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RAY FEED CO

### FISH THAT WALK.

Climbing Perch Travel Over Land From Water to Water.  
It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living always in water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else. But nature maintains no hard and fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs to the land and that which belongs to the water. If we can believe the accounts of naturalists, there are fishes that traverse dry land.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day of India has collected data of several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another. A party of English officers were upon one occasion encamped in a certain part of India when their attention was attracted by a rustling sound in the grass and leaves. Investigation showed it to be caused by myriads of little fishes that were making for one direction and were passing slowly on. There were hundreds of them moving by using their side and small fins as feet, now upright, now falling down, squirming, bending, rolling over, retaining their fluky feet and again pressing on.

These fishes were the famous climbing perch, and they were passing over the country to avoid a drought. When the stream in which they have been spending the season dries up they scale the banks and, directed by some marvelous instinct, crawl to another. Pearson's Weekly.

### A HOPEFUL POET.

Failure to Recognize His Genius Didn't Dampen His Ardor.  
Paddy Quinn, a type of bohemian found only between the covers of a cheap novel, was sentenced by Justice Samuel C. Hyde, congressional representative for Washington during territorial days, to serve ten days on the rock pile after confessing that he had worked only seventy-five minutes during his stay of two months in Spokane. Asked by the court to explain how he earned a living, the prisoner said:

"I am a poet, but there is no use explaining to you that which would be unintelligible to your mind. I will recite some of my poetry instead. I will read a few stanzas from my masterpiece."  
Before Quinn could give voice to the second line of his latest work the court had imposed sentence and the sweet singer was on the way to the city jail, where his tattered garments, oxford shoes and flesh colored hose were exchanged for overalls, jumper and hobnailed brogans. His long black hair and flowing beard were also trimmed for hygienic purposes, and, armed with a six pound hammer, he started for the rock pile, mumbling as he left the station:  
"The muse got an awful jolt that time at the hands of an unsympathetic judge; but, then, there's hope. Recognition will come some time. It must come. Officer, please see that Pegasus is properly cared for until I return!"

The Lunatic's Idea of It.  
"I was going through one of the wards the other day," said the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, "when one of the patients—incubally insane, I believe—walked up to me to announce that he wanted to be discharged."  
"Why?" I asked.  
"Because I've been here three years, and that's long enough," he replied. "And I want to be discharged today, too," he added.  
"I looked at him steadily for several seconds and then said:  
"My dear fellow, do you realize that I have been here seventeen years and have not been discharged yet?"  
"The question appeared to puzzle the man for an instant. Then he snapped at me:  
"Well, you ought to have been discharged long ago."—New York Globe.

Corset Ancient Armor.  
A French historian of women's dress states that the corset was worn by the ancient Egyptians. This assertion is borne out by the figures carved on the tombs of women, who are invariably represented as wearing a garment strongly resembling the modern corset. There does not appear to be any representation extant of Cleopatra VI., the beloved of Antony, but in one of the temples there is a figure of her predecessor, Cleopatra II., in which the sculptor has endowed her with a corset cut on the lines of those worn today. Whalebone was probably unknown to the Egyptians, but a nation capable of constructing pyramids without steam cranes would probably find no difficulty in making stays without busks.—London Chronicle.

His Favorite Song.  
There is a young optician in Denver who sings very well, says the Post of that city. The other night he was making a call on a couple of sisters up on Corona street when he was asked to sing.  
"What shall it be?" he asked as he went to the piano.  
"Your favorite song," said one of the girls.  
"All right," he replied, and then the optician sat down and sang "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes."

Impertinent.  
Mrs. Hank—if you won't do no work yer won't git no dinner, and that's all there is to it.  
"Tell you what I am willing to do. I will give you a lesson in correct English. Is it a go?"—Life.

### Why He Was Deaf.

Scene—Stable of Scottish village inn. Landlord is busy repairing a piece of harness and is carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith. Enter farmer.  
Farmer—Look here, landlord! Can ye gie me a bottle o' yer best whisky?  
Landlord—Weel, ye see, the horses are a' out, an' I dinna ken when ony o' them 'll be hame.  
Farmer—It's no a horse I want; it's a bottle o' whisky.  
Landlord—Aye; but, ye see, they're a guid bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back.  
Farmer (louder)—I tell ye, it's no a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, I want.  
Landlord—Weel, ye see, the beasts 'll be tired, an'—  
Farmer—Gang awa' wi' ye an' yer beasts!  
Exit.

Blacksmith—Man, John, ye're gettin' as deaf as a doorpost. It wasna' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, the man was askin' for.  
Landlord—Ou, aye, I heard him fine, but he didna' pay for the last bottle he got.—Pearson's Weekly.

### The Order of the Bath.

The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II., when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were enforced.  
According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming, "Arise, Sir—" and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true."—London Strand Magazine.

### England's Patron Saint.

The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 303. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England.—London Mail.

