An Angler's Song.

The daylight approaches; oh, come with me, In wet woods the partridge is beating his

White wreathings of vaper ascending from

The lake like a mirror lies placid and fair.

Away with all sorrow, A truce with all care, Rise up and follow the sun, and we'll feel The thrill of the rod and the pulse of the

The scent of the clover is deep on the The sunlight is red in the tops of the trees, The young day awakens, a blush of surprise On her face and the tears of dew in her eyes.

To the lake where a boat, like a steed in un-

Lies rocking and chafing as though it could

The life of the morning from bow unto keel. The sun is raising; oh, come, come away! Where the cedars are heavy and waters are

The screams of a fish-hawk sound faintly from where Thellilies are raising gold caps to the air.

Away with all sorrow, A truce with all care; With hand-net and backet, oh, follow and

The thrill of the rod and the pulse of the

-[Wildwood's Magazina

MOWED IN.

"Capital, Al. Now for your story,

ists' Club were relating their adven- get out myself. tures of the past season, and the one last addressed, a tail, handsome athlete, laughed slightly as he knocked the ashes from his cigar before replying.

"A droller adventure than mine, boys, never happened. There's the pathetic, the ludicrous, the tragic, the sentimental, all combined in this story of mine, and it's true, every word of it. It happened, let me see, just six weeks ago today.

"'I went with Clark and Anderson. * . you know, up to Bethlehem; from there to the White Mountains; then to Lancaster.

"Now just before starting mother eaid to me, coaxingly:

"If you go as far as Lancaster, don't forget that Janet Harding, the only cousin I have in the world, lives in the

"All right,' I replied, 'Janet Harding lives in the next town to Lancaster.

I'll remember.' "Janet Harding unmarried would have been bad enough, but with a husband, two giddy girls, and an overgrown boy of 17, could I stand it? Mother thought I could, and mother

rules our house. "When we started on our bicycle trip to Dixville Notch I planned to see the Hardings; bowl leisurely up to the door, introduce myself to Mrs. H., joke with - the girls, and then proceed; but man

proposes, etc. "As luck would have it my bicycle broke down and I had to leave it at the Falls, a little village five miles from Lancaster, for repairs. Clark and Anderson went on without me to North Stratford, where I was to meet them by train, and I proceeded on foot to the

Harding farm, some two miles from the "The farm, a smooth interval dotted with fields of ripening grain, and the large verandahed house, and creat roomy barns clustering about it, but not too near, all bespoke plenty, comfort and hospitality.

'Hospitality, did I say? Well, I shan't take it back, although I found the door locked and not a living thing in sight except an old white hen. Mark the exception for that hen plays an important part in my adventure.

"I noticed her, and in particular marked the proud, complacent step, the 'conceited 'car-car' she uttered, as she looked at me knowingly from the corner of her eye. Little dil I think-but no matter. You will see by and by the golden thread that binds all the points

"Well, here we were, the white hen and I, but Janet Harding was not, nor the girls, nor the boy, nor Mr. Harding, "I decided to go to the barn and lie down on the hav, the new-mown hav,

and await their coming. "For me to think, is to act. A few minutes later I had climbed to the mow and ensconced myself under a brace in the corner where the afternoon sun glinted through a long crack, making slanting dust-beams across my breast.

"I made a few verses as I lay on the fragrant hav, but I didn't poetize long. I fell asleep and I dreamed, and my dreams grew thicker and blacker and heavier, until at last I dreamed that Janet Harding and her whole family were seated on my stomach, and oh, the pressure! I groaned and waked myself up, but I wasn't much better off then, for Egyptian darkness reigned about me, except for the crack where

the light still sifted through. "Where was I? What was the matter? I couldn't think, the horrible pressure was so maddening. All about, around, above, was packed piles of oats, not shelled oats, you know, but oats before they are threshed, on the stock, or in the year.

whatever you call it. While I was asleep I had been mowed/in, and that's all there was to it/except that I couldn't move hand nor foot. Two or three loads must have been thrown on top of me, trod down, and clinched, so to

"Well, I tumbled around a bit and got my hands free and poked the grain away from my face a little. I was in a corner, as I told you, under a brace, and this gave me a chance for my life-that and the crack which gave me a breath of air in the hot, stifling place. I was just as effectually emersed as were the monks in olden times when they were walled up in their living tombs, for no Come out on the mountain-side, over the emount of strength served to lift the burden a particle.

