

Cockatoos.

The cockatoos constitute a branch of the great parrot family, and, with the exception of the species which inhabits the Philippine islands, are peculiar to the Australasian 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 Roublic*

The following is a remedy for oily skin: Liquid refined honey, one ounce; alcohol, two ounces; cucumber emulsion, one ounce; elder flower water, four ounces; strained juice of two lemons. The mixture should be used night and morning and applied with a soft rag or sponge.

The Northwest Indian and His Ways.

The Indian of the plains is a far more picturesque individual than his brother or cousin of the coast. He does not erect totem poles and has no timber for the purpose if so inclined, but he is sufficiently spectacular himself without resorting to grotesque carvings and painted wood. His saddle, with its leather hangings and wooden stirrups, is in itself a remarkable aggregation, and when set off with his goods and chattels tied in bags, rags, strings and straps, the effect is remarkable. He wears the cast off garments of his white brother in such original combinations that he looks like the personification of a secondhand store. Sometimes the adoption of a pair of guernseys as an external covering gives him quite an athletic appearance. He wears his hair in Gertrude braids, and prefers earrings about the size of half dollar coins. A mosquito net or handkerchief is his favorite head covering, and if he assumes a hat it is as an additional and purely ornamental appendage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Buried at Santiago.

"Few students of Napoleonic history," says the London Chronicle, "are aware that Dr. Antomarchi, who at-

tended upon Napoleon I during his last illness at St. Helena, is buried in the cemetery at Santiago de Cuba. He had a brother living in that island, and after the emperor's death proceeded thither and lived at Santiago, exercising his skill as an oculist gratuitously among the poor. After his death in 1825 a public monument was erected to his memory in the local cemetery."

Gypsy Dancing Girls of Seville.

In The Century Mr. Stephen Bonsal writes of "Holy Week In Seville." He says: On returning homeward we enter a gypsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gaditan dancing girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Penthelusa is as graceful and as lissom today as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial descended upon her beauties and graces in classic words centuries ago.

The hotel keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed, but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally today, as they were in the days of the Casars, by light limbed enchainers of hearts and flamenca girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun, and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living.

Now they dance about with the grace of houris, the abandon of mænads or of nymphs before Actæon peeped, and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle and sit for hours under the banana trees, crooning softly some mournful cuplet in the crooked gypsy tongue.

Saint Norah and the Potato.

St. Norah was a poor girl, says the London Punch, who prayed St. Patrick for a good gift that would make her not proud but useful, and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught her how to boil a potato. A sad thing and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few! Since the highest intellectual and physical life is dependent upon diet—since the cook makes, while the physician only mends—should not she who prepares our pies be as carefully trained as he who makes our pills?

Certainly whatever may be the knowledge or the ignorance of the servant in the kitchen, the mistress of the house, be she young or old, ought to be able, like St. Patrick in the fable, out of her own instructed head to teach Norah how to boil a potato or broil a steak so that they may yield their utmost of relish and nutriment.

Until she can do that, no woman is qualified to preside over a household, and since few reach adult life without being called to that position in the household of husband, father or brother, the legend of St. Norah has a wide significance.—*Youth's Companion.*

Buried in the Well Where He Died.

Speaking of strange and sad occurrences, none could be more remarkable than the death and burial of Charles Carter, a well known farmer residing near Russell. He was cleaning out an old well when the quicksand suddenly caved in on him, leaving only his head and chest exposed. When the alarm was given, hundreds of people assembled and went heroically to work to save their neighbor. It was found that nothing could be done toward removing the sand about Carter's body, so a parallel well was dug and a tunnel run from it into the old well, but even then the body could not be removed so closely was it grasped by the sands. It was found that a rope attached below Carter's arms would pull the body into parts without withdrawing its covered portion, and that method had to be abandoned. Carter was conscious and talked with his rescuers, but at the end of 58 hours he died. By this time an enormous crowd had gathered, and all sorts of plans were suggested for recovering the body, but finally it was determined to make the well the dead man's tomb, and it was filled up after religious services had been held upon its brink. The well was 48 feet deep, and perhaps no other Kansan ever found quite so strange a burial place.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A Dumas Story.

Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added, in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?"

"Yes," answered the great dramatist promptly. "They have given it to him because he was without it."

The dead heroes of the Buena Vista battlefield, where 6,000 American volunteers under General Zachary Taylor defeated 20,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna after a desperate and bloody battle, lie in a neglected and unmarked spot near Saltillo, Mexico.

There is a flywheel in Germany made of steel wire. The wheel is 20 feet in diameter, and 250 miles of wire was used in its construction.

The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday.

The first two numbers of THE CONSERVATIVE, published at Nebraska City by Hon. J. Sterling Morton, are before us. The paper is high-toned, historical, statistical, bold and outspoken. It is specially adapted to Nebraska and her institutions, and is well worth the price, \$1.50 a year.—*Oakland Republican.*