

A MARBLE FACADE.

How Mr. and Mrs. Catbird Lost Their New Home.



In a grove near a small village lived a catbird and his mate. For several years they had lived there and had raised their little ones in a modest home built in some low bushes near a stone wall.

Mr. Catbird, going out for a soar one morning, caught sight of the newcomers as they were busily working on the new house. Their bright colored garments, as they flashed in the sun, sent a thrill—not of pleasure, I am sorry to say—of jealousy to his heart.

"I believe," said Miss Pewee, "that they belong to the Blackbird family; I met Spink Bobolink the other day and he said that some of his relatives were going to move to Bird Grove soon."

"H'm!" broke out Mrs. Catbird, "they have no reason to be stuck up on account of family. The Grackles belong to that family, and of all the noisy, gossipy birds I know they are the worst. Why, they are as common as the vulgar crows. If you are going to look to family to decide social standing, I think we shall have as good a name as any. I suppose you know that the mocking-birds, who are the musical prodigies of the age, are closely connected with us by family ties."

"For my part, I like these new neighbors. Their home promises to be a marvel of architecture. As for fine clothes, if they can afford to wear them, I am glad for it gives me pleasure to look at them; and their singing is so fine, I am sure they are a great addition to this neighborhood." These remarks so nettled Mr. and Mrs. Catbird that they could not conceal their ill feeling, and, as a young friend who had been paying marked attention to Miss Pewee happened along at that moment, she sailed away with him.

While they were standing sulkily, with tails drooping, wings hanging down, and feathers not preened, thinking what they could do to outshine those oriole upstarts, a trim robin who had been working earnestly for two hours saw them, and, as they both looked as though they were sick, he stopped to see if he could be of service to them.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Catbird, "there's nothing the matter with us; but what do you think of these new folks who are flaunting out their wealth in this quiet place?"

"Why," said Mr. Robin, "I called on them yesterday and found them very pleasant, unassuming people."

"You dared to call, did you?" Mrs. Catbird cried out. "I have felt that our clothes were not good enough, and they would only look down on us."

Here Mr. Catbird remarked: "Our



HERE MR. CATBIRD REMARKED.

slate-colored garments are surely rich looking, my dear, and the mahogany color under my tail is much more fashionable than the vulgar and gaudy orange which they wear in such abundance. They pretend to take their colors from the livery of Lord Baltimore, and I suppose, if the truth were known, they even use his coat of arms."

Mr. Robin did not enjoy this gossip, and so, meekly remarking that he thought they would find their neighbors very pleasant people when they knew them, he flew away.

As it is not the nature of envious and jealous persons to try to remove the cause of their hateful feelings, our friends did not go to call on Mr. and Mrs. Oriole, but watched and criticized everything they did, and spent half their time trying to think how they could outshine them. Mr. and Mrs. Oriole, not having the slightest sus-

picion of the trouble they were causing, worked away as happy as birds could be, until one morning when Mr. Oriole poured forth an unusually triumphant song. Mr. Catbird could endure it no longer. His Mockingbird blood grew hotter and hotter, and he resolved to put that "squawking neighbor" to everlasting shame. So he sneakily perched himself where he could be heard but not seen, and imitated exactly the notes which Mr. Oriole had just sung, only at the end of every strain he burst forth into the most contemptuous, catlike "meow, meow," and then, to make the Oriole's song seem more insignificant, he poured forth such magnificent strains that all Bird Grove came out to listen. The Oriole family were in dismay. They could not imagine what they had done to merit such abuse, but they resolved to go right on with their house as though nothing had happened.

