HUNTING IN GERMANY

KEPT UNDER SUPERVISION AND POACHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

The Right to Take Game Goes Only With Land Holding, but the Small Proprietors Are Not at the Mercy of the Great Landlords—The Plant Discovered by Wagner.

Germany produces more game than any other country in proportion to its area. There is a profitable trade in it, and the markets of France are largely supplied from this source. This abundance is not caused by any unusually favorable conditions of soil or of climate, but by wise legislation, which does not sacrifice the general interests to the pleasure of a few.

The German law regards game as one of the useful products of the soil, as property which cannot be appropriated without the commission of theft, at least if the right to hunt has not been obtained through the proper channels. This right can be exercised only as a result of holding a certain amount of land either by lease or through ownership, about 150 hectares for each tenant. Below that amount all the holdings are joined together and rented by the community for its own profit, the proceeds being divided among the several proprietors in proportion to their holdings. If the land altogether is not enough to make one parcel of 150 hectares, adjoining communities can make a pool.

That is the foundation of the system. It is absolutely equitable. Nobody can hunt for his own pleasure or profit exclusively, but nobody's property rights are infringed. Each person gets a profit from that which belongs to him. The small farmer is not, as in France, at the mercy of the great landed proprietor or of the poacher, and the farmer does not have to see his fields trampled by the hunters, as in France, where the land holdings are too small for the establishment of preserves.

The legal consequences of this state of things are that the taking of game without the right to do so duly obtained is regarded as theft. The owner of the land cannot take back with one hand what he has disposed of with the other. He cannot hunt on his own land, having sold the right to do so.

Game is placed under legal protection. There is a period in which hunting is forbidden entirely, another in which only certain kinds of game may be taken or only the males. These periods are generally fixed by law, with modifications in various provinces. From March 1 to the end of June it is illegal to kill stags and the young male fawns; from Feb. 1 to Oct. 15, to kill the does. Partridges may not be shot between Dec. 1 and the end of August. This protection is extended to all kinds of game—to hares, pheasants, and even to birds of passage, which it is against the law to kill in the breeding season. All huntsmen at all times are forbidden to use nets, traps or snares. This prohibition also exists in France. But if the terms of the law are severe its execution is not. Years ago a law was introduced into the French senate founded on the German legislation, but there has been no discussion of it lately.

The Germans have stopped the nocturnal exploits of the poachers without the aid of the law in this way: There grows in that country a certain kind of forage shrub with which they have planted all their hunting grounds. This plant, precious on many accounts, is unfortunately little known in France. Its botanical name is Lathyrus silvestris wagneri. It flourishes where the soil is very meager and where in summer drought spreads desolation and death among other plants. This shrub, of very high and thick growth, forms a mass impenetrable by birds of prey. Beneath it the game birds enjoy the additional advantage of finding its seeds, which they are very fond of and which keep them fat. Their flesh also acquires a succulence and flavor therefrom altogether unique and adjudged absolutely perfect by epicures. No other plant combines these valuable qualities in such a measure for the protection of game. It is impossible for poachers to spread nets in a plantation of lathyrus.

In his botanical field work in 1862 the famous agricultural writer, Wagner, observed the lathyrus growing in a soil where limestone and silicious formations predominated. The vegetation of the neighborhood was dry, the trees and shrubs bore only scant foliage, but the lathyrus was growing luxuriantly. This phenomenon at once attracted the attention of a keen observer like Wagner, and he devoted himself to studying this wonderful shrub, which was so completely indifferent to the severest conditions of drought. He planted its seed on his grounds, improved and perfected it, and since that time the lathyrus has become almost a national plant in Germany. It flourishes without fertilizers in this arid soil. Its roots strike down several yards into the lower strata, where they seize the chlorine and potassium compounds and phosphate acid they find there. The foliage is shown by analysis to contain 30 per cent of proteid matter, while the best lucern grass shows only 16 per cent. The plant is eaten with avidity by horses, pigs, sheep and all domestic animals.

