



Cockatoos.
The cockatoos constitute a branch of the great parrot family, and with the exception of the species which inhabit the Philippine islands, are peculiar to the Australian region.

Leadbeater's cockatoo is one of the most beautiful of the group, his white plumage being tinged with rose color. W. T. Greene, the great authority on cage parrots, describes it aptly as "raspberry and cream" color—but as his mental endowments are by no means equal to his personal attractions he is less popular as a pet than species with more intelligence than good looks. One point in his favor must be mentioned—he is a less determined screamer than the majority of cockatoos. This, however, is not saying much. In his native woods of South Australia Leadbeater's cockatoo is very shy and difficult to approach. The birds sent to Europe, no doubt taken as nestlings in the majority of instances, remain usually wild and suspicious, though they bear confinement well and do not suffer from the cold.

"At home in Australia the cockatoo is not beloved of the farmer, and it can be well imagined that a flock of these big birds, amounting often to thousands, commit fearful havoc upon the crops. Hence it is shot down as remorselessly as the sparrow in England when it grows too numerous to be acceptable to the agriculturist. Like the rest of the genus, this cockatoo usually makes its nest in a hollow tree, where the hen lays two pure white eggs.—St. Louis Republic.

Death's Betrothal.
A few years ago a New York newspaper conducted an open discussion upon the topic: "Is Marriage a Failure?" The answer is easy and upon the surface. Where there is mutual love and respect, if there is also health, marriage is a success. When health is left out, even the most ardent love does not count, and marriage is invariably a failure.

Modern science has cried the warning note so often that it has become a danger of wedlock to people in ill-health. In a case of this kind death lurks on every side—in the kiss of betrothal and the caress of the honeymoon. The man who is suffering from ill-health is a physical bankrupt, and has no right to condemn a woman to be his nurse for life and the mother of babies that inherit his physical weakness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly on the digestive organism. It makes it strong and its action perfect. When a man's digestion is all right his blood will be pure, when his blood is pure his nervous system will be strong and his health vigorous.

A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate organism of her sex is certain to suffer from general ill-health, and to be an unhappy, helpless invalid and a disappointment as a wife. Her children and her life are all at stake. A happy home is an impossibility for her until her health is restored. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all troubles of the distinctly feminine organism. It cures them speedily, completely and permanently. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Both medicines are sold by all good dealers.

Biliousness

Hood's Pills

It is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TAKEN LITERALLY.
I'd come that night to learn Sue's mind—Joe looked very queer.
A rival's good at times, I find,
To make us force a season.
I'd liked for a year till Joe,
Set jehannu a-burnin'.
An' then I wrote I'd call to town
Just how she viewed my yearnin'.
An' I thought I'd get a dose,
Al' though a sorry scoldin'.
I paid her many a compliment,
I took as the ones that follow,
"I've heard in songs your voice arise
An' seen the flowers springin'.
An' often, lookin' in your eyes,
I've heard the meekbirds singin'!"
But when I called she seemed more shy
For some cause or another.
An' I tried, I thought, as time flew by,
My fondest hopes to smother.
"Dear Sue, be mine!" I said at last
An' edged a little nigher,
But she took me rather eyes downcast
Or lookin' in the fire,
An' then she raised her eyes ag'in
An' said, my bosom thrillin':
"You say you love me, by lookin' in
My eyes, the meekbirds trillin'.
Why should I speak, then? Seems to me
That you're a curious man, sir,
For if you look once more, you see,
Why can't you hear my answer?"
—Will T. Hale in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"A fine public house," said Blanco Watson, the humorist.
"Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position—away from the highway, and surrounded by villas." We will rest in the public house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."
I smiled and followed him into the saloon bar. We sat at one of the tables and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.
"The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago."
"Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well-known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels."
"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl met him at a turn of the staircase and began to shriek. He rushed by her to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened and knew that the house was fully aroused."
"I understand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public house in an out of the way place, hoping that Bill, as an out of the way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."
Blanco Watson frowned.
"This is an intellectual story," he said. "It does not depend on coincidences."
I will continue, Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the byways as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighborhood of London.
"A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted 20 steps due north from the tree and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it and filled it up again.
"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognized it."
"In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man she met on the stairs. Some of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previous to the burglary. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude."
"Bill behaved very well in prison and at the end of five years was released on a ticket of leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field.
"There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the ruins in despair. But as he turned a corner he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth.
"It was the tree 20 steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognized it immediately and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaned against the railings, covering his face with his hands.
"It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help.
"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that as he had no friends it was not easy.
"The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. Was it not his duty as head deacon of the chapel to be a friend to Bill? Clearly it was.
"He took Bill home with him. He was a bachelor, and there was no one to restrain his benevolence. They had supper and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well educated and offered him employment.

