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THE SEVEN WHISTLERS.
An Ancient Superstition That Still Exists in England.
In some parts of England peculiar whistling noises are heard in the morning at dawn and early in the winter months. Sometimes, however, the noise is described as beautiful sounds like music, high up in the air, which gradually die away. The general belief is that the "seven whistlers," as they are called, are the foretellers of bad luck, disaster or death to some one in the locality. It is a very ancient superstition. Both swiftness and plover have been suggested as the "whistlers." It may be noted that plover are traditionally supposed to contain the souls of those who assisted at the crucifixion and in consequence were doomed to float in the air forever. Really, the "whistlers" are wild geese, or teal, as they fit from their feeding grounds, a passage always made under cover of darkness. In Shropshire the sound is described as resembling that of many larks singing, and the folklore of both Shropshire and Worcestershire says, "They are seven birds, and the six fly about continuously together looking for the seventh, and when they find him the world will come to an end."
Everywhere, without exception, the "seven whistlers" are believed to presage ill, but the superstition seems to be more particularly a miners' notion. If they hear the warning voice of the "seven whistlers," birds sent, as they say, by Providence to warn them of an impending danger, not a man will descend into the pit until the following day. For example, in September, 1874, the following paragraph went the morning of the papers: "On Monday morning large numbers of the miners employed at the Bedworth collieries, in North Warwickshire, giving way to a superstition which has long prevailed among their class, refused to descend into the pits in which they are employed. During Sunday night it was stated that the 'seven whistlers' had been distinctly heard in the neighborhood of Bedworth, and the result was that on the following morning many of the men positively refused to descend into the pits."
Morfa colliery, in South Wales, is notorious for its uncanny traditions. The "seven whistlers" were heard there before a great explosion in the sixties and before another in 1890, when nearly a hundred miners were entombed. In December, 1895, it was said that they had been heard yet again, whereupon the men struck work and could not be induced to resume it until the government inspector had made a close examination of the workings and reported all safe. In July, 1902, another instance of a colliery strike, founded upon the same superstition, occurred in England.

Widely Read.
One of the Girls—Do you think your poems are widely read? The Poet—Yes; nearly every editor in the country reads them.

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.
The Turtle is a Peculiar Creature in Many Respects.
Almost alone among God's creatures, the turtle has but a single enemy—man. It does not seem to matter to the turtle whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises. He is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Eating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel (with the bung out) and emerge after his long fast apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from food, from light and almost from air, and, finally, it may be truly said that of all the higher, warm blooded organisms there is none so tenacious of life as the turtle. I can truly say that I have seen the flesh cleared out of a turtle shell and hung up on a tree, where for hours the quivering, convulsive movements of the muscles went on. Not only so, but on one occasion only the head and tail were left attached to the shell. Some time had elapsed since the meat had been cut out of the carapace, and no one could have imagined that any life remained in the extremities. But a young Dan, noticing that the down hanging head had its mouth wide open, very foolishly inserted two fingers between those horny mandibles. They closed, and our supplicant was two fingers short. The edges of the turtle's jaw had taken them off clean, with only the muscular power remaining in the head. Signor Redi once cut a turtle's head off and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brain he removed lived for six months, apparently unconscious that it had suffered any loss.—Leslie's Monthly.

BALLOON SPIDERS.
They Voyage at Great Heights Over Sea as Well as Land.
Given a steady breeze and a free course, there is practically no limit to the distance which a ballooning spider may traverse. The spider has taken orb weavers from their snuggeries under divers sheltering projections at the highest attainable point on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, whither they had doubtless been carried by the wind when younglings. One may see flecks of gossamer adrift at far greater heights. Scouring folk often note spider balloons speeding by them at sea or entangled upon various parts of the vessel. Darwin, in his famous voyage of the Beagle, when sixty miles from land saw great numbers of small spiders with their webs. When they first came in contact with the rigging they were seated upon threads, and while hanging to these the slightest breath of air would bear them out of sight. Thus, though so far from land, the wee voyagers were still moving on over the main.
A steamer captain told the writer of a like observation made by him. While sailing along the eastern coast of South America during the month of March his ship was covered with innumerable spider webs. He was then more than 200 miles from land, about 400 miles south of the equator. The wind was blowing from the continent. "The spiders seemed like elongated balls," said the captain, "with a sort of umbrella canopy above them. They settled upon the sails and rigging and finally disappeared as they came. You know," he added, "that it is not unusual for birds to be blown out to sea. How much easier for a spider, provided he has the means to keep himself suspended in the air."—H. C. McCook, LL. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Unpardonable.
"In what family were you last employed?" asked Mrs. Fields James.
"In the family of Mrs. Roscommon," replied the applicant for a position of governess.
"May I ask why you left her?"
"Her superficiality and lack of general information rendered my position unendurable. She was unaware of the distinction between an anachronism and an anomaly."—Chicago Tribune.

