

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The population of Berlin, according to the census just completed, is 1,316,382.

London has a humane institution, a home for lost and starving dogs, where as many as 900 dogs enter in six days.

Russia has 33,400 doctors, of whom 380 are women. The dentists number but 500, and the pharmacists 2,000.

A husband and wife, at Leipzig, named Zillack, recently announced to their friends through the columns of the Tagblatt that a girl—their twenty-ninth child—had been born to them.

Last year there were 194,723 acres of fruit orchards in Great Britain. This year the area has increased to 197,532 acres.

It would seem that Nutfield, near Redhill, Eng., is the most healthy spot in the world, as the doctor has announced that, with a population of 1,200, only one male died last year, and he was eighty-eight years old.

A girl who was bitten by a mad dog and subsequently inoculated by Dr. Pasteur explains that thirty-six days having elapsed before she was inoculated, the period of incubation was, therefore, too late.

The outrageous inequality of sentences in England has given rise to the suggestion that a Board of Revision, consisting of retired Judges, should meet once a week, and submit their report to the Home Secretary.

That was a strange error in the Daily News report of Mr. Gladstone's West Calder speech. The allusion to the Laureate's contemptuous phrase for present-day politics, "Lies upon this side, lies upon that side," was converted by the compositor into "He's upon this side, he's upon that side."

That the Duke of Cumberland is in something more than easy circumstances may be gathered from the fact that the gold and silver plate which he has inherited from the late King of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick weighs upward of eight tons!

There are no less than four Queens of Spain now living—Isabella, mother of the late Alfonso; Amelia, wife of King Amadeus, of Savoy, mother of the present King of Italy, who was for two years King of Spain; and two others, Christina, widow of the late King Alfonso, and Mercedes, the present Queen, five years old.

The state coaches of the Lord Mayor of London and of Queen Victoria are nearly equal. The latter dates from 1762, the third year of George III., and was used by the Lord Mayor first used a state coach, on November 9th. The first coach lasted till 1757, when the one now in use was built by subscription and presented to him. It is very similar to the Queen's.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

A Pathetic Story of a Young Soldier Who Served in Both the Union and Confederate Armies.

The civil war was such a big thing, it lasted so long, and covered such a vast expanse of territory, that it was an easy matter for a man to fight in both armies, and escape detection and punishment as a deserter.

It was a cold wet day in April, 1865. The lieutenant had become separated from his command on the march. He lost his way and threw himself on the wet ground completely worn out.

The poor fellow told his story afterward with a good deal of detail. He said that the Federals wanted to treat him as a spy. When they refused to believe his tale of desertion he offered to volunteer as a proof of his good faith.

Some times this fellow of the two flags passes through Georgia on a business trip. He never hunts up any of his old Confederate comrades.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The Late General McClellan's Idea Concerning the Organization and Maintenance of Militia Companies.

It is perfectly practicable, under a proper system, to form in time of peace National Guard regiments of infantry capable of becoming thoroughly efficient after a short term of field service, and competent to render effectual co-operation with the regulars in war.

There is no reason why the organized militia should not readily be placed in condition to quell all riots and local disturbances, even where they have reached the stage of incipient organized rebellion, and they should be fully able to do this work without any aid whatever from the regular army, which need then be called upon only to protect the property of the general Government.

It is a fact that in this country the mere presence of a handful of regulars has always sufficed to prevent or quell riots without the necessity of firing upon the mob. This has arisen from the fact that it is well known that the regulars are under thorough discipline, and will unhesitatingly obey any order to fire, and that when they fire it will be upon the mob, and not over their heads.

The National Guards will accomplish precisely the same results wherever it is known that their discipline and esprit de corps are such as to insure their prompt and efficient obedience of any orders received, and that throughout a personal sympathy of any of their members with individuals in the mob.

As the existence of a trustworthy force of the National Guard is important to the country, as well as to the individual States, it is only just that the general Government should assume its fair share of the expense.

This can best be done in the form of arms, ammunition, clothing, camp and garrison equipment, and the like, to insure uniformity of equipment and armament, and also probably in the issue of rations, and even of pay under certain circumstances.

For example, the organization of heavy artillery should be confined to the States on and adjacent to the seaboard and lake frontier, within whose limits permanent fortifications exist, or where temporary batteries armed with heavy guns are maintained for the event of foreign war; moreover, the strength of these organizations should be greatest in the States nearest our most extensive and important sea-coast defenses, for instance, the harbor of New York.

On the same principle, the infantry organizations should be relatively the strongest in the States most liable to foreign attack, or where large manufacturing and mining establishments most abundant, as in the West and the Northern regions, are probable centers of domestic disturbance.

