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H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The latest figures show that there are 10,447,990 Sunday-School scholars in the world.

There is a sad reflection, moralizes the New York *Telegram*, in reading the will of the late Joshua Jones. Here was a man with $7,000,000, and yet he had not a near relative in the world to whom he could leave his fortune.

London has eight homes for poor working girls, at which breakfast, dinner and tea cost only $1 a week and room not over $1 more. They are said to be well managed and liberally supported by charitable people.

The largest and most influential newspaper in Japan, the *Nichi-Nichi Shumbun*, or *Daily Times*, of Tokio, has a circulation of 16,000 copies daily. Its columns are filled almost entirely with short stories and political essays, with very little, if any, news matter.

To aid in promoting the interests of the manufacturers, the German railway authorities and shipowners have agreed to remit, the former 50 per cent. and the latter 25 per cent., of the freights on all goods consigned to Melbourne for the great Australian Exhibition of this year.

The fat pieces of iron shaped like the letter S that are seen on the walls of old brick buildings are said to be an ancient symbol of the sun. Their origin may be traced back to Asia, where they were in use in prehistoric times, and the same sign was once employed on the official seals of Sicily and the Isle of Man.

Illinois has never had a Speaker of the House of Congress or a President of the National Senate, and no Speaker has ever lived West of the Mississippi. Rhode Island and Delaware, among the Eastern States, have never been honored with the speakership, and neither Louisiana nor Alabama has ever had a Speaker.

May Emily Bird, a colored woman who died at Centerville, Tenn., recently, was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, and once received and entertained the world renowned explorer, Livingstone, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She speaks fluently many of the native African languages.

At Dover, Me., a jury of twelve men were recently on duty, not one of whom used tobacco. At a convention of bee keepers at Waterville, in the same State, not one of the fifty men who attended was addicted to the use of the weed. A Bangor paper says it is doubtful if any other part of the country uses so little tobacco as Maine.

As an instance of the astonishing way in which rabbits multiply, it is related that in the fifteenth century a female rabbit with young was left on the Island of Porto Santo, in the Atlantic Ocean, by the crew of a passing ship, and in a short time rabbits were so numerous on the island that the settlers were forced to abandon it.

Inventor Edison proposes to present the first half-dozen perfected phonographs to the crowned heads of Europe. He will make the presentation address here, in America, and when the instruments are delivered, their royal recipients will have the pleasure of hearing the words of Mr. Edison through his wonderful talking machine.

Mrs. Fatti Lyle Collins is employed by the Government at Washington as a reader of "blind handwriting" in the dead letter office. She is an expert at this business, and is paid a good salary. She claims to read every known language except Russian and Chinese. One thousand letters a day usually pass through her hands, but she only deals with the addresses.

A correspondent writing from St. Petersburg, Russia, says: "I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on the day of my arrival than I had seen in all the rest of Europe during a four months' stay. The peasants of Belgium have a poor reputation for temperance, but I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on my way from the station to the hotel the day of my arrival than I saw in all Belgium."

An expedition is preparing in England for the exploration of the regions about the South Pole. These are comparatively unknown. For the ignorance that exists in regard to them there are numerous reasons. They are far from modern civilization and off the commercial routes of the ocean. The southern portions of the two continents are as far from the Antarctic circle as some of the most thickly settled and highly civilized parts of Europe. For instance, the South Shetland Islands, whose discovery was considered as remarkable, and which are spoken of as in the Southern Polar region, are about as far south of the equator as England is north of it. Most of the islands which have been discovered, and which on the maps seem to form a sort of icy necklace about it, are farther from it than many Northern regions which support considerable populations are from the North Pole.

Spring Morning.

Sweet the air,
Sky how fair!
Day doth break·
Misty cloud
In a shroud
Winds the lake.

Mountain peak
Heaven doth seek,
Crimson tipped;
'Tis a maid
White arrayed,
Cherry-lipped!

Chanticæer
Croweth near,
Oxen low,
Birdlings call,
On the wall
Squirrels go.

Sun is up;
Full the cup
Of our day;
Homeward walk,
Cheery talk
All the way.

—[F. W. Batchelder.

A STRANGE GUEST.

"You're sure you won't be lonesome, Jennie?"