### Eve and the Apple.

Princess Duleep Singh at a dinner in New York said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness.  
"The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands. The saying is this: "The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves."

### Aisle of the Car in a Railroad Wreck.

A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago.  
"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### A Use For Arithmetic.

"My boy," said the head of the firm, "I've noticed that you have a great head for figures, although you don't seem to be able to spell or write at all. How does it happen?"  
"I studied 'rithmetic," replied the office boy, "'cause I wanted to know how to figure de battin' averages."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Myth Chaser.

"What makes your youngest son so eager for athletics?"  
"Filial admiration," answered the worried looking mother. "He believes all the stories his father tells about the wonderful things he did when he was a boy and is trying to equal the record."—Washington Star.

### Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—Venning.

### THE TAX ON SALT.

One of the Things That Started the French Revolution.

Before the French revolution the government established warehouses at which the inhabitants were compelled to purchase their stores of salt. These warehouses were numerous in some provinces and few in others; but, whether sufficient or insufficient for the needs of the population, they were often situated at a considerable distance from the towns and villages, whose inhabitants had to trudge miles along bad roads to buy their salt.  
But this was not all. It was prescribed by law that the head of every family must lay in his stock of salt not at such times as might suit his own convenience, but on one stated day in the year. Should he fail in this observance he was fined, and he was also fined if he purchased a smaller quantity than the law prescribed.  
His hardships did not stop even there. On making his annual purchase he had to state the different purposes for which he intended to use the salt during the ensuing year, and in the event of his being discovered salting his soup instead of his pork according to his statement or his pork instead of his soup on the day he had named he was also liable to a fine. His kitchen was never secure from the intrusion of the inspecting officer, and woe to the housewife who was detected in any petty infraction of this law.

### WONDERFUL ROCK GARDEN.

Englishman Has a Three Acre Reproduction of the Matterhorn.  
The largest rock garden in England is that of Sir Frank Crisp at Friar Park, Henley. It is a faithful reproduction of the Matterhorn on a scale of about three acres. Seven thousand tons of limestone were brought from Yorkshire to make it.  
The snow capped peak is represented by quartz. Below it are thousands upon thousands of alpine flowers growing in pockets between the rocks and filling every chink in the trails that ascend the mountain. There must be 200 different species in bloom at once.  
At the base of the mountain, says Country Life in America, is a miniature Swiss chalet, where one may sit and enjoy the scene, comparing all the main features with a little bronze model of the Matterhorn which Sir Frank had made for the entertainment of his guests. A brook courses down the mountain side, and just before it reaches the chalet it forms a pretty cascade and then spreads out at your feet into a miniature lake decorated with pygmy water lilies and richly margined with pinks, primroses, gentians and other alpine flowers.

### A Good Laugh Is Good For the Health.

Look at the laugh in whatsoever light you will, whether you see it as the deliverer from the bondage to outgrown notions; a schoolmaster with the sharp switch of ridicule to teach us manners; an apostle of democracy, proclaiming that we are all of the same clay, made of it and to return to it, but every lump of it holding some sparkle of the divine fire, and woe betide the man that tries to make us think that he is of different stuff! Look at the laugh, I say, in any light you choose, and you will see that it is not so much the downright and confusion of the laughed at that makes us happy, that foggles our waistbands and sends the ha-ha spouting out, that pumps the blood along the sluggish veins, massaging the interior works and replacing the shopworn stock of air with a new consignment, as it is the sudden, sharp, intense realization of our personal well being.—Eugene Wood in Success Magazine.

### Harlem in New York.

In an early charter of what is now New York occurs the name of Lancaester. That is what Harlem used to be called. It comprised the territory on Manhattan Island north of a line drawn from the foot of East Seventy-fourth street to the foot of Manhattan street. The real Harlem village was a settlement collected within a radius of a quarter of a mile from One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue. Today the name Harlem is applied to the whole territory north of One Hundred and Tenth street, east and west. After the name Lancaester was eliminated the village was called Nieuw Haarlem.—New York Press.

### New Kind of Setter.

Little Oscar, aged five, had a dog which was almost always to be found behind the stove in the kitchen. Oscar once visited at a house where there were two fine dogs. The master of the house told him that they were Irish setters. The little fellow, who was very fond of his pet, answered quickly, "Mine is a kitchen setter."—Delineator.

### Better Than Ever.

Mary Backstrop—Did he tell you life with him would be one grand, sweet song? Maudie Sidestreet—No. He said it would be one grand, beveled, sweet toned, silver coated, indestructible phonograph record.—Puck.

### Getting On.

Father—And how are you getting on at school, Johnny? Johnny—Oh, I have learned to say "Thank you" and "if you please" in French. Father—That's more than you ever learned in English.

### Not Quite a Sponge.

Percy—Skitts is a sponge—a perfect sponge.  
"Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Self is the first object of charity.—Latin Proverb.