

FOUR-FOOTED MINERS.

Timidity and Skill Displayed by the Gopher in Underground Boring.

In Southern California a number of interesting miners are found, and one very attractive fellow is a long-tailed gray squirrel that constructs the most astonishing tunnels.

Ten or twelve years ago they reigned supreme in the now fertile valley of San Gabriel, that lies east of the famous city of Los Angeles.

In appearance the gopher, or poached rat, as it is sometimes called, resembles a short-tailed and short-legged rat, with a large head and protruding teeth.

The front claws of this miner are extremely large and powerful, and enables it to construct tunnels with remarkable rapidity.

It might be assumed that the bags or pouches were used to carry out the dirt and stones removed; but, curiously enough, they use them for exactly the reverse, and for carrying seeds or food.

In short, the mine has been filled up from below, and so skillfully that few would notice it. But where is the mine? Not off in some deep lead hundreds of feet away, but near at hand in a tunnel quite at the surface that has a porthole about as large as a pea.

A Little Too Hasty.

"Oh! Charley," said Mrs. Sharpleigh to her husband, "here is an awful story about a young man who committed suicide on the day of his wedding."

"Humph! His action was, to say the least, premature."

"What do you mean?"

"He might have given his mother-in-law a few days trial."—Merchant Traveler.

—He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily-white hand in his own, and pressed it to his lips.

A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

Cremation and Inurnment of a Buddhist High Priest.

A month ago the high priest of the temple across the creek from the foreign settlement of Yokohama died and his body was cremated. His ashes were placed in an urn and then in a pine box in the shape of a miniature temple, and the priests from all the diocese were summoned to take part in the funeral services.

The priests came from near and far, some arriving by train on the day and at the hour of the funeral, and, hurrying to the temple with servants carrying bags full of ceremonial robes at their heels, slipped their brocades on in the ante-room and joined the solemn company sitting in rows like so many images.

The front claws of this miner are extremely large and powerful, and enables it to construct tunnels with remarkable rapidity. When once beneath the surface they construct their mines in every direction, with no great regularity, but evidently with the idea of forming a labyrinth that will carry off floods.

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Education of Women.

If the higher education of women means a course of study from beginning to end exactly like that for men, we are inclined to think the higher education will never be popular. We are disposed to think it is best to have two sexes in this world; but if they must be reduced to one, let us not turn the better into the worse half of the race; let us not turn the women into men, but the men into women, if we must have a revolution.

SHEEN KERRY'S CHICKS.

How They Brought Together Their Owner and Fair Nora O'Lane.

Och, but the hull brood was a pretty lot. There wuz Mister Speckle wid his top-not gold ez a dollur, an' Missus Speckle wid her tin blisshed feather-tots.

But jist across the strate wuz me foine-lookin' naybur, Miss Nora O'Lane, wid a garden an' flowers galore, an' sez she: "Mister Kerry, I hate the soight ov yer chickens!"

Sez I: "Guv me a raysun fur it!" She flurled her curls loike the French ledly she wuzn't. "Sheen Kerry," she sed, "yer feather troibe are a bould set ov thaves an' robbers!"

So sez I: "Wat's the damage?" She thinks a bit an' ansur'ed wid a twinkle: "Misther Kerry, I'll take the speckled hen fur me dinner, the morrow."

"Out wid ye fur a hertless wun!" croid I. "Wud ye tak' the muther of ten blisshed orphuns? Faix, an' there's niver a chicken asylum in the hull ov Ameriky!"

But Nora jist lafft her purtiest, an' sez: "It's the hen, Misther Kerry, or a grate debt lift unpaid."

An' sez I: "I'll niver pay it wid the loife ov a innercent feller-craytur, an' that craytur a hilpliss muther hen!"

"Thin," sez Miss O'Lane, "your'e a bit ov a robbur yourself!" "But I'll mak' restyushun in the marnin'!" returns I, wid emphysis.

"You shall hav' som'thin' that's a hape better thin poor ould Missus Speckle!" "An' wat's that?" she said wid a smooile.

"I'll jist bring it over in the marnin', an' it's yerself es wull do well to be on the watch out."

"Better bring it to-night," sez she commandin', "fur to-morrow, I'm off to the fair, wid Teddy Farnum."

"Thin," sez I, "I'll cum crosst at the clock stroke of eight, an' moind ye be in an' awaitin'."

An' I jist kipt me word loike a man. Nora wuz pickin' pears by moonlight, whin I opened the gate.

"Hav' you bro't Missus Speckle?" she ax't, wid pretin'd cruelty.

"Och, Miss Nora," sez I, "the poor hen is slape in the coop wid the tin chicken-babies under her wing! I can't bring her, an' froth, I won't!"