Farmer John Harmon stood in the glow of the broad fireplace, wrapped in his great-coat and muffler, his fur cap pulled down about his ears, and his whip in his hand, while the pawing hoofs of his impatient horses crunched the snow outside. He stooped as he spoke, and lifted his little daughter's chin till the clear, brown eyes looked up, with the frank smile which always warmed his heart.

"No, indeed, father! How could I be lonesome with such a little chatterbox as Tony? Hark! I do believe he's waking now, the darling!"

"I'm sorry that Manda Lawson couldn't have come to stay with you, but, of course, if Jack's sick, it stands to reason that she can't leave him. But Steve and I'll be back before dark, never fear. Hullo! you were right, Jennie. Here comes the little general!"

A chubby boy of three years old appeared in his night-gown from the adjoining room, with cheeks rosy, and yellow curls tangled from his morning nap. The father caught him in his strong arms, and held him, shrieking with laughter, above his head.

"Father's little man! Waked up to say good-by. He'll take good care of sister, won't he?"

The child leaped into the young girl's outstretched arms, and hid his face upon her shoulder.

"Well, good-by Jennie!" He paused a moment, a wistful look creeping over his strong, sun-browned face. "You're liker your mother every day, my girl."

"Father! Father!" called a cheery voice outside.

"Coming, Steve!"

The door opened and let in a great wave of frosty air, and, as it closed behind him, the sturdy farmer clambered to a seat beside his son, and, with crack of whip and jingle of bells, the laden sleigh slipped cheerily away.

Jennie stood at the window, still holding the child. She was just fourteen, although her slight, childish figure made her seem younger than that by two or three years. The death of her mother when Tony was but a helpless babe had thrown premature burdens upon her young shoulders, burdens which she had borne with a patient, unselfish courage far beyond her years.

Jennie was quite used to be left alone with her little charge, while her father and brother were away at work, so it was with no special sense of loneliness that she watched the moving sleigh until it was lost at a sharp turn of the forest-bordered road-way. As the nearest neighbor lived a mile distant, she could scarcely expect visitors on such a day.

She turned away at last, and, taking her place on a low seat before the fire, proceeded to dress the child, making merry game of the task, as she told over and over on his pink toes the story of the "five little pigs."

Then, when she had given him his breakfast of bread and milk, and placed on the floor a box of well-worn playthings, she went briskly about her own household tasks. The market-town to which her father and brother had gone, was fully fifteen miles away, and, once there, they must wait for the grinding of their load of grain.

"We shall have a long day to ourselves, Tony dear," said Jenny more to herself than to the child; "but there'll be plenty to do, for sister must bake the bread and cakes for Sunday, and father and Steve will be wanting a good hot supper tonight."

"Tony help sister!" lisped the boy.

"Yes, Tony shall help sister, and sister will fry him a doughnut man."

Clapping his chubby hands, the child drew his little cricket to the table, where, by climbing upon it, he could overlook his sister's operations at her moulding-board; and thus, with frolic and cheer, the short winter day wore on.

But the sky, which had been bright at early morning, grew gradually overcast with clouds, and Jennie saw from the window a heavy mist filling all the air.

A few feathery flakes came floating down as she spoke, and these proved to be but the forerunners of a mighty host, as the storm settled over the landscape. Hour after hour passed. There were no longer any tracks to be discerned along the narrow road-way which was the only avenue through the forest.

It grew presently so dark inside the cabin that Jennie was fain to place a lighted lamp upon the table, and seat herself to listen for the first sound of distant sleigh-bells. Toney curled himself upon her lap, and soon lost himself in sleep.

Suddenly Jennie heard the muffled sound of a horse's hoofs upon the snow. A shadow darkened the window, and a moment later a heavy knock resounded upon the door. Jennie hastened to open it, with Tony still awakened, in her arms.

The visitor, who stood holding his horse by the bridle-rein, was a large, powerful-looking man, dressed in hunter's garb, with a brace of pistols in his leathern belt.

Some little city-bred maiden might have fainted with fright at so formidable an apparition, but Jennie was well accustomed to the rough exterior of the backwoodsman. The stranger looked at her keenly, as the firelight shone upon her little figure with Tony's golden head nestled against her shoulder.

"I've been caught in the storm. Can I stay all night?" he said.

