

THE WISHING WELL.

Around its shining edge three sat them down, Beyond the desert, 'neath the palm's green ring. "I wish I spoke one, 'the gem of Isza's crown, For then would I be Isza and a king!"

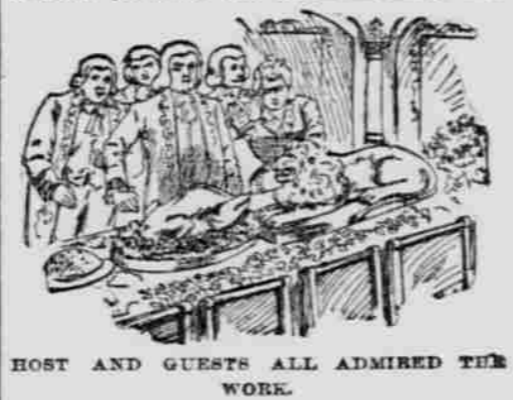
I remember a fellow dreamer telling me that the picture represented a boy who modeled a lion and was made king of the sculptors. Every body, of course, knows all about Canova and his wondrous works.

He was only three years old when his father died. His mother married again and he was left to the care of his grandmother. He was a delicate boy with dreamy eyes and a natural love of the beautiful.

At the early age of nine the boy was able to help his grandfather in the shop. Hitherto he had only amused himself, though always in a way that could not fail to be of service when the time should come for him to take his grandfather's place.

so great that his master offered to adopt him and give him his name; he proposed indeed that he should be his son and heir; but the lad preferred to keep his own name and his independence, while at the same time showing his gratitude to his master and friend.

It seems necessary to a full estimate of the beautiful and true that genius should suffer; that there should be some deep sorrow in its life. In Canova's case it is a pathetic love story. When he was studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Rome a beautiful girl entered the gallery with a female friend. They came every day for a long time.



HOST AND GUESTS ALL ADMIRING THE WORK.

daily visit to the gallery. As his grandmother's songs and stories inspired his earliest fancy, the girl's student awe in his imagination new and more impassioned sensations, which, alas, were destined to a sad and somber eclipse.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—William, the Conqueror, became so stout that he could hardly walk. His death was caused by his horse plunging violently and throwing him against the pommel of the saddle.

—United States Senator Perkins, of California, has been visiting his native town of Kennelbunkport, Me. He was twelve years old when he left his home suddenly, going upon a long sea voyage as cabin-boy, and later before the mast.

—Lord Frederick Hamilton, one of the two editors of Mr. Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine," is a younger brother of the duke of Abercorn. He served for several years in the diplomatic service, and has represented Manchester in parliament.

—In the death of Prof. Aloys Sprenger, orientalists have suffered a severe loss. Born in the Tyrol, he went early in life to London, where Count Munster, the German ambassador, was his powerful friend.

—Few books will be more eagerly awaited in France than the two volumes of "Souvenirs" which Madame Octave Feuillet, the widow of the novelist, is about to publish.

—Col. Frank Burr, the well-known newspaper correspondent, who died at Camden, N. J., when three years old was stolen by the Chippewa Indians. He remained with the Indians until he was nine years old, when they left him behind them on a trip to Detroit.

—An English paper tells a good story of clerical presence of mind. A curate who had entered the pulpit provided with one of the late Rev. Charles Bradley's most recent homilies was for a moment horror-struck by the sight of Rev. Charles Bradley himself in a pew beneath him.

—Cervantes often went hungry for want of means; Camoens died in a charity hospital; Milton's old age was spent in extreme poverty; Tasso was compelled to borrow small sums from his acquaintance; Ariosto was always poor and dependent.

HUMOROUS.

—"John, dear," said Mrs. Hicks, "I'm making a shirt for the heathen. Come here and let me fit it on you, will you?"

—"How about Mr. Jingles, our new neighbor; he is a number one husband, isn't he?" "Oh, dear, no; he's number four, anyway."—Inter-Ocean.

—"My mudder, she's French, she is, but I'm English, an' so's my farther." "An' what's yer little sister?" "Dunno—she can't talk yet."—Judy.

—"Willie—'Annie, what is meant by 'unanimous consent' in congress?" Aunt Sarah—"When ther' all talkin' to wun set."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"Teacher—"And one thing more. Always say what you think or keep silent." Pupil—"But suppose I should become a lawyer." Teacher—"That's different."—Boston Transcript.

—"Mrs. Dukane—"The newspaper has an article which says that in Russia a spinster is a curiosity." Mr. Dukane—"Well, there's a good deal of curiosity about spinsters in this country, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—"Mrs. Slocum (with an attempt at weariness)—"I have to make a lot of stupid calls this afternoon." Mr. Slocum—"Well, how much did it cost this time?" "What?" "Why, your new hat, of course."—Detroit Tribune.