"By and by something fluttered at my feet and rose up and cackled.

"It was the white hen. "I knew her and she knew me, but bless you, she didn't want anything of me nor my company. I could see that. But she couldn't get out? Oh! but couldn't ske? She cocked her head impudently to one side, stepped daintily to a tiny aperture about half as big as her head, and I saw at a glance that she meant business. The less sense the more instinct; I saw that the creature would get out somewhere.

"Why not use her for a carrier pigeon and thus establish communication with the outside world? I couldn't dare to die here and be pitched out to the cattle by forkfuls, or put through a threshing muchine, although I might Four members of the Bicycle Tour- deserve such treatment, and I couldn't

"I tore a leaf from my note book and wrote something like this:

Come to my rescue. I am buried fathoms deep in cats, northwest corner of the barn just opposite the house. My blue necktie is thrust through the crack. Perhaps you can it. I am mowed in. Your relative,

FRED INGERSOLL. "I tied the note to the hen securely with a portion of the necktie, the rest fluttered from the barn, and Biddy stepped forth, 'one foot up, the other foot down,' carefully, conscientiously, as a hen does, and by and by a faint rustling spoke hopefully of her progress to my waiting heart. Meanwhile I was a prev to agxious thoughts.

"Suppose she should never reach the light, but perish in her perilous journev, become hemmed in and unable to go any further; suppose she should lose the letter in her passage-but a triumphant cackle assured me that the white hen had reached the barn floor, and blessed sight! a little later I saw her through the crack walking proudly away from the door with the letter

'Just then two young lalies drove into the vard. Pretty? Well, I guess so. You don't often see handsomer girls than Janet Harding's. One was dressed in seal brown, the other in navy

"'Do look at that hen!' cried Seal Brown. 'I do believe it's a billet-doux from your William. If it is, now, I'll clap my hands hard, just so, and I'll say, 'Billy; do send me one, too.'

"'Oge, two; and will it take two to satisfy you?' said Navy Blue, laughing at her sister's saucy fice. I laughed, too, and fell in love with her then and "They lured the hen toward them

with a handful of corn. Seal Brown swooped down and loosened the letter "I saw all this through a crack in the

bara and heard them make morry over the distress of their city cousin. ":Wel', to make a long story short,

the girls du ; me out, for the men were in the meadow after more oats. It seems that they were in a great hurry to get at the oats, and the hired man mowed away. Probably the first forkful covered me and that was doubtless ut on without looking. Nobody knew ust how it came about. When I came to view I did the best and the only thing I could do-I laughed and the girls laughed. It was a lulicrous introduction to the family but it served its turn. I found the girls no less charming than pretty; Hirry, a fine lad home from college; Mrs. Harding, a lady in every sense of the word, and Mr. Harding, shrewd, corpu'ent and good-natured,

and that is all." "All!" they echoed. "There ought to be a wedding."

"There is to be a wedding," said the other, coolly. "Which Navy Blue or Seal Brown?"

"Navy Blue." "When are you to be married?" "Never, perhaps."

to be a weddiag!" "So I'did. Navy Blue is to marry her William." "And you are in a Brown study still,"

"Why, I thought you said there was

said one slyly. Fred actually blushed. "Yes, the most puzzling study of my

life, and the most interesting," an I he walked away. "Hard hit, isn't he?" The rest nodded. - [Hartford Times.

One of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day

QUEER INDUSTRY.

Trading in the Beasts That Live in Menageries.

Hunting Parties Sent Everywhere in Search of Curiosities.

The expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars each year in the procurement of wild beasts, birds and revtiles seems like the wicked extravagance of some magnificent potentate, but when it is incurred in the course of trade it furnishes tood for thought by the philosopher, talk by the moralist and amusement and instruction for the multitude. Mr. Reiche, a New York dealer in wild animals, has been interviewed on this subject by a Graphic re-

"We send out some half a dozen expeditions every year," he said, to different parts of the world. There are three points in Africa to which we send. One goes to the north of Africa and thence to the futerior as far as circumstances may det te. Another goes to Cape Town and theace northerly by ex teams into the interior as far towards Rider Haggard's land of story as may be. The third goes to the west coast and through Liberia. Then we send one to Para and that goes to any point in South America that seems most desirable. Another goes to Australia and New Zealand. Then we send parties out for walrusses and sea lions towards the South Pole. They sometimes catch a polar bear, but not often.

"It would be almost impossible to say what is expended in the pursuit. The entire capital invested is turned over as frequently as possible. Sometimes we have money lying idle for a time, and sometimes it is all invested in the different consignments that are coming home. It would be equally hard to estimate the profits, for, of course, the business is full of accidents. We are liable to lose the beasts that have cost us the most, and we may get very high prices for some that have cost comparatively little. There was one hippopotamus that our hunter, Lohse bought for \$60 from some natives on the Settite River in A rica. The animal was only a few days old when he Lought it and it was kept for some time before it was sold for \$20,000. O. course the difference between the two sums was not all or nearly all profit, but

"Necessarily our hunters run into all sorts of dangers, not only from the wild beasts themselves, but from the natives in some of the wild countries they have to explore. They are trained men, though, and seldom come to utter grief though some of the men they employ are frequently killed. In Africa they will have sometimes a party of 200 or 300, or even 500 natives employed in hunting the big game. Their stories of adventure are as thrilling as those in any book of travel, but the professional hunter is not often a professional story teller, and the stories that you find in books are generally told second hand.

"What do we do with our goods when we get them? They are, the most of them, taken to Germany, to our healquarters at Alfeld. There they are kept for a time if they are out of condition in any way, or if they have to be acclimated. From Alfeld they are shipped to one of our distributing depots. We have several places in different parts of the world similar to this one. You may call them salesrooms. Then we send direct to our cu tomers.

"Who buy them? Oh, circus people, city governments and private collectors. Of course, the circus people are the largest buyers. They use up a great many animals. That is, their curiosities die faster than they would if it were not for the constant travel. They are cared for as well as possible, but of course the life is hard on them. Then there are public and private zoological gardens which we supply, and multitudes of people buy all sorts of pets Here, for instance, is a pet that would be appreciated by a great many."

And he reached down into the barrel, the bottom of which was covered with young alligators, which were squirming and straddling around to two or three inches of dirty water. Picking one of thes; up by the head he held it in his hand and poked it to show that it was soft, being newly hatch d. Then he tried to see if it would bite him, and finding it would not put it carefully back among its brethren.

Willing to Sell.

"That is a dangerous looking dog you have there, Descon. Aren't you afraid he will injure somebody?'

"Well, yes," replied the deacon uneasily. "I haven't much confidence in the animal. If you hear of anybody who wants a good dog, let me know, and I'll sell him cheap."-[Life.

Out of Practice. Woman (who has given something to eat to a trama): You have a very

awkward way of eating, man. of practice. - [Life.

An Old Trick Revived.

"The old track of painting diamonds so, as to/make vellow stones resemble the most beautiful blue white is being ex tensively carried on by a firm in our town," says a Kansas City jeweler. "The fraud is archever one, and not only imposes on the inexpert, but is calculated to deceive even the connoisseur.

"The trick is very simple. All that s needed is a vellow diamond --- the vellower the better --- and a common indelible blue pencil. After wetting the diamond, you pencil the stone all around its surface, upper and lower sides. Then rub the stone with a piece of cotton or linen, in order to equalize the distributien of the color, and you will find the yellow stone transformed into one of a perfect bluish tint.

"In this manner it is easy to make a \$50 stone appear worth \$200, as even a magnifying glass fails to show that the stone has been colored; although if washed in alcohol, turpentine or benzine it, of course, returns to its original

"This trick is being played daily in Kansas City. The agents of the min who is thus transforming cheap stones to gems of apparently great worth are all around town, and some of them are even-working neighboring cities.