Mr. and Mrs. Catbird made their home in the usual way, of grass, dead twigs, dry leaves and coarse, dead and fibrous roots within; but all the while they were making it they were dissatisfied and were trying to find some way to give a finish to it which would fill Bird Grove with astonishment. When the house was nearly completed, Mr. Catbird came home one day with feathers ruffled and so excited he could scarcely speak. That morning he was flying near a house when he saw a freshly ironed linen collar lying on the ground under a window. Not being posted in such things, he supposed it was a piece of marble. The black characters on the outside near the bottom only added to its beauty. He resolved to capture it for a stone front to his house. He knew it would be stealing, but the love of show had drowned the little voice which tells birdies what is right and what is wrong. He told Mrs. Catbird the plan, and she agreed to help him. After dark that night they went quietly to the place. They both trembled, and their hearts beat so loudly that they were afraid of awakening the persons in the house. Mrs. Catbird could scarcely keep from crying, but her husband whispered: "Just think how those Orioles will feel when they see our house with a marble facade!" This gave them courage, and they each took one end of the collar and started home. It was heavy and they could scarcely lift it, but, by resting often, they at last carried it to the spot. It was then too late to work any

more, so, with aching hearts—for it was their first theft—they tucked their heads under their wings and went to sleep.

Early the next morning they were awake and ready for work. The marble, as they called it, did not look so handsome as it did the night before, but they had gone too far to back out, so they lifted it up to the nest and placed it around the outside. Mrs. Catbird held it in place while Mr. Catbird took long dried grasses and bound it on. By the time the dwellers in Bird Grove were stirring the work was done, and Mr. and Mrs. Catbird started out in search of breakfast. When they returned they saw that there was some unusual excitement in the trees near their home. On coming nearer they saw a strange crowd. Several members of the Warbler family, Mr. and Mrs. Blue Jay, the despised Oriole, Miss Pewee with her admirer tagging close to her heels, the Buntings, and many others were talking in an excited manner. A noisy English Sparrow was there making himself conspicuous as a newspaper reporter. A little apart from the rest, not perching, but continually on the wing, was a Mr. Hummingbird, who, though small, was a well-known architect. While the rest were talking he seemed to be making a minute study of the curious dwelling. When Mr. and Mrs. Catbird appeared they were greeted with a flood of questions. They were so puffed up with pride that they disdained to answer, so the crowd soon broke up and went to their work.



MRS. CATBIRD HELD IT IN PLACE.

The very day after this new display of pride, a gentleman and lady came walking along near the bush where this wonderful nest was built. The lady, glancing up, said: "Why, what is that curious thing up there?" They stopped, and after looking a minute, the gentleman burst out laughing and replied: "Why, that is my collar. There is the name, James McNab, on the outside. That is an ingenious piece of work. Ah! my bird, we shall have to make this our contribution to the Natural History museum. If I can afford to lose the collar, you can afford to give up the nest, and you will be punished for stealing besides." At this Mrs. Catbird flew off the nest. Her terrified mate joined her piercing cries, but the man coolly tore down the nest and walked off with it. Here they were, just at the time when Mrs. Oriole's babies were peeping out of the shell, left without even a home. They felt very sad, but they knew it was a just punishment for their pride and theft. They resolved to begin life anew, and ever afterward to be contented with their quiet colors and homely nest.—Antoinette B. Hervey, in Christian Union.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Salt is cheaper in some parts of Kansas than plastering sand.

—It is claimed that in almond and Madeira nut culture the Pacific coast of the United States bids fair to surpass the world.

—The Poncho Springs in Colorado are all on the side of a mountain, and hot and cold water flows from the ground in places not more than three inches apart.

—In the new discovery for photography in natural colors, when the prints are viewed by transmitted in place of reflected light, each color is replaced by its complementary one.

—According to a German authority it has been found that zinc will rapidly corrode when in contact with brick-work. To prevent this, roofing-felt is placed between the zinc and the brick-work.

—Two chemists, Frey and Verneuil, who have been experimenting for several years in the production of artificial rubies, report that they have now overcome the difficulty that has hitherto prevented them from producing large rubies, and they can make them of reasonable size.

—The water of the central basin of the Mediterranean has been found to be warmer, denser and richer in dissolved salts than the western. While a white disk was only visible at forty-three meters, photographic plates were affected at 500 meters.

—People who sneer at the suggestion that aerial navigation is not practicable should be admonished by the tremendous triumphs of applied science during the present century. A flying-machine would not seem half so wild a scheme as the telephone if both were unknown.—Inventive Age.

—Weldless steel chains are being experimented with in England. The chains are cut from a blank after the same general methods employed in cutting out a chain from a single piece of wood. As steel is used, it is asserted that the weight can be reduced one-third from what was necessary in old chains of similar strength.