—"Why, mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!" "Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty yesterday." "O mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandma! All her hair is gray."

—"The next gown I shall issue," said the ladies' tailor, "will be the triumph of the century." "Indeed," said his humble assistant, "Yes, indeed. It will be impossible to tell from its shape that there is a woman in it at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"At a banquet that I attended not long ago, the gentleman in charge of the dinner tickets went up to the leader of the vocalists who were to entertain the guests with songs, with this inquiry: 'How many of you are there in your quartet?'"—Boston Herald.

—"Says—'Those who love books almost invariably love dogs. That is a rule with, I think, few exceptions.' Nowitt—"I am one of the exceptions." Says—"You love books and hate dogs?" Nowitt—"Exactly." Says—"That is strange." Nowitt—"Not in the least; I am a book agent."—P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

I may not set the world on fire, Nor start a grand combine; Nor be a triple millionaire, Or own a diamond mine. I never may be president, Or any famous man; But there is work for all to do, And I'll do what I can.

If Washington had said: "Dear me! There's nothing I can do, The country's bound to go to smash, And precious quickly, too!" Most likely we should still have been Oppressed by Britain's clan; But Washington did what he could, And I'll do what I can.

Ben Franklin did not loaf around, He'll tell you till set of sun, And grumble that some other man Had wealth when he had none. While yet the stars were in the sky His daily task began; He did whatever he could do, And I'll do what I can.

We may not all be Cleopas, And charm admiring throngs, Nor write immortal treatises, Or sing immortal songs; But each can fill some little groove, In nature's wondrous plan, And help the world to turn around, So I'll do what I can.

—Helen W. Clark, in Golden Days.

INSECT PAPER-HANGERS.

A Bee That Makes Bright Hangings for Its Fine Chamber.

A small bee, with a long Latin name, "Anthrophora argentata," is a very fastidious little animal with regard to her dwelling place. This insect bores a vertical hole into the ground and lines its sides with pieces of flower petals, especially those of the poppy, which make a very bright hanging for such a tiny chamber.

Before harvesting time sets in in the summer this little insect's comfortable nest can be found in any of the paths that lead through the fields. A grass blade pushed down into the hole brings to light a narrow red passage way several inches long, and moist with drops of honey of a somewhat sour taste.

An observant person wandering through the corn and wheat fields will come across many poppies from which tiny pieces seem to have been cut as accurately as if done with a pair of scissors. These pieces are all oval, half an inch long and a little less than half an inch wide. These little pieces the bee carries to its little house, crawls in first and drags them in after, then smoothing them out and pasting them to the sides. It takes through enough such pieces to reach around the wall, and they are put on double. Three or four are piled up at the bottom to make a snug little bed. The bee selects the petals of the poppy because they are thinner and finer than those of other wild flowers, and can be more easily handled by this small paper-hanger.

THE SNAIL'S MOUTH.

It Contains a Tongue Built on the Principle of a Band-saw.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation."

"Anyone who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band-saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge very smooth and straight."

No Dissenting Voice.

"I'm a sort of April fool," said the man with the wart on his nose. "Born the first day of April?" casually inquired the man with the gray spot in his mustache.

"No. Married."

"I don't know whether that made you an April fool or not," said the man in the macintosh, lighting a cigar. "but whoever picked you up for a valuable package that day got badly April fooled."

And there was a most unanimous and approving silence all around the board.—Chicago Tribune.

Would Have the Fun Afterward.

His Mother—Tommy, if you fight with little Willie Walters to-day I shall put you to bed for two hours. Tommy—Put me to bed, now, ma.—Chicago Record.

WHY OLD WOOLLY DIED.

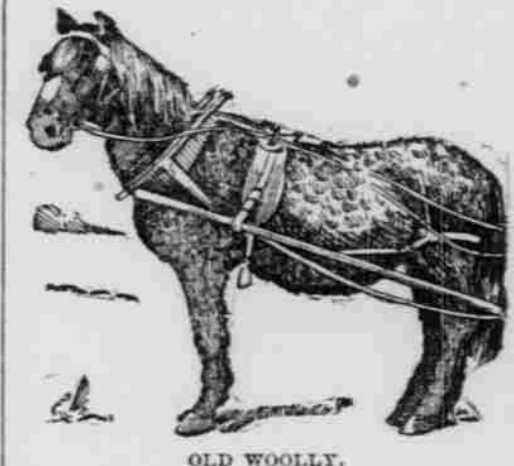
Killed by Having to Listen to Daily Dime Museum Lectures.

He was just an ordinary, everyday colt, and an ordinary, everyday young horse. His master had neither time nor inclination to give much attention to the horse's toilet. Nevertheless, a strange thing happened. His hair, day after day and month after month, grew more and more curly until finally "Old Woolly" became one of the features of the town.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars for your horse," said a stranger one day.

