A LITTLE LOVE OF MINE.

I know a clever little maid
 And sweet, who claims me for her knight,
And, I confess, I'm half afraid
 She thinks whate'er I do is right.
The reason why I may not tell,
 She's five, while I am twenty-nine,
And yet we love each other well,
 I and this little love of mine.

She has a slender, lissome form,
 Brown eyes where trust and truth abide,
A Cupid's mouth where kisses swarm,
 Rose cheeks where dimples deftly hide,
A smile she borrowed from the skies
 In some rare hour of summer time,
That's sweet or serious, glad or wise,
 As suits this little love of mine.

La reine petite, the little queen,
 Swift to forgive as to command,
The daintiest monarch ever seen,
 She keeps her subjects well in hand,
Their happiness her only task.
 She rules by childhood's right divine,
And richer kingdom none may ask
 Than has this little love of mine.

The boundary of her empire lies
 In home's fair walls; her wealth untold,
The lovelight in her mother's eyes,
 A treasure greater far than gold,
Aye, running over is her cup
 With love's most rare and costly wine,
And she—she gayly drinks it up,
 This charming little love of mine.

Fresh be the draught. I wish the hours
 May bring her what she most may prize,
Soft dewy dawns, and fragrant flowers,
 And light winds calling to the skies;
But if my soul might win the bliss
 To beg a boon from Father Time,
'I would be to leave her as she is,
 This dainty little love of mine.
 —Ross Deforris, in Youth's Companion.

A HUNTRESS OF INDIA.

Her Victorious Encounter with a Savage Man-Eater.

Mrs. A. W. Salmon, wife of an officer in the Indian police, enjoys the distinction of being one of the few ladies who have sought for and found a genuine man-eating tiger and laid the king of the jungle low, unaided by hunters of the sterner sex. Mrs. Salmon has had the pleasure of bagging two of these fierce brutes, and has also shot a panther and any number of smaller fry, such as jackals and deer.

Mrs. Salmon is at present visiting some old friends in San Francisco, and told a reporter the story of how she shot and killed a ten-foot man eater up in the Nilgherry hills, in the Madras district.

"I first went to India in 1883, and during the seven years of my stay there I traveled nearly all the time. My husband was continually on the move, and I was always with him when possible.

"Before I went to India I passed two years in the western part of the United States, and I had learned to use a rifle pretty well, and I often tried my skill on jackals, deer and such animals as we met on our trips from place to place through the jungle. The hills around the sanitarium are covered with heavy brush and long grass, and as a rule are rather free from tigers, but that summer the heat was so great that, like ourselves, the big man-eaters sought the hills, and soon after we got settled down the natives began to bring in stories of tigers which had been seen in the vicinity.

"My favorite weapon was an American Winchester repeating rifle—one of those 44-caliber guns which seem to be a favorite with American hunters. Besides this I had a heavier rifle—also a Winchester—and it was with this rifle that I bagged my big tiger.

"During the summer of 1886 a party of my husband's friends, who were stopping at the Ootacamund sanitarium, 'way up in the Nilgherry hills, invited us up on a visit, and, as the heat in the lower country was simply terrific, we gladly accepted the invitation. Little was thought of the story until one morning when the mail carrier failed to appear, and when a little leather pouch in which he carried his letters and his stick of bells used to scare away wild animals in the jungle were found in the road about eight miles from the sanitarium, the gentlemen began to clean up their guns and talk tiger.

"Several hunting parties went out, but in a single tiger could be found, and then the excitement began to die out. The birthday of one of the gentlemen was celebrated by a picnic to a spot on the banks of the Pycarra river about twelve miles from the sanitarium, where we intended staying a week. The camp, which consisted of seven tents, was set up in the wildest spot imaginable, and we had a very pleasant time until the fourth day, when Capt. Rays, who went out gunning with another gentleman, had the misfortune to fall in a nullah and injure himself so badly that he could not get out. His companion hurried back to camp for assistance, and as the scene of the accident was not more than half a mile from the camp, all the gentlemen went along, leaving the ladies in care of a couple of men servants.

"Thinking that hot water might be required when Capt. Rays was brought to camp, one of the ladies sent Anthony, one of the servants, to the river, not more than one hundred yards away, to fill a water jar. A few moments after the servant had started we were startled by a wild cry for help, and then all was quiet again. Thinking that the man had been attacked by a jackal, I seized my heaviest gun and ran down the path toward the river. The low brush hid everything from my sight, until I had reached a point about twenty yards from the river, and there I saw something that made me tremble with fear.

