

WINGLESS BIRDS.

Some Animal Oddities That Are Found in New Zealand.

An official of the Smithsonian Institution was recently speaking of some of the wingless birds of New Zealand. "Those wingless birds have always been of especial interest to me," he said. "Nowhere else than in their native land could they have survived, for that is the only land in which no destructive animals are to be found. Being unable to fly, they could not have escaped from swift hunting animals, if any there had been. And in this connection it is interesting to note that in all probability the kakapo, or great ground parrot, once had the use of its wings, but, being a grass seed feeder and finding no enemies on the ground, it in a process of evolution lost its ability to fly, though able to run very swiftly. These birds are so gentle and so unconscious of having any enemies that if a person sit down near one it will presently tuck its head under its wing and go to sleep. They only breed once in two years, and the mother bird carefully hides the nest from her mate, though why is not known.

"The weka, or wood hen, is another specially interesting species of the wingless birds. These birds mate for life and take turn about in hatching and watching the brood. One of the pair is never absent from the nest, the one on duty being supplied with food by the other. There is something almost human in the sight of a male weka leading his family out for a stroll on the beach when the tide is

"Another is the roa, which is distinguished by a remarkable beak, long, slender and slightly curved. The roa, like the kakapo, is a night bird, and its chief food is earthworms. Its sight is very poor, and it may often be seen standing in the moonlight with the tip of its beak resting upon the ground, apparently listening or feeling for the vibrations of a worm's movements. The male of the roa does all the hatching, and the young birds come from the shell with all their feathers, miniature of their parents and with apparently all their intelligence, as they at once start out to search for food and seem to require no instruction as to the best places to find it."—New York Herald.

RECORDS.

In the number of his titles the Duke of Atholl, with twenty-three, holds the record.

The record bean for costliness is the vanilla, which sells at \$12 a pound retail.

The record for ham sandwich making is a thousand sandwiches in 11 hours 25 minutes.

The record lodging house is one for pilgrims at Mecca, which accommodates 6,000 persons.

The record steam heating apparatus cost \$180,000. It is that which heats the 11,000 rooms of the Vatican.

The record soprano voice was Lucrezia Agujardi's. This lady, who died in 1783, could easily strike C in altissimo.

The record for millionaire honesty was held by the late Charles T. Yerkes, who, on recovering his fortune after his failure, repaid the claims of all his old creditors with 6 per cent compound interest.

Mr. Howells and the Poet.

A person called upon a certain editor of the Atlantic Monthly of the name of William Dean Howells and, producing a poem and courteous note of declination, indignantly demanded an explanation.

"Do you mean to intimate that this is not a good poem?" he challenged. "By no means," hastily remonstrated Mr. Howells; "I think it is very good indeed."

"Then why"—in a somewhat mollified tone—"do you decline it? I consider it the best I have ever written."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Howells, "after all, we have very few differences of opinion. Do you know," he added in his gentlest voice, "I have long regarded it as the best that Tennyson has ever written."—George Harvey in North American Review.

Anchoring a Lightship.

A very effective method is employed to keep a lightship always in practically the same position. The ship is moored by three anchors which rest in the sea bed in the form of a triangle. When the tide alters its direction the vessel, of course, swings with it, but only to a limited extent. The ship cannot change right over, as it would if only one anchor were used, for the three anchors each fix it in a different position and do not allow it to move more than a few yards.

Where Mrs. Brown Had Been.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Brown, when did you get back? Mrs. Brown—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere! What made you think so? The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.—London Answers.

All Right.

A man always puts on the left shoe last, and when he puts on the right shoe first—on the right foot—he also puts on the left shoe on the right foot. A man most always puts the right shoe on the left foot and the left shoe on the right foot.—Baltimore American.

The Early Bird.

Mrs. Homebody (engaging cook)—Very well, then; you may come tomorrow at 10. Cook—O'd sooner come at 8, mum. Thin if O'd don't loike th' place O'd can have in toime for th' mattnay.—Puck.

Tramp Talks by Hobo Gentleman

Tells a Story of His Life, Though It Was a Very Painful Subject.

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LATE one afternoon, when I was making a farewell tour of the state of Ohio," began the dilapidated gentleman, after a long inspection of the toe peeping out of a rent in his shoe, "I turned aside to ask for a bite to eat and a lodging at a comfortable farmhouse. I found that the place was owned and occupied by two old maid sisters and run by a hired man. Both females were over forty years old and typical spinsters. To look at them you wouldn't think they had any more romance in their souls than a rail fence. I don't know whether I was the first dilapidated that had come along for a month or whether they thought I had seen better days. At any rate, I was given a good hearty supper by the hired girl and told that I could make myself comfortable on the new mown hay in the barn.

"I helped the hired man to milk and do up the chores, and when I went to roost I did a bit of singing to myself. It was one of the finest moonlight nights you ever saw, with the nightingales whooping it up for all they were worth, and perhaps I became a bit sentimental. I had sung 'Annie Laurie' and two or three other old songs when the hired man came out to the barn and notified me that Tillie and Mary wanted to see me on the veranda. Those were the names of the two old maids. When I appeared before them, hat in hand, 'Tillie, who was the eldest, said:

"We heard you singing and didn't know but what you would favor us with something."

