

How Miss Hen Lost Her Teeth.

BY R. F. AYRES.

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Mr. Squirrel and his cousin, Mr. Chipmunk, had always lived near together. Mr. Squirrel had a fine house in the trunk of a tree, and Mr. Chipmunk had his house in the ground among the tree's roots. There were so many hickory nuts on the tree that they gathered each fall more than enough to last them all winter. They considered themselves very rich, and lived in great comfort until one day an awful thing happened; the tree blew down.

Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk were heartbroken. They knew they could never expect to gather any more nuts from that tree, for it would soon die, and there was no other tree that bore nuts of any kind anywhere in the neighborhood.

"What shall we do?" asked Mr. Chipmunk.

"We must find another hickory nut tree," said Mr. Squirrel. They each took a basket and filled it with all the nuts it would hold and started off together to find another hickory nut tree.

They walked for a long time and kept a sharp watch for another tree like the one they had left, but, although they found some hickory nut trees, not one suited them; some were too small, some were too old, and some had mean little nuts on them that were not worth getting. At last they grew hungry and sat down to eat their lunch. They ate a lot of nuts and played games with the shells, and finally they thought they would take a nap, so they lay down beside their baskets and went to sleep. They slept very soundly in the warm sun, but were finally awakened by some one shaking them. They awoke at the same time, and saw an old lady with a very cross face looking down at them. She had each of them by their coat collars and held them tightly.

"Who are you two lazy fellows?" she asked sharply, "and what are you doing in my timber lot?"

"We are Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk," they answered, "and we are looking for a hickory nut tree, for ours has blown down."

"Well, come along with me and tell me all about it." The old lady, whose name was Miss Hen, held Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk by their coat collars and walked them a long way through the woods to a little house in a hollow. They were very much afraid, for the old lady had very long teeth, and she was three times as large as Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk, but she jerked them crossly whenever they tried to hang back and showed her teeth so savagely that they did not dare to make any objections. Miss Hen took them into the house and, after locking the door very carefully, put the key in her pocket.

"Now stir around and get my supper for me," she said, "for I am so tired with walking that I must sit down and rest. What have you in your basket?"

"Hickory nuts," said Mr. Squirrel.

"I am very fond of hickory nuts," said Miss Hen, so Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk began to crack some for Miss Hen's supper. Whenever they attempted to stop she made them go on until they were all cracked. Then Mr. Squirrel offered her some in a dish. "I can't eat them that way," said Miss Hen.

"But we don't know how to cook them," replied Mr. Squirrel.

"They make the finest stuffing there ever was," said Miss Hen. "Stuffing for what?" inquired Mr. Chipmunk.

"Stuffing for Chipmunks and Squirrels," replied Miss Hen, showing her teeth.

Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk looked at her, almost scared to death.

"Don't stand there shivering," cried Miss Hen. "Hurry and make the fire and put the pot on to boil."

"Now get the salt and pepper," said Miss Hen, and they got the salt and pepper.

"Get me my silver spoon out of my sewing basket," commanded Miss Hen, and Mr. Squirrel went to the sewing basket to get the spoon among the spools, and among other things he came across a big lump of wax that Miss Hen used to fix her thread so she could thread her needle when sewing. Mr. Squirrel put the wax in his pocket and gave the spoon to Miss Hen.

"Let me make you some hickory nut pudding while you are

waiting for the pot to boil," said he. Miss Hen said that she had never tasted hickory nut pudding, but that it sounded good, and both Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk said it was delicious.

Mr. Squirrel mashed some nuts up very fine and mashed up the wax. Then he mixed them together and heated the mixture over the fire. As soon as it was melted thoroughly he told Miss Hen it was ready. When it was cool enough to eat Miss Hen took her silver spoon and put an immense spoonful in her mouth. She rolled her eyes around in all directions and tried to spit it out, for it did not taste at all nice. Much to her surprise, she found she could not open her mouth. The wax had stuck to her teeth and held her jaws fast together. She jumped out of her chair and spilled the rest of the hickory nut pudding on the floor. Then, as she started to run after Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Squirrel she stepped into it and stuck fast to the floor with both feet. As soon as Mr. Squirrel and Mr. Chipmunk saw that she was fast they ran around, laughing and making fun of her, and this made her so angry that she made a great effort and got her mouth open. But the wax in the hickory nut pudding had stuck her teeth together so fast that when she opened her mouth the teeth remained stuck together, and it pulled them right out of her jaws, so that they fell on the floor, still held fast by the wax. When her teeth were out Miss Hen could not hurt Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Squirrel, so they were not at all afraid, and they made her open the door and let them out. There were all kinds of nut trees around Miss Hen's house—hickory nut, chestnut, butternut, walnut and other kinds—so Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Squirrel picked out a nice one and lived there for the rest of their lives with plenty to eat. Miss Hen's teeth never grew again, and to this day, if you look in a hen's mouth, you will not see a single tooth.

The Mocking Bird.

Is the mocking bird passing away?