—As regards the encroachments of the orchard moth caterpillars on fruit trees, Miss Ormerod, entomologist of the Royal Agricultural society, maintains that no thorough remedy is known excepting spraying the trees with insecticides of such a nature, and so applied, as will kill the whole collection of ravaging hordes at once without injuring the leafage or promise of fruit. Solutions of Paris green, Bordeaux purple and other arsenical pigments have been found effectual.

—In France tests have been made with sulphate of copper, lime and water as a spray in preventing potato disease, with much success, it is stated. Another experimenter uses sulphate of iron instead of the copper salt with equal effect. The value of those vitriols in combination with lime was recognized in this country many years ago, but if the French experimenters can regularly obtain the result stated—a great reduction in the percentage of diseased tubers—various methods of applying the salts will be tried, especially with sulphate of iron, which is much cheaper than the copper salt.

—The latest investigations show that bacteria are spherical, rod-like, or spiral. Under the most powerful microscopes they are found to have a granular mass in the center, surrounded by a thin, structureless membrane. Under favorable conditions, with plenty of food they divide across the middle, each part growing longer and again subdividing and so on indefinitely. If this should go on for a few weeks these minute animals would become so numerous that they would use up all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen there is available for life purposes. But their increase is limited by the facts, that the food supply gives out, the sun is their deadly enemy, and they exhale various chemical substances that are poisonous to themselves and to each other.—School Journal.

—As the interests and industries of the west are more fully developed it is reasonable to assume that the commerce of the lakes will gain in importance, giving cheap and reasonably rapid service between the east and the great producing sections of the northwest. Certainly this will be the case if the government should decide to make the Hudson river navigable for sea-going ships as far as Troy. Improvement of the great water-ways of New York is all that is necessary to keep the tide of commerce at full flood upon the lakes and through to the metropolis. The west and northwest are interested no less than are the metropolis and the Hudson valley in bringing to perfection the great system of water communication between the army of western producers and the sea-coast.—Troy Times.

The Humors of Bathing.

Some of the experiences that have overtaken maidens ambitious of becoming water sprites are very funny. One young lady went down to the water's edge with never a thought of going in. She did not own a bathing suit, but, becoming infatuated with the looks of the sport, she determined to hire a suit and sally forth. She picked out a costume which she thought would suit her size, and, bearing it off in haste to a compartment, proceeded to get into it. What was her dismay when confronted with the fact that it had no stockings! To walk down the beach barefooted was not to be thought of. She had a bright idea. She would wear her own black hose, garter them firmly about the knee and plunge in. This she did with fine effect, and then after resuming the rest of her street costume she hung her stocking on the rail while she, with her feet thrust into her shoes, sat like a Turk in the sunburnt sand until her dusky hose were dry! Another girl in her hurry to get dressed and rejoin her party forgot to take off her wet stockings and hastened away from the bath room leaving her dry ones there by mistake. That she did not catch her death of cold must have been owing to the virtues of the salt water more than to her good sense.—San Francisco News Letter.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Arrival of the Bore. — Tom — "Here comes Harry." Dick — "And here goes a pleasant evening." — Yankee Blade.

—"Did your audience appear to be moved?" asked the young actor's friend. "Yes," was the reply. "Clear out of the theater before the first act was over." — Washington Post.

—Bobbie — "Look-a here, Uncle George! English ain't no dead language, be it?" Uncle George — "Not yet, Bobbie, but if you had the exclusive handling of it it soon would be." — Boston Courier.

—Vaulting Ambition. — Visitor (at the museum) — "What is the cause of this terrible smell?" Attendant — "The freater was taken ill this afternoon, and the India rubber man was just fool enough to undertake his tricks." — N. Y. Sun.

—Modern Legislation. — Questioner (meeting a lawyer with two books of equal size, one under each arm) — "What have you there?" "Laws passed winter before last." "And in the other hand?" "Repeals of the same laws passed last winter." — Fliegende Blätter.

—Jayway — "I ran across a white donkey down near Willow Grove, and— Hayway — "When was this?" Jayway — "Let's see—oh, yes—the day I met you down there." And to this day Jayway can't understand Hayway's coolness. — N. Y. Telegram.