"People who have recently bought diamonds at a bargain should plunge them into a benzine or alcohol bath and then rub them with a tooth brush. Their eyes may be opened to the real value of their purchases. - [Jaweller's Weekly.

A Wind Scourge. The mistral is the northwest wind which is the scourge of the South of France in Winter and Spring, The mountain ranges of the Cevennes being covered with snow and the shores or the Mediterranean being many degrees warmer, the icy-cold air rolls down the slopes of the mountains with terrific violence, and, invading Provence and Langueloc, destroys the vineyarls, uproots trees, throws down buildings, and is so intensly dry that it withers every green thing. According to Strabo the melamboreas precipitated men from their charriots and stripped them of their arms and vestments. Locally the saving is that the three-plagues of the country are the Parliament, the nistral, and the Durance. Like our wn east wind it does some good as well as a great deal of mischief, as it readers the air more salubrious by dispelling the nexious vapors from stagnant waters and marshes. In ancient times it was personified as the most dreaded of the gods of the district. The conditions of atmospheric pressure favoring the mistral are a high barometer over Europe and a low baremeter over the Gulf of Lyons. The bise is a similar and excessively cold northerly wind in the Swiss and French Alps. - [Longman's Magazine.

The Favorite Color.

It is a curious circumstance that red, the unseen color of so many, is the favorite color, and may be called the king color, of the normal eye. It was especially so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever use color as an epithet, as we do when we sav "the blue sky," "the purple hills." They say, indeed, "the Rid Sea;" but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings, or the high priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace of "red and blue and black and while marble" in the Bool of Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of disease, is mentioned but once or twice: "her feathers like yellow gold." But red is largely spoken of as in later times, and perhaps as incorrectly, for we dil not invent, we only inherit, the expression, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange, and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair" is a modern, or rather mediaval inaccurscy; "red cow" we got from the ancients. These epithets all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more kingly and costly color. -[Good Worls.

A Remarkable Tree.

A Nevala paper describes a r.m.rkble kind of tree which is sail to grow in that part of the country, and which certainly possesses qualities of great value according to the description. The trees do not grow large, a tree with a trunk about a foot in diameter being much above the average. When dry, the wood is about as hard as boxwood, and being of very fine grain, might, no doubt, be used for the same purpose. It is of a rich red color and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be a fine material for the wood carver. In the early days it was used for making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances, for shoes and dies in quartz batteries, Used as a fuel it creates intense heat. It burns with a blaze as long as ordfnary wood would last, and then it is found --- almo t unchanged in form --- converted into charcoal that lasts twice as long as ordinary wood. For fuel a cord of it brings about the same price Yes, ma'em; I guess it's cause I'm out as a ton of coal. Unfortunately it burns out stoves faster than any kind of coal.

FEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He that lives with cripples learns to

Truth and oil always come to the sur-

One enemy is too many, and a hun-

dred friends are too few.

There are some things that silence alone can answer. Small ideas and large words make a

painful combination. It is mind, soul and heart-not taste or art-that makes men great.

If you would know what is said of you in your absence, consider what is said of others in your presence.

Never speak well or ill of vourself, If well, men will not believe you; if ill, they will believe a great deal more than Vanity and jealousy are the two

weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most Some things after all come to the

poor that can't get in at the doors of the rich whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way. If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each

man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility. Of all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are

the things we call books. Time is the greatest of tyrants and extortioners. As we go toward age he t xes our health, our limbs, our facul

ties, our strength and our features. Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumbers disturbed by the fire-bell than to perish amil flames in

Library Cranks.

