Baker's Blue-Jay Yarn.

"When I first begun to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me moved away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log house with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the States, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a blue-jay lit on that house with an acorn in his mouth and says: 'Hello, I reckon I've struck something.' When he spoke the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down on the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says: 'It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it is a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful this time, winks his wings and his tail both, and says: 'Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon! If I ain't in luck!—why, it's a perfectly elegant hole!' So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude, and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, 'Why I didn't hear it fall!' He cocked his eye at the hole again, and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied a while, then he just went into the details—walked round and round the hole and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says: 'Well, it's too many for *me*, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got no time to fool around here, I got to 'tend to business; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flirt his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, 'Consound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again.' He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, 'Well, I never struck no such a hole as this, before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole.' Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him, presently, and he broke loose and cussed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through he walks up to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d—d if I don't fill you, if it takes a hundred years!' And with that away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look any more- he just hove 'em in and went for more. Well, at last, he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-drooping down, once more, sweating like an ice-pitcher, drops his acorn and says, 'Now I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!' So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, 'I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of 'em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes.' He just had strength enough to crawl up on to the combe and lean his back again the chimbly, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say. Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, 'Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself.' So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, 'How many did you say you put in there?' 'Not any less than two tons,' says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done. They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon the whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half-open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course, that knocked the mystery galley west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. 'Come here!' he says, 'Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns!' They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity that that first jay had tackled hit him home, and he fell over backward suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same. Well, sir, they roosted around here on the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole, every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yosemite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yosemite, too."—*A Tramp Abroad.*

Justice S. J. Field as a Duellist.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California Legislature, the members were little else than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried either bowie-knives or pistols. Some flourished both weapons. When a member entered the House he unstrappeed his revolvers and laid them on his desk. It was done with as little concern as hanging up a hat, and it excited neither surprise or comment. There was a hot debate over the proposed impeachment of Judge Turner. At the conclusion of Mr. Field's argument, B. F. Moore, of Tuolumne, arouse to reply. He opened his drawer, cocked his revolvers, and laid them on his desk. Then he launched himself on a sea of vituperation. Mr. Field was handled without gloves. The most offensive epithets were used, and the speaker openly declared himself responsible for his language at any time and any place. Mr. Field answered Mr. Moore's arguments, but made no allusion to his personal remarks. After the adjournment, however, he asked S. A. Merritt to bear a note to Mr. Moore, demanding an apology or satisfaction. Mr. Merritt refused, through fear of being disqualified for office. Mr. Richardson, another member, also declined. Happening into the Senate chamber, the jurist saw a stonecutter seated at a desk, writing. He was David C. Broderick, President of the State Senate. They were bowing acquaintances. "Why, Judge, you don't look well," said Broderick. "What's the matter?"

"Well, I don't feel well," Field responded. "I don't seem to have a friend in the world."

"What worries you?" inquired the stonecutter.

The jurist gave the particulars of Moore's assault upon his character, and said that, at all hazards, he was determined to call him to account.

"Well, I'll be your friend," Broderick replied. "Write your note; I will deliver it."

The jurist wrote the note at an adjoining desk, and Broderick placed it in Moore's hands. The latter gentleman crawfished. He said that he expected to be a candidate for Congress, and that he could not accept a challenge, because that act would disqualify him." "I have no objection to a street fight, however," he added. The stonecutter replied that a street fight was not exactly the thing among gentlemen, but if Moore would do no better he should be acommodated. He forthwith named time and place, and Moore promised to be on hand. Within an hour, however, he changed his mind. He informed Broderick that the Hon. Drury Baldwin would act as his friend, and deliver a reply to the note of Mr. Field.

