



Walled Up Alive.

A severe sentence was recently passed upon a sparrow by a flock of bluebirds. A bird-box for martins and bluebirds is erected on a pole a short distance from Fort Lee, and every season a pair of bluebirds takes possession of it.

When she returned a sparrow was in the box, quietly sitting upon the egg. The bluebird remonstrated at such outrageous proceedings, and tried to persuade the intruder to leave.

The sparrow did not realize the meaning of all this fuss until the hole was nearly closed up. Then it began to flutter around and struggle vainly to escape from its prison.

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Where but mother and dolly can soothe.

A Long-Felt Want. One day wee Willie and his dog Sprawled on the nursery floor, He had a florist's catalogue And turned the pages o'er,

Till all at once he gave a spring, "Hurrah!" he cried with joy; "Mamma, here's just the very thing To give your little boy!

"For when we fellows go to school, We lose our things, you know; And in that little vestibule They do get mixed up so.

"And as you often say you can't Take care of them for me, Why don't you buy a rubber plant And an umbrella tree?"



A Figurehead.

A GLASS WORKS.

Process of Bottlemaking—Freaks of the Blowpipe.

The process of bottlemaking is an interesting one, says a writer. In the center of a circular building is a chimney from the top of which a peculiar intermittent light flickers.

The nature of different kinds of glass is dependent upon the quality of the raw material called "batch,"

put into the melting pots. The mass of molten metal got from this opaque, earthy-looking "batch" has frequently to be skimmed of impurities; but it is, nevertheless, a problem whence comes that wonderful and enduring transparency which everybody likes to see in glass.

Until the hour strikes for the workmen to commence operations you may find them experimenting for amusement or profit with the blow-pipe. Specimens are blown out to the thickness of a tissue paper bag, which another puff of wind explodes with a crack.

At the signal to commence work the men, already partly stripped to the waist, poke their four-foot blowpipes through the hole of the crucible opposite to which they work, twisting it round until it has taken up sufficient of the rosy and viscid glass for one bottle.

At the same moment you will see bottles in all stages of growth, some glittering gold, others cooling down to orange or red; some in the forms of plummet or dazzling pears, others as incandescent bosses threatening to become fragile bladders.

A man goes round from mold to mold, inserting a rod into the neck of each bottle, and collecting a trayful to go to the annealing chamber. Here the bottles are stacked up for a gradual cooling process which may possibly last 26 hours.

SUNDAY SAUNTERINGS.

Something of the exact behavior demanded from young people by those in authority in the early days of the nineteenth century is brought to notice in the biography of Peter Edes, a pioneer printer in Maine.

Mr. Edes soon found out that this was not permitted at Bangor and wrote to a friend of the trouble caused him by his apprentice's apparently innocent amusement.

"You must know," he writes, "that the people are very strict on this day, and will not let men walk out, much less boys. James was strolling about and was ordered home by the tything-men, but he would not obey them.

Another interesting incident in connection with life in Bangor at this time is an advertisement which appeared in Mr. Edes' paper, the Bangor Weekly Register, stating that:

"E. & M. R. Edes have opened a school in the room over the Register office for the instruction of young misses and small children in the useful and ornamental branches of education."

The terms were: "Orthography and plain work 17 cts. per week; writing, English grammar, Geography with the use of maps, Composition, ornamental needle work 25 cents per week."

A Surprise. Little Evelyn, not yet 3 years old, had learned to spell "c-a-t, cat."

In the first flush of excitement she exclaimed: "Won't the cats be surprised!"—Harper's Monthly.

The hen-pecked husband has more than a peck of trouble.

A WORD FROM THE LANDLADY.

Be Careful, Girls, She Says, We Can Tell More than a Secret.

"No," said the landlady, "you can't tell anything from a boarder's trunk. The time has been when a yellow-leather trunk with a Planter's house label pasted on it could get my front single parlor and no questions asked, but not of late years.

"Landladies are only human, and I am free to confess that I have been deceived by these appearances in the past, but if I had to size up a boarder to-day by this means, other things being equal, I would pin my faith to the little battered tin trunk with a barn-door padlock and an odor of mothballs.

"The truth is landladies are often to blame for their own misfortunes, and their vanity has put many a good-paying boarding-house on the rocks. When the new boarder comes to the door in a cab with his trunk strapped on behind and his hat box on the seat beside the driver, it is a strong-minded landlady who can keep the fact clearly before her that she runs a boarding house, and not an apartment hotel.

"I don't know why it is that a landlady should allow herself to be taken in by such shallow artifices when she knows better all the time, but it is true nevertheless that she is too often a willing victim. Her experience has taught her well enough that the boarder who puts on the most style, who makes the biggest kick about the odor of cabbage in the front hall, and who calls you down before the whole table because you left the wrong laundry bundle at his door, is sure to be the man who is shy on his board bill Saturday night.

"Short of marrying a man, I believe there is no experience to be gained in any business equal to that of landladying him. No man can long conceal his true character from his landlady. He may shoot off a lot of fireworks to fool the rest of the world, but his landlady generally knows what they are worth.

"It is a grave question in my mind whether any girl should marry a man until she has been around when he is shaving. The tone of voice in which I have been asked by a boarder with a murderous razor in his hand if I called the water in the boiler hot would, I am sure, make any girl who heard it think twice.

"What a shock it would be to some confiding girl if she could see her hero standing in his door shaking his shirt in my face and demanding to know what the laundry had done to the neckband. These are some of the things we could tell if we were asked. We could also show that some of the money spent for theater tickets and bonbons should have gone to pay for the roast consumed the previous Sunday.

GRIDLEY'S LEAVE.

Touching Scene When the Brave Captain Left the Olympia.

