

### The Camel.

All my readers know that the great value of the camel lies in its ability to pass a long interval of time without requiring to drink. The camel does not, indeed, need a less amount of liquid than other animals, for in this point it is outdone by many South African antelopes, which are never known to drink at all; but it has a curious power of taking in at one time an amount of liquid which will serve it for several days.

The internal mechanism by which this power is attained is very remarkable, but is much too complicated to be described without the use of diagrams. Suffice it to say that the water is stowed away in a series of cells, which appear to have the property of preserving it in a fresh and clear state even after the death of the animal. A slight greenish hue is communicated to the water, but with that exception it is clear. In one remarkable instance, after a camel had been dead ten days, the water in its stomach was drinkable and tasteless. When first taken from the dead animal, a rather unpleasant flavor is perceptible, but this vanishes, together with the green color, after the water has stood undisturbed for three days.

The quantity of water taken at one time is almost incredible, more than twenty gallons being sometimes consumed at a single draught. The animal drinks with great rapidity, and the water disappears so fast that it seems to vanish by magic. Its desire for water is so great that it can perceive the welcome fluid at a great distance, possibly by scent, and possibly by some instinct which is not shared by man. When the camels perceive water, nothing can hold them back from it, and a whole caravan will break away from their drivers, rushing tumultuously to the water. This wonderful power is of the greatest value to the inhabitants of the desert, who would have known nothing of many a spring had not their camels directed them towards the water.

Another reason for its value is its ability to eat and digest substances that no other animal would touch. It does not stop to eat on its journey, but lowers its long neck and crops the scanty herbage with which it may chance to meet. The withered and dried leaves and twigs which snap at a touch, and seem to be utterly devoid of nutriment, are all devoured by the camel, as also are the branches of the thorn, bushes which would baffle any being but a camel. This animal, however, has the roof of its mouth defended by a hard cartilage, and can eat the prickly banquet without the least difficulty. It would thrive on the chips and shavings of a carpenter's shop, and has actually been fed on charcoal. So abstemious, indeed, is the animal, that camels have been known to traverse nearly a thousand miles within twenty days, having no food but that which they gathered for themselves on the journey.

It has yet another advantage; namely, the wonderful adaptation of its limbs to the desert country in which it lives. Its height enables it to carry its own head and that of its rider at a considerable distance from the ground, so that both are sheltered from the heat that radiates from the burning soil. Moreover, each little breeze takes full effect at such a height, and in that climate the least breath of air becomes a luxury.—*Golden Hours.*

### A Hen's "Brood" of Dogs.

A friend of mine, writes the correspondent of the *London Live Stock Journal* of a female grayhound and a litter of young ones. Now that is nothing extraordinary, but that she should be assisted in her maternal duties by an old hen is, I think, a very unusual thing. In the kennel with her is a hen, which has taken to the young dogs in a most affectionate way, sitting in the corner with two or three of them constantly under her wing; and, what is still more extraordinary, they know her call, for if they stray away she cackles, and they come back. At present her adopted children are very young; whether she is only to take them for the usual "moth" nobody knows, but I fear when they are old enough to accompany her about the fields, she will find it difficult to make them take to the delicacies she may be able to scratch out of the earth for them, and which would, no doubt, be much appreciated by her own young. At all events, the case is a curious one, and may be interesting to some of your readers. We had a case not long ago in this parish of a cat taking to some chickens and nursing them very carefully; but I never before heard of a hen nursing young dogs.

### "A Pupil of Liszt."

The greatest of pianists, Liszt, is very amiable and quite eccentric. The following story sets forth the genial side of his nature. A young pianist was giving concerts through the provinces of Germany for her support. To enhance her reputation she deceitfully advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt.

In a little town, where she had announced a concert, she was confounded the day before the concert was to take place, by seeing in the list of arrivals, and at the very hotel where the concert was to be given, "M. L'Abbe Liszt."

Here was a dilemma. Her fraud would be discovered. Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great maestro.

Coming into his room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and with many tears told her story—how she had been left an orphan and poor, with only one gift of music with which to support herself; the difficulties she had encountered, until the fraudulent use of his great name had filled her rooms and her purse.

"Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her up, "let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano; let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play to-morrow evening."

Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished, he added, "Now, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt."

Before she could find words to express her gratitude, Liszt asked, "Are your programmes printed?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "not yet."

"Then say that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by the Abbe Liszt."

That concert, it may be readily believed, was a great success.

### Why It Pays to Read.

One's physical frame—his body—is his hands—is only a machine. It is the mind, controlling and directing that machine that gives it power and efficiency. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind—upon its ability to direct well. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and is disciplined to use this strength as desired. Just so one's mind; by active exercise in thinking, planning, studying, observing, acquires vigor, strength, power of concentration and direction. Plainly then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking, gives it increased power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of his physical frame—his work—to better results, than he can who merely uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he knows to be erroneous, it helps him by the effort to combat the errors. Of all men, the farmer, the cultivator, needs to read more and think more—to strengthen his reasoning powers, so that they may help out and make more effective, more profitable, his hard toil. There can be no doubt that the farmer who supplies himself with the reading the most of other men's thoughts and experiences, will in the end, if not at once, be the most successful.

### A Strange Cattle Disease.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) *Journal* has this story about a strange disease that has been reported among the cattle owned by dairymen near that city: From eating dew-covered white clover, a certain highly expansive gas is formed in the bovine stomach which penetrates to all parts of the animals' bodies, causing death in a few hours. There is only one known remedy, and that is to thrust a knife into the sides of the afflicted cattle just behind the shoulder blades. This affords an outlet for the gas, and brings instant relief. Cattle suffering from the gaseous complaint look as though they might have been fed on compressed yeast. The dairymen have associated themselves together for mutual protection, and by adopting this method manage to prevent a very extensive mortality, though probably 100 cows have died from the disease thus far. The gentle herdsmen now go around with long, keen, butcher knives, which they slip into the sides of their cows when occasion requires. The cornfield subdivisions north of the city have been converted into immense clover fields, and it is here the grazing kine are encountering the death-dealing white variety. Dairymen call the disease "clovering."

### Fossils.

Don't be fossils; old logs lying by the wayside for moss and fungus to grow upon; for worms to honeycomb and spiders to weave nets around. Be a man among men, with a purpose and strength to accomplish. Don't be afraid of resistance—the more the better. Friction cleans the bark and rubs down the knots. Don't be afraid of failure. You will be certain to find it if everlastingly seeking. If it must come, let the day find you and not you the day. No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs to obtain that we learn to rightly estimate the value.

Don't be fossils. They are content to rot out; to let matters take their course, and the sooner they are out of the way the better. They simply occupy the room need by better men; by men who are vigorous, thriving sprouts of the great human tree; men who will take and keep a place in the world; who make business and attend to it; who amount to something; do some good to their race; men of bone, sinew and nerve; men of thought and action, with the will to do and the heart to dare; men who would be missed and regretted; not old, mouldy, worthless trunks by the side of the stream, tossed up high and dry by one freshet to remain motionless until the coming and swelling of another.

Don't be fossils. Better die in the struggle than rust out uselessly. Want of success with effort is better than no striving for the prize. There is more of honor even in failure than to never have endeavored. He who perishes bravely in the combat receives the reward of praise, though he fails to grasp the crown. There is a pleasure in effort, in excitement, in the trying, though the end is but a dream. Life is made up of trial and no wise man shrinks from or seeks to avoid it. Strike for the Truth and the Right, and if the glory of the Victor is denied, you can at least gain that of the Martyr.

Don't be human fossils—miserable nothings! Be up and doing. Glory awaits the seeking and wealth the toiling for, and neither will come without the earnest seeking. Do something. If the great alms through your grasp, hold firmly on to the less. Be anything, if honest, rather than a human nonentity.