He was a builder in the neighborhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer and began his new career on the following Monday.
"Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he was the most regular attendant at the chapel.
"Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew that money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just 20 steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea.
"Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often entrusted with a collection box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterwards he was known that having no near relatives he had left his property to his friend William Jones."
"I see," I exclaimed. "Bill!"
"Bill was Bill no longer," he said. "He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future we must refer to him as Mr. Jones and not as Bill.
"Mr. Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members, and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district, and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels.
"The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighborhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what he considered him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great."
"The proposal was well received, and a committee, with Mr. Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favorable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal.
"The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr. Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr. Jones purchased the old one at a high price and catered into possession.
"And then," I said, "I suppose he got the jewels?"
Blanco Watson laughed.
"No," he said, "I don't think so. He broke up the floor himself, counted the steps due north from the tree again, and dug the steps again and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places; but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels."
"Why, what had become of them?"
"I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was the one Mr. Jones first saw. Again—"
"And what has the story to do with the public house?"
"Of course you can. Mr. Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that, by false pretenses, they had lured him into buying the new chapel, and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public house—this public house in which we have sat so long."—Edgar Turner in Sketch.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CARRY THEIR EGGS.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Other Birds Is Where They Sit Down—An Island in the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and as the boat ran on a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and cans, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.

The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with bathtubs to push the shrieking throng aside, moved in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighborhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what he considered him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great."

TO A MAIDEN OF SIXTEEN.

I do not fondly ask from you
The qualities of a noble heart.
A mind whose thoughts are pure and true.
A tongue that speaks no venom'd dart.
A temper sweet or gentle mood—
Unselfishness or high endeavor—
I do not ask you to be good,
Sweet maid, or even to be "clever!"

I do not ask for tale, high song,
For dreamer's pale, high gifts of mind,
For orator's eloquence, for righting wrong—
Gifts all, no doubt, to you assigned;
I do not ask for theories new.
One's powers of comprehension taking,
For wisdom or for wit from you
(There would not be much use in asking.)

I do not ask you for the gift
All other gifts so far above.
I will be brave and make a shift
To live my life without your love—
Not mind to play a lover's part,
So, though the contest is distressing,
I do not ask you for your heart.
I only ask a minor blessing.

I do not ask you when we meet
To condescend to notice me,
But when kind fate allows that treat
Pray bear in mind this meek request:
I do not ask you to sit still,
Though in your chair you always wriggle,
I'd have you do what'er you will.
I only ask you—not to gape!

—Punch.

THE REAL REASON.

I had arrived at Monte Carlo about 9 o'clock and after a late lunch set out in search of my friends the Verneys. I found Master Arthur, a serious minded young politician of 22, in his room at the hotel. He was completing an elaborate toilet and drinking champagne.
"Aynsley!" he cried in surprise. "I thought you were in London."
"The spirit of restlessness," I explained. My eye dwelt for a moment on the champagne. "A little low, Arthur?"
He blushed. Arthur was the highly respectable son of an eminently respectable father, who was M. P. and other things.

