

WADING BIRDS.

Habits of the Heron, Stork, Crane, Ibis and the smaller Waders.

From the long neck and the long naked legs of the heron we may form a pretty good idea of what to expect of all wading birds, no matter how much they may differ in size.

They are late in having them ready for others, and so make others late; they are late to bed at night and late in the morning in getting up; they are late for the train, and come panting and blowing just in time to catch it, or to see it rolling away.

When one hears these late people give an account of themselves he is impressed with the conviction that they think they have plenty of time to compass their plans and enterprises.

Those who have read the interesting stories about the storks that live in European and Asiatic cities, and perhaps have seen them there, may be surprised to learn that they are also waders.

Their nests, placed in tall trees, towers or chimneys, are coarse affairs, loosely built of sticks. In Holland persons sometimes make false chimneys to the houses on purpose for the storks to build on, and that family is considered fortunate that has a stork's nest upon the roof.

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Among the smaller waders are some of our prettiest little shore birds, whose quick movements are so interesting to watch. Small flocks of these little birds on the beach may be seen running out eagerly after a retreating wave, snatching up tiny fishes and crabs, and hurrying along to gather as many of these dainties as possible before the next wave comes in.

An Ingenious Contrivance. The microphone is now being used in Germany for the purpose of detecting loss of water through leakage in town mains. The apparatus consists of a steel rod, which is placed upon the cock in the neighborhood of which the leak is suspected, and a microphone attached to the upper end of the rod.

The British State Crown. In the imperial state crown of Britain there are 1,363 brilliant, 1,273 rose and 147 table diamonds. The brilliant was the crowning invention of the art, the work of Vincenzo Peruzzi, of Venice, in the century in which Mazarin had the crown jewels of France recut; the rose dates from 1520; it is the form chosen when the loss to the stone would be too great if the brilliant cut were selected, and is used chiefly for circular gems; the table is the method employed for shallow diamonds, and is the original cut.

Among the orange trees of Versailles is one more than four centuries old, which was planted by Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Charles III.

BEHIND TIME.

A Few Wise Words about the Pernicious Habit of Procrastination.

There is a class of persons known of all men everywhere, whose peculiarity is that they are always behind time. If not always, so generally that the exception proves the rule. They are late to meals or late in having them ready for others, and so make others late; they are late to bed at night and late in the morning in getting up; they are late for the train, and come panting and blowing just in time to catch it, or to see it rolling away.

When one hears these late people give an account of themselves he is impressed with the conviction that they think they have plenty of time to compass their plans and enterprises. They are in no hurry about anything; so they take their ease and dawdle or get every thing done there is to do except a few "last little things" that "take only a minute" to do, and then are unconcerned and confident.

Those who have read the interesting stories about the storks that live in European and Asiatic cities, and perhaps have seen them there, may be surprised to learn that they are also waders. These city birds seem to have given up their aquatic habits since they came to live in town, and now they stalk about the streets amidst throngs of people, and are not the least disturbed by them.

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BILL NYE'S BOYHOOD.

Why He Does Not Particularly Yearn to Be an Urchin Again.

If I were a boy again, endowed with the same wild passion for plucking watermelons in the dark of the moon, I would no doubt fall a victim to that overmastering passion as I did before, but looking at it as I do now, I would be wiser. Boys can not, however, have the mature judgment of manhood without the experience and the rheumatism that go with it.

Childhood is said to be the most glad-ome period in our lives, and in some respects this statement may be regarded as reliable, but it is not all joy. I have had just as much fun in later years as I did in boyhood, though the people with whom I have been thrown in contact claim that their experience has been different. I hope they do not mean anything personal by that.

When a party of us had been engaged in gathering Easter eggs in the barn of a gentleman who was away from home at the time, and he returned just as we had filled our pockets with the choicest vintage of his sun-kissed hens, the other boys escaped while I was occupying the attention of the dog, and I had to slide out from the main issue, to waste his time on side issues, or to forget just how the hands of the clock are moving on, and bringing the hour he is working toward. He must omit many things, perhaps, that seem desirable, but are not of vital importance to the end he is aiming at.