While it is very desirable to organize a certain portion of the National Guard in the agricultural districts, it has never been found easy to bring the men together, and the lack of proper facilities, but it is probably practicable to lessen these difficulties by granting additional pecuniary aid, at least in the smaller towns where the troublesome elements are not present, or at least in a very small proportion.

But the essential condition at the foundation of the whole matter is the establishment of good discipline and esprit de corps for the National Guard can be relied upon to do its duty in the maintenance of law and order, without regard to personal sympathies, and that this can be brought about by no other means.

In preparing legislation, whether by the general Government or States, to carry out these purposes, it should never be forgotten that those who enter the National Guard necessarily give to the public a great deal of their time, and that with those who form the vast majority of the National Guard time is a matter of the greatest value, and that, having made this most important contribution to the public service, they should be relieved from any extraordinary demands for arms, equipments, uniforms, armories, etc., should be furnished free of cost, and when they are called out during working-hours, whether for duty or instruction, should be more than paid for their own gratification, they should receive fair compensation, and all necessary expenses for their subsistence and transportation should be paid.

An efficient National Guard is not a luxury, but a necessity, and the public can well afford to meet the cost, provided it is kept within just limits, and expended wisely and honestly.—George B. McClellan, in Harper's Magazine.

THAT SAUSAGE.

A Worthy Dominee's Inexpressible consternation and Chagrin.

A clergyman in a Southern State was on his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he was passing the house of a widow lady, a member of his congregation, she ran out and stopped him, saying, as he had just slaughtered their hogs, she had put up a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding that, as she had put in double paper packets, she thought it would not soil his clothes.

He thanked her earnestly for her kindness, and rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket. All the time he was officiating at the grave a large, half-starved hound kept sniffing around him, sometimes approaching alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the fresh meat. As the deceased was a man of some prominence, there was a considerable crowd collected, and great mourning and lamentation came from the family group; so no one

paid any attention to the movements of the animal, but all noticed with concern—for he was beloved by his congregation—the great pallor of the clergyman, and the beads of perspiration standing upon his brow, and they began to whisper to each other that Mr. H— must be ill.

After the interment they all proceeded to the church, where the funeral sermon was to be preached. Just before entering, Mr. H— turned round to ascertain the whereabouts of the parson, and when he saw he was not far from him, but the crowd prevented him from approaching too closely. Just at this moment some one gave the poor creature a cruel kick, which sent him off howling.

When the minister reached his pulpit—one of those old-fashioned affairs ascended by a short, steep flight of steps—he breathed more freely. He was just about to commence his duties when the sexton, a good old man, came noisily up the steps with a slip of paper in his hand, which he wished to give to the minister, but who was annoyed by that gentleman, though seen by all the congregation. He gently withheld his coat to attract his attention.

A thrill of horror passed over the unhappy preacher as the dreadful thought that the dog had entered unseen in the crowd, and was now about to take forcible possession of the sausage before the whole assembly; so, hoping to drive him away, he kicked back, cursing him vigorously, and struck the old man in the breast, who rolled down the steps.

Seeing the look of surprise and alarm on the faces of the audience, he stammered out, with crimson face: "I must explain to you my brethren, what man has seen my intertemperate conduct. A friend came out to me, as I was passing the house, with a small package of sausage for me to carry home in my pocket; but ever since I dismounted from my horse he has been poking his pointed nose into my prostrate sinner, and without looking round—has been following me, and at length came into the pulpit, and has been tugging at my coat, determined to get the sausage from my pocket."

The sexton, who had a little while ago been so much startled and a little hurt, arose from the floor, and the minister at a glance took it all in, stared wildly at him, took a drink of water, turned very pale, and sat down, overwhelmed with consternation.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

HUNTING AND HUNTED.

Reverend Bees and Their Attacks Upon Ostrich Hunters.

It is a common thing for the people of South Africa to have tame ostriches with the rest of their poultry and live stock. A recent traveler had an opportunity of witnessing what the Scotch call a "bitting," or the removal of several families from one district of the country to another, and he noted that these ostriches had a very quaint and unusual effect—something to which European eyes are quite unaccustomed, whether in reality or picture.

These strange birds generally stalked at the head of the procession, and appeared to be not in the ratting, but in all domestic animals. Occasionally one would deviate to the right or left of the track to peck a mouthful of grass, but as soon as the driver would leave the road and shout at it, it would immediately return to its proper place, and march forward with the same demure gravity, as if to be guilty of an infringement of rules was the last thing it would think of.