—Malicious. — Aunt — "Your rattling of those papers is unbearable." Niece — "O, auntie, you are always looking for paragraphs on 'How to be Beautiful'; here is one." Aunt — "Well, what is it? Read it." Niece — "It reads: 'Give up fault-finding.'" — Demorest's Monthly.

—"Why," asked the lady of the house of Bootless Bob, the tramp, "do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight when you eat?" Was it ever broken?" "No, madam; but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and it has become second nature with me." — Recorder.

—An Unsettled Question. — "It's a little girl baby, isn't it?" asked the admiring visitor. "I am not entirely certain," responded the Boston two-year-old standing by the cradle, a shade of perplexity crossing her thoughtful face, "whether I should speak of my infant sister as a girl baby or a baby girl." — Chicago Tribune.

—"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?" "Are you sure it was my dog?" "Yes." "Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?" — Rochester Talisman.

—Prompter (rushing in excitedly) — "Wingley, the supe you stood off for his salary has eloped this minute with all the unparalleled 'Blue Hussar' jewels, the costly set of 'Cleopatra' diamonds and 'King Solomon's' best crown!" Manager (sternly) — "It was your place to guard the jewel chest, Antonio. I shall have to dock you \$4." — N. Y. Telegram.

—Too Thin. — "I'll just tell you what it is," remarked a fat, jolly old soul to her companion as the street car rumbled along, "the doctors kin say what they please, but I know it's just flying in the face o' natur' to bring a baby up on a bottle. You know Sally Ann Jimson, what lives next door to us?" "Yes," assented the other. "Well, she tried to bring her baby up on milkman's milk, and it died of water on the brain." — Philadelphia Record.

TO TEST MUSHROOMS.

How to Avoid the Poisonous Growth Which Resembles Them.

Poisoning by mushrooms is generally caused by the disregard of very simple points of observation. In the first place, no one should undertake to gather these excellent foods without being fully informed as to their shape, color, odor and taste. There are many books giving all these in detail. Here it need only be said that any mushroom which looks clean and fresh, is not worm-eaten, has pink gills under a buff-colored cap, that turns dark when bruised or matured, has a nutty taste and pleasant odor, may be presumed to be good. Mushroom gatherers avoid fungi growing from what is called a vulva or hollow cup at the base of the stem. The writer's test, after noting the above characteristics, is to taste a small portion of the cap without swallowing it. If the flavor is sweet and nutty, and does not sting or burn the throat, the specimen, even if unknown, is placed among the candidates for cooking. Some salt is always carried, and a little is held in the mouth for a moment; still a little more is swallowed, care being taken not to swallow a particle of the mushroom. When the mushrooms are gathered, they should all be carefully washed in water containing salt and vinegar, and then cooked with salt. These precautions usually insure safety. In fact, when poisoning by any kind of fungi has occurred, some carelessness of choice or preparation has been noted. Old fashioned cooks usually relied upon using a silver spoon in cooking suspicious fungi; but the test has not been proven infallible. In case of actual poisoning use the same treatment as for narcotics, i. e., emetics, stimulating restoratives, and the earliest possible attention of a competent physician. It may be said in passing that mushrooms are far more important as an article of food than is generally understood. They rank next to meat in savor and nutriment, having largely replaced it in the south during our civil war.—Harper's Bazar.

Night Gown Sachets.

Night gown sachets are easily made and are a dainty device of the toilet. They may be in the shape of a fan made of a succession of creamy lace ruffles and delicate lavender ribbons, and padded with soft wool with a layer of lavender flowers and lined with lavender silk. In this case, several well-folded fresh gowns may be kept. A flat, square sachet made of tufted lavender silk may be more convenient; though not so fluffy and as daintily pretty as a fan of lace frills, it is easier to make.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE BOSTON GLOBE FOR THE SINGLE TAX.

