## HE WORKED DESTRUCTION

**A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.**

A light chain securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

**Dangerous Etiquette.**

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen.

Alfonso XIII nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time, the motion frightened him, and he began to cry, whereupon a lackey lifted him quietly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling.

The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and dreadful. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position.

As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

**Lost Hat Stories.**

The London Globe has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:

A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier at Brighton when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutered as he was, plunged into the sea and, buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what hae ye done wi' his hat?" said papa.

A correspondent sent the following narrative: A festive bluejacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbor dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricasoli. First his hat blew over, and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of 30 feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found them crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt be blowed!" was his reply. "Where's my hat?"

**Only a Misunderstanding.**

Several years ago, in a well known wholesale house in a big manufacturing town, an old bachelor bookkeeper, who had been many years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married.

The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip.

A couple of days after the wedding one of the members of the firm went down to a seaside resort, and there, lounging about the parade and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw his recently married old bookkeeper, but alone.

"Where's your wife?" asked the principal.

"She's at home," was the reply.

"But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I had," was the reply, "but I didn't understand that it was intended to include her."—Pearson's Weekly.

**She Rode Free.**

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobbles.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undismayed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—New York Sun.

**New York's Slaveship.**

When New York city owned a slaveship is told in an article in Pearson's Magazine. The greatest impetus was given to the slave trade by the act of parliament of 1684, which legalized slavery in the North American colonies. This does not mean that slavery was unknown in what is now the United States before that time, because as early as 1620 a Dutch man-of-war landed and sold 20 African negroes at Jamestown, Va.

In 1626 the West India company imported slaves from the West Indies to New York city, then New Amsterdam. The city itself owned shares in a slaveship, advanced money for its fitting out and shared in the profits of its voyages. This recognition and encouragement may account for the astounding fact that in 1750 slaves formed one-sixth of the entire population of New York. The general prevalence of slavery is shown by the fact that at this time there were 67 slaves in New York's small suburb of Brooklyn, and that in London itself there were resident 20,000 slaves.

Slaves were at that time publicly dealt in on the London exchange. No wonder the traffic in human flesh was a recognized commerce, and that in 1771 the English alone sent to Africa 192 ships equipped for the trade and with a carrying capacity of 47,146 slaves per trip.

**A Tricky Dog.**

Not long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to behave well to the newcomer and not to bully him. So the two seemed fairly friendly and in the end got in the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful disposition and on one occasion came across a bank, or wall, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and enticed his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back, while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do.

Now the terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the former seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had once more the sole run of the house, and he sulked when later on the spaniel had been found, assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a ramble remains to be seen.—Buffalo News.

**How "David Harum" Came to Be Written.**

An interesting little anecdote is told about how "David Harum" came to be written. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Wescott, the author, was the kind of man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a house or compose a sonata—but he had never made much money, so when he became ill and realized that he might not live long and would leave his family with little or no money he was desperate.

"Write a book," suggested a friend and neighbor to him one day when they were talking over the situation.

"I did make an attempt at it once," answered Mr. Wescott. "I tried a love story, but I couldn't make it go."

"Add a little local color to it," said the first speaker. "Take one of the people about here that you know and work him up—old ——, for instance," mentioning a character familiar to them both. "He'd be first rate."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Wescott, and the result of this conversation was "David Harum," and yet "David" was never in the story at all as it was first conceived.—Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.

**Belaying His Jaws.**

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Frederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction.

A man fell overboard in the Indian ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying pin and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor.

The great brute was just turning on his back to bite, when Hill drove the belaying pin right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

"Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has any one got a clean shirt to lend? This was my last," were the only words of the rescuer.

**How Masks Are Made.**

Paper masks are made by doubling one sheet of a specially prepared paper, wetting it and molding it by hand over a face form. It is then dried by artificial heat. Openings are cut for eyes, nose and mouth, and it is painted and decorated by hand as desired.

