

SHOULD BIRDS NOT FLY.

The most apparently distinctive feature of birds lies in the fact that they fly. It is this that gives them their feathers, their wings and their peculiar bony structure. And yet, truisms as such a statement sounds, there are a great many birds that do not fly—and it is among these terrestrial or swimming kinds that we must look for the nearest modern approach to the primitive bird type. From the very beginning birds had to endure the fierce competition of the mammals, which had been developed at a slightly earlier period; and they have for the most part taken almost entirely to the air, where alone they possess a distinct superiority over their mammalian competitors. There are certain spots, however, where mammals have been unable to penetrate, as in oceanic islands; and there are certain other spots which were insulated for a long period from the great continents, so that they possessed none of the higher classes of mammals, as in the case of Australia, South America, New Zealand and South Africa. In these districts terrestrial birds had a chance which they had not in the great circumpolar land tract, now divided into two portions, North America on the west and Asia and Europe on the east. It is in Australia and the southern extremities of America and Africa, therefore, that we must look for the most antiquated forms of birds still surviving in the world at the present day. The decadent and now almost extinct order of struthionians, to which ostriches and cassowaries belong, supplies us with the best examples of such antique forms. These birds are all distinguished from every other known species, except the transitional Solenophenacres and a few other old types, by the fact that they have no keel to the flat breast-bone, a peculiarity which at once marks them out as not adapted for flight. Every one whose anatomical studies have been carried on as far as the carving of a chicken or pheasant for dinner knows that the two halves of the breast are divided by a sharp keel or edge protruding from the breast-bone, but in the ostrich and their allies such a keel is wanting, and the breast-bone is rounded and blunt. At one time these flat-chested birds were widely distributed over the whole world, for they are found in fossil forms from China to Peru, but as the mammalian race increased and multiplied and replenished the earth only the best adapted keeled birds were able to hold their own against the great competitors in the air. Thus the gigantic ostriches of the Isle of Sheppey and the great divers of the Western States died slowly out, leaving all their modern kindred to inhabit the less progressive southern hemisphere alone. Even there, the monstrous *Struthio*, a huge, stalking, wingless bird, disappeared from Madagascar in the tertiary age, while the great moa of New Zealand, after living down to almost historical times, fell a victim at last to that very aggressive and hungry mammal, the Maori himself. This almost reduces the existing struthionians to three small and scattered colonies, in Australasia, South Africa, and South America respectively, though there are still probably a few ostriches left in some remote parts of the Asiatic continent.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Devotion of Dogs.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: That the dog is superstitious there is no doubt. He is afraid of ghosts. Some naturalists say dogs regard the owl as a ghost, and nothing terrifies them more than their mournful "Thoo! thoo!" A striking feature in the dog's love and worship of man is seen in his entire forgetfulness of self. The dog is ready to give up his life to save that of his master, or his master's child. The animal will not only work, but fight and die for man. The love of a dog for his master has been described as exceeding the love of man either for his fellow man or toward God. Shortly before he died Sir Edwin Landseer, embracing his favorite terrier Tiney, exclaimed, "Nobody can love me half as much as thou dost!"

Some dogs love to attend church, and while there behave with a reverence and devotion that clearly show they have some sort of comprehension of the holy influences that surround the sanctuary. In Scotland, especially, has this been noticed. The shepherds, both in the Highlands and Lowlands, are a devout, church-going race, and are invariably accompanied by their dogs or collies, which are as reverent and devout as they are. Sometimes the dogs have particular pews, or lairs, or crouching places in the kirk, and they rest quietly until the end of the service. Nor does it always happen that the dogs accompany their masters, and go there solely by force of imitation. Instances there are where dogs have gone to church, escaping from the kennel on Saturday and attending church when their masters did not. Southey relates an instance of a Methodist dog which went regularly to chapel, though pelted by the boys for so doing. His master never went, and the interpretation put upon the dog's conduct was that he wished to attract his master to church attendance. It was at least something singular that when his master was drowned by accident the dog ceased to attend chapel. Tom Hood says that

"A dove's not reckoned a religious bird Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

And of course simple attendance at church does not make the dog any more religious than the people who simply attend. In 1791 Salmagundi wrote of a favorite dog which always went with his mistress to church:

"'Tis held by folks of deep research He's a good dog who goes to church. As good I hold him every whit Who stays at home and turns the spit; For though good dogs to church may go, Yet going there don't make them so."