Ostriches always have an intensely stony look, but one who nearly approaches the uninitiated would take them for; and although the most timid creatures on the earth when in a state of nature, yet in captivity, or when domesticated, they are bold and dangerous.

As they are very voracious, and are continually walking up to the object of their indignation with a quiet, measured stride, never evincing for a moment the slightest evidence of hostility, in fact, looking such fools that no one would suspect them of being so dangerous.

When a flock of ostriches is driven, with great strength and velocity, they raise their feet and strike forward, the edges of the toes being so sharp that they will cut one's clothes the whole length of the stroke. As they are very stupid, they are kicked on the head, perhaps one turns to run from them, but their speed is such that an attempt thus to elude them is useless. The only plan to be pursued is to throw yourself down, call on your face or back.

They can still kick you in these positions, but they will jump on you, and trample all over you. While this operation is going on, you may give vent to your feelings, and satisfy your self—these clothes are very good, and very reminders—that two can play at the same game.

In South Africa, in the lands of the Vee Boers, flocks of ostriches on the banks of the rivers form a most picturesque sight, and one very tempting to the hunter, especially if he be an Englishman. The hunters of the African ostrich are sometimes themselves hunted by disturbing the natural bee-hives in the vast tropical forests. These bees are very venomous, and their sting is very dangerous. The natives when attacked by them are sometimes obliged to seek refuge in the streams, as the bees will pursue a party that has disturbed them, for a great distance, and a half-naked African man, whose life is in an open conflict with them.—Trotter's Companion.

HEALTH HINTS.

The Immediate Consequences of Good and Bad Appetites.

The former is always to be regarded as a blessing, the latter but little less than a curse. A good and natural appetite indicates the real needs of the system, how much will restore the wasted tissues and afford needed strength, and to a great extent, the kinds of food needed. This demands but very simple food, a reasonable quantity, the demand changing, both in regard to quantity and kinds, with the seasons. A bad appetite is never reliable and should never be regarded as a rule of action.

It often demands more than the digestive organs can possibly dispose of, and is never constant, but constantly misleading its victims. It demands food very difficult of digestion, unripe fruits, greasy jargery, the irritating spices, crude pickles, hot biscuits, doughnuts, sausage and fat pork, which is never satisfied—always crying, "give, give!" It demands opium, strong tea and coffee, tobacco, intoxicants, all of which are made agreeable by a stimulant, morbid taste, it is never judicious to gratify such an appetite; its gratifications can never promote our highest welfare, never develop the system harmoniously.—Golden Rule.

—A. de Brazza, the African explorer, was given an ovation on his arrival in Paris. In an interview he said that the commerce of the Congo region required the building of a railway for its accommodation.

PITH AND POINT.

The man who knows the least requires the greatest space to tell it.—N. Y. Mail.

It is customary in Germany to kill an editor whenever he says anything witty. There has been no editor killed in Germany for many years.—Evansville Argus.

First Doctor—Well, I'm sorry to see you in this shape, Doc. Who's prescribing for you, by the way? Second Doctor—Nobody. Doing it myself.

First Doctor—Great Scott! don't! You're committing suicide!—Puck.

Tailor—Married or unmarried? Customer—Married. Tailor (to cutter)—One pocket concealed in lining of vest. Customer—Eh? What? Tailor (explaining)—To hide your change, you know, at night. I'm married myself.—Chicago Rambler.

It knocks all the gilt off the gingerbread of an editor's life to know that when he has written a fiery and brilliant article denouncing tyranny and exposing the wickedness of his government, and split kindling-wood for his wife and shine his mother-in-law's boots.—Chicago Tribune.

An elderly gentleman is seen to tread on a piece of orange-peel, and come heavily down, on what may be politely called the small of his back. To him, polite stranger, raising his hat: "Excuse me, sir; would you mind doing that again? My friend didn't see it."—Harper's Bazar.

—Jones—Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw. Smith—Correct. They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four. Smith—Correct. Jones—What do you do for it? Smith—In order to economize. You see it costs nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin.—Boston Post.

—Sophia (talented and accomplished)—Yes, I like Mr. Filson. He's so sensible. He told me he didn't care a rap for unintellectual women, however beautiful they might be. Cousin Bolla (only pretty)—Did he, really? He told me he couldn't do without intellectual women. He said woman's mission was to be beautiful!—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—I understand that Tossop has quit drinking; how did it happen? "Why, he wandered into a temperance meeting the other evening, and he was asked to take the pledge, and did it. Poor fellow, he couldn't refuse, you know. He never had refused when asked to take something, and he hadn't the courage to break his record."—Boston Transcript.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

A Too Frequent Test of the Financial Value of Tenpenny Nails.

