

The Song of a Bird.

Just a little bit of feather
And life and song, all held together
By a heart almost too small to beat,
And cobweb wings, and twinkling feet,
Where, in a body as small as this,
Does he store the passion of joy and
bliss,
Of life in its utmost ecstasy,
Which his little throat pours out to me?
No shadow of fear his heart can know,
Or that perfect music could not flow
So sweet, so clear, so exultingly,
As light as the wind, and as wild and
free,
He is surely the heart of the summer
weather—
Life, joy and song, in a bit of feather.
—Ninette M. Lowater.

The BIRD from CAPE HORN

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

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There is a little taxidermist's shop on Fourth avenue which is a curious place. It is very dusty and very full of strange fowl, tucked in, one behind the other, on shelves that cover all of one side of the room, and on the other a wizened little old man sits all day long beside a pile of most evil-smelling skins and dispenses words of wisdom to whoever cares to listen.

One day when Marriott ran into the shop before dinner he found the old man in ecstasies over a new birdskin that has just been brought in. It was large and dirty and exceedingly ugly and it had a particularly evil smell; but it was rare, and Marriott looked it over respectfully.

"Where did you say this bird came from?" he asked.

The old man stopped washing the bird's legs and began to recount its history. The skin had been brought to him by a sea-captain, he said—Captain Tourjee, of the Mary Ann Salters—from South America. Yes, he was sure he was still in town; would Mr. Marriott like his address? Mr. Marriott, it appeared, would like it very much indeed. He took it down, carefully, wrapped the lump of dirt in his handkerchief and walked swiftly away down the street, leaving the little taxidermist staring after him with wondering eyes.

Reginald Ernest Marriott, not long since graduated as a mining engineer from the College of Applied Science, had his own way to make in the world and nothing to make it with but brains. It is a fact that he came of an ancient family, whose name had survived its prosperity, and that this connection let him into as much New York society as was good for him; but nobody felt called upon to assist him in any more practical way than by inviting him to dinner, and this, as it happened, was a very serious matter, for there was a woman in the case. It was Edith Whyard, the only daughter of Mr. G. C. Whyard, who lived on Madison avenue and had an office on Broadway and was reported to be a multi-millionaire. Though no one seemed to know exactly the source of his income, his style of living bore out the assertion, and on the strength of it Mrs. Whyard was making an attack upon the portals of society. Naturally, when it became apparent to her maternal eye that her daughter was allowing her affections to drift in that unprofitable direction, she looked with extreme disapprobation upon young Marriott, and her husband had for him the profound contempt of the practical man for the man of schools and theories.

Matters were in this state when the young man paid his visit to the taxidermist's shop and saw the bird with the muddy feet. That night he worked hard in the small laboratory he had fitted up in his room, wrote a letter to Edith, packed his possessions and paid his bills, and the next morning at daybreak he sailed out of New York harbor in a south-bound steamer, with hope in his heart, a wisp of blonde hair in his watch-case and a lump of black mud in his coat pocket.

It was a year after this and the grass was green again on Madison square before news was heard of him.



"Where did you say this bird came from?"

Then, one April morning, he presented himself at Mr. Whyard's office on Broadway.

Marriott asked after Mrs. Whyard. "And Miss Edith?" he said eagerly. "You remember, Mr. Whyard, that I love her, that I hope to marry her some day. Last year I was poor, but

now I can support her as you would desire. I have property worth eight hundred thousand dollars," he added, modestly, "and I have a practical certainty of more than ten times as much."

Whyard wheeled his swivel chair and looked the young man in the face with very evident amazement.

"Ten times eight hundred thousand dollars!" he cried, incredulously. "What is this property of yours?"

"Platinum," said Marriott. "You see, sir," he went on quietly, "I ran across a sample of dust from South America last winter; nobody else knew about it, so I went down at once and discovered the place. I only brought up a few thousand dollars' worth, but I have half a ton in dust and nuggets all ready down there, and the rivers are full of it. But what's the matter, sir?"

Whyard had turned pale, and sank back in his chair. He roused himself, however, and questioned the young man quietly enough. "In what part of South America is that?" said he.

"Southern Patagonia, not far from Magellan Straits and near the coast."