"There on the bank of the river lay poor Anthony, and by his side, licking the blood from her paws, was a big tigress. For a few moments the sight fairly froze my blood, and I forgot all the personal danger and the thought that I should be the next victim, filled my brain. Up to this time I forgot that I had a rifle in my hand, and when came a wild desire to try my skill, with the tigress as a target. All thought of what the result would be should I shoot and miss or only wound the big man-eater fled from my mind as I saw the terrible brute pick up the body of the servant and, after taking a few steps, put it down again and eagerly lick the blood that flowed from the wounds made by its sharp, cruel teeth.

"As gently as possible I drew back the hammer and raised the rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim directly at the tigress' ear I pulled the trigger. As the report rang out it seemed to me as if a score of hungry tigers sprang at me from every rock and bush, but this passed away in an instant, and after reloading the rifle I took a look at the tigress. She was still stretched beside the body of the man, but the powerful limbs were motionless, and the head was resting on the man's thigh. That I had killed the animal at the first shot never entered my head, and I sent a couple more shots into its body as fast as could, but the first shot had settled the business.

"Upon making sure that the animal was dead I turned to walk back to the tents, when I heard the scream of a tiger cat, which seemed to come from some brush a short distance up the river. I am very foolish to say it, but I don't think a dozen tigers could have frightened me then, and I at once started toward the spot from where the cries came. At first I could see nothing, but after a close search, during which I took care not to venture too close to the bushes, I caught sight of a half-grown tiger cub crouching in the grass and eyeing me as if waiting for me to get a little closer. I was then rather too close for comfort, and I quickly raised the rifle and fired.

"The cub was facing me and the bullet glanced from its forehead and only partially stunned it. The tiger dropped to the ground flat and then rose to its feet, but instead of rushing for me, as I expected it to do, it began to walk away. This gave me a good show at its side and I fired again. The tiger fell, rose and then tried to rush at me, but its strength was gone, and before it had taken a dozen steps it sank to the ground and rolled over on its side.

"The noise of the shooting was heard by my husband, who hurried back to camp, wondering what was the matter. Learning from the other ladies that I had gone out alone and that the shooting had taken place down near the river, he hurried down and met me on the way. He was fairly horrified when I pointed to the dead cub and could hardly believe his eyes, but, when I told him the mother had killed poor Anthony and that her body and that of our poor servant were lying on the bank of the river, he was speechless with surprise. He took me back to camp, and when the other gentleman arrived with Capt. Rays and the story of my encounter with two tigers was told it was decided to break camp at once and return to the sanitarium.

"Poor Anthony was buried, and the tigers were skinned and the trophies, with heads and claws attached, were sent to Madras and placed on exhibition. The notoriety I gained was anything but pleasant, and made me sorry that I had ever learned to handle a rifle.

"After that I got an invitation to join every hunting party got up in that part of the country and was bothered to death by newspaper men, who would persist in having me tell the story a dozen times a week.

"Six weeks after I bagged my tigers I, while out with a party got up by the sultan of Hyderabad, bagged a handsome pan ther and a spotted deer, and a few days after I received a check for one hundred and fifty rupees as a bounty for killing the tigers and the panther."—San Francisco Examiner.

Artless Childhood.

One of the artless and attractive characteristics of children is their easy intimacy with Heaven and the Deity. When a little mite at Sunday-school or out of it, indeed, is asked a question whose answer is beyond him he is very apt to fall back upon the Maker of Heaven and earth, often with most amusing incongruity. A little girl who wanted to go out and play one Sunday recently was told she might sit on the stoop but could not go into the street. She trundled her little chair out accordingly, but at the end of a few minutes trundled it back again. "There is nobody out there but Dod," she announced, "and I can't see him, so I tummed in."

Another little girl, a six-year-old, who could not play a note, seated herself at the piano to entertain a caller waiting for her mother.

"Shall I play for you?" she inquired, with much affectation of manner. "Would you like to hear a waltz?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, "very much. What can you play?"

"Well," was the answer, with a complacent toss of the head, "I can play two or three, but my favorite waltz is the Kingdom of Heaven."—Waverley.

Frightful Symptom.

Nobody went to the world's fair without learning something. Indeed, the more the visitor knew before, the more he learned. One man made a startling discovery about himself.

He was a gentleman from the far east in attendance upon the congress of religions, where he was seated upon the platform. Presently a man who sat near him perceived that he was getting uncomfortable about something or other. He shifted uneasily in his chair, and now and then pursed up his lips and expelled his breath slowly.

