates that there is something wrong. It does not occur in health unless some foreign substance irritates the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In hay fever these are unduly excitable, hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves; the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but their power is very limited.

When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. The most minute particle of flowering ragweed excites the olfactory nerves, which despatch to the brain this intelligence. "Ragweed has attacked the nostrils."

The brain instanty sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying "Cast it out!" and the result is unmistakable.

So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this.

An allied army of muscles join in the rescue; nearly one-half the body is roused against the intruder; from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the microscopically minute particle of the weed.

Let us consider what occurs in this instaneous operation:

The lung becomes fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downward and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of the air through the mouth; and now in all the muscles which have relaxed for the purpose contract simultaneously and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of ragweed which has been causing irritation therein.

Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second a third, and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved does the army of defenders dissolve its compact and settle down into the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

By removing the nose from the face and replacing it down side up the whole process is reversed.

By leaving it off hay fever may be avoided.

This advice is not to be sneezed at.—New York Sun.

WOLVES INCREASING IN NUMBER

Large Amounts Still Paid by Western States in Bounties.

The wolf is more dreaded of humanity than any other animal. No doubt we of to-day inherit that dread from ancestors who had occasion to fear the long-fanged quadruped, for there are few portions of the world to-day where the wolf is really dangerous to mankind.

Dangerous to man's pocket, to his herds and flocks, he is still to-day in many portions of the country. A ranch in Montana or New Mexico may pay many hundreds of dollars a year for gray wolf scalps. Such a scalp is cheap at $12 or $15 to the rancher, for the gray robber would certainly have destroyed many times that value in calves or colts from the range. Yet in spite of all the warfare made upon them, and all the prices put upon their heads, these dreaded, mysterious, ghostlike, terror inspiring creatures still hold their own. Outcasts for ages, hated, persecuted, they still endure, each for himself, and without a friend on earth, even among his own kind.

Last year the State of Minnesota paid over $6,000 a month in the best of the wolf season. One day of the month of last March the State Auditor paid $6,158.50 in wolf bounties. The total for the few months preceding was $36,548.50. On this basis the current year will foot up nearly as much as the two years preceding, which appears to indicate that Brother Wolf is holding his own, even as a matter of commerce. In many parts of the Western cattle range the gray wolves are increasing rather than decreasing.—Field and Stream.

Curtain Frills.

In making curtains at home it is well to remember that only in the cheaper grades are the frills put on with a heading. In thin curtains of the best quality the frills are always inserted in the hem

News of the Day.

An elevated road is to be built at Almoria, Spain, to connect the railroad station with the harbor of that city.

Dr. A. R. Sofford, assistant librarian of the Library of Congress, has returned from a three months' stay in Europe. While abroad he made arrangements for the purchase of books from time to time, and to receive a large number of catalogues of books.

The Portland and Asiatic Steamship Arabia will carry 5,200 boxes of Oregon apples to the Orient on its next trip. This is the first consignment of apples to go to the Far East this year, and is one of the largest that has ever gone forth from here to that destination.—Seattle Post-Intellingencer.

Dr. Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, has returned to Baltimore from his annual vacation trip to Europe. As a delegate from the country, he attended the fourteenth International Congress of Americanists, held at Suttgart.

Odds and Ends.

William, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Ann, Joseph, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Annie, Frederick, Margaret, Emma, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, Edward, these, in the order given, are the most popular Christian names, says an exchange.

A steam railway line is projected which is to connect the Lagoon Guamoveto with the Aguan river, in Honduras.

The town of Eothenhoffen, Bavaria, noted for its quarries of lithographic stones, has decided to erect a monument to Senefelder, the inventor of lithography.

An industrial school for boys, with Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, late of the University of Chicago, as president, will soon be established in the vicinity of Chicago. Prof. Triggs has been closely identified with the industrial movement in Chicago, and has just returned from a three months' trip to Europe, where he studied the industrial schools in England, France and Belgium.

A BLUESTOCKING;

....OR,... ROMANCE and REALITY.

By Miss Annie Edwards.

CHAPTER V.

Continued.