"Thin, here's your restyushun!" "Safe in me pocket." "It's not money I'd be takin'," sez she, thinkin' I wuz 'bout to pay for the mischief dun her crops in dollars an' cents.

An' sez I: "I couldn't offer that same, be jabers!" She handed me a grate rope pear an' her purty w'ite fingers along wid it, an' I jist gathered the hull into me two stout fists.

"Let go my hand!" sez Nora. "An' tak' the pear loike a gentleman!" "I'm not nadin' it!" croid I. "We're a pear a'ldiddy!"

"Yis," sez she, "fayther wud call us a pair ov geese." "I wudn't object so long es Miss Nora O'Lane wuz wun ov the flock," ansers I, wid the rale dunde gallantry, an' thin I kisses ivery wun ov her fingers.

An' nary a bit did she moind! So me bould arrum steals round her waist, loike the cap ov a climax, an' we stud fur a hull miuit widout speakin a loine.

"Misther Sheen," sez Nora at last. "I'm waitin' fur the restyushun you brot me."

An' wid that I grabs a bit of a box frum me vist pocket. It wuz full ov a rale gold ring wot glam'd loike a sky star in the blisshed Siptimber moonlight.

"It's a gold face complete," sez I, "an' I've got ye safe on the inside, fur there's nary a bit ov a bars."

Her swate blue eyes were fixed on my face. "You lov me, bye?" "Better than ony wun else, Nora darlint; forgiv' Missus Speckle, an' promise to be my futer Missus Kerry."

An' she jist snuggled up close loike a lubbird an' whispered low an' lovin': "Dear Sheen, I promise."—Detroit Free Press.

Plantation Philosophy.

Bof fear an' kin'ness is love. Kin'ness is love for udder folks; fear is love fur yerself.

We kain't wholly 'spize de passon whut likes de same things dat wo does. We mout hate his ways, but we 'mires his judgment.

Dar hab been some mighty truthfuhl men, but dar nebber wuz er man dat would tell de 'zact truf erbout hisse'f. He is ap' ter try ter make yer think dat he is er little better ur er little wus den he is.

Some folks has er better way o' showin' da 'prebrates yer kin'ness den udders does. De long-tail hou'n ken' pear ter be er heap gladder den de stump-tail dog, w'en de truf is dat he mout not be haf so glad.—Dr. Kaneau Traveler.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

—People look at you six days of the week to find what you mean on the Sabbath.

—Great occasions of serving God present themselves seldom, but little ones frequently.—Francis de Sales.

—The faculty of the university of Pennsylvania has forbidden smoking in the student's rooms, the hallways, etc., and now the student are agitating for a smoking-room on the university premises.

—Richard Berridge, of Ballynahinch Castle, Galway, Ire., has left \$1,000,000 to advance education in economic and sanitary science in Great Britain. Ireland is expressly excluded, and her need is greatest.

—John B. Stetson, the Philadelphia hat-maker, employs 800 men, women and children, and has a Sunday-school of 1,600 scholars in connection with his factory. The chapel where the Sunday-school meets cost \$40,000.

—The American Missionary Association has buildings and lands worth \$576,000, endowment funds worth \$129,000, and trust funds amounting to \$70,000. Its receipts last year were \$306,761, expenditures, \$298,783.

—When we come back from the battle-field, weary, yet victorious, we may look for our King of Peace coming to meet us with bread and wine and his own priestly blessing, that we may be strengthened and refreshed by himself.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A small Californian was reciting the table of liquid measures the other day in an Oakland school, and this is what he said: "Two pints makes a quart, four quarts makes a gal-lon, sixty-five gal-lons makes a—makes a—ah—makes a hedgehog!"

—One hundred and thirty of the thousand prisoners in the New Jersey penitentiary have taken advantage of the school privilege granted them by the last Legislature and organized classes. The teachers at the opening session were two well educated convicts.—Public Opinion.

—One day a little girl about five years old heard a preacher praying most lustily, until the roof fairly rung with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking place, she whispered: "Mamma, don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud."—Bertin Uik.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Beware of pets that devour us.

—One bad example in a town is like a rat-hole through an earth dam.

—The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.—W. H. Alger.

—Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.—Longfellow.

—It is better to put your money into the trust than to put your trust in your money.—Philadelphia Call.

—We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as those we affect to have.—Rochefoucauld.

—Fitz Brown (with indignation)—Sir, you have broken your promise. Robinson (complacently)—Oh, never mind, I can make another.—Exchange.

—A Georgia paper offers to take chestnuts in payment for subscriptions. What a lot of ancient jokes that editor is going to have poured in on him!—Exchange.

—Bobby—Ma, can I go over to Willie Waffle's? Mother—You must ask your father, Bobby. Bobby, (hopelessly)—Well, ma, pa is putting up the parlor stove.—N. Y. Sun.

—In order to do any thing in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sidney Smith.