In an editorial article on "Tax Reform in Maine," the Boston Globe makes an admirable criticism on a recent article by Judge Emery in the Lewiston Journal, which, after admitting that taxes on personal property should be abolished unless every dollar of such property can be reached, merely goes on to recommend more drastic methods for compelling people to disclose to the tax collector the character and extent of their possessions. The Globe says that such inquisitorial methods invade personal liberty; that a man has a right to his own and a right to keep its amount secret if he chooses; that people feel this to be so, and, though they submit to some invasion of their personal liberty, they still feel it to be an invasion and resent it. It points out, as a curious inconsistency in Judge Emery's argument for the taxation of every thing, his declaration that it is an axiom in the science of taxation that tools and the products of labor should be exempted, since the very purpose of the kind of tax reform the judge is advocating is to compel the payment of taxes on "tools and the products of labor." It further predicts that if Maine adopts such measures her people will find that few new enterprises will be started and that many existing establishments will be moved to states less disposed to put a fine on industry. The Globe thus concludes its article:

When will legislators learn that capital is easily movable, and will not stay where it is severely taxed? The "tools of labor" include machinery. Tax machinery heavily and you drive manufacturing industry out of the state. Tax the products of labor and you discourage the employment of labor. And where in the state of Maine or elsewhere in the wide world will Judge Emery and the tax commissioners find any thing to tax that was not produced by labor. There is only one taxable thing that labor did not produce and taxation can not drive away. That is land. If Judge Emery is sincere in wishing to exempt the products of labor from taxation there would seem to be no recourse but to favor raising the revenues mainly or wholly by a land tax. With such a tax in operation there would be as much land in Maine as before, and it would be as fertile. But the houses, barns, cattle and crops of the farmer would be exempted; so would the machinery of the manufacturer, the tools of the laborer, the savings of every body. Capital would flow in instead of out. Many wise men have advocated such a change in the tax laws, and if Maine should try the experiment it would be watched with the greatest interest in every part of the country.

Effect of the Single Tax on the Farmer.

The farmer would be a great gainer by the substitution of a single tax upon the value of land for all these taxes, for the taxation of land values would fall with greatest weight, not upon the agricultural districts, where land values are comparatively small, but upon the towns and cities where land values are high; whereas taxes upon personal property and improvements fall as heavily in the country as in the city. And in sparsely settled districts there would be hardly any taxes at all for the farmer to pay. For taxes, being levied upon the value of the bare land, would fall as heavily upon unimproved as upon improved land. Acre for acre, the improved and cultivated farm, with its buildings, fences, orchard, crops and stock could be taxed no more than unused land of equal quality. The result would be that speculative values would be kept down, and that cultivated and improved farms would have no taxes to pay until the country around them had been well settled. In fact, paradoxical as it may at first seem to them, the effect of putting all taxation upon the value of land would be to relieve the harder working farmers of all taxation.

But the grain of the working farmer can only be seen when the effect upon the distribution of population is considered. The destruction of speculative land values would tend to diffuse population where it is too dense and to concentrate it where it is too sparse; to substitute for the tenement house, homes surrounded by gardens, and to fully settle the agricultural districts before people were driven far from neighbors to look for land. The people of the cities would thus get more of the pure air and sunshine of the country, the people of the country more of the economies and social life of the city. If, as is doubtless the case, the application of machinery tends to large fields, agricultural population will assume the primitive form and cluster in villages. The life of the average farmer is now unnecessarily dreary. He is not only compelled to work early and late, but he is cut off by the sparseness of population from the conveniences, the amusements, the educational facilities, and the social and intellectual opportunities that come with the closer contact of man with man. He would be far better off in all these respects, and his labor would be far more productive, if he and those around him held no more land than they wanted to use, while his children, as they grew up, would neither be so impelled to seek the excitement of a city nor would they be driven so far away to seek farms of their own. Their means of living would be in their own hands, and at home.

In short, the working farmer is both a laborer and a capitalist, as well as a land owner, and it is by his labor and capital that his living is made. His loss would be nominal; his gain would be real and great.

So far from the effect of placing all taxes upon the value of land being to the advantage of the towns at the expense of the agricultural districts, the very reverse of this is obviously true. The great increase of land values in the cities, and with the present tendencies of growth this must continue to be the case.

The Colored Alliance Indorse Single Tax.

The last number of the New Earth prints the following important news item as "select ed." It is important, because, if true, it brings within the cause, if true, it brings a tremendous ranks of the single tax movement ahead. Forfe for pushing the movement ahead.

