accelerated, and after a half hour he felt

decidedly dizzy. By this observation of the insects Dr. Weir was led to the dis-

covery of an etherizing oil in these plants, affecting man and insect alike.

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen, when they are all in place. How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear? Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?

Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
How many bones in the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm? In each arm one: two in each forearm. How many bones in the human wrist?

How many bones in the palm of the hand?

One in each, the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the human high?

One in each, the a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?

One in each, the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee-

How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven in each, but none are long. How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the paims are put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score!

Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

-Philadelphia Inquirer

Insects as Illuminants.

Mexico and Brazil, phosphorescent insects

are collected in the forests, placed in a

bunch in big cages suspended from the

ceiling and used by the people as a lu-

minant. Moreover, Creole women make

use of them to increase the splendor of their tollet. They are attached by tiny

chains or shreds of silk to the garments

and hair of the women, the effect in dark

places being particularly striking and beautiful. The pets are kept in wire cages, as in Japan, and have to be bathed

twice a day and fed on fragments of

remarkable, and those willch show the most spirit are frequently utilized as a

means of betting by the male portion of the population. Races are run by hid-eous tarantulas, and frequently fearful fights result, not only between the in-sects, but between those who are staking

Always in a Hurry.

hurry; She races through her breakfast to be in time

scribbles at her deak in a heaty sort of

hurries through her studying, she hurries

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure

She's always in a scramble, no matter where

And yet-would you believe it?-she never is

It seems a contradiction until you know the

But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing

And she's always in a hurry because she starts

-McCall's Magazina,

I know a little maiden who is always in a

money on their progress.

for school;

fills the vestibule

through her sewing.

e a crime:

che's going.

The sportive instinct of many insects is

sugar cane.

In certain parts of America, chiefly in

Five in each, with many a band. How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

Eight in each, if none are missed

Two in each, we can plainly see.



To Baby. You rely-poly mite, with big blue eyes. And sliky tangled curis upon your head.

Its very strange to hear your words so wise,

Where one would look for baby talk instead.

Indeed, you are quite surprising, through an From topknot to your small and sturdy feet; Your changing moods are ever fresh and new, Now proud and haughty, now demurely sweet

A baby queen, sometimes you sit and reign With gracious smiles a sugar-scepter'd sway; gain, with shoulders lifted in disdam, You flap your short white skirts and march

You've just as many years as this short song Has verses; but those brief years are glad

Why, many a girl has lived for twice as long Without so many lovers at her feet. Yet, when crickets chirp and daylight ends,

You leave the social world, and sweet and small. ciling with sleepy kisses to your friends baby mood—the dearest, best of all!

-Lue Vernon.

CRIPPLED EDDY JASMINE

Bodily Misfortune Has Not Clouded the Sunshiny Disposition of a Lovable East Side Lad.

Outside the wind whirled the snow about in blinding gusts and threshed the leafless branches of the trees against the house on the East Side, where two little restless boys, Richmond and Leonard, lived. Inside, surrounded by the warmth and comfort of their home, they had played and exhausted every game that their ingenuity could suggest, constantly hoping that the storm would abate, as they intended to have a fine coast down the long hill which appeared so tantalizing to their longing eyes. They were full of health and electric energy, restless and impatient of restraint. Very different, indeed, was their condition from that of a hopelessly crippled little boy, in another part of the East Side, concerning whom this story is narrated.

Longing Youngsters. Richmond and Leonard stood, with

noses pressed against the window pane, gazing out where the older boys were having such fun tumbling in the snow. "Tain't cold, an' the snow'll all be gone tomorrow," wailed Richmond, and Leonard echoed his sentiments with a longdrawn sigh of grief.

"I think my little boys are tired and need something to rest them, so I will amuse you both as well as I can until dinner. Now, what shall we do?" said their mamma, as she came into the room and drew up a deep, cozy chair to the

"Oh! tell us a story; tell us a story," shouted both children at once, facing her with eyes that shone through the mist of the recently shed tears.

She sat and studied a few minutes, and then the look of perplexity left her face and she said: "Yes, I will tell you a story, and a true one, about a little boy who lives right here in this city and has not walked for eight years," and the mother looked impressively at her boys. mother looked impressively at her boys.

Now Richmond and Leonard are such active youngsters that they cannot think of his mind, make an appeal more powerful. of anything worse than not being able ful than the most polished senten to run about and play all day, so they gave instant attention to what their mamma was going to say:

Eleven Years Ago.