"I replied that I was always happy to oblige and piped up with 'Nellie Gray' and followed it with 'Old Black Joe.' When I had finished my piping, Mary said:

"Sister and I are agreed that you are not what you seem. We believe

could see only the one way out of it. Late as was the hour when we got through, I went off to the house of the iceman to see if I could not melt his cold heart. I found it of different material from his ice. It grew colder all the time instead of melting. He utterly refused to recede from his position. When I said that the blow would kill Marie and me he offered to make the price of our ice 30 cents a hundred for the next season, but that was the best he would do.

"'Base villain!' hissed Mary.

"'Coorid wretch!' hissed Tillie.

"It was a terrific struggle between love and duty, but duty finally prevailed. After being in bed for a month with brain fever I sent for the iceman and agreed to his terms. He brought his daughter right over in his ice wagon and we were married, and the forged check was given to father to tear up.

"'What a noble soul!' whispered Mary.

"'What a heroic sacrifice!' whispered Tillie.

"A week later, when I was a little stronger, I wrote to Marie. There were 150 pages of foolscap, but I can recall every line and word. I hid nothing from her, but told her the solemn truth. I told her how it wrenched my heart, but that there was hope ahead. In the course of a year I would put rusty nails around where my wife must step on them and meet her death by lockjaw, and then I would fly to France and make my love my own. I received no reply to my letter—not from Marie. Her mother wrote that upon receiving my epistle the dear girl had started for America on a tramp steamer with the object of killing herself on my doorstep and that I should look out for her coming.

"'Tillie, did we ever read anything like it in a novel?' asked Mary.

"'No, dear, we never did,' replied Tillie.

"For three long years I looked for the coming of sweet Marie, but she came not. I had an alarm bell attached to the front steps, so that if she came in the night I would be awakened. But the bell never rang. I hated the woman I had married, and she hated me. I kept house in the hall and she in the parlor, and we never met when we could help it. I realized that my life was wrecked, and father was a broken and penniless man. Driven to desperation at last, I—

"'Don't say that you murdered your wife!' pleaded Mary.

"'If he did and did it gently I for one will forgive him,' answered Tillie.

"'No, I did not murder her. She was lying ill with the mumps when lightning struck the house and brought her end. What was left of it was seized next day by the sheriff for debt, my father was sent to Blackwell's island for six months for breaking a show window, and in my loneliness and desperation I took to the road.

"'And have you never found your Marie? Didn't she come to America?'"

"That is why I grieve and grieve and refuse to be comforted. I learned that she did reach these shores and started for my home and then suddenly turned up missing. No one can tell me tonight where she is. She may be a waitress in a summer hotel, or she may be wandering the highways and byways in the moonlight and calling my name. Some day I may meet her. Some night when the moon rides high and the whippoorwill sing I may clasp her to my breast again. It is as Providence wills. I can only wait.

"The two old maids sighed and wiped the tears from their eyes and insisted that I occupy the parlor bedroom that night and sit with them at breakfast. I thought I was in for a good thing for about a week, but when I went out to the barn the hired man, whose jealousy had been aroused, gave me a thumping and kicked me off the farm, and I have never seen those good ladies since."

M. QUAD.

No Harm Meant.



Tramp—G' us a copper, gov'nor. Heavy Swell—it seems to me you are in want of manners, not money. Tramp—I asked for what I thought yer 'ad most of, boss.—Once a Week.

Uncharitable.

"Is she a charitable woman? Willing to give relief?" "No. She's the kind that never gives even a sigh of relief."—New York Times.

Just as Good.

Doctor—You must go to a "rest cure." It will only cost you \$1,000. Patient—But I can send my wife to Europe for less.—Judge.

The Gabbler.

Money talks! At the conversation game it never balks. You can hear it at the show. Not particularly low; At the opera it talks, talks, talks.

Money talks! It's a chinner throughout all our earthly walks.

At a fashionable affair You can hear a million air Its opinion as it talks, talks, talks.

Money talks! With a megaphone around the town it continually resounds.

Overwhelming other sounds As unceasingly it talks, talks, talks. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

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11:50 A. M. Lv. b	Plumas	Lv. 2:45 P. M.	
1:12 P. M. Lv. b	Doyle	Lv. 1:12 P. M.	
2:15 P. M. Ar.	Amador	Lv. 12:01 P. M.	
3:00 P. M. Lv.	Amador	Ar. 11:15 A. M.	
3:30 P. M. Lv. c	Butte	Lv. 11:00 A. M.	
7:30 P. M. Ar. d	Madeline	Lv. 7:15 A. M.	
1:30 P. M. Lv.	Plumas	Ar. 12:45 P. M.	
3:00 P. M. Lv. e	Beckwith	Lv. 11:05 A. M.	
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