Wheeled in his swivel chair and looked the young man in the face.

But will it be all right about Edith, sir?"

"Well, I guess I might as well give in, Mr. Marriott," he said. "As you say, things have changed. Call on Edith if you like. As soon as you show your mine is as rich as you say it is, she can do as she likes about marrying you, but not before."

He held out his hand and Marriott grasped it gratefully.

The three weeks he was obliged to spend turning his pounds of platinum into ready money and negotiating for a coasting steamer for the return to his treasure passed like a pleasant dream. He spent part of every day with the Whyards, and although he saw no more of the father, who, he was told, had been suddenly called away from town, he always saw Edith, and he was more than content. When, after the three weeks were over, he sailed away again in the tramp steamer Montevideo, which he had chartered and manned especially for the voyage, he was already counting the days before he could return for her. He carried a picked crew of twenty men, and in view of the wild region to which they were bound and the valuable return cargo, shipped a few Winchester rifles and plenty of ammunition.

As the inner bay came in sight there was a cry of surprise, for there, anchored close inshore, lay a small, gray-painted steamer. Marriott examined her carefully through a powerful binocular. Her decks seemed deserted, but natives could be seen swarming around the vessel, canvas tents pitched on the beach and men moving about among the rocky hills where the platinum was concealed. If not already discovered, it was in great danger.

Marriott stood on the bridge, anxious but determined. There was evidently a good deal of hurry and bustle on shore, but the stranger's deck remained empty and the Montevideo's salute remained unanswered. Apparently she had been left at anchor and her crew disembarked for work on shore. Marriott thought he had best inquire first on board for some one in authority, and he had a boat lowered and manned. As it approached the strange steamer a face appeared at a forward port hole.

"Throw us a line!" cried Marriott, and a rope was presently thrown from

the deck, by means of which the young man scrambled aboard, leaving the sailors in the boat with ready rifles. There was no one visible but the man who had thrown the line, and to an inquiry for the captain he replied by jerking his thumb toward the after deck-house. Marriott knelt on the closed door, and then pushed it open. Two men were seated at the cabin table. One was evidently the captain; the other was—Mr. G. C. Whyard of New York!

"What does this mean, young man, boarding a peaceable ship in an armed boat? It's an act of piracy!" roared the captain.

Then Whyard stopped him. "This gentleman's all right, captain. If you don't mind I'd like to talk with him a few minutes." And the shipmaster sulkily retired.

"Well, my boy," he resumed at length, in a parental manner as he could command, "I didn't look for you quite so soon. Perhaps I ought to have told you at once in New York that I am the American representative of a combination that practically controls the world's supply of platinum. The tons of it you talked of putting on the market would ruin the price, you see."

"Thanks for the hint," replied Marriott, dryly. "It really hadn't occurred to me. I think you need not fear that your own stock will depreciate—that is, not very much. But I shall have to trouble you to see that your men do not load my property into the wrong vessel."

When Marriott was married to Edith, some three months later, he was president of the Magellan Platinum Mining company, and the bride, as her father beamed upon them, wondered that his dislike for the groom had been so quickly overcome, but she will never know anything of the little drama, so intimately concerning her, played in that lonely Patagonian bay.

Dissatisfied With the Times.

They were talking about the feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction that pervades certain sections of the country up at the Yale commencement. Frank F. Dole, who is famed as the owner of the Edgewood Kennel of bull terrier dogs, listened attentively and suddenly broke up the whole conference with his remark:

"Ernest Seton-Thompson, or Thompson-Seton or whatever his name happens to be this month, was up looking over my kennels the other day. You know he is strong on this new fad of nature study, and he was remarking on this same spirit of unrest in the animal kingdom. Says dogs are just as dissatisfied as men—and skunks. Claimed he could understand their complaints and while chatting carelessly flung a bit of biscuit at Edgewood Monarch. The dog snapped it up, spat it out, and then growled."

"There!" exclaimed Seton-Thompson, or whoever he may be, "what did I tell you? That dog said plainly, 'Tain't half so good biscuit as my mother used to give me.'"—New York Times.

The Train Waited.

"I was traveling up in Canada, just over the border of New York State, this last summer," said the broker, "when, just as the train was about ready to pull out of the station, a negro ran up excitedly."