"Gentlemen do not usually pay morning visits to girls of eighteen, my dear Henrietta," said Miss Theodora, with her little air of superiority. "Mr. Chester asked leave to inquire for my health after the fatigues of the ball—a very pretty and a very natural piece of attention, too. Unless I am much mistaken, we may look to receiving a visit from Mr. Chester before the day is out."

And Theodora was right. Just at the hottest hour of the afternoon, Aunt Hosie and Daphne, picking currants and raspberrie. for the annual jelly-making, forth rushed Margot to say that a fine English dandy in a tandem (un beau Dadais Anglais avec son betail en flieche) was inquiring before the front porch for Demoiselle Vansittart.

And Daphne's cheeks flushed crimson! She had spoken truth, rigid and unvarnished, as respects the ball. The partners who held her till her breath was gone, the ladies who smiled at her chasser-croisees behind their fans, the crush, the glare, the emptiness of the whole scene, had disappointed her simply as a child is disappointed with actualities falling short of impossible expectation. In this moment she lost the child, assumed the woman; a sense of power, a thrill of vanity, dangerously sweet, if only by virtue of their newness, sprang to life within her heart.

"I don't want one bit to see Mr. Chester," so she told Aunt Hosie, who stood gravely watching the changes of color on the girl's face. "And of course the visit is to Aun. Theodora, not me. Still, after giving him so many dances last night, it might look odd if I did not go in to see him, just for form's sake."

And in three minutes' time, her fingers stained with raspberry juice, and in her garden dress and hat, she entered the parlor, where Mr. Chester awaited her alone—Theodora, who had not expected her visitor so early, being still occupied with lappets and laces, in the maiden seclusion of her own chamber.

This first visit did not prove a brilliant success. Mr. Chester's conversation was modeled after the elliptic or telegraphic fashion prevalent among gentlemen of his class—a form of utterance wherein nominatives exist not, pronouns are supplanted by "ums," "ahs," or perusals of the ceiling—and which altogether gives you more the idea of a message framed at so much per word than of an attempt made by a rational human being to communicate with his kind.

"Enjoyed ball last night? Tired. Balls in hot weather deuced mistakes. All balls out of London deuced mistakes." Long pause. "Pretty country, Jersey, for a week. See it all in a week. See everything in a week." A longer pause. "Know Cheltenham?" This, when Miss Theodora's entrance had infused temporary vigor into the conversation. "Know Cheltenham well. Too well. Hunted there couple of seasons. Deuced slow set of people, Cheltenham people. Warwickshire Stamers—most intimate friends."

Such was Mr. Barry Chester's style; if the style be the man, such was a tolerably fair index to Mr. Barry Chester's mental powers. Fortunately, there hung a strip of mirror above the parlor mantelshelf, in which he could catch distorted glimpses of his charms, as he stood first on one foot and then on the other, pulling restlessly at his mustache, while Miss Theodora endeavored to fill up the gaps in his disjointed talk with high-flown Cheltenham reminiscences of her own. Fortunately, too, as far as Chester was concerned, Daphne's judgment was unconditioned by experience. She had absolutely no standard, either of manner or intellect, of men or books, by which to measure him.

"A most presentable creature, really," Miss Theodora pronounced, when the showy hired dog-cart, high-stepping, broken-winded hacks, mock livery, and all, had dashed away among the vista of sand hills out of sight. "And, little as one cares for looks in the other sex, so very unusually handsome."

"The man has cold eyes and a hard mouth," said Aunt Hosie, who had been present, critically taciturn, during the last three minutes of the visit. "And he is not a gentleman! No, Theodora, not in spite of all the Warwickshire Stamers in the world. Mr. Chester is ill at ease with himself. He tries his best to forget his origin, and succeeds—just sufficiently well to make you remember it."

Nor did it please heaven to soften Aunt Hosie's opinions upon further acquaintance.

Before a month was over Barry Chester had contrived excuses for paying four more afternoon visits at Quernec, his attractions each time enhanced by the smart hired dogcart, "betail en flieche," and mock private livery. By the end of a fortnight it had grown to be an accepted thing that the young man should constantly hover around Fief-de-la-Reine, not paying Daphne attentions that as yet could be called serious, but always finding some reason that necessitated his spending long afternoons or evenings in her neighborhood.