"Some 11 years ago," she began, "a little child was born in South Dakota, who, as he grew older, attracted the attention of all who knew or saw him, on account of his sweet, winsome ways and his babyhood much as other babies do. thing happened to him; the doctors were unable to tell what, and never since has be been able to walk and never since has he been able to walk or use his left hand."

What did he do?"

"Just walt, Richmond," answered mam- earth. ma, "and I will tell you all I know about

after him and run errands for him. "Who told you about Eddy?" asked

"I saw him at the school," replied his mamma, "and he had such a sweet, cheer-ful face that I asked his teacher about him. Then I went to see his mother, and she told me how Eddy spent his time at home. At school and everywhere else, home. At school and everywhere else, the boys picked him up and carried him about, when they wanted to go to places where they couldn't take the wagon; but at home Eddy prefers to get about by himself, so he crawls all over the house, and not at a slow rate either, for he can crawl almost as fast as you little boys can run. He can amuse his two small brothers, too, when the mother is busy with the work of putting the tiny cottage, where they

Here the two little boys, although they have been told that it is impolite to in-terrupt, became excited again and broke into their mamma's story with question as to how Eddy could do anything to amuse two babies, when he had only one useful hand and could not walk.

Makes Boats and Toys

"Well," answered the mother, "Eddy is a faithful little fellow and delights in helping other people, because they help him: so he has learned to whittle out boats and toys for his brothers, with his knife. He especially likes to make boats, and many a full-rigged ship has found its way into a Christmas stocking. Eddy, in some way known only to himself, man-ages to hold the wood firmly with his paralyzed left hand, while he shapes it into whatever toy he wishes to make with his right hand.

"It is a source of great grief to Eddy that his mother has to work so hard, for she has five small children to look after and is a delicate little woman. Eddy tells her that if he could walk then she would have nothing to do at all, for he would build all the fires and do all the hard work. But his mamma tells him she will not mind the hard work, if he studies hard at school and gets a good education, for then he can do some kind of work with which to help himself. This is just what Eddy is trying to do, and studies hard at his books.. The happiest hours of the day to him are those spen

An Awful Good Boy.

Richmond murmured softly, under his breath, "He must be an awful good little boy to like to go to school." Then mamma went on with her story.

"On Saturday," she continued, "Eddy's brother, who has had constant charge of the little cripple since he was only 5 years old, hauls him in his wagon, accompanied by a shouting crowd of boys, to an English mission school. Eddy is a very religious little fellow, too, and spends nearly

the whole of Sunday at services."

Here the story ended, and both the boys asked, in one breath: "Is that all?" The mother assented, and then watched with fond eyes, for a few minutes the graceful movements of her own boys as she breathed a prayer of gratitude that they were possessed of strong, sturdy

This story was written for the purpoof attracting public attention to a bright, unfortunate little boy, and in the hope that some philanthropic person may be touched by his condition and provide the means for his education. A hopeless cripple, his condition excites the sympathy of every one who visits the Williams-Avenue School. His cheerfulness; his patience, as he watches other boys at play, in he cannot himself indulge; his

PLAY FIRE ENGINE.

Two Young Inventors Blow Themselves Up With a Conl Oil Can.

Howard and Tommy Smith were cousing who lived near each other in Valley City. They played together every day, winning baby face. When 8 months old, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasmine, brought him to Portland. Here he passed to remember." They were not bad boys, but fun was the chief end of their exisand was just like them until he was 3 tence from their point of view, and they

One day there came to Valley City a Here the mother was interrupted by Brand-new fire engine, all shining with Richmond, who was listening intently to nickel and brass-a sight to set all the With his voice trembling he small boys wild, especially when the fire-"Mamma, mamma, couldn't the little men took it out for drill. To be a fireboy do nothing all day but just sit in the man, with the privilege of handling such an engine must be the happiest lot on

Howard and Tommy had not even a toy Mim. I saw him, the other day, at the engine to "make believe" with. But they Williams-Avenue School, in Albina, and did not despair of "getting up" something

prefer it for the "other fe he was as cheerful and contented as if that would steam and whistle..
he could join in all the games which his So they hunted up an empty five-gallor dimates were having. His teacher coal-oil can; filled it about two-thirds full HAD A GRIEVANCE.