HIS ONE GOOD ACT
[Original.]
Everybody said that John Gaunt's name fitted him admirably, not so much that he was a thin man, but that he was such a plain one. As for his modesty, it was of the first water. There was but one occasion when he got the better of it, and that was when he was presumed to ask Cornelia Wadsworth, a girl very much younger than he, to marry him. Her reply to his proposition was that she would not marry a man a quarter of a century older than herself. Upon receiving this reply John's victory over his modesty was turned into a rout.
"Yes," he said, "I'm too old for you; altogether too old. Besides, I'm not such a man as such a girl as you ought to marry. You are always doing good, while I don't remember in all my life having performed but one good act."
"What was that?" asked Cornelia.
"Years ago when I lived in a lawless community and it was necessary to elect a sheriff of my county the people, realizing that the sheriff was likely to be killed most any day by some desperado, cast about for the man who could best be spared and pitched upon me. I had a good deal of trouble and some narrow escapes from horse thieves and such like and was nearly killed two or three times."
"One day a murder was committed on a farm lying out in a sparsely settled region, and I was sent to arrest the murderer. He wasn't a murderous looking man at all, but a peaceable farmer with a wife and two little children. He was very much surprised, but made no resistance, leaving his terror stricken wife and going with me without the least resistance. Indeed, he said he would rather not live at all than live with such an imputation resting upon him. I took him to the county seat and lodged him in jail."
"There were some suspicious circumstances that pointed to him as the murderer, but he was such a respectable appearing man and told his story so honestly that he was acquitted."
"There was a man in those parts—I always believed he owed the accused some grudge—who declared that if he wasn't hanged by the county the job would be done by a committee. The day the trial came to a conclusion I learned that this fellow was in town and an effort would be made to lynch the prisoner as soon as he was made free. So instead of turning him out I took him to my house. That night I was awakened by a hammering on my door, and taking my gun, I opened the sash of an upper window and asked what was wanted. I saw a dozen men below and knew well enough without asking what they had come for. When they told me I parleyed with them, having sent one of my deputies I had kept in the house on purpose to some of the best men in town notifying them to come and help. I held the lynchers till they saw persons hurrying from different directions. Then they tried to batter down my door. They couldn't do this very easily, for I always kept bars ready and had slipped them in place. Seeing that I had baffled them, their leader shot at me, giving me a wound of which I bear the scar today. Then the party, seeing my men gathering in large numbers, made off for re-enforcements."
"A horse and buggy was got out of the barn, and, though wounded, I drove my man away under cover of the darkness. You see, I couldn't let any one else do it, as I was sheriff. No one ever knew where I took the man, but no one ever saw him in that region again. I went out and got his family and carried them to where I had taken him. The reason why I mention this work as a good act is because his wife told me it was. There was a little girl in the family that I carried in my arms. She looked at me kind of queer and when I went away gave me a hug that I've never forgotten."
Cornelia listened to this brief narrative with a constantly growing interest. When it was finished her shining eyes were fixed on John Gaunt, her lips were parted, her breath came quick.
"What was the name of the man you saved?" she asked.
"Harlow—William Harlow."
Miss Wadsworth continued to gaze upon John Gaunt with an expression that, had he not been a stupid fellow, would have set his heart bounding.
"You see," he continued, "that you're right not to take a man for a husband who, besides being much too old for you, never did but one good act in his life, and I have always considered that to be nothing more than any one would have done under the circumstances."
"I think any good and brave man would have done it," replied Cornelia.
"Just so," said John, easily convinced from her words that even what he had been told by the wife of the man he had saved was purely emotional.
"But sometimes," the girl went on, "being good and brave even in the line of duty counts for a great deal. The world is full of heroes and heroines, but they don't always meet with a merited reward. You saved a man's life, and in saving his life you saved his wife and children from a terrible blow and lives of misery."
"I never happened to think of it in that light," said John.
"Heaven sometimes sends us a reward for doing a good act long after it has been done. You wish the love of a woman. I will be that woman. I am the little girl who hugged you. My father changed his name after his trouble. I am Cornelia Harlow."
And for the second time in her life she hugged her father's preserver.
ELIZA B. ARTHUR.