But Aunt Hosie's first verdict against him remained unmodified.

She gave him no actual discouragement, holding the fine old orthodox doctrine as regards the celestial or providential forging of men's marriage chains. She never strove to bias Daphne for or against his suit. She simply disliked him intensely, and did not see that it fell within her duties as a Christian to put a cloak upon her dislike.

"And I believe, right down in my heart, I feel as you do, Aunt Hosie," said the girl, in a moment of half-sad, half-jesting expansion. "Mr. Chester is everything that is fascinating, of course. He is handsome, has seen the world, too! I am sure, in his presence, I feel as impressed as Aunt Theodora herself by the Warwickshire Stamers. Yet, if it comes to liking—if you were to ask me whether I shall miss Mr. Chester when he leaves, or whether I wish I had never known him at all, I could not answer you."

And eight days later she accepted him! Ran into the house one evening, ish face, with the news that Barry Chester loved her—loved her to such a new, trembling happiness in her girlan extent he could not possibly face existence unless she would become his wife. And she—how could she have the heart to say him nay? They were to start at once and colonize in Virginia. You could buy an estate in Bedford County, with stabling for thirty horses, and an icehouse on it, said Daphne, for a few hundred pounds, and peaches were grown in orchards like our cider apples, and—and please might she ask Mr. Chester to come in—he has only waited for her on the terrace—and everything might be talked over quietly after tea.

She was so without guile, this country nurtured child of eighteen—her sequestered life, the fine inborn whiteness of her nature, raised her so high above the level of all falsehoods, that even Aunt Hosie forgave her for being dazzled by Barry Chester's protestations. Besides, stifling her personal dislike and some natural jealousy at descending from the first place in Daphne's affections, what objection could Aunt Hosie urge against Mr. Chester's suit?

The modesty of his worldly prospects was laid bare by him, without reserve, on this first evening of his engagement. He had sold out of the army some months before, and the money, or remainder of the money, realized by the sale of his commission constituted his actual fortune. At the same time, his expectations from rich friends, Warwickshire Stamers and others, amounted to moral certainties. He was young, not yet twenty-eight, and fond of an outdoor life. (Did you ever know a consummately useless man of the Barry Chester type who did not make the same profession? The outdoor life, writ large, signifying pigeon shooting, race courses and general polarity, perhaps, toward horsily cut coats, a jewel set whip, and gaiters.)

His project was to emigrate this coming autumn to Virginia, the most hopeful of colonies, 'twas said, for gentlemen settlers, buy a farm at a cost of six or seven hundred pounds, and live upon it. Not a brilliant outlook, he knew, and yet all that he had to offer! This and his own great love—an expression for a moment flushing his face that made even Aunt Hosie think him handsome. Would Daphne accept him?

Daphne accepted him; three weeks later knelt at his side before the village altar—caring for him—well, in the dreamy fashion young girls do care for the first man whose lip-worship has raised their lives from commonplace to drama, but sobbing in earnest terror when the moment neared in which she must loosen her arms from Aunt Hosie's neck and drive away, amidst an avalanche of old shoes and huzzas, Barry Chester's wife.

She was in nature so rich in good as to render her passionate allegiance to every new phase of duty a matter of course. Whatever Mr. Chester's shortcomings, and they were many—Daphne clung to him during the eight months in which they lived side by side with an unswerving, blind tenderness that does not always fall to the lot of worthier men. Did she, at any moment, love him with such full measure as she had to give during these eight months? Reader, she believed she loved him, and

Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of every Guelph.