The German law has taken great precautions to exterminate poaching by striking at its root—that is, at the poacher's profit in selling his booty. Game is not allowed to be shipped by railroad, by the express department of the postal service, or by any public conveyance, or to be sold either from door to door at private houses, or in shops, unless it is accompanied by a certificate as to where it came from, which must be signed by the landowner or lessee of the hunting district. It is easy to see how difficult the business of poaching is in Germany. It is humiliating, it is dangerous, and, thanks to the numerous plantations of lathyrus, it is unprofitable. So it is that this nursery of smugglers, idlers, thieves, and assassins does not exist among our neighbors. Furthermore, everybody is satisfied, especially the farmers, who do not have to stand by, as they do in France, and see the hunters, known and unknown alike, tramping over their fields, over their oats and buckwheat, and crushing their beets under foot.—Paris Figaro.

Historic Pharsalia.

It was on his way to the battlefield of Pharsalia that Cæsar uttered the famous saying to the fishermen. He had come down to Brindisi to cross to Dyrrachium and finding no galley, commanded the owner of a small sailing boat to put him across the Adriatic. On the voyage a violent storm occurred, and even the experienced mariners were terrified. But the great captain said: "Have no fear! You carry Cæsar and his fortunes!"

A portrait, supposedly Charles Carroll, was discovered lately in Baltimore and in a cellar of the old Carroll house. Its authenticity is left to the decision of the Maryland Historical society.

AN OLD TIME MAY DAY.

How the Festival Was Celebrated by Grown People In England.

Once during the foggy, dark weather did old London, usually dirty and ill smelling, blossom like a rose. To the forest, with all its fresh leaves unfolding and its sweet airs blowing, went the young workingmen and women of the city—for it was not the children's May day yet, but a festival for older people—to gather spring flowers.

How glad they were to get abroad "in the open" in those old days of Queen Elizabeth and King James! They went to the great forests near by, Hainault forest, Epping forest and that great body of woods through which Watling street ran—you know, Watling street even traversed the Sherwood forest of Robin Hood and his merry men—and they brought home the wild rose and "the white May," for so they called the blossoming hawthorn, and many a bouquet and branch of goodly green or delicate spring buds and flowers.

There were two or three principal streets that they decked, singing all the while, until these looked like fresh bowers, and they made arches of greenery and blossoms over doors and gateways on May eve, and hung little colored lamps among them until the children must have thought the scene like fairyland. To the knobs of the doors they also hung bunches and baskets of flowers, and friends and lovers brought each other "a branch of May." No sweeter greeting could there be, surely, after the long, cold, dark months of fog and winter within doors.

Then, the next day, what dances around the tall May pole, with its fluttering ribbons; what revels with plenteous tables full of meats and drinks; what fair pageants, with music and speech and the allegorical characters that the English used so to delight in!

But in the course of time the Puritan temper became dominant in England, and the old sports and revels were fiercely put away. Grown men and women ceased their mumming and masking as unworthy of grave minds, and even this sweet May festival only survived in the new world across the seas as the sport and pageant of children.

Strangely enough, New England kept one part of its celebration and the south another. In New England, on the eve before the 1st of May, the merry children hang their May baskets at the doors and hide near by to see them taken in, while in Virginia and the southern states they celebrate the morning of May day by what is really an Elizabethan pageant—the crowning of the queen of May. Some little girl is elected queen and is crowned by another child as bishop. There is a procession of children, some of them representing the scepter bearer, the ladies of honor and spring herself, all bearing flowers and reciting poetical speeches in character.

It was just in this way that the dignified lord mayor and other high officials used to entertain Queen Elizabeth herself when she went to visit the various towns in her kingdom, and she sometimes got very weary of the long speeches or poems, but all the people enjoyed the merrymaking and masking or playing in character immensely, as much as the children do now.—Ella F. Mosby in Philadelphia Times.

Stories of Composers.

Very remarkable are the conditions under which musical composers have sometimes turned out their work. Rossini was renowned for his laziness, yet when the mood was on him, or when pressure was brought to bear upon him, he could write against time. "The Barber of Seville" was composed in a month.

There is another story of the same composer in which one hardly knows whether to consider him particularly lazy or particularly industrious. He was in the habit of writing in bed, and on one occasion, while thus engaged, a trio that he had almost finished dropped from his hand and slipped under the bed.

The sheet was too far away for him to reach it, and to get up and reach under the bed for it was out of the question. There was only one other thing to be done, and Rossini did it. He wrote another trio.