On the morning of the battle of Manila Bay Captain Gridley was so ill that the little commodore offered to excuse him from duty, but gallantly, as is characteristic of the man, he replied, "Thank you, Commodore Dewey, but she is my ship and I will fight her."

CLASS IN MANNERS. Instruction for Shy and Awkward in Old-Time Southern Schools.

The father of Alexander H. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederate states, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which the pupils called "learning manners," evidently made a deep impression on little Alexander, writes Louis Pendleton in his biography of the statesman.

As they approached the boy would bow and the girl would drop a courtesy, the established feminine salutation of those days, and they would pass on.

These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor, the entrance introduction and reception of visitors, with practice in "commonplace chat."

Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting, after salutations of the two agreed upon, would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them, the boys saying, "Allow me, Miss Mary, to present to you my friend, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, Miss Jones." After Miss Mary

had spoken to Mr. Smith she would turn introduce her friend.

These exercises, trivial as the description may seem, the vice-president of the Confederacy says, "were of great use to raw country boys and girls, removing their awkwardness and consequent shyness and the painful sense of being at a disadvantage or the dread of appearing ridiculous."—Youth's Companion.

HE WAS DEAD THREE MINUTES.

Physician's Experiment Restores Consumptive Patient to Life.

For three minutes last night Oscar Culver of 262 South Tenth street Brooklyn, was dead in the eastern district hospital, says the New York Press. His pulse beat ceased and there was not the slightest heart action or trace of breath on a mirror held before his lips.

Gradually the heart resumed its beating, the pulses fluttered and the supposed dead man quivered back to life. He spoke to his wife and for fifteen minutes she sat with him. He was conscious at midnight.

The man was too ill to understand he was to all appearances dead for three minutes, and his restoration to health is out of the question, as he is dying of consumption and inflammatory rheumatism.

Dr. Jaffer requested the supposed widow to retire for a few minutes. Staggering into another room, she flung herself, weeping, into a chair. Then Dr. Jaffer administered the strychnine and whisky hypodermically to the seemingly dead man and at the same time resorted to artificial respiration.

Within fifteen minutes there was a slight resumption of heart action. It was only a flutter. Then the mouth twitched slightly. A few minutes more and there was evidence of resumption of respiration and the heart beat quickened. Dr. Jaffer, thus encouraged, redoubled his efforts to restore life.

The heart was beating evenly, though weakly. Sighing deeply, the resurrected patient said, "I feel like fighting." The doctors gave him more stimulant and permitted his wife to enter the room and talk briefly with him.

The patient's voice was scarcely more than a whisper. His wife was gratified to hear even that, and she remained at the bedside as long as the doctors would permit her. That was fifteen minutes, but she was not permitted to say much to him. Weeping tears of joy, she left the hospital, with the promise of the doctors that they would keep her husband alive as long as they could; but they added she must not hope for his recovery.

He would live through the night, and his wife might have another short talk with him to-day, before he passed beyond medical skill.

Feeding of Eggs. Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production.

Small Temporary Smokehouse. If one butchers only once a year, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, it is not necessary to build an expensive smokehouse, for almost as good results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith.

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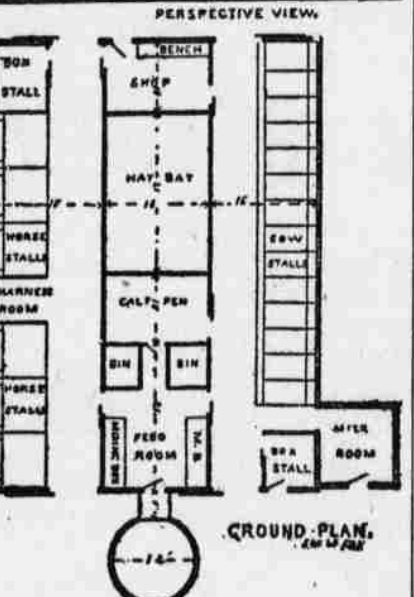
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Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disposing of the grain and hay that instead of hauling many tons of it to market it is fed on the farm, and the beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold.

The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time. As shown on the floor plan, the barn will accommodate fourteen cows, twelve horses, has box stalls for both the

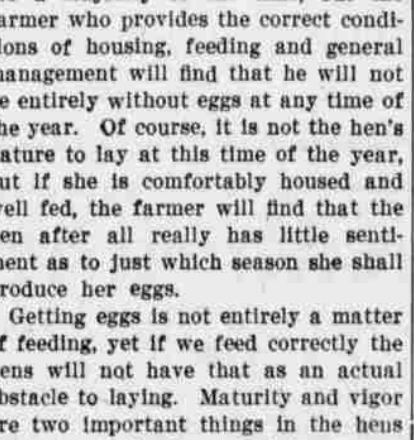


GOOD BARN PLAN.

cows and horses, also a large calf pen. The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved.

Feeding of Eggs. Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of course, a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of the year.

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SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE.

Results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

To Increase Fruit Yield. One orchardist is said to have increased the yield of his orchard from fifteen to 250 bushels in the following manner: He reduced the tops of the trees one-fourth; then in the fall he plowed between the trees. After manuring well he planted corn, beans and pumpkins, and harvested a nice crop of each.

Champion Butter Cow Dead. Pedro's Estalia, champion butter cow of the world, with a record of 712 pounds in twelve months, was killed by an accident at the Missouri Agricultural College farm.

Destraction by Rats. There are those who declare that nothing is created in vain, and that rats and mice are in some way a benefit to mankind. It is hard to see just how. The statistician of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington computes that they create \$15,000,000 damage a year. That is the real money damage, saying nothing of the annoyance. As an offset, the rat catchers of the world sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per year, and the furriers work them and sell them for five times that sum. It is estimated that a full-grown rat will eat six bushels of corn per year.