"Come in, sir," answered Jennie, heartily. "We are all alone,—I and the baby,—for my father and brother are gone to town; but I expect them home every minute, and I'm sure they wouldn't like me to let any one go on in the storm. You can put your horse in the stable yonder."

Without replying, the man led away his horse in the direction indicated, whence he soon returned, and taking his place in front of the hearth, proceeded to dry his wet garments. His face, which evidently had once shown fine lines, wore a hard and bitter expression, as the flickering shadows played over his bent head and averted eyes. A vague discomfort crept over the spirit of the little hostess.

"I wonder if he's sick, poor man! he looks so miserable-like," she thought. Then she said aloud, "If you haven't been to supper, sir, I could take you up some of the pork and beans I'm keeping hot for father and Steve, and I could make you a cup of tea in a minute."

"I don't want anything," answered the man, still without looking up.

Little Tony, who, by this time, was fully awake, had slipped from Jennie's arms, and stood with great, blue, wondering eyes fixed upon the stranger. It was something wholly new to Tony's short experience to find himself unnoticed by a visitor, and he was evidently pondering deeply the problem of this unsolved personality.

He walked slowly up and down the room, at each turn approaching a little nearer the grim, silent figure before the hearth. At last he paused, and stepping yet closer, laid a small, soft hand upon the man's knee. Still there was no response. The child's breast heaved, his breath came thickly, and a grieved expression curled his rosy lip.

"Man," he said, with a tremulous baby accent, 'why don't 'oo love little boys?"

The stranger started, and a spasm of uncontrollable emotion swept over his bearded face. He turned upon the child, whose bright hair shone like a glory about his head, and with a swift, involuntary action, drew him into his arms. Some marvellous change had transfigured his face and softened the hard lines like ice before the sun.

He held the child close, murmuring over him some inarticulate expressions of fondness, while Tony, on his part, accepted most graciously the tardy homage, tugged at the stranger's watch-guard, and laughed so merrily that Jennie could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looking up, transfixed her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added,—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. Looking at him, one would have said that the man felt all his fate hanging upon the answer which the young girl should give.

"Are you afraid of me?" he said.

"Afraid?" repeated Jennie, in gentle surprise. "Why, no, sir! Surely you wouldn't do any harm to Tony or me."

"No more would I, so help me God!"

He rose and stretched himself to his full height, like one relieved from some intolerable burden.

"And now, my girl," he said, cheerily, "you may give me some of the pork and beans you spoke of,—they're mighty warming on a night like this."

Jennie sprang up with a pleased alacrity, and having placed a bountiful portion upon the table, drew a chair beside it.

"I can't see why father don't come!" she said anxiously. A curious expression flitted across the man's face, which she did not notice.

"Don't you fret, child," he said. the snow's drifting so that 'twould be nothing strange if they had to stop all night at some house along the road. But never you mind! I'll do the chores for you—you've got the cattle and things to see after, I reckon—and then I'll bring in some more logs for the fire."

"How kind you are, sir! I'm sure father will thank you a thousand times."

"Thank me yourself, child! I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since anybody had cause to thank me, and the sound is sweet."

He opened the door and went out through the blinding snow. Returning a half-hour later, he replenished the fire, raking the coals together till a red blaze mounted high in the great chimney. Then catching up Tony in his night gown, he made him laugh with a story before being carried off to bed.

"Your folks can't possibly get home tonight," he said, when Jennie reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. It storms harder every minute. But they'll be along bright and early in the morning, so don't you mind, but go and lie down with the boy, and I'll camp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir."

Once more the peculiar expression flitted across the man's face.

"Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night!"

Jennie did as she was bidden. She threw herself, still dressed, on the couch beside her little brother. It was long before she slept, for as the storm beat against the window panes, she could not repress a sharp anxiety for the safety of those she loved.

"What should I have done if this man had not come?" she thought. "He may be odd, but he is very, very kind."

She lost consciousness at last, and when she awoke the storm was over, and the sunshine streamed in at the eastern window. As she sprang up, hardly able to collect the scattered memories of the previous night, the sound of distant bells came to her ears.

"They are coming!" she cried, joyfully. Hastily she opened the door of the living-room. It was empty, and the fire smouldered low on the hearth. Her strange guest had gone suddenly and unannounced as he had come.

"He didn't wait to see father, and he had no breakfast," mourned poor Jennie. "What must he have thought of me to sleep so late as this?"