"Hey, there!" he shouted to the conductor, who was singing out 'All aboard.' 'Mr. Martin says would you hold the train till he kin change his clothes, and he'll be along in a few minutes?'"

"For sure," said the conductor, in a matter-of-fact way. And we waited for five minutes before Mr. Martin turned up in his Sunday raiment."

All in the Game.

Hour of midnight.	Makes the bet with
Fake game.	Quiet glee.
Quarter limit.	Bet is raised—
Rather tame.	Quarter more—
First man antes.	Seal—then raised
Second stays.	Same as before.
Dealer promptly	Dealer stubborn.
Names a raise.	First man drops.
Age considers.	Second hand just
Then makes good:	Calls and stops.
Second trails as	Put hand? Caesar!
Player should:	What a bluff!
Age draws three	Pair of queens to
Cards to pair.	Win the stuff.
Second holds up	Two-card draw
Kicker there.	Takes in the pile
Dealer plays	Sevens up were
Cards he dealt—	Worth his while.
Waits until his	First man silent—
Pulse is felt.	Not a frown—
Man who drew two	Three good deuces
Cards to three	He threw down.
	New York Times.

Height of Comradeship.

It is part of my business to keep abreast with current slang," said Oscar Hammerstein, "and I don't think much that is new gets by me. The other day I was in a rural part of Connecticut looking after some property. The farmer's daughter said her mother was in the parlor talking to Mrs. Barnes."

"Whatever you have to say to me," explained the girl, "you might as well tell before her. They're never apart all day long, them two."

"What," I exclaimed, "are they so thick as all that?"

"Thick!" repeated the girl; "why, they're so thick they both eat out of one egg!"—New York Times.

Illumination.

Dark was the night my soul knew it
You came—
A shackled thing, imprisoned and
prone,
A tongueless bell that made not any
tone,
A heart all bare of love's illumining flame,
And then—your kindling kiss!—that swift
did claim
My life as very fuel for its own.
My little days but as the fagots strown
To feed the fires sacred to Love's name,
And now the darkling ember and the
ash
Of that great hour are left to me alone;
Upon my life the windpuffs dash,
By the chill breath of waning autumn
blown;
Yet, heart of me! the shining and the
light
Of that first kiss are with me still to
night.
—Jessie Storrs Ferris in Literary World

BOYS & GIRLS

End of the Week.

It happens every Saturday, when all the chorus is done.
An' the day is restin' somewheres, an' the stars is bakin' fun
An' workin' an' doin' somethin' in the clear and
distant sky.
To the music of the sough bells as they
go a-ringin' by—
We have tended to our labors, all the
week we've done our best,
An' we feel that we've entitled to a
night of honest rest.
An' now has washed the dishes, an' the
dishes many's the streak—
But the week's work ain't quite finished
until gran-paw winds the clock.

There's no no-see-dar' about it, 'cause
it takes a master hand
An' you've likely break it if you
don't understand.
An' when the weights an' rists' with a
whirring an' a whizz,
I allow now that I'll grow up as smart
as gran-paw is.
An' then the house gets quiet, 'cause
the folks all go to bed.
An' there ain't no noise except the
branches scrapin' overhead.
We've finished up another week, an' Tim
has learned the look
That shits it out an' starts us fresh
when gran-paw winds the clock.
—Washington Star.

Odd Way to Lift a Glass.

You can surprise people very much by laying your hand, with apparent carelessness, on a tumbler or wine glass nearly full of water and then lifting the glass, water and all, by raising your hand, with the fingers outstretched in order to prove that you do not take hold of the glass in any way. Probably there will be some people whom you will not surprise. These will say, "Oh, that's easy," try to do the trick themselves—and fail.

The secret of success is this: Though your fingers are straight when you lift the glass, they must be bent downward sharply when you place your palm upon it. You must press your hand down rather firmly in order to make an airtight joint between it and the rim of the glass, which should be wet to make the joint tighter. Now suddenly straighten your fingers and lift your hand. This motion of the fingers causes the flesh of the palm to move in such a way as to cause a partial vacuum, a suction which you can feel distinctly.