Rossini's characteristics were so well known that sometimes strong measures were taken to secure a composition. The overture to "La Gazza Ladra" was procured in a peculiar manner. On the day of the first performance the manager got hold of Rossini and confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, under guard of four scene shifters, who took the text as it was written, sheet by sheet, and threw it out of the window to copyists waiting below.

There are other composers who can rival Rossini in the pace at which they throw off their work, but who have never been accused of especial laziness. Sir Arthur Sullivan is an unusually quick writer. He began the overture to "Iolanthe" at 9 o'clock one evening, and had it finished by 7 the next morning. The magnificent epilogue to the "Golden Legend" was composed and scored within 24 hours.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thought Transference.

In an address delivered before the Society For Psychical Research there were a number of excellent arguments advanced on the subject of telepathy, or thought transference. The speaker took the ground that much of what seems obscure in this world is so largely because we take a certain position for granted and then argue from it. The wave theory is admitted by all scientists, and it is not impossible or indeed improbable that intense thought concentrated by one person upon a sympathetic friend or associate should produce a distinct impression and create a telepathic current which should convey brain waves to the mind of the individual upon whom the thoughts were centered. It is proposed to study this subject and to make tests and experiments with a view to ascertain just how far this sympathetic influence may extend. It must not, however, be overlooked that there are persons who are keenly susceptible to such impressions, while others are not easily affected by influences of this nature.—New York Ledger.

The Absent One.

When Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was a tutor, he once invited a number of his men to a "wine"—as the entertainments of those days used to be called. Noticing a vacant place, he said to his servant, "Why is not Mr. Smith here?" "He is dead, sir," was the reply. "I wish you would tell me when my pupils die!" was the indignant answer.

Byron was crazily jealous of every woman he ever loved. His loves were almost innumerable, and sooner or later he made every one miserable.

More gold watches are worn by artisans and laboring men in the United States than in any two other countries in the world.

INSECTS HELP PLANTERS.

Parasites Promptly Obliterated by Importation of Their Enemies.

Few countries have been more plagued by the importation of insect pests than the Hawaiian Islands, and in none have such extraordinary results followed the introduction of beneficial species to destroy them. The greatest damage has been suffered from the invasion of the scale insect in different forms, which at one time multiplied enormously. These insects were eventually routed and destroyed by the propagation of the ladybird. The two chief products of the island are sugar and coffee, and the cultivation of fruit is rapidly on the increase. All these industries have been continually threatened with destruction from imported insects. Coffee plants were introduced into the islands in 1825. In 1850 the blight was imported, and in 1856 the cultivation had to be abandoned to be recommenced after the ladybirds had got to work on the scale insects.

R. C. L. Perkins states that at one time he saw the canes on Kauia so devastated by an aphis that it seemed as though nothing could save the plant from extermination. A most useful species of coccinella was sent over from Ceylon and bred in such numbers that the sugar canes were soon cleared of the aphides. On the same island, on another occasion, Mr. Perkins saw the fruit trees, especially orange and lime, in a beautiful garden, in a most deplorable condition from the attacks of aphides and scale. Very few ladybirds could be found after a careful search. The owner was for spraying the trees, but it was decided to wait and give the imported beetles a chance. In a few weeks they were swarming, and six months after the infested trees were all in perfect condition, full of fruit and flower.

Mr. Perkins also relates how a destructive beetle which had been accidentally introduced from Japan speedily multiplied prodigiously and destroyed nearly every rose tree in Honolulu, subsequently attacking the foliage of many other trees. The cultivation of roses, once a feature of the city, became impossible, and a remedy seemed hopeless. One day a parasitic fungus was discovered, which by cultivation and the infection by it of healthy beetles was soon spread far and wide. The ground under trees which were attacked by the beetle soon became literally strewn with dead beetles, all killed by the fungus. Beneath the surface of the soil the larvæ likewise had perished, and now the natives are busy again at pruning and training their rosebushes.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HINTS FOR FISHERMEN.

A Few Words About Lines, Hooks, Reels, Floats and Sinkers.

Lines should be sound and strong, but not too heavy for the rod. Twisted lines are more easily found of good quality, but braided lines kink less. Twenty yards are quite enough for any fishing of the kind we are considering and half as much would usually suffice.