Here is the item:

"The Colored National Farmers' Alliance," said Col. Hump, "has a million and a half of members, and extends all over the south and a business it does an immense exchange business in the commercial centers of Houston, New Orleans, Mobile, Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, S. C.; besides having many subordinate exchanges and cooperative stores all over the country. It has its official newspaper—the National Alliance, of Houston—has built upwards of four thousand alliance school-houses and two thousand alliance churches, has awakened hope, encouraged industry and thrift, introduced order and cleanliness, and added another room or two to thousands and thousands of little homes. It encourages the colored people to keep away from the whites, and to rely upon themselves for their welfare and amusements, supplying separate societies, separate schools and separate churches. This separation of blacks from whites stops race trouble. I do not know of any difficulty that has occurred between our colored people and whites within eighteen months. I have lived fifty years among them, and I say these colored people are as quick as white people to learn. This is shown in their rise from slavery twenty-five or thirty years ago to their present intelligent and independent position.

"What about the single tax idea?" I asked.

"I am a single tax man, heart and hand, and so in the whole colored alliance. In the official paper I keep the single tax idea before the eye. The present land and taxation system is a premium worthlessness."

The Effort of Appropriating Ground Rent to Public Use.

To appropriate ground rent to public uses by means of taxation would permit the abolition of all the taxation which now presses so heavily upon labor and capital. This would enormously increase the production of wealth by the removal of restrictions and by adding to the incentives to production.

It would at the same time enormously increase the production of wealth by throwing open natural opportunities. It would utterly destroy land monopoly by making the holding of land unprofitable to any but the user. There would be no temptation for anyone to hold land for future increase in its value when that increase was certain to be demanded in taxes. No one could afford to hold valuable land idle when the taxes upon it would be as heavy as they would be were it put to the fullest use. This speculation in land would be utterly destroyed, and land not in use would become free to those who wished to use it.

About Personal Property Taxation.

A bill passed the Albany legislature last Wednesday to tax all inheritances above \$5,000. In the debate on the bill the whole question of personal property taxation came up; and, among other statements made, was one by Senator Fasset, that Commissioner Coleman had testified that it was impossible to find more than 10 per cent of the personal property in New York city when the time came to value it for taxation. The estimated value of the personal property in New York city was \$16,000,000; yet last year the commissioner had only been able to find \$1,680,000,000 of it, and only \$280,000,000 paid taxes; all the other was sworn off. Of this amount the banks, which are so much despised by our farmers, and estates paid 90 per cent. Senator Fasset had come to the conclusion that not 5 per cent of the personal property in this state was reached by taxation, and it could not be reached.

EDWARD H. BAILEY, of Bloomington, Ill., writes: As an evidence of the value and importance to the cause in placing Mr. George's works in public libraries, I have to relate that to-day I called at the beautiful public library in this city, where I learned that "Progress and Poverty" was loaned. When I entered I asked the attendant, a lady whom I found to be very intelligent, if she could give me a printed list of the books in the library on political economy. She said she had no such list, and inquired if I wanted George's works.

"Have you 'Progress and Poverty'?" I asked. "It belongs to our collection, but it is out now." "Is it read much?" "O, yes; there are many applications for it. We very seldom have calls for any other political economies." The lady went away and returning presently dumped four or five books before me. "These are all the books we have on political economy," she said, "and they are seldom called for. Lawyers, preachers, teachers and students generally look for 'Progress and Poverty.'" The books she brought me were by Walker, Perry, Sumner and one or two others.

The poverty which in the midst of abundance, pinches and emburates men, and all the manifold evils which flow from it, spring from a denial of justice. In permitting the monopolization of the natural opportunities which nature freely offers to all, we have ignored the fundamental law of justice—for so far as we can see, when we view things upon a large scale, justice seems to be the supreme law of the universe.—Progress and Poverty.

If a man to-day, in any of the states of the Union, makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, the tax gatherer comes down and fines him for it. If he builds a house where there was none before, he has to pay a fine of so much each year. The bigger the house he builds the more he has to pay. The more he produces, the more he saves, the more he is supposed to be taxed for it.