On the next morning the stonecutter tested the jurist's skill in the use of a pistol. With a navy revolver Field plumped a knot on a tree at a distance of thirty yards three times out of five. Broderick expressed his satisfaction, and urged the necessity of bringing the matter to a speedy issue. "Bring it to an issue at once," Mr. Field responded. Broderick quickly called upon Drury Baldwin, and asked for a reply to the note. Baldwin replied that his principal had made up his mind to drop the matter. "Then," said the stonecutter, "as soon as the house meets, Mr. Field will rise in his seat and repeat Moore's language as to his responsibility. He will state that respect for the dignity of the House prevented him from replying to the attack in the terms that it deserved when it was made, and, after detailing Moore's refusal to give him satisfaction, he will denounce him as a liar and a coward."

"Then," said Drury Baldwin, "Judge Field will be shot in his seat."

"In that case," rejoined Broderick, "others will be shot in their seats."

At the opening of the House, Mr. Field took his seat at his desk as usual. Broderick was seated near him, with eight or nine personal friends, all armed to the teeth and ready for any emergency. When the journal was read both Field and Moore sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker!" That officer recognized "the gentleman from Tuolumne," and Mr. Field resumed his seat. Moore read a written apology, full, ample and satisfactory.

Broderick afterward befriended Mr. Field on many occasions. They were standing at the bar of a hotel in San Francisco in 1852, when Broderick saw a man throw back his Spanish cloak and level a revolver at his friend. In a twinkling he flung himself between the two men, and pushed Field out of the room. The prompt action undoubtedly saved his life.

Josh Billings on Marriage.—By awl means, Joe, get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it out. There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel, they have all been picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery, and thaws dreadfully easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate, and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

A "Red-Hot" Newspaper.

Colonel Bagshot runs a weekly newspaper called the *Union*, up in Chodunk. Recently the Colonel was called away to New York on business, leaving the *Union* in the hands of an assistant who had been in his employ some little time.

Now the Colonel knew that said assistant had the cheek of a brass statue, and the audacity of a New England fly, both indispensable attributes of the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week he began to grow uneasy, and telegraphed to Chodunk:

"How's things?"

Back came the answer:

"Bully! Circulation of the old thing's gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red-hot paper, and there's a gang outside that are weeping because they can't hoist the shingles off the roof and knock the whole concern to thunder. Stay away as long as you like."

Bagshot didn't waste a moment after receiving this encouraging dispatch.

He started home on the first train, and reached Chodunk before night.

The first man that struck him was the ticket agent.

"Look here, Colonel!" he cried, excitedly, "I've a darned good notion to punch your head; you brazen-faced old liar."

"Why?" asked Bagshot.

"Read that!" and the ticket agent shoved a crumpled *Union* into his hand.

There was a paragraph marked as follows:

"Railroad News.—The bandy-legged idiot who robs the railroad company at this village has purchased a new pocket-knife. More knocking-down from the cash drawer."

Bagshot bit his lip.

"Bill," said he, "that's calumny, and I'll see it righted in our next. It's my cussed assistant's work."

"I don't care whose work it is," growled the agent, "but if it ain't contradicted, somebody's got to die; that is all."

Bagshot didn't reply, but sailed down the street to the *Union* office.

He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh.

The Deacon seized him by the shoulder and exclaimed:

"What do you mean, Bagshot, by inserting that scandalously untrue item about me?"

"Didn't insert any item," replied the Colonel.

"Don't sneak out of it in that way. You know you did. Why, I just cut it out of the *Union*—listen:

"Religious Intelligence.—That whited sepulchre, Deacon Marsh, was noticed, last Sunday night, trying to open the coal-hole in front of his residence with his night key. The deacon was full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese."

"Now that's nice, ain't it, saying that I was intoxicated Saturday night, when I went to bed at seven with a raging toothache?"

"It's that reckless fool whom I left in charge," groaned the Colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh," and Bagshot scurried on again, only to be confronted by Major Blim.

"Colonel!" uttered Blim, in his deepest voice, "this is villainous! It's my intention, sir, to call you out and shoot you through the heart. What the deuce do you mean by publishing this note in the *Union:*

Military Jottings.—Major Blim, the tattered old beggar, who hid in an oyster barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple."

"I Can't help it, Blim," said Bagshot, wiping his forehead, "it's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red-hot paper. Just wait, Major, and I'll fix things."