HAIL! BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

O, Spring, beautiful Spring! When fled is Winter's dreary gloom, And mid-ey'd cabbage is in bloom, When flow'rets deck the village green, And buckwheat cakes no more are seen—Hail, beautiful Spring!

Oh, Spring, beautiful Spring! When woods awake to song of bird, And festive bullfrogs' notes are heard; When winds bring odors from afar, And soft we play the light catarrh, Hail, beautiful Spring!

Oh, Spring, beautiful Spring! What tender memories you beget, I now must spout my ulsterette, For the summer's sun soon will beam, And all the money go for ice cream. Hail, beautiful Spring!

PUNGENT PARAGRAPH.

The downward path—the one with a piece of orange peel on it.

The rankest man in the country is the onion consumer.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life preservers.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Mother, may I go out to pop?" "Yes, my darling daughter; if you fail this year you must shut up shop, you've kept longer than you'd order."

A Troy shoemaker claims that he can read any man's traits of character by the way he wears out his boots. True genius always wears the heels off like a side-hill.—*Free Press.*

The only thing that equals the spontaneity with which this country proposes a monument is the unanimous cordiality with which it isn't built.—*Rockland Courier.*

A Fargo young lady named Rouse, caught a glimpse of a poor little mouse, and the scream that she screamed, Shattered heaven's blue dome, And bulged out the walls of the house.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Over 50,000,000 clothes-pins are manufactured in this country annually; and yet when a man goes out in the backyard on a washday, a clothes-pin-less corner of a damp sheet will give him a violent swipe in the face.—*Norristown Herald.*

She pressed her hand on her hair, And her cheek as red as a rose, And drew it over her forehead fair, And toyed with her Grecian nose, And no smile on sunny wing, Its flight o'er her features took, Because on her dazzling engagement ring Her sister wouldn't look.—*Puck.*

There is no way of accounting for the manner in which the tongue will twist itself at times and distort the English language. Everybody who has experienced the mortification caused by this perverse and "unruly member" will appreciate the following: A young lady entering a crowded church was a little uncertain as to the exact locality of the pew in which friends had kindly offered her a sitting. Touching an elderly gentleman on the shoulder, she sweetly inquires, "Can you tell me who occupies this pier?"—*Harpur's Bazar.*

"Then your father is a wealthy?" "Quoth the courtier to the maid—" "He's a treasurer as healthy As a mine with diamonds laid, And if I should wait upon thee To the altar, I opine, That he'd settle something on me In a monetary line!"

"As to 'monetary,' sirrah," She responded, "I'm inclined To imagine that a mirror Which your own conceit has lined; But he'd settle on you surely, And he'll settle it so quick That you'll think you've lit securely 'Neath a load of building brick."—*Vonkers Gazette.*

To keep up with the resistless tide of art agonies that is overcoming these days of refined civilization is no ordinary task. We have had the pond lily on the shingle, the cat-tail on the plaque, the sunflower on the Turkish towel, the daisy on the tiny hollyhock wheelbarrow, and now it is decreed that the portraits of the family must be painted on the best family china. The head of the household graces the roast beef platter, the lady of the house smiles benignly from the bread plate, while the children are distributed around on the tea cups and saucers, the loveliest of the girls decorating the sugar bowl, and the "hateful boy" will have his mug on the slop bowl.—*Hartford Post.*

What will Burst a Gun.

Some strangely twisted pieces of gun barrels in a window on Chestnut street exhibit in most interesting fashion the vagaries of overtasked gun barrels. These specimens are parts of some guns burst by Captain Heath of this city during some protracted experiments with various weapons. Five of the barrels were burst because a ball was "stuck" near the muzzle in each case, two gave way because about four inches of snow was put in the muzzle, two were burst by reason of having some wet sand at the muzzle, and three were ruptured by mud at the muzzle. Sportsmen often scoop up a little mud or sand unconsciously, bang away at game, and are then astonished to find the gun with a ragged and shortened barrel.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mending Overshoes.

India rubber overshoes often crack at the instep, and some one tells how to mend them, as follows: "Procure a piece of wide, black-worsted braid, or better, a piece of stout black worsted cloth, so that, when doubled, it will be as wide as the length of the crack in the overshoe, and to extend an inch or two each way. Sew this under the crack as a lining on the inside, using black silk thread and taking long stitches of unequal length. This will hold the parts firmly together, and such stitches will not tear out like those used for merely drawing the two ends together."

Fare and Fair.