By and by he leaned over to this observant neighbor, and whispered that he thought he should have to go out.

"What is the matter?" asked the neighbor.

"I do not know," said the Oriental. "Something is wrong. I do not know what to make of it. See how my breath smokes!"

He exhaled a long breath—a cloud of white vapor—to show what he meant. He had never seen his breath before, and was greatly relieved when the cause of the phenomenon was explained to him.—Youth's Companion.

—What Papa Said—John—"What did the old man say when you asked him for his daughter?" Willie—"He didn't say a word; he whistled for the dog."—Detroit Free Press.

—The royal palaces and public works, such as roads, fortifications, streets, etc., of Belgium have cost $110,000,000.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL SONG.

A Touching Ceremony in Vogue Among the Omahas.

The funeral song is sung at the obsequies of a man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Upon the death of such a one, men in the prime of early manhood meet together near the lodge of the deceased, divest themselves of all clothing but the breech-cloth, make two incisions in the left arm, and under the loop of flesh so made thrust a willow branch, having on it sprays of leaves. With the blood dripping upon the green branches hanging from their arms and shoulder-blades, the men move silently in single file to the lodge where the dead lies; there, ranging themselves in a line shoulder to shoulder, and marking the rhythm of the tune by beating together two small willow rods, they sing in unison the funeral song.

There is a violent contrast between the bleeding singers and their vocal utterances, for the music in its major strains suggests sunshine, birds, and verdure, and has a fleet happy movement. Nevertheless, there must be some latent harmony between the song and the ceremony. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. The spirit of the dead man can hear the song as it leaves the body, and the glad cadences are to cheer him as he goes from those who have been dear to him on earth. He hears only, he can not see—so the song is for him; the bleeding wounds of the singers are expressions of the loss felt by the friends of the dead; his kindred can take note of the manifested sympathy—the wounds are for them.

It is a custom among the Omahas to cease wailing at a certain point in the funeral ceremonies, for the reason, they say, that the departing one must not be distressed as he leaves his home behind him. It is also customary after a death to lacerate the limbs, as the shedding of blood expresses how vital is the loss. The funeral song and ceremonev, savage as they appear at first sight, are really full of tender unselfishness, and indicate a strong belief in the continuation of life and its affections.—Alice C. Fletcher, in Century.

MODERN LIFE-SAVERS.

Types of Boats Now Used in the United States Service.

There are many kinds of lifeboats and many other devices for effecting communication by lines between a wreck and the shore. The type of boat in most general use in our service is distinctively known as a surfboat. It is made of white cedar upon a white-oak frame. It is from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet in length, with its other dimensions proportionate. It is propelled by six oars, and will carry, besides the crew, from ten to fifteen persons. The excellence of these boats is shown by the record during the eighteen years they have been used in the hands of the life-saving crews. They have been launched in actual service six thousand seven hundred and thirty times, and have safely landed from wrecked vessels six thousand seven hundred and thirty-five persons. They have capsized but fourteen times, six of these accidents being attended with loss of life. Of the boats' crews, twenty-seven were drowned, being one for every two hundred and forty lives saved.

A "self-righting" lifeboat is largely used in the English service, and in our own to a limited extent by way of experiment. This boat is constructed with air-chambers at the bow and stern and several hundred pounds of iron in the keel. These cause the boat to "right" itself when capsized by the waves. It is of necessity heavy and cumbersome, and the record for actual service is on the whole favorable to the smaller and lighter surfboats adopted by our own government. The proportionate loss of life from capsizing is considerably less with the surfboats. The self-righting boat is fourfold heavier than the other, weighing about four thousand pounds. Boats are being constantly improved and perfected, one of the latest devices being for self-bailing, by which water that may be "shipped," or fills the boat as the result of a capsize, is instantly expelled. A boat combining successfully the properties of self-righting and self-bailing would seem to be the nearest possible approach to the ideal.—Frank G. Carpenter, in Popular Science Monthly.

A Traveled African.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch and had noted his naive wonder at the mysteries of mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tusks. Then you can be the envy of the whole tribe." The native gentleman yawned. "I traded a second-hand war-club for a bushel of those things when I was at the World's fair last summer," said he, "and there was not one of them that ran for more than a week. Got any chewin' about your clothes?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Anglo Mania.

Chollie—Oh, she is perfectly lovely; she paid me such a compliment.

Fweddie—What was it?

"She said I was so un-American."

"How delightful."—Detroit Free Press.

The Latest.

