

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Rapid Wing Movement Does Not Always Imply Speed.

Birds have different modes of flight, just as men have different gaits in walking or running. Rapid wing movement does not always imply speed in flight any more than rapid leg movement implies speed in walking or running. With us it is the length of the stride that tells ultimately. What, apart from wing movement, tells in the bird's flight is not known.

Speaking broadly, long winged birds are strong and swift fliers; short winged birds are feeble in flight. When we consider that a cumbrous, slow moving bird like the heron moves its wings twice per second when in flight it is evident that many birds have a very rapid wing movement. Most small birds have this rapid wing movement with feeble powers of flight. The common wren and the dipper, for instance, have a flight like that of a young bird.

Many of our smaller migrants seem but to fly from bush to bush or from tree to tree. Members of the thrush family are low fliers, the blackbird in particular, with its hasty, hurried flight, often just avoiding fences and no more. Wagtails have a beautiful undulating flight with little apparent use of their wings. They look like greyhounds bounding through the air. Nearly all birds sail or float occasionally without the slightest movement of their wings. Even a large bird like a pheasant will glide in this way for more than two hundred yards.

Grouse have a rapid wing motion without any great speed, but when they sail, coming down with the wind, as they prefer to do, they go very fast. Before alighting they flap their wings several times very rapidly, like the clapping of hands. Most birds after gliding do this. Does it correspond to putting on the brakes or reversing the engine in the case of mechanical locomotion? With little apparent use of its wings the wood pigeon flies very strongly and rapidly. It never seems to "bring up" much before alighting, but crashes into a tree at full speed. When it rises its wings crack like pistol shots.

Ducks are strong on the wing and often fly in single file. Geese will fly wedge or arrowhead shape, generally at a considerable height. So do many gulls and other sea birds, in a stately, measured fashion, their calls occasionally sounding like "Left, right, left, right."

Kestrels have a beautiful, clean cut, clipping motion of their wings and look like yachts sailing through the air, while their hovering in the air is one of the mysteries of bird life. Peewees, which are so graceful in their motions on the ground, look like enormous bats when in flight. Swallows and in a very marked degree swifts have rapid wing movement with great speed and extraordinary power of flight.—Scotsman.

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says London Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cold, so I thought to myself that now, while I had the cold on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cold. Do you see the power of me reasonin' num?"

Littlest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller she was cleaning up for. "Do you lock them in?"

"Yes," said the cleaning woman. "Poor little fellow!" said the flat dweller. "Locked in to burn in case of fire! Some day when you are cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the cradle himself, taking care of the six-month-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What Accountancy Means.

Accountancy is not and never can be a matter of abstract knowledge to be transferred by means of lectures, but is the art of knowing how to apply that knowledge to the requirements of business under very varying conditions. It is essentially something that cannot be taught in lectures or classes, but can only be acquired as a result of careful individual study and a reasonable amount of actual practice.—Bookkeeping.

After the Honeymoon.

"Pa, what's the difference between idealism and realism?"

"Idealism, my son, is the contemplation of marriage; realism is being married."—Boston Transcript.

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewett—I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same.—Meredith.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Gave Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then, O simple one, for in him every man reposes his confidence.

Yea, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, likewise the quantity and exact stage.

As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matrimony.

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephones his orders and leaveth it all to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murmureth wearily, "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will you?"

Then the florist heaveth a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yea, this is the mark of an engaged man, who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh flowers for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For stale carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile, for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over again.

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked thee a few dainty pansies or stray weeds with his own hands.

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth thee orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!—London Tit-Bits.

HAD LUCK ON THE WAY.

The English Thief That Dropped In to See His Lawyer.

Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel." One day a thick-set man, with a cropped poll of unmistakably Newgate cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning, sir," said the man, touching his forelock.

"Morning," said the counsel. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our little Ben, sir, has 'ad a misfortune. Fust offense, sir, only a wife."

"Well, well!" interrupted the counsel. "Get on!"

"So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir."

"All right," said the counsel; "see my clerk!"

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you'd attend yourself, sir. We're anxious cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid."

"Oh, that will be all right! Give Simmons the fee."