Wire masks are made by stamping a piece of wire netting about a foot square over a face mold in a large machine, inclosing the rough wire edges in a narrow strip of lead. Then it is painted. The painting is done by hand in oil colors.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Must Discriminate.**

"For mercy's sake, Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Highmore, shocked at the negligee attire of her youngest daughter, who had gone to the front door to look at a fire on the other side of the street, "don't you know you never ought to appear in public with your collar unbuttoned and your sleeves rolled up except when you are playing golf?"—Chicago Tribune.

**The Oyster.**

The oyster is as fixed and sedentary as the potato, and its cultivation is just as easy. In Europe its propagation has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country only a beginning has been made.

An oyster is ready for market in about five years. The bivalves have so much to contend with that perhaps only one in 2,000,000 lives to grow up and be eaten by human beings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Not to Be Encouraged.**

"What do you think of a man who regularly carries his business home with him?"

"Well, that depends. Now, if a man's business is to sell liquor, for instance, it isn't just the thing for him to take a great deal of it home with him every night."—Boston Transcript.

**No Reciprocity.**

"Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—Chicago Record.

## DOG AND PUPPY CRATES.

**Made For the Convenient Transportation of These Animals.**

The dog that is shipped by express is likely to travel in these days not only in safety, but also in comfort. There are various kinds of dog crates made especially for such use, some of them flat topped and some of those of later design gable topped and some oval topped, so that nothing can be placed on top of them. Dog crates are made in various sizes as well as styles, some with open, slatted sides and ends, some closed all around, except for the open spaces left for ventilation. Crates for bulldogs and dogs that gnaw are made with slats that, whether separated or set close together, are iron bound, so that the dogs can't set their teeth in the edges.

The dog crate is provided with a cup for water which is so constructed that the water can't spill out of it, and this cup is secured in the crate under the end of a pipe to which there is an opening in the top of the crate through which the dog can be kept supplied without opening the crate at all. Attached to the front of the crate is the dog's buffet, like a long canvas wallet or envelope, in which the dog's food is carried. The dog crate has at the ends handles by which it can be picked up and carried as a trunk would be.

Besides these various sizes and styles of dog crates there are also made in various sizes smaller, lighter crates for puppies, and crates of one sort and another of special sizes are made to order.

First and last there are sold a good many dog and puppy crates, and they are regular articles of stock where dog supplies are sold.—New York Sun.

**"Norma" and Liberty.**

In an air in the opera of "Norma" the theatrical censor went so far as to cancel the word "liberta" (liberty) and substitute for it the word "lealta" (loyalty). * * * Signor Ronconi, the famous baritone and a great public favorite, having, in the ardor of his role, forgotten the above mentioned emendation, was imprisoned for three days in order to refresh his memory.

Not long after, singing the line in the "Elisir d'Amore" describing how a peasant enlisted, "Vende la liberta, si fe soldato" (He sold his liberty to be a soldier), he waggishly altered it to "Vende la lealta, si fe soldato." This variation in the text was received with lively applause by the public, who always warmly welcomed anything that savored of political opposition.

The next day the poor singer was summoned by the head of the police to receive a reprimand for having said that "loyalty could be sold," to which Ronconi replied by observing that a few days before he had been taught in a way he was not likely to forget that "lealta" ought always to be substituted for "liberta."—Pietro Orsi's "Modern Italy."

**The First Early Evening Paper.**

The plan of this Paper not being generally known, the Proprietors most respectfully take the Liberty of submitting the following Sketch of it to the perusal of the Public.

The Noon Gazette will be regularly published every day at Twelve o'Clock and will contain all the actual news of the Nine Morning Papers, cautiously and faithfully selected from them. Every Species of Misinformation and Untruth will be guarded against with the utmost care, and the Communication of real authenticated Intelligence only will ever be the grand Object of this Print.

Besides the Advantage of having all the News of the Nine Morning Papers comprized in one, the Noon Gazette will contain a Postscript with every Article of important Intelligence that may arise on the Morning of its publication, so that as well as a universal Morning Paper, this Print will be found little, if at all, inferior to any Evening Publication.—From The Noon Gazette and Daily Register, 1780.