In making a tour among the promiment public libraries in New York City recently a Sun reporter picked up some curious information concerning the eccentric people who frequent Gotham's big storehouse of knowledge. Said one

"Of all cranks the library crank is the most unendurable. He is the highest type of his species. There is one man who frequents-I might say, lives in-this library who is in my estimation the boss crank. Every morning, in rain or sunshine, he can be found patiently waiting for the janiter to throw open the door when he ru hes in as though his life depended on his baste, and making for the shelf on which we keep "Burke's Peerage," lugs it to the table and is soon apparently absorbed in its contents. He has continued to do this every day, excepting Sunday, when the library is closed, for over two years. He always reads the same book, seldom changing his position during the entire day, and pauses only at noon time, when he partakes of a luncheon consisting of an apple and a sandwich. He is the first to appear in the morning and the last to leave at night. Where or how he lives I do not know. He is quite harmless, however, and as he seems to be as much of a fixture as the table he sits at, and interferes with no one, we never disturb him. He was here every day during the blizzard week and seemed to be totally unconscious of the great storm. We will soon have to tuy a new copy of the 'Peerage,' as he has worn the book quite thin and rag-

ged by his constant u age."

_ A New Style of Stationery. "What are the fashions in note paper now?' asked a reporter for the New York Mail and Express of a stationer

"This is a very popular style," said the stationer, as he pointed to a strip of paper two or three feet long and four

"Great Scott!' exclaimed the re-

"Yes, sir, you've hit it. It is called Great Scott.' It folds up into a small spice and looks very neat afterwards. Anoter style is the size and shape of business letter paper, and it is placed in long, narrow envelopes. Ladies use envelopes to appear as much like a business letter as possible. The raggededged paper i very popular, and so is parer cut into square sheets. In fact, anything out of the regular style can be used now."

Irish Mutton. The sweetest, tenderest and mo t palatable mutton in the world is that raised in Iroland. The sheep grow larger than ours, they feed on better pastures, and their meat is wholly free from that strong, "sheepy" taste which makes ours so disagreeable to many palates. No American who has enten the mutton served in the Irish hotels will take any other kind of meat while he stays there. The English muttor, though better than ours, is far inferior to the Irish. American mutton is sold in the English, Irish and Scotch markets, but it brings from three to four pence less a pound than the native products, and no one who can affor! the latter will take the former. -[Boston Globe.

Delusion of a Hemp Eater.

A writer in St, James Gazette gives the following description of his marvellous sensation while under the influence of Indian hemp. A friend of ours told us of his experience with the potent drug in Washington during the war, when he took a quantity in an experimental way. In his case the hallucinations as to time and distance were very similar to those given below. It is not an experience to be desired.

The rooms seem to turn round; 'the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity and the throbbing of the heart becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything-the ideas seem to slip away. In another ten minutes the characteristic indications of hemp-eating appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Brobdignagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants, and any trifling obstacle in the way when you attempt to walk appears so big that you fear to step

The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyond the range of sight, and one fancies the street outside is recoding before one's very eye. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless intervals between the words. His own attempts at speech are similarly marked; the syllables come slowly, laboriously and minutes seem to elapse between the beginning and end of a word. In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the narghile that always accompanies the beverage, and the body seems to rise into the air and float about, though inexplicably enough the feet keep firmly pressed to the

Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves, to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full to bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker; the pipe slips from the nerveless fingers; the will altogether fails, and the body seems to rise and float away in space. A heavy, dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and as a rule the novice awakes none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon juice removes any sensation of nausea or ight headache that may ensue.

Personification of the Rainbow.

The rainbow is one of the atmospheric phenomena that have been most generally personified. Peoples of almost every part of the world have made of it a living and terrible monster whose most venial offense is that of drinking up the waters of springs and ponds. This belief is found among the Burmese, Zulus, Indians of Washington Territory, ancient Mexicans, and Finns, and exists among the popular fancies of the Slavs and Germans, and some of the French populations. The Zulus and Karens of Burmah imagine that the rainbow spreads sickness and death. The Karens, when they see one, say to their children: 'The rainbow has come down to drink; do not play, for fear that harm may come to you!" Very singularly, too, the street boys in Volhynia run away, crying, "Run, it will drink you up!" In Dahomey, the rainbow is regarded as a heavenly serpent, Danh, which insures happiness. The modern Greeks hold it to be a beneficent but just and severe hero; they say that any one who jumps over a rainbow will change sex at once; but this saying which is also current in Alsace, is only a picturesque way of indicating the impossibility of transforming a man into a woman, or a woman into a man. The Delians offered cakes to the rainbow, and the Peruvians put its image on the walls of their temples. The Caribs considered its appearance on the sea a favorable presage; but on the earth its i fluence was pernicious, and they hid from its view. It was personified by a viper. -[Popular Science

Mosthly.