Then Bagshot started again. By the postoffice old Parker grabbed him.

"Oh you unfeeling ghoul!" wailed Parker, "you ought to be rode on a rail. The idea of your making fun of my poor, dead child!"

"How?"

"How? Have you the cheek to ask how? Maybe you didn't shove this into the *Union*, did you, you heartless hypocrite:"

"OBITUARY."
"Little Bennie Parker
Had a stomach pain,
Rhubarb and Ipecac
Both were in vain;
He kicked the golden bucket,
His parents' hearts are sore;
They'll bury him to-morrow,
At a quarter of four."

Of course Bagshot had to explain, and promised the bereaved father a two-column notice of the dead Bennie's many virtues.

Hardly had he done so, before young Cooley appeared.

"Colonel Bagshot," announced he, "you're a lying scoundrel. This is a nice thing to put in your blackguard sheet about a young lady:"

"Society Items.—Miss Cooley, the old hag on South street, waltzes around in a patent bustle in the hope of catching a fellow. But she can't; not even if she lays the paint on twice as thick as she does now."

But Bagshot didn't stop to hear it.

He flew across the square to the *Union* office like a flash.

No one was there. The able assistant editor, warned by friends unknown, had dusted forever. Lying on the desk was a *Union* folded so this notice caught Bagshot's eyes:

"Literary Items.—The bald-headed snipe who pretends to run this paper has gone to New York. We expect every moment to hear of his sentence to Sing Sing for arson and highway robbery. The citizens of Chodunk should congratulate themselves if the Colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide!"

Bagshot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation, will find it healthy to keep away from him.

Prince Bismarck's autographs are said to be a bone of contention among collectors. They are exceedingly rare and are becoming rarer still, the Prince having of late put his signature to anything but official documents almost as seldom as he has appeared in public. At one time his autograph could be obtained by sending him a birthday present; but since a Berlin shopkeeper availed himself of the occasion to express his most distinguished consideration with a barrel of beer, and exhibited the autograph letter of thanks in his establishment, even this method of collecting autographs is in the Chancellor's case no longer of service.

Charles Lever's Boyhood.

Charles Lever at eleven years old was in manner, dress and appearance at least three years in advance of his period of life. He was a remarkably handsome lad, somewhat vain, ready of speech, with a laughing manner, and wonderfully self-possessed for a youth of his standing.

By his cousins, some of whom were his elders, he was at once admitted to the position of a senior, or rather of general director, at work or at play; and seldom had a quiet household been turned so completely up end down.

A loft was fitted up as a theater, and Lever did everything. He was scene painter, prompter, played the fiddle, sang all the songs, acted all the chief parts, and dressed the performers. The favorite pieces were Bombastes Furioso, and the Warwickshire Wag, but tragedies were not neglected.

At every school at which he was placed a ready means was soon discovered by which he could be shaken out of his idleness. It was only to insinuate, that wonder had been expressed that such heavy lads as Brown, Jones, or Robinson should stand above him in his class. Lever would probably reply by a joke, but, apparently without effort, Brown would be displaced, and Lever would stand where he had stood. Lever's indolence was neither the result of laziness or stupidity; half the ingenuity or study he gave to schemes of amusement, if otherwise directed, would have placed him high amongst his fellows.

With his teachers and masters, Lever led a sort of cat-and-dog life. He illustrates the matter in his own way. "Man," he said, "was naturally a wild animal; he, like the horse, required whip and spurs, as well as bit and curb, to secure subjection to the knowledge and usages of civilized life. The spirited horse would pitch his trainer over his shoulders if he could; the spirited lad would act in the same fashion. Later on, second nature, in the shape of habit, usually forced the hunter to love his rider, and the educated gentleman to love his former master." When Lever visited Inistioge, in 1817, he was found to be behindhand in two important points of his education, and it was arranged that he should attend with his cousins for daily instructions in writing and figures. The instructor was James Cotterall, schoolmaster and land surveyor, between whom and Lever a warfare to the knife speedily broke out.