Story of a Boy, a String, His Chum

and Little Louie. "Well," said the boy, reflectively, chew ing some home-made taffy as he looked into the face of the policeman, "yen spollt me fishin' trip fer me wen yeh pulled dat 'ere string last night dat was hangin' fr'm me winder. Yeh see, I tol' me fr'end I would let a string hang fr'm me winder so w'en he woke early 'n de mornin' he could kum to me house, pull de string, wake me up an' I would go a'fishin' on the ice wid him. Up 'n bed I tied de string to me right hand an' hung de string out er de winder an' went ter sleep. Me litle brudder Louie, who I sleep wid, got mixed w'th the string on me hand an' putty soon he had it curled

de string, an' soon was chokin' littel Louie. Louie kinder woke up an' kicked me so dat I that it was a robber an' called fer me maw. Wen maw kim up she saw littel Louie chokin'. Maw den cut de string an' saved littel Louie's life. Den yeh pulled me fr'end who was pull-in' de rope, fer a robber, 'cause yeh thot he was robbin' our house. In de mornin' maw saw de string 'round me warmed me up for de day. I'll bet I'll never hang 'nother string out de winder. But anyway, yew policemen is

Bitnd man's buff is of French origin and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the

In the year 899 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in bat-tle he used literally to crush his oppo-

ply know things much better than any one He ordered his esquire to take him into

when two or more boys play together one is sure to be "boxs." Howard trotted around obediently, gathering chips, loose boards from back fences and some of his the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful mother's nice kindling wood. execution that victory soon declared it-Soon the fire blazed fiercely, and the water fairly roared in the can. Tommy and Howard hovered over the

When Robert of France heard of this feat of arms he lavished favor and honors upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that is was comwas chilly. And they instend every mo-ment for the shrill whistle when the plug should pop out of the hole.

But no whistle came. Instead thereof, however, there came an explosion, with

pitched battle, and, so the story runs, matters worse, and blew on shore. This same hand. From the nature of the in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both part of the Atlantic Coast has been but glass it is easily concealed, and dexterity imperfectly surveyed, and, almost as soon in paiming is not necessary. Then throw as night closed in, we were in doubt as the handkerchief over the right hand, and to our exact location. The lead was cast for several hours and varying depths were recorded. Toward eight bells we were in seventy fathoms, ample room under the keel, and, concluding that we were the street were recorded.

After having switched the pieces, withwere off the shoals, the speed was in-

> "While moving along at an eight-knot speed on a course west by southwest and with the assurance that the land was no more to oppose us, the man on the lookout forward suddenly heard a confusion

After having switched the pieces, with-draw the hand, retaining the coin therein, and let the lady grasp the piece under the handkerchief, which she imagines is the coin, but which is really the glass piece. Then cover the tumbler with the folds of the handkerchief and ask the lady to drop the "coin." It will be distinctly heard to fall in the glass. Then say "presto" and ask the lady to remove the handkerchief from the tumbler and the coin will have disappeared. The water can be emptied from the tumbler and the suction will cause the glass disc to remain at the bottom, where it will be entirely

This trick can be elaborated by having the coin previously marked for future identification, and after the handkerchief has been removed and the water emptied the original coin in some dis tant place.

CONCERNING BRER RABBIT. How He Acquired a Cleft Lip-His

Weather Instinct. Scientifically there is a distinction be twixt rabbits and hares. To the lay mind they are much the same. Both are grasseaters, afraid of their own shadows, with

short tails, soft fur and deeply-cleft up-This is how the colored folk account for the cleft. In the beginning, they say, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, the Lord made the rabbit near the first of his creating, and set him to watch other

things as they were made.

After a while he formed the moon, gilded it beautifully, and set it up beside a tree to dry. The rabbit had charge of it, but fell nodding and let Brer Fox slip in and begin licking off the gold. This angered the Deity, who flung his stick at the sleepy-head, with such force it buried itself in his upper lip. Then, by way of punishment, it was ordained that the mark should descend through all the rabbit generations. The dark places on the moon, of course, are the marks of Brer Fox's

Snowfall develops in Brer Rabbit a curious weather instinct. If he hops about, browsing and frisking, you may be sure there will come but a very few inches; if he crouches snug in a grasstuft crouches, he moves gently back and forth, now a little on this side, now on that. Thus he shapes for himself a snow-chamber a little bigger than his own body By and by the deepening snow arches over, but his warm breath melts a tiny hole in the roof, thus preventing suffoca-tion. Sometimes it is two days before the furry occupant leaves this refuge. that time the snow is commonly crus over hard enough to bear his weight.