"Well, sir," continued the man, shifting about uncomfortably, "I was going to arst you, sir, to talk a little less. You see, sir"—wheedling—"it's little Ben—his first misforin!"

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!"

"But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir." And as he doled out the guineas, "I may as well tell you, sir, you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."—From "The Recollections of a K. C." by Thomas Edward Crispie.

Funny For Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making pies and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an inclination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She continued in silence to assemble the ingredients of a mammoth cake.

"Tell me something funny, auntie," finally ventured the boy.

"Don't bother me, Tommy," said the aunt. "How can I when I am making cake?"

"Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."—Exchange.

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper pasted on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

A Relief.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered John. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Post.

The Change.

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker."

"No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."—Houston Post.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Sample Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir—I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my slaughter house, as which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a slaughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my slaughter house than other butchery and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can soon make me your order without your servant's commission, as you know your servant is always making money by your meat." I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P. S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order by letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly."—Boston Transcript.

THE DELUGE.

Queer Old Australian Tradition About the Flood.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it among all the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civilized and delighted in being called the mistress of the land and sea, her people worshiped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile, such animals were shod with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.

"What is your name?" inquired the magistrate sternly.

"Mah name's Smiff," replied the darky.

"What is your profession?"

"I's a locksmith by trade, sah."

"What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?"

"Judge, I was pursuin' maf profeshion. I was makin' a bolt for the door."

"Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "lock Smith up!"—New York Tribune.

The Art of Overlooking.

Nobody can live long in the world and not admit that the words "nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned, but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind. We have afforded it; we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—London Spectator.

How She Rules Him.

"Skinophil's wife certainly has remarkable success in managing him. I wonder how she does it."

"When he undertakes to deny her anything she really wants she threatens to sue him for divorce."

"Does he care so much for her, then?"

"Oh, no, it's not that, but he figures that it is cheaper to let her have her own way than it would be to either defend the suit or pay alimony?"—Chicago Post.

When Silence Is Deadly.

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love. There is nothing violent about it. No shock is given. Hope is not abruptly strangled, but merely dreams of evil and fights with gradually stifling shadows. When the last convulsions come they are not terrific. The frame has been weakened for dissolution. Love dies like natural decay. It seems the kindest way of doing a cruel thing.—George Meredith.

Rubbing It In.

The Bride—That nasty Mrs. Jones, next door, said I'd better try these biscuits on the dog before I gave 'em to you. The Groom—Hasn't she got a mean disposition! Why, I thought she was fond of dogs!—Cleveland Leader.

Often the Case.

"It's impossible for me to dress on \$5,000 a year."

"Well, my love, you must wear less."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs."—Judge's Library.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H. W. Shaw.

RESERVE HORSES FOR WAR.

Switzerland's Method of Preparing For Rapid Mobilization.

In Switzerland the state is part owner of horses used by reserves. It purchases a remount at three and a half years old, and the soldier pays half the cost of the horse to the government, together with the difference between its cost and the price that the horse fetches at auction, for all horses are sold by auction to the men.

After every year of training the government refunds one-tenth of the original half cost to the man, and at the end of ten years the horse becomes the absolute property of the soldier. In this manner the soldier is not only always well mounted, but as he keeps his horse with him at his home his mobilization problem is of the simplest nature.

The average price of these Swiss troopers is about £45, says Bally's Magazine, and as most of these horses are imported from Ireland and north Germany their price is considerably higher than it would be in Great Britain. Thus the state secures the services of a horse for an annual outlay of about £4 10s. But there are certain other expenses which must be included in this estimate, such as the cost of the establishment for remount depots, etc., which raises the total cost of horses for the Swiss government to about £8 12s. a year.

ROADS IN CHINA.

They Are Narrow and Crooked and Edged With Ditches.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carts can pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. A current forms in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

Those whose lands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.

When the idea of modern long range guns was conceived it was at once apparent that the old black powder lacked explosive force, and thousands of experiments were made with various chemicals to procure a powder of high explosive properties, and this was at last accomplished.

When the new powder was tried, much to the surprise of every one it was found that practically no smoke followed the explosion, though this could of course have been predicted had the question ever arisen. The volume of smoke from black powder is due mainly to the quantity of charcoal in the powder, an ingredient not found in the smokeless explosive.