Wayside Bill—Did you know I'd got a job?

Lingering Luke—Wot yer doin'?

Wayside Bill—Sweepin' out aquariums.—Judge.

Knew It Beforehand.

Clara—Sadie tells me she is engaged to a foreign count.

Maude—Yes, she told me a month ago she was trying to learn to eat roasted chestnuts.—Puck.

—First Poet—"Don't you notice quite a decline in poetry in the newspapers?" Second Poet—"You bet! I've had six pieces declined this week."—N. Y. Press.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Potato Croquettes: Take eight cold mashed potatoes. Season with pepper, salt, nutmeg; add two eggs, with a little chopped parsley; one tablespoonful melted butter. Form in balls and roll in beaten eggs and bread crumbs or cracker dust and fry in hot lard.—N. Y. World.

—Steamed batter puffs may be made from raised dough, shaping as for biscuits, rolling berries into the dough. Set, after rising, into steamer and keep the water boiling hard until the puffs are done, allowing twenty minutes for this. Eat with sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Hard Sauce: Stir to a cream one cup of butter and three cups of powdered sugar. When light beat in three-fourths of a teacupful of wine, the juice of one lemon and two teaspoonfuls of nutmeg. Beat long and hard and set on ice until the pudding is served.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Cheese Cakes: One cup of grated cocoanut, one cup of milk curds, one cup of cream, yolks of five eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of almond extract; boil until thick; pour into tart tins lined with puff paste; bake ten minutes. Orange or lemon can be used instead of cocoanut.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—White Wine Jelly: Pour one pint of cold water on six sheets of isinglass and let stand until dissolved. Then add, first, a pint of boiling water; next, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one pint of sugar and one wine-glass of white wine. Let stand until it hardens. This jelly is excellent in sickness, and makes a very nice dessert to be eaten with cake.—Womankind.

—Rich Date Cakes: Make any nice layer cake and bake six layers. Remove the stones and chop a pound of dates. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add two cupfuls of fine sugar and a spoonful of almond flavoring. Mix part with the chopped dates and spread between the cakes. Use the remainder on the top, and ornament with whole dates with the stones removed.—Housekeeper.

—Jelly-fish: Fill a deep glass dish half full of jelly. Have as many small fish-molds as will lie in it. Fill the molds with blancmange. When this is cold, and the jelly also, lay the fish in it as if going in different directions; put in a little more liquid jelly; let it get hard, to keep the fish in place; then fill the dish. The jelly should be very light-colored, and perfectly transparent.—Harper's Bazar.

—Cinnamon Bun: Two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast or half of a compressed cake. Put the milk in a farina boiler to scald. Beat the eggs until light, pour over them the milk, add the butter and let stand until lukewarm: then add the yeast and salt and sufficient flour to make a thin batter. Beat thoroughly and continuously for five minutes; cover and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning add one cupful of flour, beat thoroughly and then add sufficient flour, a little at a time, working all the while with the hand, to make a soft dough. Take out on the baking-board and knead lightly for ten minutes (it must not be as stiff as bread). Put back into the bowl, cover and let stand in a warm place until very light. Then take about one-half of this dough out on the baking-board, roll it out into a thin sheet, spread lightly with butter, cover thickly with sugar, sprinkle with dried currants and cinnamon and roll tightly in a long roll. Cut through this roll about every two inches, place the buns flat, closely together, in a greased pan. Roll out the remaining dough in the same manner, cover and stand again in a warm place until very light. Bake in a moderately quick oven for about half an hour. Turn them out of the pan while hot.—N. Y. World.

Saving Pretty Pictures.

A pretty nursery screen is made by covering the panels with any solid background desired, black, dark red or brown, and pasting pictures cut from nursery tales upon them. One panel can be handsomely decorated with the pictures that made last year's calendar such a thing of beauty—illustrating, as many of them do—in such lovely fashion the procession of the months. The plethora, indeed, in these days of really exquisite specimens of the lithographer's art makes a disposition of them after they have survived their brief present in current weekly, monthly or annual a real problem to those who dislike to discard them wholly or keep them forever out of sight. Hospital scrap albums are a good solution of the dilemma up to a certain point, but there are more than enough in many households for even two or three of these.—Detroit Free Press.

A Timely Hint.

There are many mothers who have clothing folded away that belonged to dear babies who died long ago and whose garments they can not bear to see worn by other children. They would be spared the pain of this sight, and still be making good use of what is now but food for moths if they should consult their clergymen, or any active philanthropist, who would tell them of many distant families who would be materially helped by such donations. This winter of our discontent is no time for sentimental hoarding, no matter how sympathetic one may feel with the love that longs to hoard.—Philadelphia Press.