When snow lies thus, rabbit-hunters ook close for the breathing holes. Once found, there are two ways open. the pothunter's, is to fall flat upon the up through the snow, swing him thrice around above the head, and then knock out his brains. The other, the sportsman's, is to rout out the cottontail but give him a chance for his life, never slipping a dog in chase until he has a fair 36 ards' start. Both are practiced essfully every snow winter that it is a slothful farmhouse, indeed, anywhere in the rabbit country, which does not have rabbits by the dozen to broil or stew or mother

SOLD BOOKS FOR A LIVING. Distinguished Men Who Canvassed for Popular Books.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor Lieu tenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Historie de la Revolution." In the foyer of the great Palace of the Louvre, can be seen today the great Emperor's canvassing outfit, with the long list of subscribers he secured. George Washington, when young, can-vassed around Alexandria, Va., and sold

over 200 copies of a work entitled "Bydeil's American Savage." Mark Twain was a book agent. Longfellow sold books by subscription. Jay Gould, when starting in life, was a canvasser.

Daniel Webster paid his second term's

tuition at Dartmouth by handling De Tocqueville's "America," in Merrimac Tocqueville's "America," in Merrimac County, New Hampshire. General U. S. Grant canvassed for Irving's "Columbus." James G. Blaine began life as a canvasser for a "Life of Henry Clay." Bismarck, when at Heldelberg, spent a vacation in canvassing for one of Blumen-

bach's handbooks Insects Get Drunk. Bumble bees, files, butterfiles and bee-

den, in McCall's Magazine, the woman with a voice "soft, gentle and low" has over those around her, and how careful should she be to use this power aright, for power it is, both for good and for evil! Even the gentle word, when spoken in a tone that is harsh, loses much of its gentleness the soft speech that turns away wrath, when uttered in a shrill

ties are habitual drunkards, if the state- The charm of a woman's sweet voice will

THE BOY, THE STOCKINGS AND THE EELS.



can, enjoying the warmth, as the Fall air was chilly. And they listened every mo-









-New York Mail and Express.

familiar sport. The blindfolded pursuer, as, with ban-Boys can't get too much noise, for noise But, oh! what a dreadful smarting sen-

sation went right along with Tommy and Howard's fun! They were covered with scalding water and their faces and hands were badly burned. It was even thought that Tommy's eyes were destroyed, but fortunately this turned out to be a mis-

The boys were carried off the field in opposite directions by friends and neigh-bors. The doctor was sent for, and it was weeks before they were able to try further inventions.

It was a nine-days' wonder among the

elders that "the little rascals we killed," while the small fry discussed the affair with all the gusto of youth, and were "awful glad 'twasn't them."

And that, to be sure, was very much after the manner of the world of older folks who, if disaster must come, vastly

MARY C. BELL.

'bout t'ree times 'round his neck.
"Well, 'bout hav past four 'n de mornin' me fr'end kim t' me house an' pulled always 'round when yer not wanted."-Detroit Free Press.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

the loudest noise the boys had ever heard for themselves, and it took the form of of sounds resembling the humming of The blindfolded pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, in some degree repeats the action of Colin chirping and rustling of wings, which could be heard distinctly above the roar could be hear millions of bees. The headway of the vesof fear and doubt the Panan was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to plerce the intense gloom of the night. Steamship Warned of Danger by the Then the motion became easier and the anchor was dropped. We loaded coal at Cape Breton, one of

"When morning broke an astonishing spectacle greeted us. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away was an immense towering rock, which, had the vessel struck it, would have dashed her to fragments in Stranger than all, granite pile was inhabited by myriads of white birds which reposed on its bar-ren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the night, which had saved the steamer."

One of the sallors would have tried a shot at the birds, but Captain Henrekser would not permit it, simply as a matter of sentiment. He recognized the birds as of the species termed bossum, which in great numbers frequent the rocky Newfoundland headlands in the winter season

The Birds of Soleure. Thrifty the folk in the town of Soleure,

And they steadily ply their fathers' trade; Proud are they, too, that, year after year, The watches and clocks of the world they have made.

Click go the seconds, kling go the hours. In the town of Soleure the time is well kept Every new steel they cut and trim, While into the street the filings are swept. Only waste metal, unfit for use; But it catches the sunshine and glitters still-

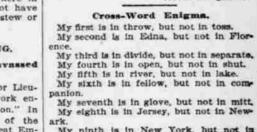
And what are those thrushes doing there, Each with a scrap of steel in its bill? The watchmaker's boy has paused with his

And he follows the birds with a boy's keer eye; Their secret he learns, and whither they go, In the leafy tent of you linden high! Their secret he guards the Springtime through And he smiles when he hears the young one

Never had birdlings a cradle like theirs-Surely to them can no harm befall!" When the leaves are lying and birds are flows