The routinist finds it indispensable to drive certain stakes, so to speak, along his course, and require himself to be at these stakes at a certain hour. Said a business man the other day: "If I can have my breakfast exactly at a quarter before eight every morning, every thing goes smoothly all day. I have time to eat my breakfast, time to get to my office in season, and time to look over my newspaper." The lady to whom he was talking replied: "If I can get breakfast in time to have it eaten, cleared away and the dishes all washed and put away before nine o'clock, then my day goes smoothly. There's time for all other domestic enterprises, but if breakfast is late and the dishes hang round till ten or eleven o'clock, the best part of the day is gone and every thing drags." An early breakfast means early going to bed and early getting up. We must begin at the right end if we would come out right in the end.

The peace of mind that naturally follows punctual and complete preparation for and accomplishment of stated tasks is beyond the comprehension of the man or woman who is always behind time. He has no breathing spells, he is always pursued by phantoms that moan "Too late, too late."—N. Y. Tribune.

His Best Girl's Fair Hand. Sam Sample was initiating his best girl into the mysteries of poker. She was betting the limit and Sam was raising her on three jacks. He had been gazing very fixedly at her dainty digits as they lightly held the cards.

He Probably Could. "Is there a colored man around here who can beat a carpet?" asked a citizen of a white-washer at the market yesterday.

Every Thing Ready for Him. Fashionable Mother (daughter)—Are you going to school? Fashionable Daughter—Yes, ma'am. Fashionable Mother—Well, you had better get your school books ready for him.

The Camera in Medicine. It is now suggested that photography may become a useful agent in medical diagnosis, disclosing symptoms of disease before they are otherwise perceptible. In a recent negative of a child the face was shown as thickly covered with an eruption, no trace of which could be seen on the child until three days afterward, when its skin became covered with spots due to prickly heat.

going to the "I did, in 125 pounds." Fact, my dear house and I'll We were mar-

PINS BY THE TON.

Some Interesting Information Concerning Their History and Manufacture.

Among the many who read this article some are doubtless familiar with Grecian mythology, and they will remember the story of Cadmus sowing dragon's teeth, which sprang from the earth armed men.

Until the beginning of the fifteenth century strings, ribbons, hooks, skewers—of such material as the "circumstances" of the wearer admitted—played the part of pins.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century Cathar de Howard, the fifth Queen of Henry VIII, introduced brass pins into England from France.

In 1626 the English began the manufacture of pins at Gloucester, and the industry so prospered that several factories for that purpose were erected, wherein employment was given to nearly two thousand persons.

Shortly after the war of 1812 their manufacture was attempted in the United States, as, owing to the interruption of trade with foreign nations consequent upon the war, a paper of pins inferior to those for which we now pay six cents, cost one dollar. The attempt was unsuccessful. For the "head"—made by winding fine wire spirally about one end of the pin and fastened in its place by striking it when heated, with a hammer—was exceedingly rude and had to come off most inopportunities. Such a pin, relic of days long past, lies before us as we write.

In 1831 Dr. John L. Howe of New York, invented a machine which made pins with "spun" heads, like those of European make, previously requiring four distinct processes, at one operation—the first machine to do such work automatically. He subsequently devised numerous improvements, and in 1840 patented the "rotary" machine, which makes pins with solid heads.

The production of pins is by no means all there is to it. They must be whitened, polished, sorted, stuck into papers. A boiling in copper pans, with grains of tin, nitric acid and water for three or four hours deposit upon them a thin coating of tin. They are dried and polished by being rolled in a barrel of hot bran or saw-dust, usually the latter. The perfect are separated from the imperfect by swinging them on belts, which throw off the smooth ones faster than the others. A wheel, revolving horizontally and furnished with "fingers" adapt to the varying length of the pins, sorts them. Then they are stuck on papers by a machine, so simple in its construction that it is tended by two children, who can put up thousands of papers each day.

As good pins are now made in this country as abroad, and their principal factories are in Connecticut, some of them making a ton a day.

A ton of pins! Yes, it is a large quantity—in number about two millions. But the population of the United States is fifty millions, and twenty-five tons would be necessary in order that each person have one pin a day. Rather a small allowance, is it not, reader? So there is no need that we take especial pains to lose or destroy them from fear that the world will be glutted with pins and those engaged in the manufacture compelled to remain idle.—Church and Home.

going to the "I did, in 125 pounds." Fact, my dear house and I'll We were mar-

CHEAP LIVING.

