



The Methodical Fish.

The sunniest fish that ever could be lived down in the depths of a very deep sea.

He knitted his brows and he scratched his old head.

And after reflection he soberly said, "I've given the subject much serious thought."

And ten chances to one, I shall some day be caught!

Now, if that comes to pass, I trust that I may

Be caught in an orderly, business-like way. No one in his senses can ever deny A hook is intended to go in an eye. Yet many a fish is so careless he will Take a hook in his mouth, or perhaps in his gill.

But I'm more methodical, so I shall try To join in true union the hook and the eye."

Well, this orderly fish went his orderly ways.

He kept his eyes open, with wide, thoughtful gaze.

And whenever he saw a well-baited hook, He rolled up his eye with contemptuous look.

And then swam away with a satisfied wink, Saying, "That's not the hook to fit my eye."

So he kept his eyes open (as every one ought).

And somehow, the wise old fish never was caught!

—Carolyn Wells, in Youth's Companion.

Unwieldy Hippopotamus.

In the channels which traverse the marshes of certain districts in Central Africa," writes a traveler, "hippopotami in incredible numbers are met with—sometimes in herds of 60 and 70. Wherever the channel widens out into a reedy lake rows of grotesque looking heads, with ears erect, appear above the water surface; their owners studying the extraordinary apparition produced by the steamer. On approaching the spot these heads disappear one after the other under water, and a series of waves and large ripples indicate the passage of the monster forms below the surface. After a few minutes' time the same huge heads appear, generally downstream of the boat. They have another stare and again disappear, with a snort and the expulsion of a small volume of water from the nostrils. Not infrequently a severe bump is felt in the steamer, making the hull quiver, as the back of a hippopotamus seeking to escape has touched it.

"If the water should happen to be shallow the attempts of these animals to hide themselves are ludicrous, as their movements are clumsy and their bodies are under water, and nothing is seen but the huge pink hindquarters, struggling, kicking and churning up the water in the effort to get out of sight. Although their uncouth antics may be safely watched from a steamer, it is a very different matter if the observer is in a canoe or a small boat. Then his position is one of considerable danger, as he stands a very good chance of being upset.

"As the water of all these channels swarms with crocodiles such a contingency is not pleasant to contemplate. The natives are fully alive to this risk, and never venture in their dugout canoes into the broad streams infested with hippopotami; but invariably keep to the shallow and narrow branches on either side of the main river."—Chicago News.

The Great Horned Owl.

Work had been going on all day in the sugar bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy, was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came from the swamp.

Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Who-hoo-hoo-wc-hoo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting call of the great horned owl.

The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the great horned owl. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nests of the bobolink and meadow lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The boy stopped for luncheon and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well, for the spring breeze, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see what condition it was in after the storms of the winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between 50 and 60 feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise when about 30 feet from the nest to see a great horned owl silently glide off and wing its way through the treetops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the great horned owl had

really used the old crow's nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodelled and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the great horned owl is two, and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer looking little birds, seeming to be nearly all hear and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest down.

The young birds grew very slowly although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from 12 to 15 days, and the woodcock, bob-white and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.—St. Nicholas.

Pranks of Johnny Bear.

If any boy or girl reader should happen to go to Yellowstone National park this summer he or she would certainly see little Johnny Bear there.

Johnny Bear is the baby cub whose acquaintance Ernest Thompson Seton made while visiting the park, which, by the way, contains the finest preserve of wild animals in the country. Johnny was caught by some of the people at the hotel, which was not so difficult, as Johnny had been lame from his birth.

Mr. Seton recently told his young friends a lot of new stories about Johnny.

"Johnny is immortal," he said, "Yellowstone park is never without its Johnny; sometimes there are two of him—and I keep hearing new stories about him.

"The hotel cat and the hotel poodle were sworn enemies even before Johnny arrived on the scene, and he made matters worse. Then it became a triangular duel. Johnny liked nothing better than to get in a safe place and watch the others fight."

Here Mr. Seton threw a picture on the screen showing the poodle and the cat locked in a death grip, while Johnny, sitting like a soft little wad of fur on the top of a cask out of danger watched them with glee.