Something clinked on the bottom of the Randolph street car, and an indifferently washed man, wearing bad clothes and a worse face, groined about despairingly.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" involuntarily murmured a pale woman with eye-glasses and sympathy, "he just looks as though it was the last nickel he had."

The other nine passengers looked excessively sorry, and the tintinnulations of the conductor's approaching bell-punch percolated through the gloom like melancholy eddies from some distant convent tower. The indifferently washed man put on a poverty shiver as the conductor came along.

"My dime, sir, just fell through the foot-rack there on the floor."

"Where?" asked the conductor, at length, "here's your five cents change. I'll find the dime when I take the car into the barn."

Then everybody thought what a kind man the conductor was, and the unwashed passenger departed marked at the Halsted street crossing.

Not long subsequent he ascended into a Madison street transport. Something clinked on the floor soon after.

"Here, sir," said the conductor, interrupting the fellow, "you've lost a dime. It was making among the interstices of the foot-rack."

"I've lost my dime, sir, and it—"

"Blurred tramp who worked that—"

"Dodge on me last week."

"Bang! Bang!" The unwashed man screamed; the man laughed; and, fishing himself out of the slushy snow, looked unutterably bankrupt as he spitefully cast away his remnant stick—a handful of tenpenny nails.—Chicago News.

A DEPOT STORY.

How a Brakeman Dined a Train With Great Success.

"Horrible, horrible! sir, it was horrible. I never want to witness such a sight again." He was a little fat fellow buttoned up in a neat suit of clothes, that proclaimed him a drummer at first sight; his little round nose peeped over his curled lawn-tennis mustache as if to see what his mouth was saying.

"What has happened?" chimed in the usual old woman in mourning and spectacles, who is always around every depot.

"Why," said the fat man, after getting his breath, "I walked down the track to get a little fresh air, when I saw a brakeman fall down between the cars and with my own eyes saw forty-seven cars pass over him. Oh, it was horrible! horrible! Here the fat man closed his eyes as though to shut out the sight."

"And did it kill him?" broke in the old woman.

"The fat man opened his eyes, and in an easy way said: 'Oh, no; it didn't kill him. How could it? Only forty-seven cars, and they only loaded with pig-iron, coal, etc. Kill him, my dear madame? No, indeed; he only dined the engine and four box-cars, nine flat-cars; after the last engine car he always the case after forty-seven cars has run over a man—and commenced to examine the track to see what damage had been done. He said to me he was glad he hadn't broken any of the rails or fractured any of the car wheels, as the company would take it out of his pay.'"

"Oh, I'm so glad he wasn't killed," exclaimed the usual old woman.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A LITTLE POEM.

One little grain in the sandy bars; One little flower in a field of flowers; One little star in a heaven of stars; One little hour in a year of hours;—What it makes or what it means.

But the bar is built of the little grains; And the little flowers make the meadow gay; And the little stars light the heavenly plains; And the little hours of each little day Give to us all that we contain.—Ernest Whitney, in St. Nicholas.

BOXED UP.

Something About a Very Curious Little Animal and Its Habitation.

If any of my readers have ever seen the boys of the "Country Week" returning from their week's run and roll in the green fields, they will have seen an amusing sight. These poor little waifs, born in the slums of the city, and most of whom have never seen the verdant meadows or heard the gurgling brooks, come back not only full of delightful memories, but most of them bringing some prize from the treasure-box of the country paradise.

And the most valued of all prizes seems to be a land turtle. Every little urchin who has been lucky enough to secure one of these queer creatures clings to it as proudly as if it was one of King Solomon's jewels, while his less fortunate companions gather around him with curious and envious eyes.

Boys like turtles; that may be set down as an axiom. Whether turtles like boys is another question. A turtle is not much of a thing to give him something to eat, and let him alone anywhere. And if disturbed too much he can shut himself up in his shell like a "jack-in-a-box" and laugh at his tormentors.

And, by the way, as most people know the turtle mainly by the outside, and as young and old folks generally are interested in this comical creature, some short account of what there is inside of the turtle's box may not be without interest.

The turtle—or the tortoise, to give the little crawler its proper name—is not the only "animal in a box." Oysters, clams, crabs and many other things are boxed up in their shells. But they all differ greatly from the tortoise, which is, in fact, a very distant cousin of ourselves; that is to say, it has a backbone and ribs, as we have. The lower orders of animals have no inside bones at all; their hard parts are outside their bodies. It is the peculiarity of the vertebrate (or backbone) animals to have their hard parts inside, while their outside is of soft flesh, or is covered with scales, as in the fishes and reptiles.