H. S. SIMPSON OPENED A LARGE FURNISHING STORES AND

to eat a half dozen square meals at a restaurant in one week is out of the question. I figured on the matter, and concluded that with enough custom I would make a fair living out of the project, and that is all I care for. I haven't made any big money out of the business, but my trade has steadily grown. The important thing in the business is knowing how to buy. Of course I can't buy the best on the market, but I always get good, clean, wholesome stuff. I buy mostly of farmers with whom I am acquainted. There is a wonderful profit in the restaurant business. It is about all profit. I know men here who have made \$30,000 in the business in ten years, and were not extra good managers, either. On some of our dishes, of course, we lose money, but we make it back on others, and where we lose on one dish, we make fifty per cent on a half dozen others."

"Oyster Charley" is apparently of German descent, and a middle-aged man. The only help he has, he says, is his wife, and the appearance of her kitchen when the reporter was shown through it indicated that she was invaluable in making the one-cent eating-house a success. She prefers to do all the work herself, because she can not get a cook that will save as she can. She does all the cooking and her husband all the waiting.

"What can these people furnish for one cent?" or what kind of a meal for five cents?" may be asked. The question is answered by a printed bill of fare, placed on each table, offering each of the following dishes for one cent:

- Steak, Bacon, Hammy, Corn cakes, Corned beef, Peas, Hot stew, Cold Stew, Fried Mush, Succotash, Borters, Tomatoes, Bread, Potatoes, Cabbage, Two Pancakes, Crackers, Rice, Apple Sauce, Sauer Kraut, Coffee, straight, Coffee, with Sugar, Coffee, with Milk, Coffee, Suet and M. K., P. e., Rice Pudding, Brown Pudding, Corn Starch Pudding.

All the dishes are the same size as those used in other hotels and restaurants, and are well filled. If a customer is very hungry, he can order the whole bill of fare for thirty-one cents, or he can get the customary variety of food for five to seven cents, thus bringing the daily cost of living down to fifteen cents a day or \$1.50 a week. The patrons of the place are, of course, not the people who have been most favored with this world's goods. They number on an average about forty persons a day, and of these fifteen or twenty are regular boarders.—Indianapolis Journal.

SOLD THREE TIMES. Mr. Dunder's Discouraging Experience with Designing Book Agents. "What's up to-day?" asked Sergeant Bendall yesterday as Mr. Dunder carefully entered the station on tip-toe.

"Well, Sergeant, maybe I vvas all right, but I like to speak mit you about it." "Go ahead." "Somebody come in to my place five days ago and ask me vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. He vvas agent for a new book called: 'Der Life und Times of Great Men.' He vvas to put me in dot book for two dollars. He hears eaferybody talk about me. He knows I pays vvas in two wards. He knows I vvas headquarters for campaign clubs. He knows somebody likes me to go to Congress."

"Well?" "Vvhell, I g'f him two dollar. I vvas proud if I vvas a great man, you see, and I like to haf it in a book for Snake and his sh'ldrens to read. Next day another man come in shust dot same vvas. Vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. He vvas agent for a new book called: 'Der Great Men of America.' He knows all about me, and he puts me in for two dollar. Vvhell, dot pleases me, too."

"And you went in?" "Of course. D's morning der third agent come. Vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. He vvas agent for: 'Der Biggest Men of Der Whole World.' He hears all about me, and he gifts me a page for a dollar. I pays him, but Snake says it vvas too rich for my blood, and dot I shall see you."

"You've been swindled." "Vvhasn't I a great man?" "No, sir!" "Don't somebody hear about me?" "They hear that you are a sucker."

"Und I vvas beat?" "Yes, sir."

"Vvell, dot vvas more experience for me. I vvas going home. Dis afternoon some stranger vvas come in und tell me he vvas agent for 'Der Werry Smartest and Best Men Dot Eater Vvas on Earth.' He has heard of me. He vvas to gif me two pages for a dollar. Sergeant."

"Yes."

"See dot der ambulance vvas all right, und Coroner Lansing vvas all right; und if I vvas a little bit excited vvas der verdict comes in I like to haf you pat me on der back und say you see me out of it! Good day! I falls down mit dot book agent racket!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Chilians have gone in strong for horse-racing of late. It is now the most fashionable sport of the republic.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mrs. Mahala-Buett Lawrence, of Warsaw, N. Y., celebrated her nineteenth birthday recently, and five of the guests were ladies aged 90, 89, 87, 83 and 80 years.

—Mrs. Clark, of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently sued Adolph Pfaff, a banker, for \$10,000 damages for calling her a thief. The jury gave her a verdict of six cents.