The space between the water and your hand is made a little larger, and therefore the air in that space is rarefied or made thinner and exerts less pressure. Therefore, the greater air pressure outside, acting on the bottom and sides of the glass, forces it upward against your hand strongly enough to lift both glass and water when you raise your hand.

This trick requires some practice before it can be done with certainty and had better not be attempted with a very thin or valuable glass or in a place where spilled water will do harm.

Above all, do not use a very thin



Lifting a Glass of Water.

glass, for even if it does not drop you may break it by mere pressure and cut your hand. Besides, thin glasses are very apt to have little nicks in the edge which will both cut you and spoil the trick by letting in air.

The glass must be a small one, as it has to be well covered by the palm of your hand. An egg cup or a wine glass with a stem is best. If you use a tumbler—which, being small in diameter, will probably be not very tall—you will have to hold it in the other hand or set it on an inverted tumbler or a block of wood in order to get room to bend your fingers down properly.

The trick seems especially difficult because the hand is flat and the glass nearly full of water, but these are the very things that make it possible. You cannot lift the glass with your fingers bent—unless, of course, you actually take hold of it—as it is the straightening of the fingers that causes the suction.

You cannot lift an empty glass unless it is a very small one. The longer the space under your hand is, the greater change in the air pressure you can make by the motion of your fingers.

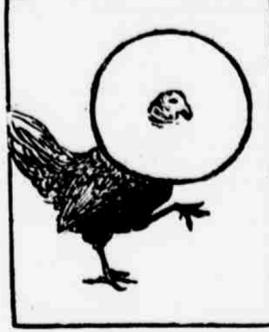
A Man With a Collar.

One of our readers who lives in the city received a fluffy little yellow chick for an Easter present. He kept it about the house for some time, and it grew so fast that one could almost see it get larger. At last it quite lost all its daintiness and became a scrawny, coarse-voiced, stubby-feathered nuisance, but its little owner thought as much of it as ever. It was too big to have about the house and

was finally sent to the country and its owner did not see it for a year.

Months later the little fellow visited his grandparents at their country place and I found Esther, his pet, grown to a full-fledged hen. Strange to say, while she evidently remembered him, she was shy for some time, and it was several days before the two were on their former friendly terms.

Now came a complication. As it was garden time and fresh, tender, green things were springing up on every side, the chickens were all shut up in a great wire chicken yard. Roy did not care to go there every time he wanted to see Esther, and it would never do to give her liberty, for she



Esther and Her Collar.

would be sure to destroy a lot of garden things. Roy's grandfather solved the problem.

He took an old umbrella rib, bent it till it formed a circle, lashed the ends firmly together, and covered the hoop so formed with some strong muslin. In the center of this a hole was cut just large enough to go over Esther's head.

When Esther's head was popped through this hole she was a very much surprised and indignant hen, and she made an awful fuss about it. Still, she had to submit, for she could not get out of her strange collar, so after a time she became resigned to it. It kept Esther from going about picking the gardens, and she would not scratch because she could not see what she was scratching, and so her liberty did no harm.

Royal Prince or Princess.

Let all the children sit down in a ring for this game. One child begins by saying to her right-hand neighbor: "Good evening, royal princess (or prince). I, a royal princess, come from a royal princess to say that I have a monkey with purple eyes."

The right-hand neighbor then says to his right-hand neighbor: "Good evening, royal princess (or prince). I, a royal prince, come from a royal princess to say that I have a monkey with purple eyes and three seven-mile tails."

So each player must do, repeating the exact words of his predecessor, and adding some new bit of description of his own—but saying "princess" or "prince," according to whether he is talking to a boy or girl.

If anyone makes a mistake he must be crowned with a dunce cap and dubbed the "One-Horned Prince, or Princess."

The boy or girl who gets through the game without a mistake captures the prize.

This Game is Lively.

Some years ago "duck and a rock" was one of the popular games among the younger boys, but of late it seems to have been forgotten. Any number of boys can participate. Select a large stone for the "rock" and each boy must have a cobblestone or half a brick for his "duck."

The boy who last finds his "duck," or cobblestone, is "it." A line is

drawn twelve or fifteen feet away from the boiler, upon which the boy who is "it" places a tin can or his "duck."