"But Johnny Bear was a bad, little, mischievous bear. There was nothing he loved better than to tease the old mother cat's kittens. So one day he chased one of the kits till it ran up a tree.

"That is always a silly thing for a kitten to do, because it is sure to lose its head when it gets up a little way. Johnny, who was an adept at tree climbing, was up and after it like a flash. But he didn't see the old cat, who could climb a tree every bit as well as he could, and who rushed out of the house and up after Johnny before he knew what was coming.

"But when the old cat got up to where the tree divided she was in a quandary. On one branch was her baby, hanging on for dear life; on the other was Johnny Bear, looking at her maliciously out of his little bright eyes. If she punished Johnny she left her kitten to suffer, and perhaps break its back falling off. If she helped her kitten and left that wretch of a Johnny Bear to get down in safety—

"The kitten settled it by giving a pleading meow-meow. Its mother no longer hesitated, but, taking it by the scruff of the neck, crawled down the tree, leaving Johnny triumphantly perched on his bough, chuckling over the trouble he had made."

And there was Johnny on the screen, a quaint, comical little figure, balancing himself on his bough like a boy sitting on a swing, while the retreating figure of mother cat, with her darling in her mouth, could be seen in the distance.

"Johnny was as fond of honey as any boy or girl. When he found a wild bee's nest he would sit down beside it and kill off all the bees, bringing down his fist upon them as accurately as a boy captures a butterfly in his hat. The bees all dead, he would put in his paw and bring out the honey, and when the honey was all gone he would clean up any drops that might have fallen around, devour the wax and wind up by eating the dead bees.

"But once some of the men played a mean, mean trick on Johnny. Having found a wasp's nest in a tree, they 'sicked' Johnny on it.

"Oh, Johnny! honey, honey, Johnny!" they called.

Johnny looked at the nest and was skeptical. He had never seen honey just look like that before.

"Honey, Johnny. Nice honey!" they called to him and at last, approaching very shyly, he timidly reached out a paw and touched the queer thing. The next thing anyone knew Johnny had the nest firmly gripped between his front paws and was making for the river like mad. In he leaped, swimming like a fish till he reached the opposite side. Then, the wasps having all fallen off or been drowned, Johnny sat down on the grass, pulled his nest apart, and though surprised to find no honey inside, ate all the contents, several nice, fat grubs.

"Then he wound up by stuffing down the nest itself. When he got through he looked just the shape of the nest. And why shouldn't he? He had it all inside him."—New York Tribune.

The famous Ferris wheel, which has done duty at two expositions as an attraction, is to be wrecked with dynamite, thus closing its history.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Starfish are the principal enemies of oyster beds. It is estimated by the fish commission of the United States that they do damage to the extent of \$250,000 annually to American oyster beds.

A new kind of street pavement has recently been introduced in Germany, which is said to excel in durability. It consists of artificial stones of concrete held together by iron bands. Joining stones of this pavement laid along street car rails save the rails and make easier traveling for the wheels of ordinary vehicles.

That nature is still full of simple facts of scientific importance yet awaiting notice by open eyes and minds is shown by the recent achievement of a Dutch schoolboy named Van Erpeum, who during a lesson in physics, given in the high school at Batavia, called Doctor Van Deventer's attention to the fact that the water in a glass filled to the brim with water and floating ice does not flow over as the ice melts.

Studies at the Yerkes observatory have determined the varying periods of the solar rotation, in zones five degrees wide, from the equator to latitude 5 degrees. Within five degrees of the equator, on either side, the period of rotation is a trifle more than 24 1/2 days. The length of the period gradually increases toward the poles, becoming about 25 1/2 days between latitude 15 degrees and latitude 20 degrees, and nearly 25 1/2 days between latitude 30 degrees and latitude 35 degrees.

One of the largest spots ever observed on the sun is now in evidence. This spot can, under right conditions, be detected without a telescope. The astronomers at various observatories have been noting the growth of this gigantic spot, which is now about 30,000 miles in diameter, or big enough to swallow up about 20 worlds such as ours all at once without crowding. It would seem likely that the recent general cold wave was due to this spot, and that the remarkably severe weather of the past several years has been produced by the same causes that produce such spots.