Previous to the introduction of Lever to the household where he was a visitor, a more docile set of pupils than Cotterall had rule over could not be imagined. In a week all was changed; there was negligence, there was rebellion, there was disturbance, and the imposing ceremony of "begging off" was laughed at as a silly farce.

Lever had imported a thousand annoyances for the master, never heard of before in the country, and Cotterally fairly admitted himself to be at his wits' end. He was not above, however, taking his revenge on Lever. During the performance of Lever's tragedy of the Death of Nelson, when amidst shots and groans the hero falls mortally wounded into the arms of Captain Hardy, in the fishing cot that did duty for H. M. S. Victory, he indulged in an explosion of laughter which completely scattered the effect which Lever had been toiling to produce.—*The University Magazine.*

Waited for the Cable.—In 1858 Dr. W. H. Russell, as *Times* correspondent with the Atlantic cable expedition of 1858, wrote: "But as a mite would in all probabilities never have been seen but for the invention of cheese, so it may be that there is some undeveloped creation waiting perdu for the first piece of gutta-percha which comes down to arouse his faculty and fulfill his functions of life—a gutta-percha boring and eating teredo who has been waiting for his meal since the beginning of the world." While the Doctor wrote these words his prophecy was being actually fulfilled. The borer was at work. The Levant cable, laid in 1858, and taken up the next summer, was found to be beset by "millions of small shell-fish or snails," accompanied by small worms, which had completely destroyed the hemp of the outer sheathing, and eaten circular holes in the gutta-percha core. Prof. Huxley, on examining these shells, wrote: "The specimens you sent me remove all doubt as to the nature of the mischief-maker in the cable. It is a bivalve shell—the xylophaga—closely allied to the ship worm (teredo), but distinguished from it, among other peculiarities, by not lining its burrow with shelly matter. The xylophaga turns beautifully cylindrical burrows, always against the grain, in wood, and I have no doubt it perforated the hempen coating of the cable in the same way. On meeting the gutta-percha it seemed not to have liked it, and to have turned aside, thus giving rise to the elongated grooves which we see."—[Chamber's Journal.

A Small Dinner for One Lady.—A lady guest at a Baltimore hotel lately decided to have a little dinner all by herself, and here is what she called for, served in courses: Soup, baked shad stuffed, boiled mutton and caper sauce, chicken with egg sauce, turkey with parsley sauce, spring lamb and mint sauce, roast veal, stewed kidneys with champagne sauce, chicken pie in country style, cold veal, cold mutton mashed potatoes, spinach, lettuce, asparagus, cabbage, apple pie, rhubarb pie, punch cake, baked tapioca pudding, vanilla ice-cream, English walnuts, crackers, rice snow-balls with cream, apples and coffee.—[Baltimore Sun.

Americans and Titles.

Ambitious Americans who have the misfortune to possess letters of credit of very limited amounts, manage to obtain titles and decorations by ways that are dark and mysterious as those of the heathen Chinee. Some little act of gallantry to any member of royalty, if worked up and manipulated in an effective manner, is sure to bring its reward. The story is told of a lucky American in Rome who recently earned a decoration and title by rushing to the rescue of the Queen's poodle. It was his good fortune to be walking on the Pincian Hill at the same time the Queen was taking her afternoon promenade. Her pet poodle had wandered a short distance from her when it was pounced upon by a big bull-dog, and would have been chewed up and swallowed whole—silver collar, pink ribbon and all—but for the timely rescue by the American. Of course the Queen screamed and fainted, and was only restored to consciousness by having her favorite placed in her arms unharmed by the gallant foreigner, who had the presence of mind to present her royal highness at the same time his card and address. It was a bonanza of luck to the man in the fashionable world. The result was a decoration, and ever since, wherever he goes, society throws wide open its doors for his entrance. At all the swell dinners given by members of the American colonies in Paris, Rome and Florence, the blue and red ribbon in his button-hole is the envy of his less fortunate countrymen.