—Frank Siddall, the Philadelphia soap man, says: "I have confined my advertising to newspapers. The man who does not read a newspaper does not use soap."

—George Kersey, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is thirteen years old and seven feet high. His brother, aged twenty years, is six feet three inches high, and the father and mother each measure six feet.—Philadelphia Press.

—Jacob Griel, who died recently in Lancaster, Pa., aged eighty-three years, was the wealthiest real-estate owner in that city. He walked there upon his arrival in this country, in New York, and began operations with one dollar.—Pittsburgh Post.

—It is strange that, in administering justice, the wisdom for this world for six thousand years has discovered no other way than for both sides to hit a man to exaggerate their side, and then try to find out what is the truth between them.—Senator Everts.

—The richest full-blooded Indian in this country is a lad named Jimmie, near Seattle, W. T., who has eight thousand dollars in the bank. He belongs to the Neah Bay tribe, among which are several comparatively wealthy braves.—Chicago Times.

—Mrs. Harriet Green, who is credited with having secured the control of the Georgia Central railroad, was the daughter of an ex-New Bedford whaler, from whom she inherited \$20,000,000. She also inherited \$4,000,000 from an aunt, and her fortune is now estimated at \$30,000,000.—Boston Journal.

—Two brothers, neither of whom was aware of the other's intention, met accidentally in Chattanooga lately while taking out marriage licenses, and they concluded to pool their issues to the extent of having their respective marriages performed at the same time and by the same clergyman.—Atlantic Constitution.

—Edgar Littlejohn, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., put \$101 in the stove for safe keeping, and his wife built a fire in the stove. The bills were rescued, a charred and apparently worthless heap, but Littlejohn took them to Postmaster Palmer, of Portland, made affidavit as to the number and denomination of the burned bills, the postmaster wrote a good letter to the authorities in Washington, and the other day Littlejohn received a check for the full amount.—Boston Herald.

—A solid man is Jonathan Bass, of Cambria, N. Y. In 1848 his joints began to stiffen and grow into solid bone, in 1857 he took to his bed, and there he lies now, perfectly stiff, every joint solid, unable to stir, unable to masticate food, and blind. Yet he eats the heartiest food by sucking it into his mouth and swallowing it whole. His constitutional health is good, he keeps himself informed on current topics and is likely to live many years yet. He is now fifty-six years old and weighs but seventy-five pounds.—Buffalo Express.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Why is a fat man like water? Because neither can run up hill.—Burlington Free Press.

—A Burlington girl, who is a great talker, says it is better to be engaged in conversation than not at all.—Free Press.

—Servants gave themselves the name of "help," but they rarely break their backs in trying to live up to it.—Buffalo Courier.

—A "turned u" in the word beau never worries a Boston girl. She is equally at home with the beau or the bean.—Springfield Union.

—"Look here, Joseph, I have been ringing an hour, and you've only just come." "Well, if I hadn't been here now you might have rung a good while longer."—Judge.

—In the country.—"And is the air healthy in this village?" "Excellent, monsieur, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while.—From the French.

—"Whom shall our daughters marry?" asks the Woman's Journal. Well, dear, they might begin with a man, and if he don't answer they might try a cigar sign.—Jersey City Argus.

—"Hole on dar," said a colored man, hailing his acquaintance. "Does yer cross der street obbery time yer sees me to keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What den?" "Ter keep from bein' axed for it."—Texas Siftings.

—A new plan. Customer—"But, sir, this coat you have made for me is too small. Can't you change it?" Clothing Dealer—"No, sir; the only thing that you can do is to go to an anti-fat cure and grow thinner."—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

—"Now, Johnny, take your medicine like a good boy. Mamma will put a penny in your bank every day if you do." "What will oo buy wif it when oo gets lots?" "Johnny can buy mamma a new bonnet when he gets enough saved."—St. Louis Chronicle.

—John—"Do you know young Jones?" O'Kelly—"Yes, sir; I know him." Johnson—"Can a person believe what he says?" Pat—"Faith, an' it's just this way: When he tells ye the truth, ye can believe ivery word he says; but when he lies to ye, ye better have no confidence in him at all."—N. Y. Independent.

—"Good morning, children," said a suburban doctor, as he met three of four little children on their way to school; "and how are you this morning?" "We dursen't tell you," replied the oldest, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the doctor. "And why not?" "Cause papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come in and ask us how we were."—N. Y. Ledger.