They spent their honeymoon in Sark. It rained, and before ten days were over Mr. Chester had ceased to repress his yawns or gild over his expletives in his bride's presence. After this came their wedding visit to the old aunts at Fief-de-la-Reine, a visit during which it was understood that preparations of every kind should be set on foot for the coming exodus to Virginia. Weeks, however, glided away into months, the harvest was gathered in, the russets of late autumn came to settle on field and hedgerow, and still Mr. Barry Chester's projects took no definite form. Now, he began at times to talk about a steeplechase on Quernec Common the coming spring, about flat races in July, after a while to discuss the wisdom of starting for Virginia at all. Colonial life a deuced chance, even for a man with capital. Just as much to be gained for the country as a whole if a man had patience to work and bring its utilities. Why, here in these islands a very good thing might be done in breeding and exporting the little Norman horses! If one could only rent pasture ground enough somewhere in the neighborhood of Quernec, he was certain a moderate fortune might be realized by horse breeding, and at less risk than in any colony going. Pending this——

Pending this, Mr. Barry Chester spent his days—as the winter wore on, his evenings—more and more away from home; wore flashier ties, wore showier jewelry, and showed his proclivities for outdoor life in general by taking a prominent part in the manly exercises of the island. Perilous runs in pursuit of bags of newspaper; steeplechases where the stiffest fence was a furze-crowned hurdle; the most breakneck leap a two-foot-deep tank, filled beforehand from the parish water cart; trotting matches, pigeon murders, and all such liliputian field sports as the limited area of dry land and the shaky financial condition of the Nimrods themselves permitted.

Who should reason with him as to the error of his ways? Not his wife, for certain. Young, ignorant, devoted though she was, Daphne by this time must have entertained suspicions, you may be sure, as to the fineness of stuff in Mr. Chester's nature. But she hid these suspicions jealously, even from herself; believed in all things, hoped all things, never by look or word reproached Chester for his neglect, or questioned him as to the hours that he passed away from her side. And by her reticence unknowingly helped on his ruin!

There are human temperaments so adjusted that the mere contact of virtue seems poisonous to them.

Daphne Vansittart's simple, truthful character was one to have called forth every higher quality in a lover endowed with ordinary delicacy, ordinary manhood. Upon Barry Chester (who shall say through what hidden moral chemistry?) her devotion acted as a directly evil influence.

Does not the same ray of light bleach or blacken, according to the nature of the substance across which it travels?

It was just a piece of old, miserable luck, so he thoroughly and honestly believed; possessing in a conspicuous degree that hallmark of incapacity, the habit of laying his failures to the door of others! Circumstances had handicapped him before his birth—for Aunt Hosie's intuition proved correct. Mr. Chester's mother was the daughter of a gamekeeper. As a child his father had sent him to the wrong school; as a lad put him into the wrong profession; and now, just precisely at a time of life when a fellow wants worldly counsel, worldly judgment, he had been fool enough to saddle himself with a wife!—a creature with a waxen baby face, a heart and temper sweet if you will, sweet to mawkishness!—but about as fit, she and the old aunts together, to help or guide a man with practical wisdom as if they had all been picked up off some desert island in the Pacific.

From the comparatively innocuous follies of paper hunting and pigeon killing Mr. Chester sank, step by step, to grosser pleasures; was heard of at length by the affrighted Miss Vansittarts as frequenting taverns, skittle alleys and the like places of unhallowed resort. He grew morose and silent during such hours of the twenty-four as it was his pleasure to spend at home; threw the quiet household into ever increasing disorder by the lateness of his hours; complained of his meals, complained of Margot's waiting! In fine, gave every symptom of the morbid discontent which, born of idleness, shadows all the innocent environments of such men's lives with its blackness.

And now, at length, the Miss Vansittarts, taking counsel together—Daphne they durst not admit into their secret—resolved "to speak!" Solemn and warning looks, parabolical hints, leading remarks thrown out at the dinner table—and the small artillery of domestic warfare had long been employed without result. Barry Chester's delicacy was not of sufficiently fine texture to be wounded so long as Fief-de-la-Reine offered a convenient roof under which he might abide free of expense. He must be spoken to in perfectly plain and unmistakable tones, and Theodora Vansittart, of her own free choice, undertook to be spokeswoman.