FORTIFICATIONS.

They Are No Longer Regarded as Necessary Mainstays to a Country.

A fortress spells immobility and dispersion. We should, therefore, look askance at it until proof is given that it has a definite purpose to fulfill in a reasoned scheme of strategy. We must not allow ourselves to be led away by the glamor surrounding a heroic defense. We must look to the end and leave panegyrics to poets. We must, in short, regard all fortifications as an auxiliary and nothing more. A fortress, because it is a fortress and because it is ours, is not necessarily an advantage, and may be the reverse. If we gain battles we gain the enemy's fortresses; if we lose them he gains ours, whether they are in the interior or upon the sea. In each case the larger the garrison the greater the disaster. Fortresses, and, in fact, all fortifications, have never played anything but a secondary role in the defense of states, and no nation has ever yet been saved by them. They can assist an army and they can aid naval capital, wisely invested and wisely used, to bear splendid interest, but they can never re-establish moral superiority when once it is lost nor create it by virtue attaching to its parapets if it does not exist. Over the portals of the fortress or harbor of refuge should be written in the largest and blackest of characters the words that Dante discovered over the gates of hell.—Military Correspondence London Times.

An Airship Prediction.

A Kansas City man, now 80 years old, was discussing railroads with a friend the other night. "I remember," he said, "when railroads used planks with strips on iron nailed on them for rails. The first road of the kind I ever saw was back in Ohio about 65 years ago. The wood rails used to warp after the cars had run over them awhile and for that reason people predicted freely that the railroad would never amount to much. I remember a certain optimist, however, who predicted that the railroad would be a grand success eventually. People laughed at him, but he stuck to his belief. 'Friends, I remember hearing him say once, 'some day they'll find a rail that won't warp, and then railroad trains will make as much as ten miles an hour easily.' My! how they roared. Now I want to make a prediction that will be laughed at. I say that in 20 years airships will be flying all over the civilized world carrying passengers and freight. Laugh at that prediction if you will. I probably won't live to see those airships, but the prediction will come true. Mark my words."—Kansas City Journal.

Capital of Ireland.

A few years since, it will be remembered, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Daniel Tallon, visited America and was feted and dined on every hand. When in Boston he was entertained at an elaborate dinner given for him by Mayor Quincy. In the smoke talk which followed the courses some one jestingly asked if Dublin was not the metropolis, as well as the capital, of Ireland. The Lord Mayor was ready with a reply.

"It used to be," he said, "but at present there is no question but that New York has that honor."—New York Herald.

NII SHIMA THE NEW ISLAND.

The Mighty Forces of Nature Assisting the Extension of Japan's Empire.

Volcanic forces have added a new island to the domain of Japan. It is 480 feet in height and nearly three miles in circumference, and its appearance was witnessed with great amazement by the inhabitants of a neighboring island. Its advent was announced two months ago without the interesting details that have just come to hand.

Five hundred and fifty miles a little east of south of Tokio a number of small islands rising above the Pacific are known as the Volcano Islands, for they were evidently formed by the outpourings of subterranean volcanoes and emerged from the sea at a comparatively recent period. The islands lie along a line of weakness in the earth's crust extending hundreds of miles from the Fiji to the Bonin Islands. This line is dotted here and there with volcanoes. The Volcano and the neighboring Bonin Islands have an area of only about 40 square miles, but the first had lifted Iceland and the Azores above the sea pale in comparison with those that created the scores of volcanic rocks that are strewn through this part of the Pacific.

Up to Nov. 14 last there were four islands in the Volcano group, but now there are five. The inhabitants of Sulphur Island say that on that day they heard the most awesome rumblings and groanings and saw a great deal of smoke about 20 miles distant. The clouds, which they called black and white smoke and which were doubtless clouds of black ash and steam, continued for about two weeks and then they cleared away and the natives saw what appeared to be three little islands. While the smoke lasted the sea appeared to be on fire, Vulcan was evidently having a fight with the ocean.