Wet Feet and Colds.

The best way to overcome susceptibility to taking cold from getting the feet wet is as follows: Dip the feet in cold water, and let them remain there a few seconds. The next morning dip them in again, letting them remain in a few seconds longer; the next morning keep them in a little longer yet, and continue this till you can leave them in half an hour without taking cold. In this way a person can become accustomed to the cold water, and he will not take cold from this cause. But be it understood that the "hardening" must be done carefully.—Housewife.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A COMPANY FACE.

Once on a time, in a far-away place,
Lived a queer little girl with a company face,
And no one outside of the family knew
Of her every-day face, or supposed she had two.

The change she could make with wondrous celerity,
For practice had lent her surprising dexterity,
But at last it chanced, on an unlucky day
(Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),
To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,
She failed to effect the desired transformation!
And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason,
Surprised her with half of her company face on,
And half of her every-day face peeping out,
Showing one grimy tear track and half of a pout,
Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile
That shone on her "company" side all the while.

The caller no sooner had hurried away
Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay;
And, after a night spent in solemn reflection
On the folly of features that can't bear inspection,
She came down to breakfast, and walked to her place,
Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face.
Thenceforward she wore it, day out and day in,
Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin;
But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,
And her relatives think 'twas a red letter day
When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason
Surprised her with half of her company face on.
 —Minnie L. Upton.

THE STORK CAME BACK.

An Amusing Bird Story Told by a German Clergyman.

I heard last summer a true story, which seemed to me worthy the ear of young readers. It was narrated by a clergyman to a group of young folks on a hotel piazza. I shall not tell his name, because I know the story better than the historian.

Several years ago this gentleman was living in the German capital with his family. There were many new sights and sounds to interest the American family, but nothing more fascinating than the colony of white storks which settled on the adjacent house tops and made a bird village of the nestled chimney stacks.

The birds had such an air of proprietorship and general coziness, that

STORKS ON THE WING.

some member of the family insisted that that particular part of the city was the regular summer home of these tourists, who returned to their old quarters each season, in human fashion. This idea was not accepted as fact, and there were many speculations as to some possible means of testing the theory. Not being up in the stork language, no one could ask questions and get answers, neither could any mortal remember the fine points of stork physiognomy from year to year.

A plan was finally decided upon, and one particularly aristocratic monarch-of-all-I-survey-looking bird was enticed by a good dinner into the garden. There a silver ring was placed about his leg, on which was engraved "Berlin, 1888." He then flew back to his favorite chimney, and ere long he joined the passing flocks that were constantly leaving for the south. Many a thought followed the feathered fugitive during the long winter, and at the first sign of spring eager eyes watched for the return of the travelers. After many days, a distant line of storks, far up in the blue, came into view. Over the clergyman's house several detached themselves from the sky caravan and hovered around the dwelling. A tempting feast was prepared, and presently the weary pilgrims flow down into the yard. Friendly eyes watched every movement with joyous welcome. Imagine the surprise when one of the flock was seen to nave *two* silver rings upon its legs!

Behold! the old ring was back again, and accompanying it another, which read: "India sends greeting to Berlin."—Henry Fenn, in St. Nicholas.

The Bear in the Arena.

It has been said that the bear is not so cruel as other huge animals, and in proof thereof it is asserted that in the days of old Rome, when wild beasts were turned loose in the arena to fight with prisoners—who were allowed their liberty if they could overcome their savage foes—the bear used to be hissed by the spectators because it declined the combat with Christians and other captives. Without casting too much doubt upon this statement—which is, however, certainly open to question—it must be borne in mind that the Romans knew nothing of the two fiercest bears, the polar of the arctic regions and the grizzly of the Rocky mountains.

Cissy Proves Her Point.

A certain little girl from whom the Listener sometimes hears is evidently going to be a great logician. When she was called upon at school the other day to recite a verse from the beatitudes she responded with "Blessed are the dress-makers, for they shall see God."

"But, my dear girl," exclaimed the teacher, "it is not 'dress-makers'; it is 'peace-makers.'"

"Well," the child answered, stoutly, "my mother has a dress-maker and she makes dresses out of pieces."—Boston Transcript.

She Had Had Experience.

He—So you were never in love?

She—No; but I've been engaged to lots of men who were.—Life.

THE STORMY PETREL.