She ran to the outer door just as her father's sleigh came in sight—the stout horses struggling bravely through the heavy drifts. A cheerful hallo rang out, answered by her own clear, joyful tones. The sleigh reached the door, and in a moment Jennie was in her father's arms.

"My poor little girl! You are safe. I was afraid—hasn't anybody been here?"

"Oh yes; we haven't been lonesome, either, have we, Tony? A man came—he had been caught in the storm—and he was so good! He fed the cattle and made the fire, but—only think!—I slept so long that he went away without any breakfast."

"Ye——he only robbed me of my money. I suppose, and spared you. "Well, I'm thankful for that."

"Robbed you father! Why, he was a good man. He played with Tony and did all the chores."

John Harmon picked up a scrap of paper on the table, on which was scrawled, "Good-by, little girl; don't tell your father that anybody came, and always be good to those that aint good themselves."

"That proves it," he said. "I saw that man watching us, yesterday, when we went over the brook, and he must have cut down that tree to prevent our getting back last night. He did it to rob me." John Harmon rushed out of the room, but quickly returned, in a state of excitement and astonishment. "Why," he said, "he hasn't taken it, after all!"

Of course, they never could know the whole story, but they guessed a part of it. The farmer had in his house a considerable sum of money which he was soon to pay toward clearing the mortgage from his farm. The strange visitor must have known this fact. He certainly watched John Harmon and Steve as they went away from home. Probably he cut down the tree of which Jennie's father had spoken, in order to delay his return until he had time to get well away. Then he had come to the house, not because he was caught in the storm, but because he had some plan, which no one doubted was robbery.

John Harmon always believed that it was Jennie's innocent fearlessness and perfect trust in the rough man that changed his mind, and saved him from the loss of his money.—[Youth's Companion.

She Had Him.

"The happiest moment of a man's life," he said tenderly, "is when he knows that he has won a girl's heart."

"Is it?" she shyly asked.

"Yes," he replied; "now tell me what is the happiest moment in a woman's life.

She blushed and hung her head.

"Tell me," he whispered.

"You won't think me too bold?"

"Certainly not."

"When she's asked to name the day."

A SNAKE CHARMER.

An American Girl Who Handles Big Reptiles For a Living.

An Employment Which Requires Considerable Nerve.

Alna Don Janata, the snake charmer, is a New York girl, Ida Jeffreys, off the stage. The following extract concerning her peculiar employment, is from an interpreter with a New York World reporter:

The fat men and the lean men lugged back the red boxes to their resting place, set them down with much reverence and care in front of a roaring fire and then hurried away. Miss Jeffreys opened the boxes and took off the dainty white merino blankets and gray wolf robes that wrapped up the snakes. She lifted them up, fondled them and handed them over for inspection as she talked.

"How did I become a snake charmer?" she repeated. "Why, that isn't easy to tell. I have always liked snakes. I was born in New York, and this city has always been my home. I used to love to watch the snakes in their glass cage in Central Park when I was a little girl. They always had a fascination for me. I didn't want to pet them, you know—I don't see how any sane person can care to do that—but I liked to be around them and watch them. My people are in the show business, and when I grew up I went to work as a high-wire performer in the circus. I saw the famous Dama Ajanta, the Hindoo girl who charmed snakes here some years ago. She was tall and lithe and almost as slender as a snake. While performing with her pets she almost seemed to be a snake. She moved and acted like one. Seeing her act started me thinking why an American girl couldn't do something in that way. I made up my mind not to imitate her, but to get up a snake act of my own. In the fall of 1878 I bought four little anacondas—they were only six feet long each—and began to practise with them. I got them used to having me around and to being handled. Didn't it feel creepy at first? Yes, a little, I suppose, but I've nearly forgotten about that now. When they were quite accustomed to being handled I began to twine them around myself. Did I charm them? No I don't take any stock in the theories of so-called snake charmers. I find that you can get along very nicely with snakes by merely handling them gently. You mustn't make any sudden movements where they can see you, but let your hands glide rather than go quickly towards them. If you always remember that and never lose your presence of mind, you can handle snakes safely enough.