Aunt Hosie, to whom Chester's sins of omission and otherwise were specially abhorrent, was yet, at this crisis, the most lenient of the three sisters toward the wrong-doer himself. Just as the law of her own life was effort, so was the law of her judgment upon others mercy. She had the charity born of strength, the insight of a pure, unselfish heart into the temptations and backslidings of her frailer brethren. Miss Theodora's imagination exercised itself more upon the fictitious trials of young ladies and gentlemen than upon those of flesh and blood, and her condemnations were unchangeable as a stone-carved decalogue. Barry Chester idle because he was weak? A coin, though light, need not necessarily be bad. Give him time, and under the influence of Daphne's affection, things would yet come straight? Never! Miss Theodora had no belief in men coming straight who had once sunk to taverns and skittle alleys. And as to his fine friends, as to his interest through the Warwickshire Stamers—"I don't believe," said Theodora Vansittart, with a kindling eye, "that Barry Chester knows a Warwickshire Stamer by sight!" And the heinousness of his crime really swept away any lingering scruple or pity she might yet have felt toward the culprit.

To be Continued.

We all struggle for that which we can enjoy but for a brief hour.

Interrupted.

He was in the society of many curates and old maids at a tea party. The conversation had turned on the question raised by the Leeds Physical society, "Does the Wearing of Hats Make Men Bald?" and he took up his parable. "Not hats, dear friends, but shirts. Now you will have noticed that a man takes off his shirt over his head, thereby dragging the hair out by the roots, whereas a woman——"

Here three teacups drowned.—London Sporting News

Taught Sunday-School Many Years.

The officials of the Wesleyan Sunday-school, Swinton, England, lay claim to having upon their register the oldest Sunday-school teacher in England, if not in the United Kingdom. Mr. George Doxey, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, has been a teacher sixty-nine years, and holds the remarkable record that for half a century he was never absent from school, and during forty years he was never once late. Though eighty-seven years old he is able to read without the aid of spectacles.

Shoes for a Giant.

A Calumet shoemaker has just finished a pair of shoes for Louis Mollenen, known as the "Quincy Hill giant." Mollenen is 19 years old stands seven feet eight inches in height and tips the scales at 300 pounds. The shoes are sixteen and a quarter inches in length, six inches in width and weigh five pounds each Mollenen will use them while at work in the Quincy mine, where he is employed. A number of offers to exhibit the young giant have been made by showmen, but all have been refused.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SOLDIER BEETLES.

There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as Telephoridae) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as game cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.—From "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas.

THE VIRGINIA REEL.

Have you ever danced a Virginia reel? If you haven't, you surely will some day. It is interesting to know what the dance symbolizes, or stands for.

It is an imitation of weaving. The first movement represents the shooting of the shuttle from side to side, and the passage of the whoof (crosswise threads). The last movements indicate the tightening of the threads, and the bringing together of the cloth. In some places the boys and girls stand in the row by sevens to imitate the different colors of the strands.—Indianapolis News.

A PARTRIDGE NEST.

As I was going through the woods I heard a partridge drumming and so I went up that way. I was with a few of the farm boys. We were picking some flowers called fox gloves; all of a sudden I heard a fierce flutter of wings; looking around I saw a partridge flying away. We all ran to where the nest was. Such a sight as I saw! The feathers lined the bottom of the leafy nest, and fourteen eggs were counted. They were brown and about the size of a bantam's egg. The outside of the nest was lined with maple leaves, which were pasted together with mud and a few little twigs.

The nest was against a rotten stump and near a great maple tree, which gave me some very nice syrup this spring. I have kept watch of the nest since I found it. A little while ago I found —— —— ——. Can you guess what? Well, I'll tell you—a fine brood of young partridges, with the mother in the middle of the brood; she made a queer noise, and away those little chicks did go for the leaves and brush faster than I could see where they hid.

One little fellow was left. I picked him up; the mother came and tried to fool me by jumping around and making believe she was hurt. You see she tried to make me catch her, so that she could save the young one, or tell it to run away when I ran after her. I knew her tricks, and so I kept my chick.—Meiers M. G——, in the Berkshire Industrial Farm Record.

A HOME MADE BALL.

There are many kinds of balls for sale in the shops, but most of them are too hard for ordinary hand playing. The writer of this has never seen anything to equal the balls he used to make for himself when he was a boy, and he wants to tell the other boys how he did it.

Get a perfectly round orange and cut the peel into even quarters, numbering them at one end so as to be able to put them together again in their proper order.