On Dec. 12, when everything had quieted down, the natives decided that what had appeared to them to be three islands was one island about half as large as their own. They did not muster courage, however, to approach their new neighbor for about six weeks, for they could see that the still unconsolidated material of which the island was formed was changing its shape a little from day to day and they were afraid that a new outburst might catch them if they ventured near. At last, on Feb. 1, ten men ventured out in a boat and a canoe on an exploring expedition and the next day they landed on the island. On the southside a towering precipitous coast had been formed by the fast consolidated rock, but on the north side was a gentle slope where they had no difficulty in mooring their boats and clambering up on the land. They found a boiling lake from which steam ascended. All the rest was volcanic dust that yielded under their feet. They planted a pole which they had brought in their boat, raised the Japanese flag and named the island Nii Shima. Japan was the first of the powers on the ground, and probably not even Russia would dispute her right to the new possession.

So new islands formed by volcanic agencies are coming now just as in the olden days. Some of them soon leave us to mourn their loss, because the sea storms were them away before they have time to get a firm footing above the waters. Three years ago Falcon Island, which had maintained a precarious existence above the waters of the mid-Pacific until little trees had rooted in its soil, gave up the struggle and was seen no more. Two years ago two little islands rose in a night about ten feet above the waters of Welsh bay on the coast of Africa, but they lasted only a few days. It is the survival of the fittest. The lusty young volcano New Bogaslov, which joined us about 15 years ago is still among our valued Alaskan possessions; and Japan's latest addition to its large family of islands stands at the outset so high above the sea that it has a fair chance of becoming a permanent part of the empire.

After the Fight.

This occurred on the night of the Britt-White fight. It was as the crowd was leaving the big pavilion, and sporting reporters, seconds, trainers and friends were standing in the dressing-room where game little Jabez White was submitting to the ministrations of Jimmy Lawlor and Charlie Mitchell. There came a rat-a-tat on the door, and a little, gray-mustached man was admitted. He rushed up to White, hand outstretched. White was very "woozy" and hadn't a very clear idea of who, what or where he was, but his politeness did not forsake him. He feebly grasped the hand, and his own, Jimmy Britt's father, said: "You're the cleverest boxer and the gamest fighter I ever saw, and I'm 'The Boy's father.' White got a part of it, leaned on Lawlor's shoulder, tried to train his gaze on the elder Britt, and said: "Ah-h, y-e-e-s-s, awfully glad to see you. Where'd you say it was I met your son?" As Britt, Sr., backed gurgling and openmouthed out the door he could only gasp, "Holy smoke, but Jimmy is developing an awful punch."—San Francisco Chronicle.

No Use for "Mashers."

A Portland "masher" insulted a young woman and was arrested. He gained his liberty somehow and he insulted her again. A bystander licked him soundly and the police judge commended the bystander's excellent work and intimated that he could have an indulgent hearing in that court whenever he saw fit to take the law in his own hands.—Portland Oregonian.

One of the largest farms in the United States, comprises 23,500 acres.



Interesting to WOMEN

Wearing Soiled Veils.
Apropos of the complexion problem, which seems, judging from the craze for "treatments," to be one of the most absorbing cares of the modern woman, many difficulties arise from the too frequent habit of wearing soiled veils against the face, so that it is well for those who wear veils to see that they are constantly renewed, for in town the amount of soot and smoke which is absorbed by such materials is enormous and certainly threatens to complicate the question of how to preserve a good complexion.

Wedding Gowns.
The princess model is always a favorite one to choose, and now that it is in fashion to have the front of the waist draped, it is far more becoming. No trimming is necessary on either silk or satin—that is, on the skirt—while a lace yoke and dainty, cobwebby lace ruffles on the sleeves are all-sufficient. If a more elaborate effect is desired, then an embroidered design worked out in silk with seed pearls or rhinestones is effective on a wide band around the hem of the skirt, but somehow the plain, rather severe style that relies only upon the beauty of the material and the graceful folds seems smarter and more attractive.