**Some Ink and a Shirt.**

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur fishing. He would like to see a loligo cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guesswork as this must be for so short a time."

I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it toward us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature when in an instant, as I gaffed it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat and sadly blackened his white habiliments.—Contemporary Review.

**Costly Violins.**

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £800. In Stradivarius' own time one Cervetto of London received a consignment of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of 4 louis d'or for each of his violins.

**Her Prospects Good.**

"Do you think he can support you in good style after you are married, dear? I hear he is worth nothing."

"I know Harold isn't rich, mamma, but he has his life insured for $20,000, and I could get along quite comfortably on that."—Chicago Tribune.

**Giving Them the Slip.**

An impecunious man in Kansas City practically lives on bananas. When he eats them, he throws the peels just outside his office door. That's the way he gives his creditors the slip.—Kansas City Star.

**The Word "Salary."**

The way languages are built up is very interesting, and the derivation of the word "salary" is curious as well. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal" is the Latin for salt, and when the salt was in course of time commuted for money the amount was called salarium, or salt money; hence our word "salary" and hence, doubtless, the expression "not worth his salt"—that is, not worth his "salt money," or salary.

**Not Restricted.**

"That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Binks is a freethinker."

"Which is he, a bachelor or a widower?"—Brooklyn Life.

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal.

**"Nosed Him Out."**

In "The Argonauts of California" Mr. C. W. Haskins tells a good story of sauerkraut. In one of the mining districts near Sacramento a storekeeper received a barrel of provisions which seemed to be spoiled, to judge by the smell. Instead of throwing it away, he thrust it into one corner of a shed, where waste and rubbish were piled upon it.

One day a burly, dust covered Dutchman entered the store.

"I vants me some dot," pointing toward the shed.

"What is dot?" inquired the storekeeper.

"I shows you," said the miner. "You shust come mit me." And to the shed they went, where, pointing to the rubbish heap, the Dutchman explained, "Some of dot in dere vas vat I vants."

Boxes and barrels were removed, and the condemned barrel was exposed. But when the miner eagerly pointed to it the trader told him it was spoiled meat, not fit to eat.

"I knows better as dot," said the Dutchman. "You bust him in und I shows you."

An ax was brought and the barrel "busted in," when, instead of spoiled meat, there was revealed some good, old fashioned sauerkraut, made in Holland and shipped around Cape Horn.

"I knows it," said the delighted miner. "I nose him out!"

The sauerkraut sold readily at a dollar a pound and was in great demand. The Dutch miners heard of it and walked 10 and 15 miles to get a taste of the dainty.

**A Slaver's Cargo.**

From the time we first got on board the slaver, says J. Taylor Wood in The Atlantic, had we heard moans, cries and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were 300 human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying, their bodies, limbs and faces all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions.

As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whisky. He returned, bringing also the captain, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them. Some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but 17 were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

**The "King of Rome."**

What became of Napoleon's son is a question often asked, as little mention is made in history of the young prince, the desire of his father's life, who was born March 20, 1811, amid great rejoicing in Paris and hailed as the "king of Rome." In January, 1814, Napoleon embraced his wife and child for the last time, and this really ended the reign of the little king "who never saw his kingdom." He was reared in the Austrian court under the name of Duke of Reichstadt and grew to be a handsome young fellow and quite a brilliant scholar. He had one short year of military life and then contracted pulmonary disease, from which he died in his twenty-second year. He worshiped the memory of his father and always spent the anniversary of his death, July 22, in his own rooms. He is buried in the Carthusian monastery of Vienna, which is the Austrian Westminster abbey.

**A Jolly Funeral.**

An Italian doctor named Louis Cortusio, who died in the eighteenth century, left some curious instructions as to the manner of his burial. This gentleman, by his will, forbade his relations to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited and appointed him or her who should laugh the longest and loudest the principal heir and legatee. Not a stitch of black was to be displayed either in the house in which he should die or in the church in which he should be buried. They were both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of bells lively music was to accompany his body to the church, and 50 minstrels were to march with the clergy sounding their flutes, trombones and trumpets. The bier was to be carried by 12 marriageable girls clothed in green, to each of whom the testator bequeathed a sum of money for her dowry. Lastly, no one in the procession was to wear black. All these orders were absolutely carried into effect.—Household Words.