He glanced at the clock, then rose and picked up his hat and gloves.
"Look here, Aynsley," he said, "you'll find the governor and Evelyn on the terrace. Do you mind if I run away now?"
I got up and laid a hand on his shoulder in a paternal fashion. "She is a woman in a thousand, Arthur. An revoir and good luck!"
He blushed again—he was really a most nervous young man—and hurried away. I followed him out of the hotel, then strolled leisurely through the gardens and round to the terrace. I espied Mr. Verney and his daughter sitting almost immediately in the rear of the casino. I walked up to them.
"Well, 'pon my word!" cried Mr. Verney. A smile dimpled round Miss Verney's mouth as she took my hand. I explained lucidly how it was I came to leave London in so unexpected a fashion. "It involves us all," I finished, with a graceful wave of my hand toward the casino.
"Indeed," said Miss Verney politely. "After a few minutes' conversation Mr. Verney pulled out his watch."
"I'm very glad you came, Aynsley," he said. "As I left off last night in the midst of a little mathematical experiment with treats of quartans, and I thought that if you would kindly look after Evelyn I'd—"
"Delighted!" I said quickly. "I trust the experiment will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion."
As soon as he had taken his departure I glanced at Miss Verney. She was examining the handle of her parasol with some intendment. I made a mental note that white suited her admirably—in fact, better than any other girl of my acquaintance.
"Perfect weather," I remarked at length. She nodded in a preoccupied manner.
"I have been wondering," she said after a moment, "why you came here."
"Did you not hear me explain?" I began.
"Oh, yes, but"—
"Surely nothing further is needed. The attraction of Monte Carlo is world famed."
"I do not believe, Mr. Aynsley," she said deliberately, "that you have ever gambled in your life."
I tried another tack.
"Well, then, I'm rather delicate, and the chill, damp fogs of London are rather trying to an invalid."
Again Miss Verney laughed.
"How unsympathetic you are!"
"The deep sea fishing, last winter must have been rather bad for you. No, Mr. Aynsley, I'm a clear sighted young person, and I can quite see what has brought you so suddenly to Monte Carlo."
"Well!" I said, with an air of indifference. She played with the tassel on her parasol for a moment. Then she smiled.
"Mrs. Fairfax," she said at length. I laughed outright.
"How amusing! Nothing of the sort. The usual attraction, I assure you."
"Mrs. Fairfax?"
"Gambling, or invalid's natural aversion to chill, damp fogs!"
"Mrs. Fairfax?" repeated Miss Verney once again, with just a shade of emphasis.
"I gave it up."
"A very charming person," I said. "You admit it?" and her voice held a tiny note of triumph.
"Don't you?" I replied wonderingly. "She is talented, pretty, agreeable and—"
"A widow," put in Miss Verney. "Yes, but her husband was hardly more than an acquaintance. He went to India, you know, shortly after their marriage, and was killed. Do you not think her fascinating?"
"Yes, undoubtedly she is a pleasant companion."
"And I'm a lonely bachelor man!" I remarked apologetically.
She turned to me with a smile. "Forgive me," she said kindly, "for reminding you of your pitiful condition. I only meant to show you that I guessed

THE REASON FOR YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF PLANS.

"Your intelligence is beyond reproach. But what made you think of Mrs. Fairfax?"
"My dear Mr. Aynsley," she laughed, "you forget last season."
I tried to recollect.
"The episode at the Cartons; the Melba night at Covent Garden; the reminde gently."
"You take great interest in my welfare," I said with a laugh. "I am very glad to notice it," I added with a glance at her.
"By the way," I continued after a pause, "where is Arthur?"
"I never trouble about Arthur," she replied quickly, "he is so wrapped up in his books and studies that even here at Monte Carlo I see very little of him."
I was amused.
"You have nothing against Mrs. Fairfax?" I suggested.
"Nothing whatever," she replied frankly. "I like her immensely."
This helped matters, I thought.
"You think she will make a good wife?"
"Admirable," said Miss Verney, calmly surveying the bay. "Her experience will be invaluable."
I caught sight of a couple that had just appeared on the farther end of the terrace.
"You will come to the wedding?"
A slight tinge of color appeared on Miss Verney's cheeks as she turned to me.
"Has it reached that stage?"
I glanced at the couple and noticed they were arm in arm.
"I believe so."
There was a slight pause. Miss Verney played with the tassel again.
"Then I suppose I must tender my congratulations," she said at length.
"I believe it is customary among friends," I replied, with a glance at her. She had allowed her eyes to fall on the ground.
"You know she is very wealthy?" I added.
"You have been most fortunate in your endeavors," she replied in deliberate tones. "I trust you'll be very happy."
The couple were now opposite to where we were sitting. So engrossed were they in conversation that they had not noticed us. I felt an anticipatory shiver of enjoyment.
"I do not enter into the question," I said. "Look!"
She glanced up in surprise.
"Arthur and Mrs. Fairfax," she whispered.
"He is wrapped up in his studies again," I remarked. "I fancy he has taken the lady's eyes as his subject."
Miss Verney looked at me reproachfully.
"And you knew this all the time?"
"I'm afraid so. Arthur confided in me some months ago in London, and I have occasionally amused myself by helping him. Take the Melba night, for instance."
"Was that on Arthur's behalf?" she asked wonderingly.
I nodded.
"It occurred to me once again how extremely charming Miss Verney looked in white."
There was a silence for a minute or so. Arthur and Mrs. Fairfax passed out of sight.
"It wasn't the gambling," I remarked at length.
Miss Verney made no reply.
"Nor an invalid's aversion to the chill, damp fogs," I went on after a pause.
"Nor Mrs. Fairfax," she put in.
"No," I said slowly. "I came because I thought it just possible you might be pleased to see me."
There was another pause, and then I added:
"Are you?"

McCoy Had Enough.