Ask your mother or your sister for a pair of discarded kid gloves with long wrists, and out of these wrists cut four pieces exactly like the four pieces of orange peel. Number them as you did the pieces of peel, and with linen thread sew over and over three seams, thus putting the four pieces together, but leaving one seam open. This is the cover for your ball.

Get a solid rubber ball about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it wind the common woolen yarn of which stockings are made. You can buy the yarn at a shop, or, if you can get an old stocking, ravel it out. Do the winding evenly, so as to keep the ball perfectly round, and try it now and then to see whether it is large enough for your cover. You must make it so that it will fit in the cover exactly, and then you draw the remaining edges together and sew them over and over, as you did the other seams.

The boy who uses a ball of this kind will never willingly use any other. It is plenty hard enough, and yet it is soft to the touch, and the rubber centre gives it all the needed bounce.

GUEST ATE THE ALMANAC.

The boundary riders of the great Australian sheep ranches have each a district to look after, in which one must keep the wire fences in repair, and see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a hard and lonely life, living, as each boundary rider does, quite alone in the wilderness.

A writer in the Young People's Paper tells of some of the curious ways in which these solitary men keep count of the days. We are indebted for the account to Miss Lena Gould, Beaverton, Mich.

An old man, who had lived in the back country for thirty years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked "This week," and the other "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," and one every subsequent morning until "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were return to "Last week," and the old fellow know that another Sunday had passed.

Another man had tried and failed with several plans. At last he hit on a new idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night, and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance, so that every time he picked the damper up the grooves would remind him of the day.

Unfortunately, one Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section. But he wasn't. With anxious eyes the host saw the knife clearing the boundary line, and the hungry man ruthlessly carved into his almanac. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop! stop!" he cried, as he grabbed the damper and glared at it.

"There," he said, "you've eaten Toosday and We'n'sday, and now yer wanter slice the best o' the mornin' off o' Thursday, an' I won't know the day o' the week."

A CLEVER BULLFINCH.

Don was very unhappy when I was out of sight. His cage was hung at first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers and two canary birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted something else. He was silent and moping. So the loving little bird was made happy by being placed in my room upstairs.

It was wonderful how soon he learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tone could be heard pouring from his dainty throat. Or perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step sounded in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come he'ere, come he'ere, come he'ere!" was the eager cry. Of course, I always did "come he'ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he jumped to the door of his cage post haste. Then, puffed up like a ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for hours. And such a sweet piping as there was, too!

But he never played about the room when I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the big, fat pin-cushion. It was such fine fun to pull out all the pins and drop them on the bureau scarf. Sometimes he carried them to the edge of the bureau and dropped them on the floor.

One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual. Then came the tug of war. The poor little bird pulled and pulled and tugged and tugged. The big pin moved, but did not come out. He put his head on one side and eyed it severely. He was not one of the "give-up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. Then the plaintive "Come he'ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" rang out.

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then mounted the cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he'ere, come he'ere."

I could not tease him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins, telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, came out and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps on my head, shoulder and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune and finally went to sleep.—Helen Harcourt's "Stories of My Pets," in St. Nicholas.

Nagle and Shakespeare.

The Central Emergency Hospital had a curiosity yesterday in an intoxicated and unkempt laborer who knew his Shakespeare "from end to end," as he expressed it, and who proved it to the entire satisfaction of a skeptical audience. T. J. Nagle is the man's name, and his occupation that of a marble cutter. He had fallen down a stairway at Eighth and Mission streets, and a cut over one eye had been the result. While Dr. Kusich was sponging the man's face he began to talk about the Bard of Avon. Nagle made the assertion about his intimate knowledge of Shakespeare, and when he was asked to furnish proof, he arose, intoxicated as he was, collarless, and with his clothing streaked with marble dust, and recited correctly long sections of "Hamlet," "Richard the Third" and other plays.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Decapitation an Insult.

The following is quoted by the Gaulois from a French journal report: "To cut off his head is the most serious insult that can be shown to a Cambodian; happily, this prejudice is not shared by the other people of Indo-China.

There are more than 4,000,000 steel pens used up every day in England.