Pleated white chiffon wedding gowns are charmingly soft in effect, and for a mid-summer wedding there can be nothing daintier, while the same gown covered with flounces of lace is exquisitely soft in effect and finish. Sheer white organdie and silk mull are used also for summer wedding gowns with most satisfactory results. In fact, almost any white material is thought possible.—Harper's Bazaar.

Pipings and Trimmings.
One can do so very much with pipings this season. Indeed, the full story of pipings has never been told. It is best appreciated by the French modistes who get their effects with narrow lines of this color or that. And it is appreciated by those who make elegant evening gowns, for very often the entire effect is obtained by a thread line of pale blue or white running through a handsome trimming.

When trimmings are being considered one must not neglect to mention the grapevine trimmings which, instead of becoming old and stale as the seasons go on, become more and more the vogue. There is now a fancy for large life-like bunches of grapes in Irish lace. These bunches are embroidered in the natural colors of the grapes, with the embroidery slightly raised to make it seem more real. The handsomest pieces of Irish crochet lace are selected for this purpose and the embroidery is skilfully carried out. A grapevine trimming adorns street dresses and house dresses, and one may encounter it upon coats and neck trimmings.

A pretty departure in the silk line is the chameleon silk which shows a variety of color all combined in one soft glitter of silk. The silk is delicate, feminine, lustrous, and suitable to almost any occasion. It comes at prices which are very reasonable.

About Aprons.
A good supply of aprons is needed by all housekeepers, both white and work varieties. For the plain white ones, for every day, the five or six-cent bleached muslin, not too heavy, is most satisfactory. These wash easily and take the starch readily. Make them full and long, with deep hems and strings. A gingham apron to slip over a nice dress is a great convenience, especially on Sunday, when you do not wish to change your dress while getting tea. Get three and a quarter yards of pretty blue and white check; take off a quarter of a yard and cut the rest in two. Tear one of these breadths in two, lengthwise. Run up the seams, with the full piece in the middle, but stop when you get a quarter of a yard from the top on each seam. Trim this opening slantwise, to answer for an arm-hole. Hem the bottom of the pinafore, and gather the tops of front and back for the yoke, or bands, which should be an inch wide. Make the other two bands a quarter of a yard in length, and doubled to make an inch in width, and sew the ends to the bands that form the yoke, for the top of the armhole. Finish with a button and button-hole.

Put a good-sized pocket on the right-hand side of the centre breadth, and you have an apron at once pretty and most convenient, easy to get on and quick to slip off. Other aprons that are serviceable are those made of table oilcloth, for washing or other sloppy work. These are not very large, and are bound with braid, machine stitched. Clothespin aprons are made of ticking, with the bottom turned up into a wide hem, that answers for a bag to hold the pins, while hanging out the clothes, are also a great convenience.

Fashion Notes.
The milliners are apparently making an effort to force the tiny turban on American women.

Very smart was a red and white checked voile, the entire waist of which was shirred over heavy cords.

Voile, while not as durable as mohair, is far from being a fragile material, and in the heavier varieties wears very well, indeed.

For the black hat, which is an indispensable part of the wardrobe to many women, nothing is more satisfactory than fine horsehair braid.

Crossbar and checked silks are popular. The rough weaves for silk, known as Burlington, Rajah, etc., as well as the smoother pongees, come in a variety of colors cross hatched with contrasting colors or black.

None of the new dress fabrics have made more of an impression than the checked and figured voiles. These beautiful fabrics are being made up into street and house gowns in all kinds of simple and elaborate models.

A black and white checked voile for a young girl had a deep hip yoke scalloped irregularly at the foot, below which the skirt was plaited in groups of three. The waist had the upper part plaited to match the skirt, while a sort of a cuirass formed the lower half.

A lovely model in a black hat was of this transparent and pliable braid. It was a big, sweeping shape, the brim turned up slightly on one side and dipping a little in the front. It had a drapery of tulle and lace around the crown, and a large bird of paradise in gray, brown and pale yellow shades. The bird was placed almost in the front of the hat, and its long tail extended to the back, where it drooped over the brim.