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Hunting the Maribou.

Hunting the maribou is attended with great difficulty, as the bird possesses wonderful cunning and often contrives to outwit the most skillful hunter. With laughable dignity it measures the ground between itself and its pursuer and takes very good care not to exhaust itself by too rapid flight. If the hunter moves slowly the bird at once adopts an equally easy pace, but if the hunter quickens his steps the bird is off like an arrow. It is very difficult to get within gun range of this calculating creature, but the natives adopt a novel means of capturing it, which the bird, with all its astuteness, is unable to comprehend and falls an easy victim. A tempting morsel of meat is tied to the end of a long stout cord, which the skillful hunter flings to a great distance, as he would a lasso, the bait falling as near the feeding bird as he can aim it. He then conceals himself hastily behind a bush or crouches low on the sand. The maribou, which always keeps its eye on the hunter, seeing him vanish, quietly stops and devours the bait, when it is easily secured by the hunter, who runs toward it, coiling the rope as he goes.

Carlyle's Recipe For Shirts.

Here is an extract from a letter of Thomas Carlyle, in which he asks his sister to make him some shirts and sends the measurements. How many women could make a shirt after them? "My Dear Jenny—... In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too—three flannel shirts especially. You can get the flannel from Alick if he has any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off. I have taken the measure today and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! You are to be careful to scour the flannel first, after which process the dimensions are these: Width (when the shirt is laid on its back), 22½ inches; extent from wrist button to wrist button, 61 inches; length in the back, 35 inches; length in the front, 25½ inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough."

Began With "D" Anyway.

"An' when they gits to Italy," goes on Bill, growin' quite enthusiastic, as you might say, over th' idea, "he'll have th' time of his life rumblatin' roun' them old palaces of the dogs. "Dogs!" I gasped. "Palaces of the dogs!" "Doggies, then, I s'pose you might call it," says he, "if you're so blamed pertiklar, though it ain't spelt that way. It's spelt dogs, only with the 'e.'" "Bill Gladox," says I, "for an uneducated man you are th' most ignorant I ever see. Do you mean to tell me you ain't never hear of th' dogges of Venice that has been mayors of th' town for th' last hundred years or more?" "No, I ain't," says he, "an' no one else neither. Ther' ain't any such folks there. Dodge ain't an Eyetallan name nohow. It b'longs in Connecticut. Not but what ther's a few mebbe in New York an' Rhode Island, but not in Italy, not by a derned sight."—American Magazine.

The Bullfight.

We went to a bullfight and wished we had stayed away. It is quite as unpleasant as people say, and the cruelty to the horses turns one sick. If it was merely an affair between the men, who are undoubtedly very skillful, and the bull, which is probably so mad with rage as to be past feeling much pain, one could shrug one's shoulders at the queer game and find some excuse, but for the torture of the poor old blindfolded screws there could be no shadow of palliation. After three bulls had been killed we had seen more than enough, especially as the horses in the third encounter had already been badly gored in the second, and the third bull was not killed neatly, but ran about bellowing for awhile with the espada's sword sticking out of his shoulders.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Forest of Natural Columns.

There is in Bulgaria a group of natural columns much like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the edge of a plateau in the open country rises this forest of natural columns, which gives the impression of an antique ruin. The columns, which are about fifteen to twenty feet high, are absolutely cylindrical, and they are often as much as three feet thick. The stratification of the rock resembles joints and vertical erosion due to rain has formed Doric flutings.

No Use For a Label.

Shopman (to undecided customer come to purchase a dog trough)—Would you like one with "Dog" painted on it, madam? Customer—No. You see, the dog can't read, and my husband doesn't drink water!—London Punch.

The Glad Ring.

The ideal state of love will never come to pass until the wooer can use the glad ring in his voice and save the price of a diamond toward provisions for the first year in a flat.—Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

He Didn't Like a Crowd.

Mrs. Gotrox—Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodby loves you for yourself alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.—Exchange.

In January, 1849, one year after the first discovery of gold in California, there were 10,000 men mining there.