### A Persistent Detective.

A New York paper of a recent date says: William Baum, a trapper and hunter, living in Blooming Grove Township, Pike county, Penn., appeared before Justice Davis, in Jersey City, yesterday, and asked for a warrant for the arrest of Frederick Hebin, on a charge of arson and larceny. Baum had accumulated, by his industry and economy, about \$500, which he kept in the house. He made no secret of his wealth, nor of the place of its concealment. Early one morning in May, 1877, he started out with his gun and dogs to look for game. Crossing a creek, he had gained a height some distance from home and sat down to rest. Looking back he saw a black smoke rising from the neighborhood of his home. Convinced that the house in which he had left his wife and infant child asleep was burning, he retraced his steps. His worst fears were realized. His wife stood in the yard, wringing her hands and crying, and the babe was not in her arms. Dashing into the burning building, Baum rescued the child from its eradle, and wrapping his coat about it fought his way through the flames to the open air. His brave effort nearly cost him his life. He was scorched from head to foot, and the traces of his injuries were still painfully visible when he appeared in court yesterday. His face was terribly scarred. Three fingers of his left hand were missing, and his right arm was withered. After the fire Hebin was nowhere to be seen. He was suspected at once to have robbed the house and set fire to it. When he had sufficiently recovered Baum set out on a hunt for the suspected incendiary. He traveled all over the State of Pennsylvania, and partly over New Jersey. A day or two ago he met Hebin in Hoboken, followed him to No. 30 Clinton street, where, he learned he was living. Detective Quinlan arrested Hebin. The prisoner will be sent to Pennsylvania for trial.

Tea made from the leaves of young tea plants growing in the conservatory of the Department of Agriculture at Washington was recently served to some visitors.

### Items of Interest.

The average age of a circus joke is one hundred years.

The Queen of Belgium paints; that is to say, she paints pictures.

Money doesn't make the man, but twenty shillings makes the sovereign.

A thief may make a bolt for the door, and not be a very good mechanic, either.

The English refuse white horses for Army purposes because they are too conspicuous.

Taking things as they come, isn't very difficult; it's parting with them as they go that's hard.

A four-year-old child in Kennebunk Me., has a head weighing fifteen pounds and a body weighing nine.

It is time to sit on the front stoop with a girl and a Japanese fan, and listen to the street musician and the mosquito.

The hen cholera is prevalent in parts of Minnesota. It takes chickens off about as fast as the old-fashioned midnight plan.

Melancholia, which has struck the Czar of Russia, is said to have affected every autocrat of his family after the age of fifty.

A western statistician has found that Washington Territory has 10,000 voters, 1,400 bars, and 15,000 bears. By actual count, of course.

In the Gasconade river, Miss., the fish have been dying by thousands, from eating the worms that drop from the overhanging maple trees.

"I mean business," said a burglar who entered Mr. Patterson's house, in Sterling, Ill. "So do I," said Mr. Patterson, and shot him through the head.

Of the 356 American colleges, sixteen have libraries of over 25,000 volumes. The largest college library in the country is Harvard's, containing 160,000 volumes.

A Kentucky man who went to the Black Hills wrote back to a paper, saying: "Offer a premium at your coming fair for the biggest fool in the country, and I'll try to get there in time."

Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor when it is upon whom the service is conferred has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.

The discouraged collector again presented that little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you are round again." "Yes," says the fellow with the account in his hand, "but I want to get square."

Elam Potter is now pushing the wheelbarrow from Albany to San Francisco. He wears very long hair and whiskers, and the wheelbarrow is gaudily painted, so that his arrival in a village causes excitement.

Jefferson Davis has been acting as umpire for two Mississippi men who disagreed in politics and applied abusive epithets to each other. He decided that both ought to apologize, and they did so.

Nervous lady passenger on the train after passing the temporary bridge at New Brunswick: "Thank goodness we are now on terra firma." Facetious gentleman: "Yes ma'am, less terror and more firmer."

The phonograph may bottle up the voice and pass it down to future ages, but the smile that twists the face of the man as he seeks solitude and gazes upon his name in print for the first time will have to be guessed at.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

In a rural district of Forfarshire a young ploughman once went courting on a Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic; he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men maun be the first to speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with demure surprise. At last John suddenly exclaimed, "Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron!" "I widna ha'e wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a' nicht."