Hooks should be of the best quality to be had. Good hooks are still practically all made in England. Shapes which have received names are many, and most of them have advantages for particular kinds of fishing. Among the best are O'Shaughnessy, Limerick, Sneckbend, Aberdeen and Sproat. The last named, we think, will meet more kinds of need than any other one. **As to size, it should be remembered that the hook is to fit the bait, not the fish's mouth; a very small fish can take any ordinary hook.**

A reel is not so absolutely necessary as the rod, line and hook, but it is a prime convenience. A well made single click reel is better than any multiplier, except for the one matter of making long casts from the reel, which a beginner is not likely to do.

For fly casting, a leader or casting line of gut between the fly and the main line is necessary to making a light cast, but for ordinary bait fishing the gut snells, which are nowadays so generally attached to hook, are bottom line enough. If, however, you can get some white, gray or cream colored hairs from the tail of a young stallion, you can make bottom lines or leaders for light fishing without expense.

A gaudy float is pretty sure to form part of the first angling outfit, and it is useful to keep the bait out of the weeds and to notify the inexperienced angler that a fish is biting. Choose one that is slender in shape and not large. A dry stick makes a good enough extemporaneous float, and if fish are shy may be better than a more showy one.

For sinkers split shot, BB size, and buckshot or strips of thin lead, such as come from tea chests, wound around the line, are as good as any and very easily procured.—Harper's Round Table.

To Restore Silk.

Silk is worn so frequently now that some simple means of renovating it may be of service. Faded silks should be sponged carefully with warm water and soap, and then rubbed dry with a cloth, spreading them upon some flat surface, as a table or board, during the operation. When dry, iron on the wrong side, taking care that the iron is not hot enough to singe. Black silks that are looking shabby may be renovated by sponging them with spirits and then ironing on the right side, with a thin sheet of tissue paper to protect the material. Candle or grease stains upon black silks can be removed by heating a knife in the flame of a candle, laying a sheet of blotting paper over the stains and then applying the hot knife to that part of the paper that covers them. The grease will thus be absorbed into the blotting paper. For large marks use a hot iron. When by mishap the color has been taken out of silk by acid, it can frequently be restored by the application of hartshorn or sal volatile.

Not Worth Mentioning.

A clergyman whose piety has not lessened his sense of humor says that he was one day called down into his parlor to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?" to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically, "but it was 20 years ago, and he fell off a barn and killed hisself when we'd been married only a week. So it really ain't worth mentioning."—Harper's Bazar.

Where Mrs. Brown Had Been.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Brown, when did you get back?

Mrs. Brown—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?

The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at Loggerheads with your husband for over a week.—London Answers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 13.

Text of the Lesson, II Tim. i, 1-7; iii, 14-17—Memory Verses, 3, 14-17—Golden Text, II Tim. iii, 15—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The second epistles are all suggestive of the last days, when the world shall have corrupted the church, and contain special instructions to God's servants for times of disorders, confusions, formality, etc. The faithful witness is taught how to deal with those who "turn away from," "err concerning" and "resist" the truth, or "will not endure sound doctrine" (II Tim. i, 15; ii, 18; iii, 8; iv, 3).

1. "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life which is in Christ Jesus." He loved to think of himself as one sent forth by Jesus Christ and chosen for this honor by the will of God. Why God should choose any of us is certainly a great wonder, but if we have truly received the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, resting wholly and only on His finished work of atonement, we need not fear to believe that we were chosen in Him before the foundation of the world (Eph. i, 4); that we should be holy before Him, and that He might send us forth in His name, even as the Father sent Him (John xvii, 18; xx, 21). The life that God gives is in Christ, and apart from Him there is no life (I John v, 12).

2. "To Timothy, my dearly beloved son: Grace, mercy and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord." In I Tim. i, 2, he calls him "My own son in the faith," and in Phil. ii, 20 (margin), he wrote that he had no man so dear unto him as Timothy. We first read of him in Acts xvi, 1, as a disciple living at Lystra, his mother a Jewess, his father a Greek. And Paul on his second missionary tour took him with him. It is by the grace or undeserved favor of God through Jesus Christ that we are saved.