A Bark For Barker.

The editor sat in his easy chair. Editors always have easy chairs—in fiction. He thought he recognized the handwriting on one of the envelopes. He sighed.

"Another poem," said he, reaching for the waste paper basket. He opened the letter. He was agreeably disappointed. It was prose. It ran as follows:

"A man named Barker had a dog that barked, so he called it Barker because it barked and because his own name was Barker. So the man was Barker, and the dog that barked was Barker. The man didn't bark, although his name was Barker. Barker and Barker went for a walk, and Barker barked—that is, dog Barker, not man Barker. In fact, dog Barker barked so much that man Barker said: 'Barker, don't bark so often. You never hear me bark.' Just then man Barker barked his shin on the bark of a tree and barked like anything."

The editor paused. There was a note inclosed, which ran, "Please send check for inclosed to me at 1001 Barker avenue, city." Then did the dens ex machina write, with a smile, "I have received your joke and will send check—when my bark comes in."—Judge.

Legend of St. Winifred Well.

A romantic legend hangs around St. Winifred well. Cradocus, a neighboring prince, smitten with the beauty of a Holywell damsel and roused to anger by her coyness, struck off her head as she fled from his unwelcome attentions. The head, rolling down the hill, rested near the church, and from the spot the present copious spring gushed forth as the earth opened to swallow up the assassin. St. Beuno, who was passing, picked up the head and, with a skill which is now lost to the medical profession, restored the maiden, with only a slender white line on her neck as evidence of the miracle. But not only did the well spring from the spot where the head rested, but the moss on its brink was supposed to be possessed of a particularly fragrant smell, while the blood marks on the stones assumed many beautiful tints on June 22, the anniversary of the event. Today the well is contained in a rectangular building, and the water flows into a large basin in the shape of an eight pointed star.—London Chronicle.

Handling Live Wires.

Never handle an electric wire (lest it be "alive") with the naked hand, but use a nonconducting substance as a protector. Any good nonconducting substance will supply protection. Rubber—In form of gas stove tube or water hose, could be thrown over a wire to pull it from its connection with a live wire. Porcelain—In form of a bit of common crockery or a floor tile, hand plate for door, a stone ink bottle. Glass—A stout bottle, a glass rod or a pane of glass could be used to dislodge a wire from its connection with a trolley wire or other current feeder. Wool—A woolen scarf, stocking, coat or wrap. Cotton—Any piece of cotton garment or stout cotton twine. Silk—Scarf or other garment. Any of these materials in goodly thickness could be used to protect the hand in removing a live wire or even using an instrument to cut it through.

Spain's Canny Railroads.

In Spain the railroads do not lose a chance to make a little profit even in the case of the nontravelers. When you see somebody off in that country you must pay for the privilege. The railroads all sell billets de anden, which are good for the platform only. These cost generally 5 centimos, equivalent to a cent in American money. Just why this is done it is hard to see, because persons entering a train cannot very well avoid the conductor, who is always making trips to inspect the carriages. If a person attempted to steal a ride in a carriage, he would have small chance of getting away with it. If caught, he would have to pay a penalty of just twice the fare between the point where he was discovered and the point where tickets last were inspected.—New York Sun.

He Had No Choice.

The wife of a dynamo tender went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready made, whereupon the young and inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner, was moved to remark: "Excuse me, missus, is this tie for your husband?" "It is," replied the woman. "Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie." "Oh, yes, he will!" said the woman firmly. "He'll have to—he's dead."—London Answers.

The Irish Priest.

Stephen Gwynn has said somewhere excellently that the Irish priest possesses the secret of Irish life. He does, and so entirely is the key to it in his possession that I doubt if any genius, however great, could give an adequate rendering of Irish life without introducing the priest.—Katherine Tynan in Fortnightly Review.

A Discourager.

Miss Kreech—Some authorities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Hurt His Feelings.

She—I think Mr. Rymer, the minor poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night. He—What did I say? She—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—London Telegraph.

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