But the turtle is peculiar in that it has bones both inside and outside. In this peculiar animal the bones come through the flesh, and spread over the body outside. The turtle's shell is made of its backbone, and the ribs, which are spread out broad and flat over its back, the ribs joining at their edges. This tent of bone is covered with a thin, almost transparent, beautifully tinted coating, which is the tortoise's skin, and which are outside combs, knife-handles, and like ornamental objects are made.

The lower shell is made in the same manner. Here the breast-bones come through, and spread into a broad, flat shell. Thus the tortoise is actually shut up in a box made of its own bones. This is usually joined together above and below, except where the head, tail and legs come out. And these can be withdrawn at will, and the shell closed by strong muscles, until the tortoise comes like an old-time knight shut up in his iron box of armor.

The head is also covered with a coating of horny plates, and the edges of these plates at the jaws do duty as teeth, since the tortoise has none of these useful organs. These horny jaws are often saw-toothed, so that they cut up food very well.

Our little land tortoise—Cistudo Carolina, to give it its scientific name—is not much of a creature to Carolina, but may be found everywhere along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. It is very abundant in the pine forests of the South, and is familiar to almost everybody everywhere throughout the region named.

The shell of the box tortoise is about a half and a half inches long by four and a half wide. It is more rounded than is usual with turtles, and has a remarkable variety of colors and markings. Its most common colors are yellowish-brown and bright yellow, but they are so variously arranged that it is nearly or quite impossible to find two tortoises alike.

In its wild state it feeds on insects, and probably on some species of plants; but when confined it very quickly makes itself at home, and will eat nearly everything offered it, such as bread, potatoes, apples, and other civilized fare.

One thing remarkable about it is its wonderful length of life. We are not surprised to hear that the huge elephant can live for two hundred years; there is stuff enough in the great beast to keep it going for centuries. Yet it is hard to conceive that a little crawling tortoise can live so long as an elephant, though writers declare that it can. I doubt, however, if any single observer has watched a tortoise for two centuries.

There is one way of telling a turtle's age, and that is by cuttings date on its shell. The inscription will remain during its whole life. But as it is not uncommon for roguish boys to date such inscriptions twenty years or more back, they are not fully to be trusted.

Yet all boys are not rogues, and we can relate one remarkable and well-attested instance of this character. Mr. William Eyre, a gentleman of Chester, Pa., relates that when he was a boy of ten he caught a large land tortoise, his initials on its under shell. Going out afterward for a ride, he took the tortoise with him, and left it at a place ten miles away. That was the last he saw of Master Tortoise until he was an old gentleman of seventy, when, to his surprise, he found the same old creature in his own garden. There were the initials, which he recognized as undoubtedly his own handiwork.

In this incident, which I have good reason to believe actually occurred, the long life of the little creature is only one of the interesting points. It is very remarkable that it returned to its starting-point after sixty years. How far it had roamed during that long interval, what sights it had seen, and what thoughts it had thought, are beyond guessing. But back it came, after an average lifetime, to see in his old age the person by whom in his boyhood it had been marked for life.

There are some few other specimens of land tortoise in this country. There is one on the western prairies considerably larger than ours. And in the South there is a very large one, known as the gopher turtle. This creature has a shell nearly fifteen inches long, and is so strong that it can move under a weight of two hundred pounds, so that it might easily carry a man on its back. It lives in the under-ground burrows in sandy forests, and does its prowling by night, often making havoc in the sweet potato and melon patches of the inhabitants. So the good people of the Gulf States do not altogether relish the gopher.

It is the water-turtles, the terrapins of our fresh waters and the great sea turtles which are the delight of epicures. Of the fresh-water species we have several varieties, from a little fellow of the waters of Pennsylvania and New Jersey not four inches long, to the great and fierce snapping-turtle with a shell nine inches and more in length. It is said to have been taken of four feet in total length, from snout to end of tail.

To kill this creature does not kill its snapping propensities; the head will live for hours after being cut off, and has been known to snap a boy's finger or the leg of an investigating hen hours after it ought to have been dead. It is not a safe thing to throw the head of a snapper in the grass as a trap for prowling chickens or curious boys.

There is one other odd peculiarity of tortoises and some other reptiles with which we may conclude. If we want to breathe freely, we open our mouth to do so; but if the mouth of a tortoise or a toad be kept open by inserting a stick between its jaws, it will soon suffocate for want of breath.

This may seem impossible, yet it may be easily explained. All the higher animals breathe through the nose, and do so; but if the mouth of a tortoise or a toad be kept open by inserting a stick between its jaws, it will soon suffocate for want of breath.

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