The out on the linden bough he swings— The fearless lad that he is—and thence A wonderful nest of steel he brings! It yet may be seen in the town of Soleure, To show how the skill of the birds began At the point where human skill fell short; For they used what was waste in the hand

tainment is to cause a half-dollar piece to apparently melt in a gobiet of water held in the hand of any member of a company. All that is seen is the glass of water, the coin and a large white handkerchief (preferably silk). In addition to these articles, the performer requires a piece of glass the size and thickness of the coin. Select some person, preferably a girl or woman, to hold the glass of water. Take the coin and hold it con-spicuously between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, first concealing



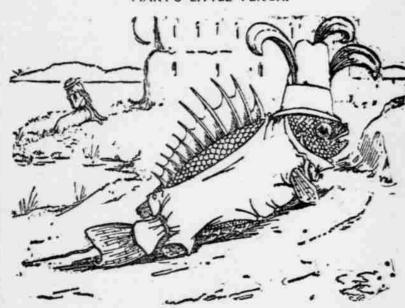
My ninth is in New York, but not in Chicago. My tenth is in you, but not in them. My eleventh is in valentine, but not in

My twelfth is in eels, but not in fish, My thirteenth is in silver, but not in tin. My fourteenth is in shoe, but not in hat. My whole is a series of noted books.

Value of Gentle Voice.

What an influence, writes Julia Marsvoice, loses half its strength

MARY'S LITTLE PERCH.



Mary had a little perch Which walked upon its fins; The spinal process on its back Stuck out like javeling.

She put a noose about its tall And tied it very tight; But Mr. Perch bit off the string And waddied out of sight. -Arthur Layard in London Ladies' Field.

ments of a certain Dr. Weir are to be remain to her long after her beauty has believed. He found that in some of the

been stolen by the hand of Time; far away from its sound and its influence, as does the echo of some tuneful old song, and will, even when stilled by the touch of death, linger "long after it is heard no more" in the hearts of those

eight boys to act as body-guard for little. Tommy spoke with the knowing air of crippled Eddy. His brother hauls him to boys of a certain age—anywhere between school in a little red and blue wagon, and, 8 and 18. They don't believe; they sim-

teacher one day told the children about

Eddy (that is his name), and asked how

many would take care of him and carry

him about if he came to the school. How many do you think responded?"

The two boys eyed their mother thought-

fully and, after some minutes. Leonard answered: "Did three or four boys say

said that the boys helped and took care of water, through a small hole, and set of him, and that his patience and good it on a big fire. nature had made friends of them all. The

EDDY JASMINE, IN HIS WAGON.

With all the pleasure of inventors they presently heard the water boll, and saw the steam pour out of the hole. And now, if it would only whistle, for that, after all, was the great point of the whole affair-what was most to be

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said "Oh, no!" cried mamma; "why, my Tommy, "the water don't boll fast enough, dear, every boy in the room sprang to his We'll plug up the hole and make a bigger feet, and from them the teacher chose fire, and I'll bet she'll whistle all right."

Its Origin French and of Very Great Antiquity.

Middle Ages.

SAVED BY BIRDS.

Cries of Myriad Sea Fowl.

the wildest and most inhospitable spots

in North America, and on January 24 we

weighed anchor and steamed slowly out







That night the gale increased in fury until it blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour," said Captain Henreksen, of the Norwegian steamer Panan at Phil-

to sea in the face of weather conditions

which, to say the least, were alarming.

-Our Dumb Animals. MYSTIFYING PARLOR TRICK. Way of Causing Coin to Disappear in A mystifying trick for parlor enter-

In one of the feuds, which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encently.

The Norwegian steamer ranal at range of the feuds, which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encently.

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certain plants (Kosmos diversifolius and Kosmos bipinnatus), drink heartily from the calixes of the blossoms, fall prostrate on the ground, and after a while rise into the air and fly around like mad, just as drunken men would do if they could fly. Dr. Weir collected the pollen of these plants, half a teaspoonful, to see whether it would affect a man in the same way. He swallowed this, and, after 15 minutes found that his pulse beat faster and that there was a slight rise in the temperature of his body. Then he gathered the blos-soms, distilled them in water and admin-istered a hypodermic injection in his left

Southern States these insects alight on return to the memory of those who are who knew and loved its every tone,

I am composed of stateen letters. My 3 4 5 12 13 6 te a delicious fruit.

My 7 11 12 14 2 4 one of the seas My 9 15 16 is a boy. My whole is one of the Presiden