Competent observers declare that he is; that with each returning springtime the sweet singer, whose mission is to give inspiration to southern poets, is becoming noted principally for his greater absence.

A poet who bemoans the change finds reason for it in the presence of that pestiferous highwayman, the English sparrow. His early morning communings with nature have, he says, led to the discovery that no sooner does a mocking bird complete his nest than sparrows come in droves and inaugurate a systematic campaign for the purpose of driving out the rightful owner in order that some of their number may take possession. They gather around and keep up their incessant chattering until the mocking bird and his mate have to give up in disgust and seek lodgment elsewhere.

Then the leader of that particular gang of sparrows, or some of their number selected by the gang, takes possession. The mocking birds go off presumably to seek pastures new where the sparrow is not. The net result is a steady diminution in the number of mocking birds in the vicinity of cities.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wesley a Book Lover.

Wesley was to the end of his life a lover of a good book. Though the Bible was his chief study, he would have agreed with Matthew Arnold that a man who did not know other books could not know that book as it should be known. He constantly urged his preachers to read. "You can never be a deep preacher without reading," he used to say, "any more than a thorough Christian." To a young man who said his work as an evangelist left him no time for reading he wrote: "Hence your talent in preaching does not increase; it is just the same that it was seven years ago. It is lively but not deep. There is little variety. There is no compass of thought." What would not some of us give for that volume of Shakespeare, annotated throughout by his hand, which John Pawson destroyed after his death for fear of scandalizing the weaker brethren?—Temple Bar.

MONKEY CONGREGATIONS.

Service in the Woods For Which the Birds Furnished Music.

The author of "Sands of Sahara" when visiting the gorge of Chiffa came upon a strange ceremonial, which, a native assured him, was an unusual one. The gorge itself is like a grand sanctuary, canopied by trees and lighted delicately by the sun filtering through foliage. A remarkable assemblage was there that day—a congregation of monkeys apparently holding some kind of service, to which the birds of the forest gave music.

The monkeys sat in rows upon the broad, outreaching branches of the virgin trees. They were in parties of two, three or four, although one fellow sat alone, like a decorous bachelor. While most of them remained stationary, certain patriarchal fellows passed about the area of assemblage, sitting down for a few minutes on the branches beside different families of the parish, seeming to give them counsel.

The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest propriety. The monkeys seemed to be taking part in a service in which they were deeply interested. When it was over and they were about to go out into the world, the ruling elders could be seen running about, passing from tree to tree on the interlacing branches. Nor did the assembly break up until those evidently respected officials had visited and saluted the entire convocation. Even their departure was made most decorously.

Then, after that serious council had adjourned, the monkeys fell to enjoying themselves. They scampered from tree to tree; they swung from branch to branch. Some hung by their tails, and others, in little coterie, hand in hand enjoyed their midair frolic. But the old bachelor did not clasp hands with anybody.

Colored Diamonds.

The mention of diamonds makes every one think of a translucent, white gem. But not all diamonds are white. The most beautiful of all precious stones is the red diamond. It surpasses the ruby in beauty and is exceedingly rare. A few specimens are on record, one of which, weighing ten carats, was bought by the Emperor Paul of Russia for \$100,000.

Dark blue diamonds, differing only from sapphires in quality and in the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond, are handsome gems. Besides the Bismarck and Hope diamonds, there are only two known specimens in the world that can be properly called blue diamonds. Black and rose colored diamonds are also rare, while the green varieties are not so uncommon. The grass green is scarce, and when it does occur is more brilliant than the finest emerald.

There are several varieties of green tinted diamonds at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, but the best known specimen is at Dresden and is considered one of the five paragons of its kind.

The most perfect collection of colored diamonds is in the Museum of Vienna and is in the form of a bouquet, the different flowers being composed of diamonds of the same color as the blooms represented. These stones were collected by one Virgil von Helmreich, a Tyrolean, who had passed many years in Brazil among the diamond mines.

Treatment For Gas Poisoning.

Loosen the clothing at the neck. Slap the face and the chest with the wet end of a towel.

Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.

Take the man at once into the fresh air. Don't crowd around him. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side.

If the breathing is feeble or irregular, artificial respiration should be used and kept up until there is no doubt that it can no longer be of use.

Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all, aromatic ammonia, to 16 parts of water) in small quantities at short intervals—a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.—Journal of Health.

Derivation of Hurrah.

One familiar English word of ours—hurrah—says Sarah Orne Jewett in her work on the Normans, is said to date from Rolf's reign. "Rou," the Frenchmen called our Rolf, and there was a law that if a man was in danger himself or caught his enemy doing any damage he could raise the cry of "Ha Rou!" and so invoke justice in Duke Rolf's name. At the sound of the cry everybody was bound on the instant to give chase to the offender, and whoever failed to respond to the cry of "Ha Rou!" must pay a heavy fine to Rolf himself. Thus began the old English fashion of "hue and cry," as well as our custom of shouting "Hurrah!" when we are pleased and excited.



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