3. "I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience, that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day." Before the council he also said that he had lived in all good conscience before God (Acts xxiii, 1), or as he puts it in Acts xxvi, 5, "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." He does not attempt to excuse his great sins against Jesus Christ and His redeemed, but says that he verily thought that he ought to do these things (Acts xxvi, 9).

4. "Greatly desiring to see thee, being mindful of thy tears, that I may be filled with joy." Paul prayed much for those whom God had given him, but he would pray, especially for such a one as his son Timothy. If Paul had the Philippian and other believers in his heart (Phil. i, 7) and prayed much for them, how much more does our Lord Jesus carry, love and pray for His redeemed ones. We are not told the cause of Timothy's tears, but if Paul was mindful of them how much more is our Lord of ours. There is comfort to human weakness in the thought that the joy of such a one as Paul might be increased by Timothy.

5. "When I call to mind the unfeigned faith that is in thee." Not in him only, but in both mother and grandmother; not that faith is hereditary, but children may be so taught and trained that from earliest infancy they may be true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed are the mothers and grandmothers who so train the children. Unfeigned faith makes us think of the "most surely believed" and "know the certainty" of Luke i, 1, 4.

6. "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." He refers to this also in I Tim. iv, 14. The Spirit bestows gifts upon people severally as He, the Spirit, will, and God places the members in the body as it hath pleased him (I Cor. xii, 11, 18). He gives to every man his work and something to work with, and says, "Occupy till I come" (Mark xiii, 34; Luke xix, 13). Then at His coming He will reward every man according to his works.

7. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Judging from the portion of the epistle following, such as i, 8, 12, 16; ii, 3, 10, 12; iii, 12; iv, 5, 16, we would infer that the fear referred to is a fear of what one might be called upon to endure; but thoughts of the perfect love of God cast out all fear (I John iv, 18).

8-14. "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of." Our Lord said, "Continue ye in My love," "If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed" (John xv, 9; viii, 31). I like to remember that Luke said in the beginning of his gospel that he wrote concerning the things which were "most surely believed," that his friend might "know the certainty" of these things (Luke i, 1, 4), and that Abraham was fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able to perform (Rom. iv, 20, 21).

15. "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." These could be none other than what some despise as the Old Testament writings, in which Paul testifies there was wisdom unto salvation and the way of faith in Christ Jesus. I think the way of salvation, God's way, is nowhere in all the Bible more simply set forth than in Gen. iii, 21. The Lord Himself provided the clothing by the shedding of blood, and Adam and Eve had only to drop as useless their own works, the fig leaf aprons, and accept God's provision. Blessed are the children who from their youth are taught these things.

16. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." While the Bible contains the very words of God and some of the very words of the devil, as well as some words of good and bad men, yet the whole book, from beginning to end, was written by the Spirit of God, He giving the men whom he used the very words to write, as is plain from such texts as Ex. iv, 12; II Sam. xxiii, 2; Jer. i, 7, 9; xxxvi, 2, 4, 6, 8; John xii, 49. The Spirit who wrote the book is still in the book, and its words are spirit and life (John vi, 63).

17. "That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." A man of God is one who is first a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, and then fully yielded to God as His purchased property for His service, the Lord's messenger with the Lord's message, receiving his orders from God and responsible to God, seeking in all things His approval. While we are saved freely by grace, it is that we may walk in the works. He has prepared for us (Eph. ii, 10), and the Scriptures alone are sufficient to qualify fully for all good works. If we will only yield fully, God will work in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21).

ETHIOPIAN WOMEN.

A Touching Tribute to the Worth of the Abyssinian of the Gentler Sex.

Major Gamerra, who was made prisoner at the battle of Adowa, and whose hair turned completely white with his sufferings while in Abyssinia, has published a book giving an account of the ten months of his captivity. He pays a feeling and genuine tribute to the Abyssinian women. The Ethiopian woman is obliged to work hard all day, hewing wood and drawing water, grinding the grain and preparing the household food. To the men is reserved the task of sewing and weaving, which they are very clever at. The customs of the people are quite patriarchal, the head of the family being often like a sultan in miniature, with a small harem of slaves. The legitimate wife, if she protests at all, does so meekly, as women, even in that part of Africa, are considered little better than beasts of burden, and the Copt religion as it is understood, especially among the Amhara, has not the power to raise her from her state of inferiority.