I recently met in Marseilles an American whom I had known years ago, first as a captain of a trading vessel, and afterward as a successful ship chandler. He had begun life as a poor cabin boy in a coasting schooner, and had worked himself up the ladder until fortune had smiled upon him and he had become the possessor of large wealth. I noticed pinned to a coat collar a small colored rosette which was prominently displayed as an insignia of rank.

"Halloo!" I exclaimed with some surprise, pointing to the rosette; "what have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing particular," he answered, evidently not wishing to enter into particulars; "I was not aware I had it on," and unpinning it, he placed it carefully in his vest pocket.

"But you have got a decoration; you have been made a knight or prince," I said.

"Nonsense! nothing of the kind; it was given me as a mark of esteem, a recognition, you understand; foolish, I know, but we Americans do foolish things sometimes; but please don't mention it when you get home."

"Of course not, but such favors are never bestowed promiscuously without a cause. You must have saved the life of some member of the royal family."

"Not much," he said, giving me a peculiar twinkle with his right eye; "I wasn't such a fool as to throw myself under the hoofs of the King's horses; there is a cheaper way of getting these things."

I saw that the subject of titles, and the manner in which he obtained his, were not favorite topics with him, and so turned the conversation. I learned afterward, however, as a fact, that he had paid the Pope several thousands of dollars for a title which allowed him the privilege of displaying the small rosette on his coat collar.—*Springfield Republican.*

Sick Headaahe.

This complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Nine times in ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable, or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruit or berries, with moderate and continuous exercise in the open air sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in a half glass of water, and drank, gives instant relief. We are inclined to think that the above remedies may do in some, but not in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this distressing disease is not easily found. A new correspondent from Connecticut contributes the following on this subject: Sick headache is periodical, comes on at regular intervals, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts out to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a tablespoonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from this unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is to simple; but I have made many cures in this way.

Showed his Gratitude.

"I'm goin' right in this river," said he, staggering toward the string piece, as the policeman clutched him by the collar. "Lemme go, I tell yer. You lemme go. I'm just goin' right in this river, and I'm goin' fer ter drown my sorrers. I've busted aroun' this yer country till I'm finished. You hear me! Lemme go, will yer? Oh! just let me get inter the swellin' tide. Let go yer hold; lemme alone! I'm goin' ter bust a hole in mortality."

But the policeman lugged him off.

"Say, ol' man, yer saved m'life," said the would-be suicide, as he knocked his hat over his eyes. "You'r a square f'ler. Now lemme go to bed. Y'ear me? lemme g'home. Got two ten dollar bills? Got 'em?"

The policeman said he had two fives and a ten, just to humor the man.

"Good'nuff. That'll do. Gimme the ten," and he pulled out a twenty dollar bill. Gimme the ten, y'ear? Going to makeyer present ten dollars. Take this and gimme ten. Yer saved m'life."

Once more to humor him the policeman gave him the ten and took the twenty. He didn't want the money, but the exhibition of gratitude showed a dawning interest in a life that should be encouraged. Then bidding him good-night the policeman walked off.

If the drunken man who was rescued from death by a tall policeman Friday night will send his address to headquarters, he will receive back his counterfeit twenty dollar note and hear something to his advantage.

Scientific Miscellany.

An English correspondent suggests an arrangement for winding clocks by electricity.

The honey bird of South Africa is about the size of a sparrow and possesses remarkable intelligence. Being unable by its unaided efforts, to procure its favorite food, it attracts the attention of men by its antics and conducts them to trees, often miles away, where wild honey is stored. The bird then awaits a share of the plunder.

The east coast of Hudson bay is reported to be undergoing very considerable changes in its level. Since the posts of the Hudson Bay Company were established at the mouths of the various rivers there has been an increasing difficulty in approaching them with large craft, and this rising of the earth is estimated at from five to ten feet within the last hundred years. Similar changes have been observed on the west coast of the bay, at the mouth of the Nelson and Hayes rivers, near which is an island called Mile Lands now several feet above high water which within the memory of man was always submerged at flood time.