"Many people believe that the snakes are drugged before being handled in the circus. That is not so. They are quite as lively as ever, as you can see." So saying, Miss Jeffrey handed her visitor a long, plump boa constrictor. The young man felt pale, but pretended to like the sport. The sensation was much like that you enjoy when a proud young mother hands you a three-weeks-old baby and asks you if you don't think the dear little boy is quite heavy for his age. Boa constrictors and babies are so uncertain. Mistaking the young man's hollow, mocking smile for a sign of real joy, Miss Jeffreys put a forty-pound anaconda into his left hand. He was a cold, clammy cuss and wriggled unceasingly. The snakes eyed each other like roosters who want fight, and the young man handed them back very suddenly.

"It's simple enough, you see," said Miss Jeffreys. "You just take hold of them boldly and you'll get along very nicely with snakes. I don't use rattlesnakes or cobras, because they are poisonous. It's bad enough to risk being hugged to death without running the chance of being poisoned. The anacondas and pythons grow very fast. That long anaconda measures fully fourteen feet. He was only six feet long when I got him in 1883. How often do they feed? About once in three weeks I feed the snakes in this box. Three eat chickens, two eat rabbits, one eats pigeons, and two eat guinea pigs. I have to experiment with them till I find out their taste. That never changes. Of course, they take their food alive. The snakes in that other box are a scrub lot. They come from the South American coast. They are roughly handled on their way north, and most of them refuse to feed. They simply pine away and die in a year or so. The good feeders were born and raised in Central Park under the care of Supt. Conklin.

"Oh, yes, I get bitten once in a while. You see my hands are full of little scars. They are from python and and anaconda teeth mostly. That big one on the middle knuckle of the second finger on my right hand was made by a 14-foot python who weighed 100 pounds. I was feeding my snakes a few months ago, and the big python, in darting after a chicken that was getting away, accidently closed his jaws on my hand. In an instant he had two coils around my arm and was just about to crush me to death. I didn't want anybody to kill him, for he was worth $175, and, of course, I was afraid of being killed, and I felt very uncomfortable. Old John Fulton picked up a drum-stick from the band stand and pried open the python's mouth. That rattled him and he let go. I've had other narrow escapes, but they're rather tiresome to tell about. Do you know we have to be very careful in handling snakes that have just been fed? They swallow their pigs or chickens without chewing them, and if they are handled within a few days after dinner the bones are apt to come through the skin and kill Mr. Snake. They are very delicate, poor things, in spite of their great strength."

Uncle Sam's Conscience Fund.

A letter signed with initials and mailed at the Washington Post-office was received the other day at the Post Office Department. The writer enclosed a two-cent stamp, with the following explanatory remark for the benefit of the Postmaster-General:

"I received a letter through your office yesterday; the cancelling stamp failed to cancel the stamp. I tore the stamp off and used it. Now my conscience has got the best of me. You will please find enclosed a two-cent stamp to go to the "Conscience Fund."

As it was not money the stamp was not sent to the Treasury Department, where there is a special fund for the benefit of those who are overcome by the pangs of conscience. The letter was sent on the official round and as much ink and good paper was consumed in recording its reception in the department and its final disposition as if it had been $10,000, instead of a sickly two-cent stamp. It was first of all recorded in the book of letters received in the Postmaster-General's office, and was then sent, as endorsed by the chief clerk, to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. When it reached the latter office it was referred by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the Finance Division. Another record was made in the book of the office of letters received and jacketed. Then it found its way to the finance division. The chief of that division pasted the stamp on the letter, drew two crossmarks through the stamp with his pen and marked under it the word "cancelled," and signed his name. This operation was witnessed by a clerk who affixed his name as witness, and then the letter having reached the end of its red tape journey was duly and properly deposited in the files, where it will remain as an evidence to future generations that this petit larceny upon the government was regularly and officially atoned for. In case the citizen whose conscience was disturbed wishes to establish the fact that he has made restitution he can refer to the documents in the case which the postoffice department will kindly preserve for him without charge.—[Washington Star.

How a Horsehair Becomes a Snake.

Dr. Page asked us if we didn't want to see a horsehair that had turned to a snake. We did, and he drew a bottle from his pocket, filled with water, in which was what appeared to be a diminutive snake, five or six inches long, writhing and twisting, as if anxious to escape from the bottle. When put in the bottle it was nothing more than a hair from a horse's tail. Dr. Mathews says the hair does not undergo change, but that invisible animalcules that generate in the water collect on the hair and make it twist and squirm after the manner of a snake or worm. It is held by good authority that many of the so-called animalcules have been shown to be plants, having locomotive powers something like animals; the motion, however, is not supposed to be voluntary. But the horsehair makes a first-class snake all the same.—[Hartwell Sun.