Major Gamerra paints a picture truly touching of the tenderness to suffering and the charity and self sacrifice, which are not found in isolated cases, but are general among these downtrodden souls. He speaks of a certain Kongeitu, an old and ugly woman, who was an angel of charity to many of the prisoners, but especially to the major. She shared their sadness, she gathered and prepared the primitive medicines of herbs used there, and when she saw them depressed used to cry "Agari! Agari!" (Italy! Italy!) adding that Menelek was good and would free them. When she understood that in Italy there were mothers, wives and sisters weeping for them, she began to cry, and they in turn were the comforters.

The first woman Major Gamerra met was when his feet were all cut and bleeding, owing to marching without shoes, so that he was in extreme pain. Sellas, a poor slave of Ras Workie, seeing his sufferings, took the white linen she wore from her head, divided it into two pieces and bandaged his feet. This was an act of real self sacrifice, as such a piece of linen in Schoa and Goggiam is a precious treasure. It was all the more wonderful that a slave should make such a sacrifice for a stranger, and he a captive. After ten months the day at last came for Major Gamerra to leave for Italy. He rose early and went to take leave of his true friends. Kongeitu was ill. She showed herself, and really was glad at his liberation, but when the moment of parting came she could not conceal her bitter grief.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CHILDREN IN HOLLAND.

Little Lads and Lassies In a Scheveningen Kindergarten.

Wandering through the crooked streets of the little fishing village of Scheveningen, from which the famous Dutch watering place takes its name, I heard many shouts of laughter issuing from a garden inclosed by high walls. The gate was open, and I peeped in. My curiosity was rewarded by one of the sweetest sights I have ever witnessed. About 20 little Dutch maids and lads, their ages varying from 3 to 6 years, were enjoying a game of ordinary American tag, while a little attendant of about 12 years stood by, busily knitting while she watched them. A bell sounded. They all fell in line behind the little knitter and walked demurely, two by two, in a serpentine line around the garden and disappeared in a long hall, at the door of which each child took off its little wooden shoes and held them in one hand behind its back, says a writer in the Washington Star.

In the meantime the principal came out and invited me by signs to enter. In the hall I noticed the little sabots laid orderly side by side. There were three halls in this kindergarten. In each were 50 children between the ages of 3 and 6 years—the girls in gowns to their ankles, held out in balloon fashion with bairloth petticoats, little white shawls pinned over the shoulders and caps covering their straight yellow locks.

At this free kindergarten the children of the fisher folk, many of them fatherless, derive all care and attention. They are taught by the same methods used in Germany. All seemed bright and happy. In one room they were singing quaint little nursery rhymes about boats. So one little fellow made me understand by walking across the floor, rolling like a sailor, and then going through the motions of rowing a boat and pulling in nets. He with great glee made me understand that he would be a fisherman when he was "so big," stretching up his arms and smoking an imaginary pipe. This amused the children so much and made them shout and laugh so loud that the teacher was obliged to send them to their seats and end our fun.—Chicago Record.

A New England Parson.

Personally, as professionally, says Alvan F. Sanborn in The Atlantic, Mr. Woodsum is a remarkable man to be located in a country parish. He has a fine mastery of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music and a considerable talent for painting. His execution and ideals in art, owing to his enforced absence from the centers, have been taken from the Hudson river school. The paintings with which his home is hung are copies by his own hand of the favorites of that period. But the art sense and the art enthusiasm are his, just the same. He usually has a few boys and girls with a taste for the expression of color and form as pupils, and one would love to believe that a real art feeling had been aroused among the people in consequence. A considerable feeling for landscape, however, if not much for art, has been developed in those who have come directly under the minister's art tuition, and this is of more real worth to them perhaps in the long run. Along with the rest, Mr. Woodsum is a skillful cabinetmaker. The pulpit he preaches from is his own handiwork and he recently presented a church of a different denomination, in the nearest town, with another like it—a most graceful act.

A Little Too Methodical.

A characteristic story is told of a New England man and his wife who live very methodically. One evening at exactly 9 o'clock they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night.

"Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "hev ye wiped the sink dry yit?"

"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well," he answered, "I did want a drink, but I guess I'll git along till the morning."—New York Tribune.

No Time For Sport.

A book agent attempted to sell a Frankford politician an encyclopedia.