A New Mexican Parrot. Miss McCutcheon, of Socorro, New Mexico, has a parrot that sings to the accompaniment of a piago almost perfectly. A party of friends were recently gathered at the residence of this young lady, when, for the amusement of the circle, the parrot was brought into prominence. The bird, as soon as it was brought into the room, commenced to whistle a popular tune. It whistled this tupe over and over again, until one of the party suggested that the tune be changed, whereupon the parrot stopped quickly, and, casting a look of contempt at the young man who made the suggestion, cried: 'Chestnuts!"

Misunderstood.

A tramp called at a house, and whenthe servant opened the door, requested something to eat. The woman replied by whistling for the dog. "You misunderstand me, mum."

hastily remarked the mendicant. "How so?" "I asked that you should feed me.

not the dog," was the reply, as the crab and then tackles the next hole on tramp quickly dashed through the gate. -[Youth's Companion. its list

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Glutton Ben. There was a very greedy boy-They called him Glutton Ben; His appetite was large enough For half a dozen men. One Christmas night he ate and a

And when he crept to bed, folks thought He'd ne'er get up again. A dozen velling savages Rode o'er the mountain crest;

From eight o'clock to ten;

An engle from the sky swept down And bore him to her nest; And then a doughty drayman dumped A hogshead on his breast; 'Twas thus the horrid nightmares

Broke in upon his rest. His face grew pallid in its pain, His legs they were up-bent; The doctor fe t his throbbing pulse

With attitude intent. "A surfeit of plum pudding, this," Was his blunt comment; He wrote out a prescription And then away he went. -[Harper's Young P.

Maxwell's Aquar'e Ca

John Maxwell of Rondout, the owner of a dark gray Itali that not only jumps in the water and swims along the docks in search of rats, but is a successful fisherman. The cat has been known to crouch on the gunwale of a Delaware and Hud on canalboat for an hour or longer and watch for a fish to appear near the surface of the water. One day the piscatorial feline took into Mr. Maxwell's store at different times an 'cel, a catfish and a yellow perch. The eel was about eighteen inches long and the perch wriggled in the cat's mouth .-[Kingston Freeman.

A Dog Who Stole Newspapers.

"A paper carrier came to me one day and told me that somebody was stealing the papers left on a certain doorsten every morning before the subscriber got a chance to see them," said a Chicago policeman the other day to a Tribune reporter. "The gentleman living in the house had, it appeared, hauled the carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I concluded to watch the house and see who it was that was stealing the papers, for I was satisfied that the carrier was telling the truth. The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the opposite side of the street to await developments. In a few minutes I saw a big black Newfoundland dog climb over the fence from the adjoining yard and pick up the haper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ras through the back yard. The next morning I waited for the canine thief, and gave him a reprimand with my club, and ever after that he let the

papers alone." How a Toad Undresses. A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it; and a

friend has seen another do it in the same

"About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not want ing him to leave I hoed around him; he appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared se singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs the skin began to burst open straight along the back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he anpeared unconcerned and kept ou rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until if came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one, and occupied but a short

A Crab-Catching Ape.

"That's a lone fisherman," said a New

York bird dealer as he pointed to a Java ape. "It is the best crab catcher known." "How does he manage to get the crab?" asked the Telegram's menagerie critic. "Catches 'sm with his tail. He is the only kind of ape that has a long tail. When it sees a crab the ape backs up to the hole where the crab has disappeared, thrusts his tail into it and awaits events. The crab, feeling somewhat angry at the intrusion, nabs the tail, the ape leaps forward, and before the crab can sav "Jack Robinson" it finds itself on dry land with 8000° miles of terra firms under the ane, who soon chews up the