**Straw Horseshoes.**

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horseshoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

**Crowing Matches.**

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special cock for crowing, and the bird which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that one bird sets the other off crowing. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the bird which scores the highest number of crows in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.

**What It Looked Like.**

"Beg pardon," said the rude young man, gathering his features together again, "I simply couldn't suppress that yawn."

"Don't mention it," replied the bright girl. "By the way, that reminds me. I visted the Mammoth cave last summer."—Exchange.

## MAGIC AMULETS.

**Thought to Bring Good Luck to Their Chinese Owners.**

It is the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets. Arm rings or bracelets are thought a great deal of in the Celestial empire, the custom of wearing them having been handed down from time immemorial. Usually made of jade stone, the Chinese arm ring of today is of one invariable shape. It looks like a large martingale.

The Chinese word for jade is ngookseu and for jade arm ring or bracelet ngook-ak. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hand stops growing. A tight fit is usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has proved a lucky one and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed.

Many are the marvelous tales told by the Chinese of the wonderful qualities these amulets possess. There is a tradition that a certain Chinese emperor who was stricken with paralysis wore upon his forearm a magic bracelet, which kept life in that member for many months and allowed him to make known his desires and decrees by writing. At last, when death claimed the emperor, something even more wonderful took place. Dead three days and lying in state, his body was being viewed by the priests. The advisability of removing the bracelet was being considered, when the hand was lifted up and gave a signal which they interpreted to mean the bracelet should go with its owner to the tomb.

Among other wonderful properties a good amulet is said to act as a fairly reliable barometer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Spoiling a Sermon.**

I have had some printer experience, or, rather, experience with printers, which makes me fear that the "imp of the types" has "got it in" for me for abandoning the craft and becoming a poor preacher. Recently I was to preach on the Old Testament characters "Nadab and Abihu," and one of the daily papers got it, "Nabob and Abihu." Shades of Gutenberg!

My first Sunday morning sermon after I came home from my vacation was on "Suppressed Lives," but one of the papers announced it as "Suppressed Livers." Such a thing as that is wearing and tends to make life not worth living, especially if, as is said, the worth of life depends on the liver. Fancy your liver suppressed!—Homiletic Review.

**Thin Gold.**

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each.

**Harmony Regardless of Expense.**

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5 cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

**An Embarrassment of Rulers.**

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gra'ma, they's too many folks a-bringin me up. I'd get along better if I on'y had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Conscience the Coward.**

Murderers uncaught suffer awful agonies of fear when alone with their consciences, but when apprehended, tried, convicted, sentenced and incarcerated they become callous to fear. Jailers tell me this is the general rule. There is an acquitted murderer in this city, once a leading politician, who has not been able to sleep alone in a dark room these 29 years. A light must be kept burning and an attendant is constantly on guard. A Wall street broker, who has "done" every one of his most faithful friends, dares not go to bed in the dark. He keeps a light burning in his room and one in the hall, leaving the door open. In the small hours of the morning he awakens his family with pitiful cries. The city man who is not afraid of the darkest alleys, who will brave thugs and stable gangs at any hour of the night, is in a panic when alone in a forest.—New York Press.

**Pulpit and Pew.**

In his "Lighter Moments" the late Bishop Walsham How tells of a lady, a great admirer of a certain preacher, who took Bishop Magee with her to hear him and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon.

"It was very long," the bishop said.

"Yes," said the lady, "but there was a saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

**Not a Fault Finder.**

"You are not one of these men who find fault with the cooking at home?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton; "I don't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee."—Washington Star.

**Municipal Ownership.**

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

No wonder they call it roasting a man to rake him over the coals.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who is afraid he may work too hard never does.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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