Sample.
"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.
"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.
"Just a little sample of married life," suggested the father.—Cleveland Leader.

USE OF THE PROVERB
COMMON TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS FROM REMOTEST TIMES.
The Way Similar Ideas Have Taken Root in Different Languages—Proverbs on Luck Are Numerous and Expressive in All Countries.
Many proverbs have come down to us from remote ages and are common to all nations. It is said that a king of Samos worked his slaves nearly to death in making a vineyard. This provoked one of them to prophesy that his master would never drink of the wine. The king, being told of this, when the first grapes were produced took a handful and, pressing the juice into a cup in the presence of the slave, derided him as a false prophet. "Many things happen between the cup and the lip," the slave replied. Just then a shout was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard. The king, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it and was killed in the encounter.
Henceforth the words of the slave passed into a proverb. From this Greek original came two French proverbs, "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often split" and "Wine poured out is not swallowed." Neither is so near the original as our English, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."
It is curious to trace how similar ideas have taken root in different languages and the various modes of illustrating the same thought. To take, for instance, one or two familiar proverbs in our own language. We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The same idea is expressed by Italians when they say, "Better an egg today than a pullet tomorrow," and the French proverb is still more significant, "One here-it is better than two you-shall-have-its." "Better a leveret in the kitchen than a wild boar in the forest," the Lyvonian saying, conveys the same meaning.
A well known proverb is, "Where there's a will there's a way," which signifies that if a man has but the resolution he will make use of such means as come to hand to attain his object. The French counterpart of this says, "He that has a good head does not want for hats."
The proverbs on luck are numerous and expressive in all languages. In English we say, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." The Arabs convey the same idea in the apt proverb, "Throw him into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth," while the Germans say, "If he flung a penny on the roof a dollar would come back to him." A Spanish proverb says, "God send you luck, my son, and little wit will serve you." There is a Latin adage, "Fortune favors fools," and it is to this Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques, "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune." The Germans say, "Jack gets on by his stupidity," and "Fortune and women are fond of fools." There is also a Latin proverb which shows that the converse of this holds good—"Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favors."
There is no doubt that much of what is called success in life depends upon "getting well into the groove" and keeping there. Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying, "If my father had made me a batter, men would have been born without heads," but this can scarcely be called original, as an unfortunate Arab ages ago declared, "If I were to trade in winding sheets no one would die." It is to men of this stamp the French apply the proverb, "Falls on his back and breaks his nose;" the Italians, "He would break his neck over a straw."
"Misfortunes seldom come singly" has many equivalents in all languages. The Spaniards say, "Welcome, misfortune, if thou comest alone," and "Whichever goes thou, misfortune—to where there is more?" The Italians have numerous proverbs in the same strain—"One ill calls another," "A misfortune and a friar are seldom alone." The same applies also to good fortune. "It never rains but it pours," or, as the Arabs say, "If the wind blows, it enters at every crevice." "He that is down, down with him," has its counterpart in all countries. "He that falls all the world runs over" is the German mode of saying it, and the Portuguese proverb runs, "All bite the bitten dog," while the French equivalent is, "When a dog is drowning, everybody brings him drink."
But there is a Spanish proverb we shall do well to remember. They say of a tedious writer, "He leaves no ink in his inkpot." It is impossible in an article of this length to more than touch the fringe of this wide subject. Referring as they do to almost every range of human concern and necessarily associated with the literature of every period, proverbs have helped to preserve the memory of events and ideas which otherwise would have been forgotten. The student will find they are abundantly capable of yielding most interesting information.

A London Incident.
A writer in the London Chronicle says: "An instance of the ignorance of Londoners as to the addresses of important institutions occurred to the present writer in his early youth. He was attracted by a building in Pall Mall and inferred that the stalwart soldier at the entrance was the representative of the proprietor. 'Will you please tell me the name of this place?' said the youth from the country. The sentry moved not an eyelash. 'I dunno what blabby place they do call it,' he replied savagely. Some years afterward the youth from the country discovered that this was the war office."
A Prudent Youngster.
"And you say the teacher whipped you cruelly?"
"Yes, dad."
"Show me the marks."
"I can't, dad. There ain't no marks."
"No marks?"
"No, dad. You see, I was dressed for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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