"Cyclopedia?" exclaimed the Frankford man. "No. Don't want it. Wouldn't have time to ride it."—American Hebrew.

A FOXY DOCTOR.

An Ingenious Ruse to Keep a Restless Woman Still.

Among the more prominent members of the medical fraternity of Chicago is a physician who is renowned much more for his professional skill than for his control of his own nerves or temper. In fact, his confreres laughingly remark that he is able to control other people rather better than he is himself.

Among the regular patients of the doctor is an elderly lady who is something of a hypochondriac, and who, though she is more or less of an invalid, constantly imagines herself to be in a much worse condition than she really is. A few days ago the doctor was sent for posthaste and expected, from the urgency of the summons to find her extremely ill. He was somewhat disgusted when he found that she was in her usual condition, and when he incautiously intimated that he did not think her condition materially changed since he last saw her his patient launched into a recital of her woes, together with numerous new symptoms which she had discovered, which seemed almost endless. The disciple of Æsculapius was compelled to prolong his visit until he was decidedly inconvenienced by the delay. He finally made his prescription and left the house, promising to return the next day.

As soon as he called the second time the lady commenced telling her numerous physical troubles. The doctor had an important appointment to keep in a half hour and finally became distressingly nervous over the prospect, when a happy thought struck him. Drawing from his pocket one of the little thermometers which physicians use to test temperature with, he said:

"Mrs. ——, I wish to test your temperature. Will you be so kind as to hold this in your mouth for a minute?"

The lady did as directed, and while she was rendered incapable of conversation by reason of the impediment in her mouth the doctor felt her pulse and made out his prescription. He then removed the thermometer and left, having saved a great deal of time by the use. The same thing was repeated for three days, when finally the invalid's daughter asked him anxiously:

"Do you think mamma is going to have a fever?"

"No," replied the doctor. "She makes me nervous with her talking, and I wanted a little quiet."

The daughter straightway told her mother of the circumstance, and after a stormy interview the physician was paid off and dismissed. At last accounts the invalid had secured a doctor who, while he may not be the equal of the first in medical skill, is not made nervous by her endless chatter.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tribulations of a Housebuilder.

"I believe that there should be some kind of a university or night school to teach men how to buy lots and build houses," declared a citizen who is finally settled in his new home. "More than that, there should be a law making this kind of an education compulsory, and a searching examination before any one be given a license to spend his money in land and building.

"I've been through it, and I'm talking by the card. After I had purchased my lot I was jumped on for some back taxes, had to settle with an heir that hadn't joined in the deed and pay a paving assessment. I was advised by a friend that my best scheme was to make a separate contract for each kind of work to be done, and then be on hand as much as possible to see that nothing was neglected. The result was that I lost a whole summer, took care of two or three rows a day, listened to expensive suggestions, and in the end paid out $1,000 more than my most liberal calculation had provided for. Then I wasn't nearly as well satisfied as with my original plans.

"While the moving vans were unloading at the door, my wife was bustling about in one of woman's most delightful occupations, and the children were rolling under the trees in the back yard, along came a man who called me aside and informed me that I had built on his lot.

"As I was not armed he escaped with his life, and we called each other names across the street till I cooled down sufficiently to hold a peaceful parley. He was right. My pretty new house adorned his lot. I was a squatter. He had me just because I had carelessly ignored the abstract man and the surveyor. I would have heard from him sooner, but he had been away. He was white and gave me a deed to the lot in exchange for a deed to the next lot, which I had really purchased."—Detroit Free Press.

For a Mosquito Bite.

The court of appeals has decided a suit against the United States Mutual Accident Insurance company, brought by Mrs. Sallie Amberg of Louisville for $50,000 for the death of her husband, which was caused by a mosquito bite. The lower court held that the bite was not an accident in the meaning of the word as used by insurance companies, but upon appeal Mrs. Amberg got peremptory instructions in her favor.

It is estimated that one-twelfth of the population of England suffer from gout. A Berlin physician, Dr. Fehlaner, says that this malady is often due to the excessive use of meat.

Newton was so small and frail at birth that his life was despaired of. He lived, however, to be 85, which was also Voltaire's age.

Idaho ranks fifth in the production of precious metals—$35,201,629 of gold and $1,960,383 of silver.