Here is a story told by Parson Davies on Kid McCoy, the pugilist, as given in the Wilmington Sun:
"Kid McCoy attracted the attention of a crowd of sportsmen at the Gilsey House," says Parson, "and it was decided to introduce Lavonia Charmion, a trapeze performer and a muscular phenomenon, to him as a woman who wished to learn boxing. McCoy was delighted.
"The meeting took place, and the Kid told Charmion to take a position, in which of course she was very awkward. That is picturesque, but not pugilistically correct," he remarked, "with a smile of superior knowledge. 'Now,' he said, as she adjusted her arms, 'let go with your left.'
"It was a chop blow and made the air whizz, as the first attempt narrowly missed the Kid's face. He looked apprehensive and remarked: 'You have steam enough, but your execution is faulty. Now, hit out straight and let your body go with the blow.'
"The fist brought up suddenly at about the third throw of McCoy's waistcoat. That is better," gasped the Kid. "That will do for the first lesson. Come again tomorrow, and we'll try the big gloves."
"Oh, how nice," said Charmion. "Do you know, I never had but one chance to box with a man. That was when a fellow tried to kiss me, and I knocked him down and broke his jaw with my foot, I—"
"Excuse me," interrupted McCoy. "Come to think of it, I have an engagement for tomorrow. Ah, yes, I leave town Sunday. But—but I'll see you again."
E. Keew.

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Male Felinity.

"Talking about the humanity of man and the felinity of woman," said the independent woman, "let me tell you a little story of a man and a cat. The story was told to me by the wife of the man, who is a domesticated woman. It seems that the family cat, besides being of a sportive disposition, had more ingenuity than most cats or understood better how to relieve the tedium of a domestic existence. This cat caught a mouse. Being well fed, her sporting instinct came into play, and she kept the mouse to amuse herself with. That is a feline custom, as you are aware, but where this cat showed superior mentality was in hitting upon a place to hide the mouse, then extracting the amusement. She kept it in an old shoe in a storeroom. The man of the house discovered the proceeding, and was almost as much amused as the cat. Did he put a stop to it? No, indeed. For several days he fed both the cat and the mouse, after which the cat would take the mouse out to his daily exercise, to the delight of both conspirators. Then the man's wife found them out. She took the mouse away and let it go."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sport as a Developer of Character.

Every now and then there crops out in this republic the notion that if our more cultured citizens were our rulers that we should be much better off. We very much doubt it. If our more worldly citizens could rule us, then no doubt we should be better off. But there is a freakiness and finicalness, an inability to give and take, a general rabbling and creaking of machinery among men developed only on the one side of the mind, which always everywhere makes them objectionable as rulers. Boxing is just as likely to make a man meek as books, but if you have a bully to deal with neither the boxing nor the books will avail anything, and he becomes almost more objectionable as an editor than as a prizefighter. Of course sport will fail, just as every other agency will fail, with certain men. On the other hand, for the great majority of men, well conducted sport will teach them fortitude, gentleness, meekness and fair play as no other agency yet invented by man can do.—Outing.

A Funny Mistake.

A servant lass at an inn once made a funny mistake. Opening the door of one of the rooms, she saw, as she thought, the handle of a warning pan sticking out near the foot of the bed. "Bless me," she said, "that stupid Martha has left the warning pan in the bed!" She might have said the place on fire! Taking hold of the handle, she gave it a violent jerk, when up jumped an awakened traveler, shouting hoarsely: "Hello, there! Leave my wooden leg alone, will you!"—London Fun.

Easy Enough to Tell.

Briggs—And so you consider McCoy a clever delineator of characters? Griggs—Yes.
Briggs—And can you readily distinguish his German dialect from his Irish brogue?
Griggs—Oh, dear, yes. The programme tells when he is going to imitate German-English and when he is going to give us a little Irish brogue.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Written Line.

Excited Lady (at Atlantic City)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—
Life Saver (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, namé.
Excited Lady—Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—New York Weekly.

Gladstone as a Linguist.

A remarkable illustration of the scope of Mr. Gladstone's power as a linguist was given many years ago when he addressed an assembly on the island of Corfu in modern Greek, a little later spoke to an assembly in Florence in Italian, a few days later conversed with officers in German with Bismarck, soon afterward responded in fluent French to a toast given at a banquet in Paris, and then crossed the channel to deliver a five hours' speech in parliament on the budget.

Carlyle's Exemption.

Joachim, the great violinist, was introduced to Carlyle by a mutual friend. The sage was about to take his morning walk, and he asked Joachim to accompany him. During a very long walk in Hyde Park Carlyle kept the conversation running on German and its great men—the Fredericks, the Moles and Bismarck—until at last Joachim thought it was his turn to take a lead, and he started with the inquiry, "Do you know Sterndale Bennett?"
"No," was the reply, and, after a pause, "I don't care generally for musicians; they are an empty wind baggy sort of people."

Le Vaillant, the French Naturalist.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, came off God's foot carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a variable trap where the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.
Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the woodcock carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphian Times.

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