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**Trees and Landowners In England.**  
By the general laws of England oak, ash and elm are "timber" if not younger than twenty years or so old that a good post cannot be cut from them. What constitutes "timber" varies slightly according to locality, but when a tree is proved to be "timber" a person who has only a life interest in the land it grows upon cannot cut it down unless it be on an estate cultivated solely for the production of salable "timber" or unless he has a special agreement giving him power to do so. A mere life tenant may not even cut down trees which are not "timber," but which would at the age of twenty years attain that dignity. Botanists differ as to the poisonous nature of yew trees. There are many instances both of their poisonous and their harmless effect when browsed by horses and cattle, but the partially dried clippings of yew are certainly most dangerous. If a yew tree overhangs a neighbor's land and his horses eat the yew without trespassing, the owner of the tree is liable to pay for any injury the horses may sustain. On the other hand, if the horses or cattle cannot browse on the tree without putting their heads over the fence the owner of the horses must bear the loss, for his animals have trespassed.—London Answers.

**When Victoria Laughed.**  
One day during Queen Victoria's reign three children were walking along the road between Windsor and Stoke Poges. They heard the sound of carriage wheels. It was the queen's carriage, and she was in it.  
The oldest child, a little boy, had been reading stories of eastern life and fairy tales. He knew what was due a queen and cried to the others:  
"Get down flat in the dust before the carriage, and we'll all call out together, 'Oh, queen, live forever!'"  
Down went the three little bodies flat in the dust, much to the astonishment of the coachman, who reined up sharply.  
The queen leaned forward and asked: "What in the world is the matter, children? Are you frightened?"  
Three voices came out of the dust in a smothered treble:  
"Yes, O queen!"  
Then there was a pause, and one reproachful voice said, "There, we for-

got the 'live forever' part." The queen understood at once and laughed aloud, as her coachman afterward said, "more heartily than she had laughed for years."—London Queen.

### ABOVE THE LAW.

**Courts Have No Jurisdiction Over Foreign Ambassadors.**  
The chief of an embassy is an august being and one who boasts some remarkable privileges. It may be mentioned to begin with that in the land in which he is officiating an ambassador ranks immediately after the princes of the blood royal.

The ground on which an embassy stands is in theory as well as in practice the territory of the nation to which its principal occupant belongs. Even if a criminal were harbored in an embassy the police could not enter the premises without permission.  
An ambassador is above the law of the country to which he is accredited. The courts have no jurisdiction over him, and, strangely enough, his subordinates and even his domestic servants are also inviolate. The humblest employe in the embassy if he committed a punishable offense could not be arrested without the consent of his master, nor can an embassy official be imprisoned for debt.  
Ambassadors are to be envied most of all perhaps for their freedom from the burden of taxation. They disburse not one penny in taxes, either directly or indirectly, and, as for the custom house, it is nonexistent so far as they are concerned. No duty whatever is charged in respect of wines, cigars, cigarettes, etc., that are consigned to them.

Again, their excellencies need not bother about taxes unless they please. That they do so is purely an act of grace on their part. They are not legally exempt from these tantalizing demands on the purse, but if they decline to meet them there would be no means of enforcing payment.—Cassell's Journal.

**One Way to Pay.**  
Patient—Your bill of 100 marks for visits and 60 marks for medicines is high, doctor, but I've arranged to settle. I'll pay the 60 marks for the medicines, and I'll return all your visits.—Fliegende Blatter.

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## PLAYING A TROMBONE

A Rather Easy Matter, the Musician Seemed to Think.

### SUCH A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT

But Somehow or Another the Explanation Only Muddled the Man Who Wanted to Learn and Who Decided to Tackle an Accordion.

The band was playing loudly in the Trinkfesterbergarten and the little bald-headed man had his eyes fastened interestedly on the trombone player. When the players stopped to recuperate he beckoned the man who works the loose horn over to his table and ordered two glasses of schoenesbraue.

"My name is Biggs," said the man whose hair was absent. "One of my lungs is trying to quit work, and the doctor advises me to break up its shiftless habits by blowing a brass. The careless way you yank that pump horn looks good, and I want you to put me on."

"What do you want to know?" asked the musician.

"Just a hint about how you handle that wind machine so nonchalantly."

"The trombone is very simple," replied the musician, wiping his lips, which curled in thick, red volutes. "The slide is divided into seven shifts, or positions, about three inches apart. 'Starting with the lowest note in the first position—the slide closed—you get B flat. Push out the tubes and you hit successively A, A flat, G, F sharp, F and E.'"

"That's only seven notes," objected Biggs.  
"Yes. Getting the rest depends on how you pucker your lips. In the first position you can make, figuring upward, B flat, F, B flat, D, F, B flat and C. In the second you obtain A, E, A, C sharp, E, G and A. The third gives you A flat, E flat, A flat, C, E flat and A flat. It works out the same all the way down."

"There are higher notes that I didn't mention, but you won't want to monkey with them. But a good player has a compass of more than three octaves."

Biggs looked troubled.

"Let me see," he said. "You start in the first position with B flat."

"Yes," replied the other—"that is, provided you are playing in the bass clef. In the treble clef the first position is C."

"What?" exclaimed Biggs. "It's one note one time and another another?"  
"In the treble clef," explained the musician, "the trombone is a B flat horn. In the bass clef it is a C horn."

Biggs mopped his brow.  
"Say that again, will you?" he appealed.