A conductor on the Branch," who was collecting fare, came to a lady and repeated mechanically:

"Miss, your fare!" "Sir!" exclaimed the young lady, somewhat confused. "I say your fare!" "Well, that's what the young men say in Atchison; but, coming from a stranger, I—" "Oh, ah! I mean your ticket," said Finkbine, more confused than the young lady.—*Western Mercury.*

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He Was Overcome and the Way by Which He Was Finally Saved.

(Continued from the Times.)

An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere, in this State, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result. While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?" "Right here, in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?" "Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?" "Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you?" "Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in the same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?" "No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints ached until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was attached at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way, and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolted up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?" "Try! I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of, used various treatments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphia."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?" "Because I am completely well and as sound as a summer's day, and I may seem strange, but it is true, that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size; my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?" "Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before he had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements, let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed, and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

Human Life in Mexico.

In a Zacatecas letter to the Springfield *Republican* we find the following:

As an instance of how little regard the government has for life, let me tell you a pitiful story. A child was missing from a mining settlement at the edge of Zacatecas, and as weeks went by bringing no trace of him, the distracted parents imagined that he had been kidnapped. Thereupon, some thirty persons, most of them laboring men about mines, were taken out and shot on the merest suspicion that they might know something about the lost boy! About three months afterward somebody happened to look down into a deep hollow (probably an abandoned prospect hole) not many yards from the father's house, and discovered something therein which excited his curiosity. Closer investigation revealed a small skeleton, the poor child having undoubtedly fallen in during one of the epileptic fits to which he was subject, and had starved to death within sight of home. I happened to be present when the little moldy jacket and muddy shoes were brought up, amid a crowd who wept in sympathy for the mourning mother; but nobody had a thought for the thirty victims—mostly fathers of families—who were sacrificed in the unavailing search.

Congregation of Two.

Bishop Pierce says: The country congregations of fifty years ago were largely made up of the best people of Georgia, and compared favorably with congregations of the present day. Some, of course, were uncouth in manner, but

heartily in hospitality. The smallest congregation I addressed during the first years of my ministry consisted of six persons—three men and three women. One March day afterward I rode ten miles through a drenching rain to Flat-rock chapel, in Putnam county, only to find two persons there—a man and a boy. I was wet to the skin and benumbed. After waiting a few minutes and no additions coming, I said: "We might as well leave here, as there will be no congregation."

The man quietly responded: "Through five miles of pelting rain I have come to hear preaching."

I saw at once my duty, and replied: "You are right. You are entitled to it."

For one hour I addressed my little congregation, and was never listened to with more attention.

A Splendid Dairy.

is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "glit edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co.'s, Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Catwalk, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

The Doctor's Indorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional indorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing coughs, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds."

For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Catarrh so that I have been confined to my room for two months at a time. I have tried all the humbugs in hopes of relief but with no success until I met with an old friend who had used Ely's Cream Balm and advised me to try it. I procured a bottle to please him, and from the first application I found relief. It is the best remedy I ever tried. W. C. MATHEWS, Justice of Peace, Shenandoah, Ia.

The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to indorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit convinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

Thousands Upon Thousands.

The proprietors of the world-renowned Carboline—the natural Hair Restorer—never put up less than 1,000 gallons at a time. This gives but an idea of its immense demand.

Virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Samaritan Nerve cures all blood disorders. Dr. J. A. Fatmore, of Riley, Ind., truly remarks: Samaritan Nerve cures epilepsy.

Phoenix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25¢

Camhor Milk cures aches and pains. 25¢

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good it would do you.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but it is sure to cure.

IN THE SPRING

Many of the human family are afflicted with a weakness and debility which it is impossible to throw off without some reliable invigorant. It seems impossible to do hard work, and even repose is disagreeable from that terrible tired feeling which it is impossible to describe. To restore the blood to active motion, to disengage it of foul humors, to give new life to all the functions of the body, to make you work with life and energy, you must take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Purify Your Blood

"I had been much troubled by general debility, caused in part by catarrh and humors. Last spring a friend recommended that I try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, and it proved just the thing needed. I derived an immense amount of benefit. I never felt better."—H. F. FULTON, Rochester, N. Y.

"I can say with great pleasure that I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and that there is none equal to it as a blood purifier. I cheerfully recommend it to all."—E. S. PHILLIPS, Rochester, N. Y.

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To Consumptives. Many have been happy to give the testimony in favor of the use of this Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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