A new process for copying drawings, prints, etc., consists of coating paper with a solution of per chloride of iron, and, when dry, exposing it to light under the drawing. The black lines in the latter protect corresponding portions of the paper beneath, while the other parts are bleached white. A wash in a solution of gallic acid now changes the protected lines into a beautiful blue black, forming, in fact, a real ink.

A lake, so long as it is not frozen, is a reservoir of heat which tempers the cold of winter. Dr. Forel calculates that the heat evolved from the Lake of Geneva during five days of extreme cold in December was equal to that produced by 1,250,000 tons of coal. The sky having been generally covered with clouds during those five days, most of the heat must have been retained in the lower atmosphere, and no doubt served to mitigate for that region, the cold that was so severe elsewhere.

A German chemist claims to have discovered a substance which may be used as a substitute for phosphorus in matches.

A French scientist has examined the effect produced by cold on cows' milk and finds that the nearer the temperature of the milk is kept to freezing point for twenty-four hours or more after being drawn the more rapid is the collection of cream and the larger is the quantity, more butter being produced, while the butter, the skimmed milk and the cheese are of better quality. He thinks it probable that the freezing arrests the evolution of the living organisms which set up fermentation and hinders the changes which are due to their growth. These facts indicate room for great improvement in the methods of storing and preserving milk, showing as they do the necessity of extreme cleanliness and low temperature.

Knew his Business.

A few months ago one of the conductors on a Brooklyn street car experienced religion and joined a small flock in the neighborhood of his residence.

None more devout than he was to be found the country round, and every spare moment from his business was put into something energetic toward strengthening up the little church into which he had projected himself.

Noticing his interest, his pastor, to encourage him, shoved him along all he could, and in a short time the new convert was a shining light among his fellow worshippers, and the Christian grace with which he passed the contribution plate evoked nickles from what before had been barren pockets.

One Sunday morning a hoodlum was noisy and the conductor quietly ordered him out. He went, but last Sunday evening he appeared with a mob of dissolute companions, bent on difficulty. The conductor kept an eye on the ringleader until the disturbances became unbearable.

"Put on the brakes, parson," said he, "till I look after the fare."

Approaching the thug he went for him and wiped up several yards of aisle with him, and then stood him on his legs.

"Five cents for the Kingdom of God!" he demanded.

The hoodlum said he did not have to pay.

"Five cents for this ride on the Gospel chariot," and he smashed the thug in the countenance.

"But brother," remonstrated the pastor, "you can not compel him to contribute."

"Never you mind that, parson. You preach and I'll collect. This man can't dead head on this orthodox through line without putting up. Beside I'm responsible to the company for his fare. I've punched him and he's got to show some coin."

An Incident of the Crimea.—One evening, about dusk, as our regimental detail for the trenches were falling in and the sergeants of companies were calling the rolls of their men, a man of No. 2 company was missing. "Flannagan!" shouted the Sergeant, repeatedly. "Here, Sergeant," returned a faint voice not far off, and from a man bending under the weight of something wrapped in a blanket, also his rifle and a shovel. "Why don't you fall in?" said the Sergeant. "I will, as soon as I've buried my brother, Sergeant," and going a short distance from the tents, he scraped a resting-place in the snow and hastily covered up all that was dear to him. Standing a moment, as if engaged in silent prayer, the brave fellow joined the party and marched away.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A California Marriage Contract.—The following instrument was filed for record in the office of the Napa county Recorder last Friday: "This indenture witnesseth that the parties named do hereby intermarry or marry each other under and by virtue of, and in accordance with the provisions of section 75, Civil Code, and do now assume the respective duties of husband and wife. That the parties do hereby join in this declaration of marriage, each promising and covenanting with the other to assume and carry out during their natural lives the duties and obligations of marriage in the sight of man and God." The agreement is signed by James W. Thompson, aged thirty years, and Varney E. Brookins, fifteen years of age, and was executed at Knoxville on the 8th inst.