"Don't you see?" came the answer "When the first position is C it's a B flat horn. When the same shift is B flat it's a C horn."

Biggs unbuttoned his coat.  
"You may call this thing simple," he said, "but if it is I'll give myself up at the nearest asylum. You are talking antonyms."

The musician grinned.  
"We'll take one thing at a time," he said. "In getting at what a B flat horn is let's consider a cornet."

"Let's, if it's simpler," said Biggs hopefully.  
"It's because it's always a B flat horn," replied the other. Then he added, "Except when it's an A horn."

Biggs gave a sickly smile.  
"The lowest note on a cornet when open—when no keys are pressed down—is really B flat," said the bandman. "But it is called C."

"That doesn't make it C," said Biggs. "For all practical purposes it does," was the reply. "There is a reason for doing this, but it's complicated and at present I'm keeping to simple facts."  
"Yes, indeed," murmured Biggs.  
"In an orchestra, for instance, when the first violins are playing in C natural the cornetist's score is two semitones higher and is thus written in D or two sharps. When the violins are playing in D the cornet player is tooting in E or four sharps. But if things kept on this way the cornetist would soon be lost in a confusion of sharps and double sharps, so he slips an A crook on his instrument. That raises the signature three semitones. When the fiddles play in A or three sharps the cornetist is blowing along the easy path of C natural."

"Look here," said Biggs. "If my wife is playing 'Under the Pink Lilac Bush' on the piano, couldn't I play with her from the song score?"

"Not unless you can mentally transpose as you go along," said the musician. "The system looks queer at first, but it's logical. Its purpose is to bring the same music within the natural compass of all the instruments of a band or an orchestra. But if you are going to play the trombone you won't have to bother your head about any of this, as trombone music is nowadays always written in the bass clef."

"Then what have you been talking about it for and mixing me up?" shouted Biggs, jumping up.  
"What are you getting mad about?" asked the trombonist.  
"I'm not mad," replied Biggs. "I'm only going to make my will and buy an accordion."—Washington Post.

**No Longer a Secret.**  
"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost!"  
"Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died."  
"Yes; that's what I mean."—Philadelphia Press.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

## ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religions exist side by side, legends have crossed and intermingled in such a way as to make a distinct folklore. A collection of stories from "Folklore in the Holy Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer, contains many Bible legends in new forms and with humorous additions. One explains how the mosquito came to buzz and why the swallow's tail is forked.

After the fall of man the serpent missed the reward which the evil one had promised him—namely, the sweetest food in the world. An angel was appointed to assign to every creature his food and dwelling place. The serpent asked for human flesh. But Adam protested and pointed out shrewdly that as nobody had ever tasted human flesh it was impossible to maintain that it was the most luscious of food. Thus he gained a year's respite for the race.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent round the world with instructions to taste and report upon the blood of every living creature. At the end of twelve months it was to report in open court the result of its researches.

Now, Adam had a friend in that sacred bird the swallow, which annually makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all holy places. This bird shadowed the mosquito all the twelve months until the day of the decision. Then as the insect was on its way to the court the swallow met it openly and asked what flesh and blood it had found sweetest.

"Man's," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please say it again, for I am rather deaf."

On this the mosquito opened its mouth wide to shout, and the swallow darted in its bill and plucked out the insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court, where all living creatures were assembled to hear the decision. On being asked the outcome of its investigation the mosquito, which could now only buzz, was unable to make itself understood, and the swallow, pretending to be its spokesman, declared that the insect had said that it had found the blood of the frog the most delicious. Sentence was therefore given that frogs, not men, should be the serpent's food.

In its rage and disappointment the serpent darted forward to destroy the swallow. But the bird was too quick; the serpent succeeded only in biting some feathers out of the middle of the swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked tails.

### EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

**How One May Promote Good Health Without Expense.**  
First of all, there is the sensible use of the odd moments of the day. For example, I must go out to my work in the city; I must get up from my chair after or at intervals during my work; I must go upstairs. Here are the opportunities:

During the wash I can rub myself well all over my skin. Having used the warm water and soap and warm water again, I can dip my hands in cold water and then give my skin a capital friction with the palms of my hands. This will afford excellent exercise for the arms and shoulders and, when I stoop, for the trunk muscles. It will clean me, will help to harden and invigorate me and will make my hands and my whole body glow delightfully. It will need scarcely any extra time.

When I go out into the street, and indeed whenever I go out, I can take two extra deep and full breaths of fresh air in through the nostrils. And I can repeat this wonderfully healthy practice whenever I wait at a crossing, whenever I wait at all, and just before I go into any building from the street, and also before any important work or interview, and, of course, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Here there is not one moment of extra time demanded, but there is so much effective but easy physical culture that at the end of a year the improvement in the breathing capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the complexion and even in the control of the temper may be almost beyond belief. And, best of all, the automatic habit of fuller and more rhythmic inhalations may be firmly fixed.—Eustace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

**The Dear Old Days.**  
Touched by his sad story, a Harrisburg woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy looking hobo who had applied therefor at the back door.  
"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"  
"No, mum," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Candidate's Course.**  
"When a candidate thinks he's right he must stick to his belief."  
"But supposing all his constituents think differently?"  
"In that case he must show his true greatness by casting aside all personal bias and emphatically assuming that a majority cannot be wrong."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Everybody Pleased.**  
Deacon—Are you willing to go? Unpopular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes; I am. Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down the fence.—German Proverb.

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