"You can have him," was the reply, as that was about twice his real value. The stranger was from a dime museum, and Old Woolly's hard work was over. The rest suited him well enough, but amid the din of street noises and the tooting of a band, Old Woolly listened daily to talk like this:

"Here, gentlemen, is a most marvelous freak of nature. Our agents discovered him in the mines of Siberia. Working underground, Old Blofsky, famous among the miners of that re-



OLD WOOLLY.

gion, was deprived of the light of day for years. By some curious process, which has puzzled the most distinguished veterinary surgeons of both continents, his hair began to curl. The hair became woolly in its texture entirely by natural processes. Gentlemen, he is the only one of his kind."

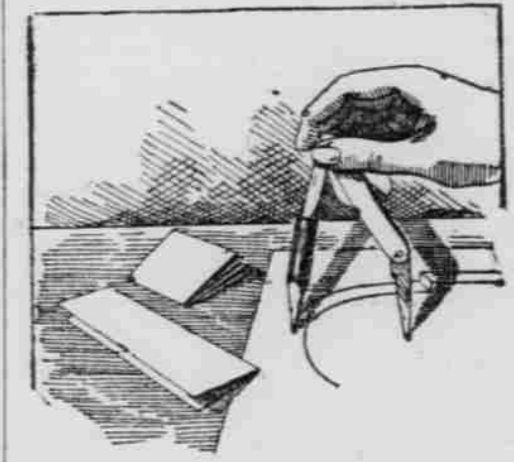
Poor Old Woolly had to endure this day after day. He lost his spirits and began to grow ill. The hot, stifling air of the museum aggravated his illness, until one day, as the showman was delivering his speech to the gaping crowd, Old Woolly quietly lay down and breathed his last.—Youth's Companion.

HELPS FOR DRAWING.

How to Make a Compass, Flat Ruler and Square at Home.

If you have to make a geometrical drawing, and you have neither compass, flat ruler, nor square, you will be somewhat embarrassed, will you not? Well, here is a method of supplying, by common objects always at hand, the three instruments that are wanting.

The square ruler of the schoolboy is never straight enough to replace the flat ruler of the draughtsman. A sheet of strong paper will furnish a much better ruler. According to the geometrical theorem, a straight line is a line whose direction is not changed between any two of its points. Now we



know that if we fold a sheet of paper on a perfectly plane table, the line of the folded part will not be changed between either of its parts, but will be a perfectly straight line.

The square is also an instrument indispensable to the draughtsman. We can also make this of a sheet of strong paper, by folding it first in two, and then in four, taking care to make the two parts of the first fold coincide exactly with the others. The second fold will be perpendicular to the first, because it forms with the first fold two adjacent equal angles, consequently two right angles, and the angle which has its summit at the meeting point of the two folds will form the right angle of our square.

Now I will show you how to improve a pair of compasses. Take a penknife with two blades, the larger the better. The point of one of the blades will be the sticking-point of the compasses. We stick it at the center of the circle (or of the arc of the circle) which we are about to trace. Now fasten firmly the end of the other blade in a piece of pencil, whose length will vary according to the size of the knife. This will be the tracing point. Now we may cause the opening of the blades to vary according to the radius of the circumference which we wish to trace; and we should hold the instrument lightly by the end of the handle nearest the tracing point, as shown in our illustration.—La Nature.

Remarkable Little Magnet.

A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore as a set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 350 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One which formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Society's collection at Edinburgh, has still greater powers. It weighs but little more than Newton's curiosity—supporting 1,500 grains, and is, therefore, the strongest magnet of its size in the world.

Canova's Lion.



HE most astute of modern philosophers seems rather to discount biography when he suggests that curiosity about genius and its personality has grown to such a pitch that we are inclined to take more interest in the man than in his works. It is possible that he intends this view to apply only to those who in these days of the triumph of the personal paragraph in journalism prefer to read, say, what has been written about Goethe than to study his dramatic poem of Faust. But to my mind there is no branch of literature



ANTONIO CANOVA. From a Bust by Himself.

more interesting than biography, and I am quite sure that many of our readers must have felt with me the intense pleasure of coming upon a book which has suddenly and unexpectedly revealed the mystery of some pictures which we have seen in the shop windows of our boyhood. Such books are generally biographies. I remember several pictures that haunted me as a boy. Among them were "The Retreat from Moscow," and "Young Canova Modeling the Lion." Where or under what circumstances I saw the latter I cannot recall; but I have still in my mind the graceful figure of the boy manipulating the anatomy of a lion, a picturesque person by his side, a kind of pipkin on a table, sundry antique bowls upon the floor; and

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