The Ages of Criminals.

Most criminals are young. It is seldom that a grave crime, provided it be the first, is committed after the age of thirty. A careful statistician has proved that of the entire population of England and Wales the largest proportion of criminals is found between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Five times as many crimes are committed in the five years between these limits as in the ten years between the ages of fifty and sixty. Dividing the whole population into groups of those from ten years to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to forty, forty to fifty, and from fifty to sixty, it is found that from the age of twenty the tendency to crime decreases at each successive term thirty-three per cent. in the case of women, and twenty-five per cent. in the case of men.

A Blowing Well.

Looxahoma, Miss., has a blowing well over which the people there are very much interested. It is 120 feet deep and five and one-half inches in diameter, and just before a rain it emits a current air that carries the sound of a harmonica 300 yards.—[Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle.

After the Battle.

It was after the din of the battle
Had ceased, in the silence and gloom,
When hushed was the musketry's rattle,
And quiet the cannon's deep boom.
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
And drifted away from the sun,
While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight,
Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle
Rang out on the clear autumn air,
And the echoes caught back from the mountains
Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.
The arrows of sunlight that slanted
Through the trees touched a brow white as snow.
On the bloody sod lying, 'mid the dead and the dying,
And it flushed in the last parting glow.

The dark, crimson tide slowly ebbing
Stained red the light jacket of gray;
But another in blue sadly knelt by his side
And watched the life passing away.
Said the jacket in gray, "I've a brother—
Joe Turner—he lives up in Maine.
Give him these—and say my last message
Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain.
Checked his voice. Then—"You'll do me this favor,
For you shot me"—and his whispers sank low.
Said the jacket in blue, "Brother Charlie,
There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm Joe."

—[V. Stuart Mosby.

HUMOROUS.

A taking fellow—The photographer.

An international Bill—William E. Cody.

A waterfall knows how to do the cataract.

Professional decorators — Prize fighters.

Teacher—In what battle was General Blank killed? Bright Boy—His last one.

A woman treats a man like a telescope when she draws him out, looks him through and then shuts him up.

An old woman may be an incorrigible gossip, but when you come right down to facts the peacock is the greatest tail-bearer of all.

"Pa," said Bertie the other day, "why do they call a ship she?" "Because, my son, she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."

A worn-out society belle is like old maple sugar. I has a certain kind of sweetness, but has to be laid on the shelf when the new crop comes out.

"I say, Bill," said one London street urchin to another, on seeing a dude pass by, "that feller looks as if 'is 'ead had been fitted to 'is 'at, not 'is 'at to 'is 'ead."

Mother—And do you really feel so very bad, Bobbie? Bobby—Yes, ma, I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school.

A city girl, writing to her cousin in the country, said she thought it might be nice enough on a farm in the summer time, but she didn't imagine it was very pleasant in the winter, when they had to harvest the winter wheat and pick the winter apples.

First Club Man (heatedly)—All I have to say is that I consider you a puppy.

Second Ditto (coolly)—If that were the case I could take the first prize at the dog show, and that's more than you can say. First Man—How so? Second Ditto—You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding.

The gloomy winter's course is run,
Up from the earth the daises peep,
The base ball season has begun,
The umpire's wife and children weep!

Sleeping With the Head to the North.

The belief that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is said to have its foundation in a scientific fact. The French Academy of Sciences has made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man, which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed on a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, the body then remaining stationary. One of the professors turned it way around, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movement finally ceased.—[Public Opinion.

The Curious Little Seahorse.

The seahorse is a curious little creature. It is not an animal, but a fish. It is bony, has tufted gills and belongs to the pike family. It grows from six to eight inches long. The snout is prolonged and the head elevated posteriorly, very much resembling the head of a horse, the ears being represented by a spiny coronet on the occiput. The tail is long and whiplike and without a fin. It is with the tail that the fish suspend themselves to seaweeds and other submarine objects. The eyes are prominent and can be moved independently of each other and in opposite directions. In swimming these fish always assume an upright position.—[Forest and Stream.