—Hypochondriac—I am feeling very blue this morning. Doctor—What's the matter? "Every time I feel my nose it hurts me." "But you are not obliged to feel your nose." "But how can I tell whether it hurts unless I feel it?"—From the German.

—An accession of wealth is a dangerous predicament for a man. At first he is stunned, if the accession be sudden; he is very humble and very grateful. Then he begins to speak a little louder, people think him more sensible, and soon he thinks himself so.—Cecil.

Orbs Divine.—"How beautiful," said she, "to-night appear the heavenly orbs so bright." "Quoth he, "two orbs divine, I see, are brighter than the stars to me." And soft and low the evening breeze Moaned round them through the chestnut trees.

—Fond Mamma—How is it young Mr. Fley didn't ask you to go out riding? I saw him out with Miss Pert today. Daughter—I'm sure I can't tell. I praised his horse, said I heard he was a good driver, and all that, while Miss Pert only spoke to him once. Fond Mamma—What did she say then? Daughter—She asked him if he could drive with one hand.—Omaha World.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Fix up your farm if you want to sell it—and if you don't.

—A number of scientists assert that people, as a rule, eat too much, most of the diseases of the world coming from over-feeding.—Good Housekeeping.

—Preserved Ginger: S and tender roots; scrape off a skin, and boil in syrup. The best is hot and biting to the taste, and of aromatic odor.—Boston Budget.

—It is certainly poor management to keep sheep all winter, taking pains to feed and shelter so as to obtain a good growth in flesh and wool, and then in the spring, just when they need feed and care the most, to turn them out and let them look out for themselves.—Chicago Herald.

—Thickening For Soup: Put into sauce-pan half a pound of butter; when hot, stir into it half a pound of very dry flour; stir this over the fire till a delicate brown, taking care that it does not burn. One large tablespoonful thickens a quart of soup. This thickening will keep a long time.—Detroit Free Press.

—A Delicate Potato Preparation Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated; four ounces each are added of butter and sugar melted one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, well mixed; placed in a baking dish and put into a brisk oven until done; it shows a delicate brown color.—Good Cheer.

—Woodford Pudding: Three one teacup sugar, one-half teacup butter, one-half teacup flour, one teacup jam or preserves, scant teaspoon soda; dissolved in three teaspoons sour milk mix well and bake slowly. Sauce: One egg, one large cup sugar, one small cup butter, mix well, put on stove and stir until melted and pour on immediately.

—Women who do their own work regard their rough hands with great distress. To make and keep them soft wear old gloves at night, just rubbing in an ointment made by heating the white of an egg to a froth and stirring it into a cup of melted lard to which is added one teaspoonful of glycerine. Keep the mixture in a covered jar, excluding the light. Perfume may be added.

—A poultry raiser up in New York State makes his hens work for their victuals. He says: I like to feed some ear corn to my chickens. I feed about half in this way. The ears are thrown on straw and the birds peck and scratch away at them. They have to work hard for every kernel they get; and this working keeps them busy and out of mischief. Besides, it is the working hen that pays; a lazy hen is like a lazy man.—St. Louis Republican.

SHELTER FOR POULTRY.

A House That Combines Cheapness, Convenience and Comfort. If you would avoid roup and kindred disease among your fowls, you must be prepared for their proper care and attention.

You can not safely crowd your pets into confined and limited quarters, neither can you safely allow them to roam and roost at large, in trees, fences, and in open sheds at their own sweet wills.

A proper home must be provided for their winter's comfort. This does not preclude that the same must be elaborate and expensive. An expensive poultry house is not necessarily any more comfortable than would be one of more modest pretenses. As far as we have observed, the cheaper sort of houses are generally the more comfortable.

Most beginners make their first mistake in the matter of buildings—beauty being preferred to comfort and utility. What is wanted is cheapness, combined with durability, comfort and convenience.

For winter purposes, and to accommodate surplus stock, the cheapest possible style of house is all sufficient.

A safe and cheap one would be a sort of "lean to," built against the poultry house or outbuildings, which could be removed in the spring, or as soon as the surplus stock has been disposed of, and can be constructed at but little if any expense, especially to farmers.

Take any sort of old lumber, rails or poles, and lean them against the building where you desire the fowls to roost, and batten them closely; and that the interior may be perfectly comfortable, and frost proof, cover with straw or fodder.

Such a retreat can be built by any one possessed of a pair of good stout arms and legs, and that, too, without the outlay of any extreme amount of cash capital, and requires but little of any mechanical ability.

The longer these structures are in and the thicker they are covered with straw or fodder, the more comfortable will be the fowls. Jack Frost has but little to do about such a retreat, and the birds will come out all right in the spring with nice bright red combs and wattles, and will have contributed their share to the winter's supply of eggs.—Poultier.