Queer Superstitions Sailors Entertain Regarding the Bird.

One of the best known of the sea birds is the stormy petrel. It is oftenest seen during storms, flying above the waves in search of shellfish and other small animals that are brought to the surface by the tempest.

The sailors call petrels "Mother Carey's chickens" and do not view them with much favor, owing to their being constant companions of storms. "Jack" thinks that rough weather may be expected when he sees petrels about and is not quite sure that they do not in some way cause the tempest. When the bird is on the outlook for its prey it seems to walk on the water. Hence the seamen of the olden time in allusion to Apostle Peter's walking on the water called the bird petrel, from the Latin Petrellus, "Little Peter."

So far from the sailor's being superstitious as to the capture of another kind of petrel, the cape pigeon, which is of a black-and-white color and about the size of a tame pigeon, I have known Jack to take a hand occasionally in capturing them as a bit of recreation during a dog watch.

In southern latitudes the cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands, says St. Nicholas. A common bottle cork is tied to the end of a piece of thread and trailed astern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tautness to the thread.

As the birds fly in clouds from side to side astern some of them constantly strike the thread with their wings, and the resistance is enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing and the bird is hauled on board. In this manner I have seen hundreds caught in a day.

On one occasion a clipper ship carrying passengers to India captured pigeons by hundreds, and the surgeon by some mischance succeeded in entangling a stormy petrel.

Now, the doctor was an enthusiastic naturalist, and what to the sailors is known as a "land lubber"—that is, he was on his first voyage. The doctor at once took the specimen to his cabin and made preparations to skin and preserve it. In hot haste a deputation of seamen, headed by the old, gray-haired sailmaker, came aft with a request that the petrel be set at liberty, saying that otherwise the ship and all on board would surely suffer.

The doctor, somewhat surprised, intended to set the bird free, but his enthusiasm as a naturalist prevailed over the superstitious warning, and when the sailors had disappeared the bird was added to his collection. The fact soon became known forward among the men, and the doctor was regarded with black looks by the crew for the remainder of the voyage.

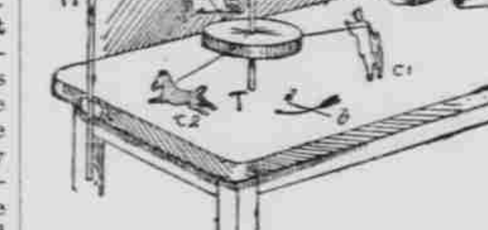
In the course of time the good ship anchored in the Hugli river, and that day at dinner the doctor suddenly died.

There was a gathering of the sailors around the windlass that dog-watch, and the doctor's sudden death was attributed by the superstitious sailors to his slaughter of the stormy petrel.

AMUSING SCIENCE.

A Nursery Toy Which Can Be Made by Any Intelligent Boy.

A very amusing game for children is shown in our illustration, and may be provided at small cost and with little trouble by carrying out the following directions: Procure a slender iron rod, bent to a right angle at about the



middle point. Fasten one end to the edge of a table, as in the cut. The other end should terminate in a loop. Directly under this loop bore a small hole in the table. Cut from a wide cork stopper a circular piece of cork, and through its center pass a long nail from which the head has been removed. You will then have a rudimentary top. Lastly, cut out three figures of horses from pieces of cork, and attach them to the upper surface of the top by means of small bits of wire. Place the top in position as shown in the cut, the ends of the nail being held by the loop and the hole in the table. Wind a cord round the upper portion of the nail and draw it briskly out. The top will turn, carrying the little horses, and the horse which stops nearest to a certain point previously marked on the table gains the trick. More than three horses may be made, if desired, and interest is added to the apparatus by painting the horses different colors.—Once a Week.

A Wonderful Old Man.

The oldest postmaster in continuous service, and perhaps in years, in the United States, resides at Hammondsville, Jefferson county, Ohio. His name is W. H. Wallace and he is eighty-two years old. He has been in the service for the last sixty-three years, having been appointed to his present position during Andrew Jackson's administration. Mr. Wallace is also credited by the Adams Express company as the oldest agent in its employ, both in years and continuous service, and is also the oldest station agent on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad, if not in America, having served in that capacity since 1852. He bears his years lightly.

Cutting the Knot.

"We had to write about George Washington to-day," said a schoolboy to his mother.

"I hope you didn't forget to tell about the cherry tree?"

"Oh, no. I said he sawed it down."

"Sawed it down!" He chopped it down with his hatchet."

"Yes, I know, but I couldn't spell hatchet."