He is guardian of the rock. The other boys, pitching their "ducks" at the one on the rock, try to knock it off. When a "duck" is pitched the player must try to recover it and get back to the pitching line without being tagged by the guardian of the "duck" on the rock. Generally the players hover around waiting for a lucky pitch to knock the "duck" off, when they grab their own "ducks" and run to the line. The guardian of the rock must replace his "duck" before he can tag anyone. The boy who is tagged of course takes his place as guardian of the rock and the game proceeds.

Caterpillar's Coat.

The fur or hair on the caterpillar was given by nature as a protection from other living creatures, particularly birds, who consider most small crawlers as food delicacies intended especially to gratify birdie's appetite.

But there are not many birds who could swallow a crawler that wears a fur overcoat. It would stick in his throat, and if he did get it down, probably it wouldn't digest.

Most caterpillars are brown or green, but some are dressed up in the grandest kind of way in many colors and ornamental knobs, or, to use a big word, protuberances.

A strange method of protection is that given to the caterpillar that afterward turns into a "swallow-tail" butterfly. This caterpillar has an opening in the skin back of the head that emits a powerful odor, probably not powerful enough to "knock a man down," but certainly strong enough to keep over a bird unless, maybe, it would have such a bad cold that it couldn't smell anything.

A favorite way caterpillars have to resist an attack is to hurl their bodies from side to side, and some try to look fierce. Certain caterpillars escape the enemy by their resemblance to the color of their surroundings.

One variety not only uses the color effect, but is able to attach his hind end to a branch and stretch himself out so that he looks like a twig. This fellow can stay rigid that way for a long time.

Game of Bouquet.

This is a jolly game for a number of children to play.

Sit down in a circle around your leader. Let the leader give each one a flower for his name—violet, daisy, sweet William, black-eyed Susan, etc. Then let her tell you a story "made up out of her own head," in which she brings in every one of the flower names.

When ever a child hears his flower name mentioned he must get up, turn around, and sit down.

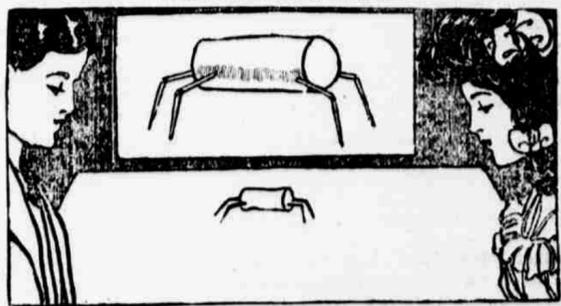
Whenever the leader uses the word "bouquet" all the children must jump up and change places, at which time the leader tries to capture a seat. Whoever gets "left" must then become leader.

The Wonderful "Egress."

Sometimes the great P. T. Barnum advertised his circus so well that more people came to see it than his tents would hold. Then the difficulty was to get those who came in to move out so that he could get the money others wanted to pay him.

Knowing that he had roused the curiosity of the public to a high pitch he finally hit upon a plan to make room for everyone. He ordered great signs painted announcing "This is the way to the Egress!" Many following the directions of the signs, satisfied their curiosity and so made room for others. Do you know what the "Egress" is?

THE FUNNY CORK SPIDER.



Perhaps you have read in books of natural history about spiders which do not make webs, as most sensible spiders are supposed to do, but lie in wait for their prey and do other unspidery-like things. The spider which I am going to tell about does unspidery-like things, too, and I am quite sure that you can never induce one to make a web.

Of course it is not a real spider, but you can have even more fun with it than you could with a real one, provided you could persuade it to come out of its web and play with you.

Get an old cork of a small size and some toothpicks. Stick the toothpicks, two into each end of the cork, and

then bend them in the middle until they crack. Do not break them clear through, but on one side only, so that they will bend and form your spider's jointed legs as the picture shows.

Place your spider on a table top and you will see that he looks quite life-like.

Now get some water in a teaspoon and shake a drop of water on each of his leg joints. They will immediately begin to move and your spider will appear to have suddenly come to life.

Of course it will not race madly across the table or dance, but if the toothpicks be of tough woods and the top of the table smooth, it will wiggle a good deal and astonish all your friends who see the trick.